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ALFRED HOLMAN, EDITOR

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The Row in the Navy.

To understand the full significance of the resignation of Rear-Admiral Brownson as chief of the Bureau of Navigation, with the large-sized row that has grown and promises still to grow out of it, it is necessary to recall a contention of long standing in the American navy. There are two kinds of naval officers—one belonging to the "Staff," made up of men essential to the service and bearing rank in it, but not connected with what may be designated as strictly naval work. The "Line," on the other hand, is made up of men whose business it is to navigate and fight the ships of the navy, to do the kind of work which in the popular mind is associated with naval operations.

Briefly stated, a Line officer is one whose sole duty is to fight the ship, while the Staff officer is one who either provides the means for the Line officer to do so or acts under his direction in carrying out his general orders. Thus the engineer, when of the Staff, looks closely after the machinery and starts and stops it when called upon to do so by the Line officer; he has nothing

to say as to where the ship shall go or at what speed or where it shall move. The surgeons aboard ship look after the health of the crew in times of peace and health or wounds in times of war; but they have nothing to do with the movements of the ship to which they are attached, and the same rule applies to the paymaster and the constructor who builds the ship navigated by the Line officer. The chaplains look after the moral nurture of the ships—indeed, they commonly do all the praying that is done on shipboard.

Both classes of officers bear naval rank, although they have such different functions as to separate them into distinct classes. Not unnaturally there is commonly more or less friction between the Staff and the Line, not untinged by jealousy—jealousy on the part of the Line of certain advantages attaching to Staff service; jealousy on the part of the Staff of a certain priority of authority and therefore of professional consideration attaching to Line service. Staff officers have always wanted in its fullest measure the authority attaching to their rank, and they have writhed not a little under denial of this authority, coupled with the assumption that they are not naval officers in full and complete sense.

The law covering the point is not absolutely clear. Up to 1899 Staff officers held "relative rank," but they were never satisfied with this reading of the statute, so in a new one, in the making of which their importunities had a good deal of influence, the word "relative" was struck out from all sections of the Revised Statutes which in defining the rank of officers of the navy contained the words "relative rank." Thus amended, the law makes no specific distinction between Staff officers and Line officers. However, this important qualification was incorporated in the new law: "But officers whose rank is so defined [Staff officers] shall not be entitled in virtue of their rank, to command in the Line or in other Staff Corps."

Line officers understand this to mean that no surgeon or engineer (if there shall be ever again commissioned engineers) or paymaster or constructor shall be placed in a position on board vessels of the navy where he may command the movement of and actions of any person not of his own Staff corps. The Staff officers for their part hold that this act does not in any sense abridge any rank formerly enjoyed by a Staff officer, and a careful perusal of the act appears to justify the statement that this provision is open to controversy.

The practice of the navy under the new law has, broadly speaking, been what it was before. Command has been a function of the Line, while service has been the function of the Staff, each Staff officer, of course, in his own department in accordance with his rank. Rear-Admiral Brownson as the head of the Bureau of Navigation has pursued the course of those who have gone before him, assigning only Line officers to command under any and all circumstances. This brings us up to the present controversy.

Now, the President has a brother-in-law, Cowles by name, a member of the Staff organization of the navy, who has been placed at the head of the Bureau of Equipment. He has also a special friend, Doctor Rixey of the Medical Staff, who, among other duties, attends the President on his hunting trips in the character of court physician. Cowles and Rixey are naturally partisans of the Staff as against the Line and, what is quite as much to the point, they have the ear of the President. Doctor Rixey is particularly a champion of Staff interests, and his opportunities of getting in his work are many.

When, some two months or more ago, it was proposed to attach the hospital ship *Relief* to the fleet which is now making its way toward the Pacific Ocean, Doctor Rixey thought it a good chance to make an advance movement in behalf of the Staff. He told the President that a hospital ship, even though an integral part of the fleet and manned by bluejackets,

ought to be commanded by a doctor; and the President, knowing his friend Rixey to be wise and wishing to do him a favor, likewise wishing to please brother-in-law Cowles, thought so, too. True, the law was not plain. But what has so trifling a thing as the law to do with a matter in which the interests and preferences of one's brother-in-law and of one's next friend are involved?

The President approached the matter diplomatically. The business of assigning officers to duty is made through the Bureau of Navigation, of which Rear-Admiral Brownson is the head. To Brownson the President, prompted by Rixey, suggested that Surgeon Stokes, likewise a personal friend, be put in command of the *Relief*. Brownson replied that such an assignment was not only contrary to naval practice, but that it would be subversive of naval discipline; furthermore, he believed it to be contrary to the law. Then the President, with his front teeth firmly set, directed that Stokes be named for the command. Then Brownson replied that since the President had ceased to repose confidence in his judgment, he could not feel that his services were needed—accompanying this communication with his formal resignation as the head of the Bureau of Navigation. Then the President stormed around in a way which some people very greatly admire, accepted Brownson's resignation, put another man in his place, but—he did not and has not yet commissioned Surgeon Stokes as the commander of the *Relief*.

The incident is by no means closed. Apparently, indeed, it is only well begun, since it is promised that Congress, whose right of making the laws has not yet been revoked by the President, will have something to say about it. The matter has gone far enough, however, to impress the country painfully with the treasonable fact that there are still those even in public life who have the temerity, not to say the scandalous effrontery, to question the fallibility of the President and to decline to accept his interpretations of the Constitution and statutes as having all the sanctity or something more indeed than law and gospel. Another painful development of this incident is that there are those who fail to recognize the fact that since the world began no other man was ever so fortunate in his collegiate, social, and political friendships as President Roosevelt. And yet it would seem that anybody with eyes in his head ought to be able to see the stupendous and over-weening merit of this gifted group.

We have, indeed, only to note their successes in life to prove their merit. Has not Doctor Wood, the President's very closest and best friend, by sheer force of merit, wholly unassisted in any quarter, climbed from a subordinate place in the medical staff over the gray heads of five hundred deserving officers of the army to be the head of that great branch of the national service? Have we not seen the President's stenographer, Cortelyou, likewise unaided excepting by his own supreme gifts, pass from one Cabinet post to another to land at last in the seat of Alexander Hamilton? Do we not find the President's five hundred friends of the Rough Riders corps fitted out with governorships, marshalships, collectorships, forest ranger-ships, and other positions of responsibility and profit, all bearing witness, of course, to their mental and moral superiority over their fellow-citizens? Have we not seen in the President's friend, Mr. Morton, a virtue so extraordinary, so reactive in its peculiar quality, as to render him immune from penalties attaching to flagrant violations of law for which other men not more guilty are branded as shameless criminals? Have we not seen the President's friend, Engineer Shonts, receiving the presidential smile with a presidential letter of moral credit for an act identical with that for which Engineer Wallace was branded with opprobrium and contempt? The list might be extended indefinitely illustrating the curious merits, mental, moral, as

fessional, which somehow seem to attach to everything personal to the President.

But enough has been told to show us our duty. It lies plain before us. It involves nothing less than a complete re-cast of our governmental system with a general remodeling of considerations and theories upon which it was founded by our well-meaning but ill-informed forbears of the Revolutionary age. They lived, of course, in a benighted period before Roosevelt had arisen to enlighten the world, to discover the principle of common honesty and to give us not only the greatest but the only example of that principle in action—perhaps we should say in perpetual motion. It is for us, realizing our advantages, to change the system in accordance with the newer light.

First let it be ordained that official preferment of every kind shall go by right to the private friends, the family connections, the collegemates, and Rough Riding associates of Theodore Roosevelt, not, indeed, because they are the friends of Roosevelt, but because they are manifestly more highly endowed than any other group of persons on top of the round earth. Let us make another general law reasserting the validity of the Constitution and of the laws, excepting where they may run counter to the purposes, moods, or whims of Theodore Roosevelt, or the interest of his private friends. Let us make another law asserting the right of Theodore Roosevelt to intrude any doubts which he may hold or choose to invent respecting the Constitution at any point where a question concerning its limitations may serve his personal, family, friendly, or political purposes! Let us make another law declaring it to be the right and duty of Theodore Roosevelt to pick out and enforce upon the country whomever he may choose to be his own successor; or failing in that, himself to jump into the breach in spite of his plighted word! Let us make a law declaring that whoever may be suggested for the presidential office is unworthy of confidence, an associate and tool of the wicked and no better than an infidel if he do not knuckle under to Theodore Roosevelt, and declare himself a good dog ready either to bark or to lie down whenever any question of "my policies" shall be raised!

Thus far we have only dealt with details and half measures. Let us, while we are about it, go the whole hog. Let us make a law that all the ordinary obligations of law and tradition, of sincerity and good faith, shall give way, aye, be covered with contempt, whenever they shall appear to be in anywise at variance with any aim or purpose which the infallible and all-virtuous mind of Theodore Roosevelt may cherish; also that the said Theodore Roosevelt shall be privileged to change his mind, then to change it again if he chooses, and by so doing to make complete reversal of all the facts and all the considerations involved in any particular case! Finally, to make the job complete and worthy of the transcendent virtues of the only really honest man (barring a few of his personal friends) who ever lived, let us enact that wrong shall be right, that black shall be white, that water shall run up hill, at the will of Theodore Roosevelt; that all the laws of God and of nature shall turn tail and hide away in shame if the all-wise Theodore Roosevelt shall at any time wish things to be different from the order which has come down to us.

What Is Christianity?

A strange controversy has come to pass between certain of the clergy in San Francisco. One in his pulpit accused the others, for that they had not sufficiently denounced the grafters, jailed and free, and had not opened upon their heads all of the vials of wrath. Whereupon those accused have in sermons denied this charge, declaring that they have been instant and vehement in attacking these accused men, jailed and free, and in zeal have repeated the words and phrases in which they had heretofore given expression to their hatred of those in the toils of the law for transgression.

Now this contention raises the issue, what is Christianity? What is its attitude toward those in transgression, and therefore what is the duty of its ministers? In the hope of securing from its ordained expounders an exposition of its principles, as applied to those accused by the law, we venture to resort to the light shed upon the matter by the founder of Christianity. If it be that we belong, nominally, to a system of morals and religion too lofty in its precepts to be followed, let it so appear. There need be no dispute over the duty of those who administer the law. They must, under their obligation, render unto Cæsar

the things that are Cæsar's. As they are supposed to be faithful, their fidelity needs no reinforcement. As for the mass of laymen, their opinion, called public opinion, influenced properly by their interests, by their view of the law, uninfluenced by equity, and even by their passions, needs no further stimulant. They are not ordained. No Christ has dedicated them to feel more mercy than is written in the statutes.

But how is it with the ordained? When the Founder of the church met a party of laymen preparing to stone to death the woman taken in transgression, He stated the law which condemned her and forfeited her life for her sin. But, looking her executioners level in the eye, and approving the law which convicted her, He said: "*Let him who is without sin cast the first stone.*" The laymen, each one, sat for a moment with his conscience—and they went away. Again, considering the judgments that were to fall upon Jerusalem, He said: "I was sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not, . . . and verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these, ye did it not unto me."

It seems unnecessary to resort to exegeses in a search for the meaning of that command. It infers no expediting nor hindrance of the law's course, but it lays down the duty of the professors of the religion of Jesus, and especially of its ordained teachers, to the accused transgressor. Even the unenlightened lay mind and the dulled lay ear wait for a declaration from the ordained that aligns with that expression. Men are in prison. Wives and children, families and friends, are in humiliation and sorrow. Worse than kindly death has come to homes and hearts. The shadow of guilt and disgrace reaches far, and is upon the lives of the innocent, never to be lifted. Over it all is raised the voice of the ordained, rebuking the brethren that they have not added their scorch to the law's fire that has consumed honorable reputations and taken lilt and light out of many homes. Amongst those who have responded in great heat, not one has risen to say, "They were sick and in prison and I visited them."

But out of the far past cries that other voice, "*Inasmuch as ye have not done it unto the least of these, ye have not done it unto me.*"

Matrimony and Crime.

A report from Chicago tells us that the women's guilds of that village have met in solemn conclave and that a clergyman named Lattimer was the chosen orator for the occasion. Just exactly what is a woman's guild or the exact way in which it regulates the machinery of the solar system, we have yet to learn. The report is silent upon these questions, confining itself to the Reverend Mr. Lattimer's speech and the vociferous applause in a higher key that it evoked. This gentleman felt it incumbent upon him to speak in praise of matrimony, and we may infer from the aforesaid applause that the majority of his hearers were still among the unclaimed blessings of the world. Now, there can be no objection to a eulogy of marriage, but there should be moderation in all things, and when Mr. Lattimer allows himself to say that the majority of criminals are unmarried men, the time for protest has come, not on our own behalf, but for those whose single state proves their retiring and unassertive disposition.

We wish to be fair in the matter. We have no objection to the contention that an abstention from marriage is in itself a crime, and therefore that a bachelor, without further evidence or argument, is *prima facie* a criminal. No man has a right to hold himself aloof from the trials and tribulations that should be manfully shared by the whole of male humanity, and there can be nothing but reprobation for the wretch who, having reached middle life, still resists his lawful capture on the score of youth or lack of experience and worthiness. But we imagine that Mr. Lattimer spoke in a more precise and technical sense; that he intended, in short, to convey the impression that the unmarried man is more liable to violate the laws of his country than the married man, that he is more prone to violence, to felony, and to fraud. We might still inquire whether, in the reverend gentleman's opinion, an avoidance of marriage must be looked upon as a mere symptom, or part, of a general criminality of character, or whether it is simply a case of a natural inclination toward criminality of minds not otherwise and strenuously occupied. We can understand that the married man has no leisure for the pursuit of criminality and that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," but, after all, neither contention will actually hold water. They are falsified by experience.

Can a bachelor poison his mother-in-law or beat his

wife. Of course he can't. He is spared those irresistible temptations to crime that beset the path of his less fortunate brother. Can the unmarried man refuse to support, can he desert, the wife that he does not possess? Can he resort to any of those methods of marital discipline and domestic correction that a discriminating and class legislation has labeled as cruelty? Can he become involved in any of that web of legislation concerning wives and their so-called rights which is designed and enforced for the better subjection of husbands, and which lies spread all over the land to trap the feet of the unwary? Of course he can't. Regarding the vast majority of crimes the unmarried man is, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. The very fact of his bachelordom is a verdict of acquittal. Not only is he innocent, but he has avoided the very appearance of evil.

A glance at any daily newspaper will show that this is indeed the case. Nine out of ten of the wretched offenders who are brought to the bar of so-called justice owe their position to the fact that they are married, and they can trace their downfall to the indiscretion of a moment and to a generous impulse that was their undoing. Eliminate wives and you eliminate the larger part of the criminal code. Without wives it would be impossible to keep our police, our judges, and our prisons in decent employment, while lawyers and legislators would be on a constant and beneficent vacation. And yet with such facts as these staring him in the face, a clergyman can still be found to earn a little cheap and treble applause by catering to the prejudices of a woman's guild.

Too Much Vituperative Talk.

In the mind of the *Argonaut* there is no doubt of the guilt of certain persons accused in connection with the failure of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company. These men we believe to be guilty of a series of outrageous crimes—we believe it, but we do not know it. Therefore in dealing with this failure we have been content to print reports of facts as they have developed during the past month, leaving the reader to come to his own conclusions by the same process that the editor has come to his. This, we think, is the only fair way for a newspaper to treat matters of this kind. It is, of course, much easier and infinitely cheaper to multiply denunciatory phrases than to get at the facts in any given case, and this is perhaps why the denunciatory method is so commonly employed in matters of this kind. Our daily newspapers are full of it, when they might better be giving us half the quantity with more care in collecting and sifting information.

But if the newspapers are pursuing a false method, what must be said of a public prosecutor who double discounts them at every point of denunciatory acclaim? Mr. William Hoff Cook, the same who with the aid of a "detective" managed to uncover a box of trinkets and old love-letters in Mrs. Robertson's dresser, and who after several days' research found that Robertson himself had previous to running away "prepared for flight" by changing shirts and shaving himself, this same William Hoff Cook is now busy with reporters, telling them what frightful things he is going to do to Barnett, Brown, and the rest of the probable criminals. He incriminates, he vituperates, he boasts, he brags in the papers one morning, and the next he brags, boasts, vituperates, and incriminates. He is like the old woman who had tea and toast for breakfast, toast and tea for lunch, and both for supper. Not only has the story become wearisome in itself, it has become offensive to those who with the *Argonaut* believe that the business of a prosecutor is to pursue his work with conscience and dignity, after the manner of a man under high moral responsibilities rather than in the fashion of a circus agent or a prize-fighter. If there be any man who ought to be careful, dignified, and decent in his doings and in his sayings, it should be that man who holds in his hand the mandate of official authority with the forces of social vengeance. Some sobering sense of his responsibilities, some knowledge of the fact that he speaks not for himself but for society in general, should guard the tongue of the public prosecutor.

It is only fair to say for Mr. William Hoff Cook that besides certain temperamental infirmities peculiar to himself, he has had the bad example of his official superiors this many moons past. Has he not heard Mr. Heney tell not only to the newspapers, but to audiences political, social, and collegiate, what direful things he is going to do to this man and the other criminally charged? Has he not read of Mr. Lang-

don's boasts up and down the Atlantic Coast and as far west as the unsalted seas what he is going to do to these and others criminally charged? Has he not heard the President of the United States shouting from a dozen stumps the terrible things he is going to do to certain men whom he assumes to have violated the laws? Is Mr. William Hoff Cook doing more than fall in with a vicious fashion in attempting to try his cases before the public through the newspapers, to make all the noise he can, to work all the mischief he can, to damage private character to the extent of his abilities and opportunities? Perhaps before we blame this over-excited underling for a course at variance with every principle of propriety, dignity, and decency, we should consider the bad example which has been set for him and remember how prone to imitation are those whose minds do not work under the guidance of fixed principles or elevated character.

It is less than a month ago since we had a painful exhibition of the workings of this vicious practice, in a neighboring county across the bay. A young college student was found dead with a bottle of poison in his hand—a certain "deadly acid" as the yellow reporters put it. The prosecuting attorney of Alameda County, aided by a so-called detective, came to the hurried conclusion that a fellow-student of the dead man, one Kleinschmidt, was responsible for his taking off. Then, imitating the Heney method of trying his case before the public through the newspapers, and thereby developing a furor of popular and resentful excitement, he declared Kleinschmidt unquestionably guilty, figuratively slaying, flaying, drawing, and quartering him through the yellow newspapers. We had column upon column of official assurances to the effect that Kleinschmidt was surely guilty and that he would as surely die a felon's death and go to a felon's grave. Then the matter was brought before the grand jury, and behold—there was not one word of real evidence connecting Kleinschmidt with the alleged crime. The super-heated brain of Prosecuting Attorney Brown had seen things that were not so. A grand jury of calm minds promptly threw the case out, with such restoration of reputes as could be made to one who for ten days had been under the grill of a reckless, vituperative, and mendacious jackanapes endowed for a little time with more authority than one of small brain could carry without loss of his mental and moral equilibrium. Kleinschmidt will not in all his life contrive to get from under the cloud which this unspeakable prosecuting attorney in his stupidity, his ignorance, his malice, or his vanity, put upon him in the days preceding the action of the grand jury. The incident is truly a painful one, and we refer to it only because it teaches a lesson and points a moral.

We have had too much—far too much—denunciatory talk about men charged with crime—but not convicted—at the hands of public prosecutors. A time has come when a curb must be put upon the tongues of these young men who seem unable to carry with propriety and dignity the responsibilities which lie upon them. The *Argonaut* for one is tired to the point of disgust with this never-ending flood of vituperation, brag, and bluster about what is going to be done. The business of a prosecuting officer is to do his work with diligence and courage; it is not required of him that he shall provide the yellow press with scandalous sensations, to the destruction of private reputes and to the shame of a long-suffering community.

Good Work all Round.

Extraordinary shipments of military supplies—ammunition and the like—are going forward by each steamer sailing from San Francisco for the Philippine Islands. No explanation is given, nor is any explanation needed. We have had a war-scare, not a big one, to be sure, but none the less a scare, at the hands of Japan. Of course, the sending of ammunition in large quantities to the Philippines is purely an incidental and accidental circumstance; likewise, of course, the movement of the American navy into Pacific waters is a merely casual happening. At the same time it is to be noted there is a subsidence of sensational talk in Japan with an entirely new posture of the press of that country, and with infinitely less cockiness in the manners of Japanese residing in this country.

We can recall nothing in the history of the Roosevelt administration so truly and completely statesman-like as this general incident. It is a great big movement, involving a positive assertion of national purpose, done with excellent judgment, with entire absence of bluster—in short, with perfect tact.

Whatever may have been thought in Japan or elsewhere prior to three months ago, there is today no

doubt about the purposes of the United States in the Pacific Ocean. And it is not too much to say that the political thinking not only of Japan, but of the whole world has been revolutionized by a course so forceful in its intimations and yet so guarded and covered by diplomatic circumstances as to afford no ground for criticism.

The *Argonaut* is not always in accord with President Roosevelt, but in this matter it takes pleasure in commending not only the soundness of his judgment but the discretion of his method.

The Troops Will Stay at Goldfield.

Having duly turned a spectacular somersault before the admiring labor unionism of the country in the matter of the troops at Goldfield, our great and good, but sometimes over-hasty, President has duly doubled back and landed, as he sometimes does under the guidance of sober second thought, upon the solid ground of common sense. The troops did not leave Goldfield on Monday; they are to stay awhile longer. Upon thinking it over and reflecting upon his responsibilities, the President has decided not to permit outrage and riot to make havoc of Goldfield. Of course, the President has not in a straightforward way acknowledged his fault; he has sought to cover his retreat by imposing certain conditions with which the Governor of Nevada must comply. The main point is that the Nevada legislature must be summoned for the purpose of attempting to devise by State authority the means of safeguarding life and property at Goldfield. A solemn farce must be gone through with to demonstrate what the President and everybody else already knows, namely, that the State government of Nevada has no means visible or possible for restraining the Western Federation of Miners, whose work has already scandalized two States at the cost of many hundreds of lives and of many millions of property—not to mention a complete denial of rights guaranteed by the Constitution and the laws.

The War Department, too, has been brought into the matter to the extent of adding to the masquerade by which the President's blunder of ten days ago is to be covered up. The War Department, it is said, is violently disturbed in the matter of the encampment of troops at Goldfield in view of the "limitations of the Constitution."

Since when, let us ask, has it been unlawful or questionable for troops of the United States to be quartered anywhere within the United States at the pleasure of the President and the Secretary of War? If it be unlawful or questionable to maintain a body of troops at Goldfield, Nevada, then it must be unlawful or questionable to maintain the same troops or any other body of troops at the Presidio, at Monterey, at Chicago, at New York, or elsewhere. Since when has it been incumbent under the Constitution to move troops from anywhere because there has been no riot within three weeks? These questions answer themselves. The troops at Goldfield are there precisely as other troops are at other points in the United States, namely, for the sake of being handy in case of trouble. There will be no trouble at Goldfield as long as the troops are there, because those who are plotting outrage and riot have no taste for hot lead and cold steel. All that is needed to insure the enforcement of citizens' rights and the maintenance of public peace is the mere presence of the troops. They were sent there for this reason; and for the self-same reason, we suspect, bodies of troops are maintained at fifty other places throughout the country.

We congratulate the President upon the wisdom of sober second thought. He ought to do it oftener. It would save not only himself but the country a vast amount of trouble if he would learn to do his looking first and his leaping afterwards.

America's "Toll to Europe."

The American tourist who scatters his money along the boulevards and highways of Europe is the cause of overshadowing and ever-abiding discouragement to a school of would-be-wise economists. They find congenial employment in drawing up schedules of his expenses and extravagances, in footing up alarming totals of the tariffs he pays to foreign steamships, railways, inn-keepers, couriers, and porters, and they punctuate their severely critical summings-up of this alleged costly folly with the fattest and blackest of exclamation points. All to no good end, for the custom of crossing the ocean extends year by year, and the travelers' letter of credit grows steadily larger. Your penny-wise economist sees only a perpetual drain of American

resources in this habit and its attendant lavishness. His eyes are never lifted from the shining stream of American gold that incessantly pours outward. To him it is a poignant personal loss. Yet, though it is seemingly beyond his powers to realize the fact, there are many compensating results.

In fact, America gains far more than she loses and invests her money wisely when she spends it on foreign travel. It is not Europe that gets the best of the bargain by a long way. America, by her globe-encircling commissioners, is advertising her prosperity, her advantages, her needs, and her newer and better methods. She is stimulating a foreign curiosity and interest that fructify as international relations and an extended commerce. And the educational advantages to herself are by no means of a nature to be slighted or overlooked. The old, self-sufficient complacency that regarded Europe as effete and exhausted is a thing of the past, and we have learned to look upon the social and political experience of a thousand years and the stability that comes from age as having features worthy of study and of adaptation, though not necessarily of imitation. The American who has traveled brings back more than he took away. His mind is enriched by an observation of men and methods, and he is able to look at his own institutions with a rotundity of vision that is not necessarily critical because it is in more accurate perspective. Putting aside the mere vagrant frivolity seeker, the traveled American has become more valuable as an American asset. He is a bigger and a wiser man than he was before, and to regret the price that he has paid for these things in his transportation tickets and hotel bills is short sighted and a false economy.

There is, however, a new movement of American capital eastward that is not always regarded with complete favor, for it carries with it something more than money. For many weeks the transatlantic lines have been taxed to their carrying capacity by emigrants to Germany, France, and Italy, and these voyagers are in the main those who return to the land of their nativity with the purpose of permanent residence there. This return of the natives does not denote a sudden change of disposition, nor is it induced by any modification of conditions in the countries which they had once deserted. Through all the ages there has been in the heart of every wanderer a yearning for the old home, a desire that often strengthens with time and continued absence. Few have resisted it when the means for its gratification had been attained. Submission to the call, too, is contagious. The movement gathers force with each example.

With rare and brief periods of rest there has been unexampled prosperity in this country for forty years. The well-founded expectations of the immigrant have been realized. In every field of endeavor there has been opportunity, with rewards measured only by the ability and restraint of the seeker. The results are impressive in a material way, and the philosopher will find in them a more important gain to civilization. The accumulation of wealth is not more to be considered than the assimilation of advanced ideas and the spirit of progress. To most of those who have come to America the betterment of their fortunes has been the impelling motive, but the conditions under which success has been won have given them new desires and aspirations of much greater world value. In the European states which receive this swelling flood of returning exiles there will be formed new centres of enlightenment. American achievements that have been obscurely recognized by the few will be familiarly understood by the masses. The effect will be more than a spur to new emigration. It will induce a growth of discontent with old methods and conditions. The soil is not fertile there for all American ideals, but it will furnish lodgment and nutrition for many New World seeds of ambition and accomplishment.

But the loss to America is not so great as a mere counting of heads might indicate. It is notorious that large numbers come to America with the sole intention of acquiring an easy competence in their native lands. The Italian can live in Italy for a month on what he can earn here in two or three days. The Pole, the Lithuanian, or the Ruthenian can set up in his own country as an indolent aristocrat on the proceeds of a few years' work in America. The human cargoes that have been going eastward during the last few weeks are made up mainly of those who would have gone soon in any case, and also of those other faint-hearted ones who are frightened away by rumors and presentiments and whose value to any country is but slight. The financial trouble may have this, at least, to its credit, that it has acted as a sieve for large

amount of floating foreign population. It has discouraged the weak and the doubting, while retaining the serious immigrant who is willing to take the rough with the smooth and to stand by the ship into the calm waters just beyond. Thus we need not greatly regret those who have gone, willing as we should have been to have them stay. No doubt that they will do a useful advertising work in their own countries, but the fact that they have gone proves their unfitness to remain.

Duane L. Bliss.

Each generation has a lesson to learn from that which goes before it; and this lesson may nowhere be more profitably studied than in the character and career of those men, relatively rare, in whose lives are combined the merits of sincerity, purity, and dignity in combination with practical working efficiency. This reflection is prompted by the passing out of Duane L. Bliss, who as a citizen and man of affairs has been associated with the life of California and Nevada since the days of the Argonauts. There is a type of business man who regards the world as a battle-field and the commerce of affairs essentially as a struggle between grasping and opposing forces. Under this conception the measure of a successful life is the quantity of plunder which may be accumulated by it. But there is another and far higher type of business man, he who regards the world as a field of moral culture, who approaches his fellow-man in the coöperative spirit and who lives and works under the guidance of principles formed upon and associated with these ideas. Mr. Bliss was a business man of this last-named type. All his life, from boyhood to the day of his death, he was a man of unremitting activity in business affairs; not a fighter for mere wealth, not seeking to turn to himself the accumulations of other men, but one who sought all his days to create, to build up, to benefit all about him. In his conception, the operations of a man of business were legitimate only when they could be made to serve as a contribution to the general and beneficent activities of the world.

There can be no finer answer to cynicism, no more effective rebuke to the pessimism of which we have far too much, than the business success of such a man, conducting his affairs upon such principles. The lesson of such a life is of value long after the grass is green above the man who lived it, as an inspiration and stimulus to high purpose, to integrity, to helpfulness, to cleanliness of living, to self-respect.

Another lesson to be drawn from the life of Mr. Bliss is of especial value in these days when so much stress is being laid upon the mere forms and methods of what is called education. Those who have known Mr. Bliss as he has walked among us a citizen and neighbor, have not failed to recognize in him a fine example of that kind of culture which comes from assimilated experience in combination with a trained judgment and a refined taste. No scholar indeed was Mr. Bliss in the technical sense. His formal education as the schoolmen define education was limited, for he began life early in a new and raw country without adventitious aids. But every circumstance of his life was to him a means of development, intellectual and moral. Out of his busy days he found time to read not only widely but wisely; his interest in the world about him led him not only to study the movement of events at home and abroad, but the great principles to which they related. Thus fed by careful and intelligent studies, constantly refreshed by what is best in literature and philosophy, refined by observation of nobility in nature and in art, the mind of this excellent man grew not only in strength but in polish. And as the man was inside, so he was outside. Kindliness of feeling, tenderness of sentiment, courtesy of manner—these marked the character and quality of the man and gave tone to his walk in life.

It is truly fine when a man of this sort walks in strength and in usefulness to the day of his death well past the allotted three-score-and-ten. It is truly fine when, with all his duties fulfilled, he can throw off like a garment the cloak of mortal responsibilities and pass out of the world respected by his fellow-citizens, loved by his neighbors, attended to his final place of rest by children who in their several characters do honor to his name and memory. In such a death there is indeed no occasion for grief. Grief is for the failures of life, not for its fruitions.

Secretary Cortelyou's attention has been called to a patch in which he was quoted as saying: "I have a damn rough deal from the White House." The secretary says: "The words attributed to me are an absolute fake. Any one who has read the story will understand the animus of the publication."

A PEKING CELEBRATION.

Modern Illuminations in China's Mediaeval Capital.

To celebrate the seventy-second birthday of that wonderful old woman, the Empress Dowager of China, Peking was illuminated on the night of November 15. The triple ring of machicolated gray walls that have towered unconcerned above Tartar invasions, Christian massacres, and avenging allies looked down for the first time in their long and checkered career on a fairy scene of modern gayety.

We joined the crowd moving towards the great Chien Mên (mên, gate), whose fine old tower, burned by the Boxers in 1900, has just been rebuilt and decorated in gorgeous Oriental colors. On the long street outside it hundreds of lanterns twinkled, some blue, some red, some green, but all inscribed with the two birthday characters that mean "ten thousand years." The shops and restaurants on both sides of the new road leading across the outermost of the three cities of which Peking is composed, were flooded with light and color. Even in every-day dress they look gay enough with their wealth of gilded carving, their red and black signboards, and their carved balconies, but on this festive occasion embroidered hangings, masses of potted chrysanthemums, and painted rectangular glass lamps with gaudy tassels hanging from them transformed the buildings into fairy palaces.

Here and there triumphal arches have been erected across the street. These were wonderfully fantastic, built of wood, covered with red cloth, and topped by quaint pointed roofs. Dragons made of rucked yellow cloth, with wooden feet and tails stuck on to their bodies at angles calculated to horrify the anatomist, climbed the supporting pillars, while rosettes of yellow, red, and blue silk hung from every possible gable and cross beam.

All these things were quite natural to mediaeval Peking and as they had been since the beginning. But the brilliant electric lights hung among such barbaric decorations were truly a sign of the times. Hardly five years ago such a thing as an electric light was unknown in the Chinese capital. In the old days the streets were silent and deserted after sundown, except for an occasional householder kept abroad by urgent business or belated pleasure, who groped his way home along a road like a deep, black trench by the light of a flickering lantern. Now and then the oppressive stillness of the night was broken by a band of men tramping along with ostentatious clatter, with beating of gongs and rattling of wooden blocks. Their slovenly heads would be wrapped in untidy cloths, while their dirty red tunics would be emblazoned with a circular white badge on chest and neck. They were the city guard patrolling the town—not to catch, but to frighten away evil-doers—just as Dogberry and his watch did in Shakespeare's day.

Lately these noisy though picturesque rapsallions have been forced to make way for modern policemen with well-fitting uniforms made on the Japanese model. The streets, on the gala night of the illuminations, were thick with every variety of them, from dazzling inspectors in a blinding blaze of gold lace to simple silver-braided constables, every man of whom wore his clothes with an air of distinction which his neighbors from the Land of the Rising Sun can never hope to attain.

They seemed, these police, to have absorbed some modern methods with their new clothes. Perhaps the Japanese provided a manual on the "Whole Duty of Policemen" with each suit. At any rate, they were exceedingly firm with the traffic, and at the largest archway—which boasted four large electric lamps and the character for "ten thousand years" done in smaller lights—a solid line of inspectors directed the stream of vehicles.

And what a collection passed under the blinding glare of the lights! There were carts of every variety and description, most conspicuous among which were the carts of the royal princes all covered in red cloth with five carter's walking beside each and a small army of outriders on sleek mules. Usually these carts contained Manchu princesses with elaborate coiffures, sometimes eighteen inches broad, and mounted on jade or gold pins like broad paper-cutters. The gayest of artificial flowers decorated these head-dresses, just as the gayest of colors appeared in the long flowing robes and silk neckerchiefs. It was amusing to see these Manchu women puffing at long cigars in jade holders as they passed.

An occasional brougham drawn by Australian horses contained the family—several wives, children, and *amahs* (maids)—of a progressive official. And, of course, there were hundreds of the common blue-covered carts full of the *petit bourgeois*. Even a few contemptuous camels sauntered along in the procession ridden by Mongols in brick-colored clothes. The new army was also much in evidence, its prouder members riding in the fullest of full uniform on ponies whose hair was long enough to fill Paderewski's heart with envy, and last of all there passed good farmers from the suburbs mounted on little mouse-colored donkeys with tinkling bells.

We took our stand directly in front of the main arch to watch the crowds walking past, and the owner of a shop courteously invited us to stand in his doorway that we might avoid the press on the sidewalk. The Chinese book of etiquette forbids a gentleman to gaze idly at anything which has attracted a crowd. He should walk along neither quickly nor yet slowly, with his arms hanging easily and his eyes directed to the ground a few paces ahead. It was interesting to see

how the better class sight-seers contrived to observe the rules of propriety and yet watch the "beyond-the-seas-wonders" at the same time. In their pretended abstraction these gentlemen sometimes attempted to walk against the crowd. But they were invariably detected before they had gone very far and turned around by the police. "Go to the south, Venerable Sir," or "Walk to the north"—the Chinese equivalent for the right or left—the constables chanted out in chorus, and so impressed were the gentry by modern order and the hustle necessary to enforce it that they usually allowed themselves to be turned about uncomplainingly and walked down to the very end of the long street—a little matter of two miles or more—where they were piloted across the street to the opposite sidewalk, sacred to the homeward bound stream of people.

Whenever the dapper policeman near our stand detected a mistaken traveler and turned him in the way he should go, he would come back to us in the hope of winning applause for his prowess. At least this was one of his reasons for strutting so often past our doorstep. Another was his exceeding and justifiable pride in his new uniform. It frankly delighted him, and when we made a few complimentary remarks about it in Chinese, he was as pleased as a child with a new toy. "Wait," he said; "if you like this, wait." Thereupon he darted off to his station near by and came back in a fur-lined overcoat with a standing collar. "Now what do you think of this?" he asked with pride. We thought it most elegant, and said so, praising especially the collar. "Ah, that's just it," he chuckled. "The collar is the best part of the whole thing. It's a real foreign collar."

How strangely the pendulum swings in China! A few years ago the very shop on whose steps we stood was burned, together with the whole of the street, because foreign trifles were sold there. A few years ago the empress dowager and the rest of the conservatives dreaded and despised every innovation and desired to forbid every improvement which might be brought from a foreign country. Yet today some of these very innovations are utilized to do her honor. What do you suppose she thinks in her heart of hearts about the wonderful Western sunlight that springs from wires when the Manchu princesses, happier and freer than she, describe it to her at the old-fashioned banquets and theatricals with which, in the seclusion of her yellow-tiled palace, she celebrates the fullness of her years and honor?

CHARLES LORRIMER.

PEKING, November 17, 1907.

When some months ago Miss Sophia Stevens, one of the wealthiest women of northern Ohio, offered the citizens of Upper Sandusky a farm of 640 acres near there, the offer was declined. The gift carried with it the condition that an orphan's home be established and maintained at the expense of Sandusky. The council did not think the gift a profitable one. Now the Wyandotte Oil Company, a subsidiary of the Standard, has leased under a royalty the farm from Miss Stevens. The first well drilled proved to be a gusher, and of eight wells already sunk not one proved a dry hole. Miss Stevens is now receiving in royalty about \$1000 a month, and so the good people of Upper Sandusky are sorry they refused her gift. It is estimated that the oil would not only have erected a magnificent orphan's home, but would have cleared off the entire debt of Upper Sandusky within two years.

The Sultan of Turkey, who has an official income of about \$4,000,000 a year, has long been depositing his savings with the Bank of France. The same institution is likewise honored with the patronage of King George of Greece and King Leopold. Strange to say, the Czar has preferred to keep his ready cash in the vaults of the Bank of England, where, it is said, he has at his command \$16,000,000 in Russian gold. The gold deposited by these monarchs, unlike other funds which come into the banks, never goes out again into circulation unless it be by express command of the royal depositor. It is locked up like so much coal or powder pending the day that it may be useful.

The government of the Portuguese East African province of Mozambique is about to take measures for the promotion of the ostrich feather industry. Wild ostriches with fine black feathers are found in considerable numbers in the districts of Lourenço Marquez and Inhambane, and a decree has been published forbidding the hunting of ostriches, as well as the taking of their eggs and the destruction of their nests. The sale of ostrich eggs or eggshells is also prohibited. It is said to be the intention of the government to start a large ostrich ranch and stock it with young native birds caught by officials detailed for that purpose.

The Central High School of Philadelphia has stood at the head of the high schools of the country for three-quarters of a century. It holds the unique position of being the only public high school in the United States invested with the legal power to confer degrees upon its graduates. In the annals of the National Department of Education it is classified with the colleges and universities.

Danger of burial alive will be removed if the test of death proposed by a French surgeon is shown to be infallible. He says that X-ray photographs of bodies, made even a few minutes after death, reveal clearly the outlines of all the internal organs; whereas if life still exists they are not visible in the photographs.

TETRAZZINI TRIUMPHANT.

Wild Enthusiasm Marks the Close of the Opera Season in London.

Those who were in any doubt about the popularity of Signora Tetrazzini should have been present at the Covent Garden opera when the diva said her farewells to London audiences. They would have seen something that they were not likely soon to forget, and they might have carried away some quite unorthodox opinions about English stolidity.

The opera was "Lucia di Lammermoor," and of course Tetrazzini sustained the title-rôle. The great opera-house was an impressive sight, packed as it was to suffocation with an audience at one moment bewitched into silence and at the next breaking out into rapturous applause that would not be stilled. There were over 3000 persons in the theatre, and many of these had taken their places in the street at 8 o'clock in the morning and had patiently waited the whole day in the wind and cold, so great was their determination to seize the last chance that may be theirs for many a long day. The cup of their reward was full, pressed down, and running over. It was said by those who always know a little more than their fellow-creatures that Tetrazzini was ill at ease, and that she was nervous because of the absence of a scenic setting, but there was certainly little evidence of this. By the time the second aria was reached—the song of ecstasy for her lover—she sang with a purity and charm that excelled even her own great record, finishing in the love duet with Signor Carpi with emotional power and brilliance. In the second act she was perhaps at her very best and the spell upon the audience was most marked, while in the mad scene at the opening of the third act she once more surpassed herself. The applause was simply terrific, and with her usual graciousness the signora repeated the cadenza. Ten times she was called before the curtain to receive the homage of the audience, and on the last occasion she threw kisses to the occupants of the gallery. Then she received some few favored ones in her dressing-room and chatted vivaciously in Italian and Spanish, for English is not yet among her accomplishments. She modestly expressed her pride at having won "a little success." Londoners, she thinks, are warm-hearted people and she will in future contradict those who say that they are cold and unsympathetic. And so with many promises to "come again and stay longer," the great Florentine singer goes back to her own country for a little rest before undertaking the conquest of new worlds and the winning of fresh laurels.

Certainly her season here has been a triumphant success. It will be the "Tetrazzini season" for years to come. Fourteen operas have been performed—"Carmen" twelve times; "La Bohème," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," "La Tosca," and "Traviata" five times each; "Aida," "Madame Butterfly," and "Lucia di Lammermoor," four times; "Rigoletto," three times; "Don Giovanni," "Faust," "Germania," and "Gioconda" twice.

Popular enthusiasm was by no means confined to the theatre. There are, indeed, very few crowned heads who would not be gratified by such street demonstrations as have been given to Tetrazzini. Great crowds gathered outside the theatre doors to cheer her, and when she threw bouquets of flowers among them their enthusiasm almost passed the bounds of decorum. Men tried to shake hands with her and women to kiss her, and more than once a hastily improvised body-guard of gentlemen has been necessary to protect her from an admiration that was manifested not wisely but too well. On one occasion Signor Tetrazzini was quite unable to enter the carriage in which his wife was to drive home. He simply could not penetrate the cheering crowd, and so perforce had to walk behind in the company of several hundred enthusiasts, who were determined to give just one more cheer outside the hotel. The signora says she has never seen such determination nor such cordiality on the part of the public. "They wait cheerfully outside the doors for many hours in the biting cold, and no one seems to complain. Not only this, but behind the scenes everybody has been so wonderfully good to me. Why, the scene-shifters, lime-light operators, and even the soldiers who sometimes act as supers all applaud, and there is always a second ovation behind the curtain after the one in front is over."

As to Signora Tetrazzini's next move, it is probable that you in America know more than we do here. She said herself that she would not go to New York in January, but now at the last moment it is rumored that Manager Hammerstein has at last prevailed and that she will begin her New York appearances early in the new year. Conried, on the other hand, hints mysteriously at certain agreements that are in his possession, and it is possible that the law courts may be called upon to untie a legal knot. In the meantime Europe is disconsolate at her inability to outbid the New World. Director-General von Hulsén of the Royal Opera in Berlin expresses his regret that nothing can be done to retain the great singers in the face of "wealthy New York operas outbidding each other." Herr von Hulsén is far from blaming the singers for ordinary financial prudence. He says: "It requires a terrific strain on an artist's patriotism and traditional love of permanent anchorage to withstand an offer of \$25,000 for a few weeks' work, when he is required to work almost as many years for the same money at home."

The actual fee that is to be paid to Signora Tetrazzini has not been made known, but it will be well

earned if the great singer gives in New York the same delight that she has given in England.

LONDON, December 10, 1907.

PICCADILLY.

OLD FAVORITES.

Two.

Silently, swiftly riding with me,
Stirrup to stirrup, stride for stride,
If I stretch out my hand in the night, by my side,
I touch him, steadily, sullenly,
With his withered face and his misery,
By the firmest and bitterest bond allied,
That never a love nor a hate can divide
Riding with me.

Across the land and from sea to sea,
Splashing and plunging through many rivers,
Recklessly, wearily, desperately,
Ban nor blessing, nor thing that severs
Can sever the tie 'twixt him and me.
Out of the night and into the day,
From season to season, from year to year,
What does it matter where leads the way?
There is nothing further to heed nor fear;
There is nothing to hope in the time to be;
As I gallop in silence tonight, by my side,
Stirrup to stirrup, and stride for stride,
He rides with me.

As I ride with thee, shall I ride with thee,
With my withered face and my misery,
Stirrup to stirrup, and stride for stride,
The Cross and the Book and the Priest defied,
Through time and death and eternity,
To days that breed, nor years that kill.
Nor prayer, nor tears of souls that he
Past the swift river of good and ill,
Shall sever the bonds that hold me, tied
By deed and by will of thy own to thy side.
Stirrup to stirrup, and stride for stride,
Steadily, sternly, silently
I shall ride with thee. —P. V. Black.

My Wolves.

Three gaunt, grim wolves that hunt for me,
Three gaunt, grim wolves there be,
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery.

I sit and think till my heart is sore,
While the wolf or the wind keeps shaking the door,
Or peers at his prey through the window-pane
Till his ravenous eyes burn into my brain.

And I cry to myself: "If the wolf be Sin,
He shall not come in—he shall not come in;
But if the wolf be Hunger or Woe,
He will come to all men, whether or no!"

For out in the twilight, stern and grim,
A destiny weaves man's life for him
As the spider weaves his web for flies;
And the three grim wolves, Sin, Hunger, and Woe,
A man must fight them, whether or no,
Though oft in the struggle the fighter dies.

Tonight I cry to God for bread,
Tomorrow night I shall be dead;
For the fancies are strange and scarcely sane
That flit like spectres through my brain;
And I dream of the times long, long ago,
When I knew not Sin, and Hunger, and Woe.

There are three wolves that hunt for me,
And I have met the three,
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery;
Three pairs of eyes at the window-pane
Are burned and branded into my brain
Like signal lights at sea. —Francis Gerry Fairchild.

The Knock at the Door.

Knock! Knock!

You can not come in;

The door is brass

And the bolt is sin.

Stand on the threshold, trembling and cold,

Beautiful angel, with hair of gold!

Maud, come hither and sit on my knee;

I'll kiss thy lips, and thou'lt kiss me.

Beatrice, thou of the milk-white hands,

Fondle my long hair's electric strands.

Blanche, no putting, I vow I will rest

My head, if I like, in that dove-like breast.

Knock! Knock!

You can not come in;

The door is brass

And the bolt is sin.

You are not meet for this company bold,

Heavenly angel, with hair of gold!

Pile the wood up in the chimney wide,

Till the flame leaps high like the devil's pride,

In silver tankards simmer the wine,

Spice it with cinnamon fresh and fine;

And we'll bask and drink, and drink and bask,

While ever there lasts a log or a flask!

Knock! Knock!

You can not come in;

The door is brass

And the bolt is sin.

Rollick and riot you must not behold,

White-robed angel, with hair of gold!

The wine is bitter, the blaze is dim;

What horrible chill creeps o'er each limb?

I scarce can see as I gaze abroad.

Where are ye, Beatrice, Blanche, and Maud?

Ah, heavens! Come kiss me—some fire—some light!

Speak, lemans, or else I shall perish with fright!

Knock! Knock!

How did you come in?

The door was brass

And the bolt was sin.

Where are your white robes, your hair of gold?

Angel of Death, your touch is cold!

The aquarium at Brighton, England, is one of the largest and most beautiful aquaria in Europe. It is operated with annexes, like a theatre and restaurant, but is admirably maintained, and during the summer is one of the attractions of the English watering-place.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Senator Tillman has introduced two resolutions calling on the Senate finance committee to investigate and report on the legality of the action of Secretary Cortelyou in the steps he took for the relief of the money market.

Mr. Culberson, the new Democratic leader, has introduced a Senate bill requiring that all contributions of whatever sort for presidential election campaigns shall be made public. The penalty for failing to file the required statement is fixed at not more than \$5000 nor less than \$500, or imprisonment for not more than six months, or both.

It is expected that Secretary Taft will go at once to Ohio and wage a vigorous fight against Senator Foraker. He is being strongly urged to do this, and his friends anticipate a sharp and decisive campaign. The Secretary now regards the differences between himself and Foraker as personal and is bitter at the way in which he has been attacked.

The New York *World* draws attention to the fact that at the banquet of the Chamber of Commerce, at the dinner of the St. Nicholas Society, at the dinner of the Minnesota Society, the usual toast to the President of the United States was drunk in studied and significant silence, while any mention of Governor Hughes evoked still more significant applause.

James B. Reynolds has visited New York from Washington to take charge of the Taft boom in New York State and to attempt to deliver the New York delegates to the Secretary of War. Headquarters have been established at the Republican Club, and it is said that the first move in the campaign will be to obtain the unqualified indorsement of organized labor for the selected candidate.

Secretary Oscar S. Straus of the Department of Commerce and Labor recommends in his annual report "a full and fair reconsideration of Chinese immigration and a recasting of the laws upon a juster basis." He calls attention to the loss of 50 per cent of America's commerce with China in 1905—from \$53,000,000 to \$26,000,000—as a result of the boycott of United States products. A new law should be framed, he says, so as not to be offensive to the Chinese, but yet to make admission of laborers as difficult as at present. There are now in this country, he says, less than 70,000 Chinese.

Governor Hughes has ordered the removal from office of John F. Ahearn, president of the Borough of Manhattan, New York City, on the charges preferred against him by the City Club of New York, holding that the "neglect and misconduct" alleged to exist in the borough president's office "were for the most part made possible because of the want of that administrative care which it was the plain duty of the borough president to exercise." The disrepair and neglect which President Ahearn permitted in the paving of the streets of Manhattan Borough, especially those paved with asphalt, is the principal ground upon which Governor Hughes bases his action.

State Senator Alfred R. Page of New York, who is looked on as the chief spokesman for Governor Hughes and perhaps his closest lieutenant, has had a conference with President Roosevelt that is looked on by many as the beginning of an effort to bring about closer relations between the White House and Albany. On leaving the White House the senator predicted that the President would not go to the point of antagonizing the nomination of the governor when the breakup came at the convention, providing he became convinced that Taft could not be nominated. Senator Page said he and the President had a pleasant conference, and that the President not only did not express any antagonism to Governor Hughes, but gave indications "quite to the contrary."

Governor Broward of Florida has appointed William James Bryan of Jacksonville to be United States Senator, vice Stephen Russell Mallory, deceased, for the remainder of the term expiring March 4, 1909. Bryan is a prominent attorney and now holds the position of county solicitor. He was born in Orange County, Florida, October 10, 1876; was reared in the vicinity of his birthplace, attended the local schools and later attended Emory College, where he graduated with the degree of bachelor of arts in 1898. Three years later he graduated at Washington and Lee University, and at once began to practice law in Jacksonville. About two months ago Bryan announced his candidacy for the United States Senatorship to succeed Senator Mallory. He is not related to William J. Bryan of Nebraska.

Speaker Cannon, strolling down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington recently, was met by Representative James S. Sherman of New York, who congratulated the Speaker on President Roosevelt's announcement anent a third term, and added: "Now Roosevelt is out of it, nothing can prevent your being nominated for President." "Jim," said the Speaker, as he entwined his arm in that of the sturdy New York member, "I am reminded of old Bill Devine out in my district. Devine was on his way home from a political rally and his skin fairly oozed alcohol. Passing through a field he kicked up a rattlesnake which emitted a warning. Bill drew himself up with dignified solemnity, eyed the reptile with lofty contempt, and said: 'Strike, darn you; you will never find me here again.'"

A SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING.

The Romance of a Girl Bandit.

The pull is uphill for almost three miles along here, and the horses plod along slowly. The dust is just as deep; but now, instead of blowing off to leeward, as it did awhile ago, it hangs close around the stage in a thick, dense, reddish-yellow cloud, almost shutting off the view from the passengers inside, if they cared to look out. But the beauties of nature hold their interest only slightly, just at present. The dust occupies their attention to a large extent. It fills their mouths, and eyes, and nostrils, and clings to their hair and ears in much profusion. It is disagreeable—very; and the man who has enough spirits left to try and keep up the conversation is voted an ass by his fellow-passengers. They were all very friendly only a short time ago; but they hate each other with a bitter hatred just now—all on account of the dust. Dust is a great destroyer of good humor.

Back there, a mile or so, the sun shines brightly on the cañon road, making it look like a long, yellow ribbon; but just ahead the shadow of the mountain on the west, which seems to close the upper end of the pass, cuts the light off in an odd, abrupt way, and presently we shall be in comparative darkness, for the edge of the heavy timber is only a little distance before us.

Somehow, the dust doesn't rise very high, or else the driver and the passenger on the box don't mind it, for we can hear them talking. Old Ben, through some unseen but easily imagined influence, has relaxed from his usual taciturnity, and is quite communicative to the beardless, boyish-looking young chap who got on back at Alpina and is sharing the box with him.

As the stage reaches the level, and rolls into the shadows of the mountain and the tall pines, Ben points with the whip to the mouth of the narrow pass leading out of the cañon a quarter of a mile away, and remarks:

"See them two big rocks?—road runs b'tween 'em. Uh-huh. Wal, right thar—mebbe a couple rods 'r so fu'ther on—was whar I was helt up one day in th' summer of '76."

"Yes?" said the passenger's pleasant voice, interrogatively. "Would you mind telling me about it?"

Ben chirped to his horses, spat impressively and liberally, and began:

"Wal, 'twuz this a-way. That mornin' th' 'xpress-box was loaded plumb full o' hard stuff, th't hed t' go through that day. Now, jes'z luck'd hev' it, one o' the gyard's—we hed gyard's them days—turned up missin' 'bout th' time we was ready t' start fr'm Eldorado in th' mornin'. Berry McNeill, th' other gyard, goes arter 'im, an' fin's Mr. Man laid up with a gash in th' head fr'm a beer-bottle—be'n scrappin' night b'fore.

"Th' agent an' me was thinkin' pow'ful 'bout who we c'd git t' take Hauser's place ef he was sick, w'en hyar comes Mac, whistlin'.

"Say, fellers," says he, 'Hauser got plunked with a bottle las' night, an' is layin' on his downy couch with a headache. Reckon I c'n go it b' my lonesome; I got Hauser's sawed-off gun'.

"We both kicked a whole lot. But Mac, he'd made up his min', an' was boun' t' hev' his own way; b'sides, we didn't hev' no one right handy t' go 'long, so we hed t' give in, an' Mac, whistlin' one o' his everlastin' toons, piles up on th' box, an' we pulls out. They wa'n't no passengers.

"Wal, we kep' our peepers skun right sharp, but ev'rythin' went lovely till jes' long 'bout hyar. Then Mac says: 'Ben, I b'lieve they's some cusses layin' fer us up b' them rocks—I think I seen a feller's head, jes' now.' Says I: 'Mac, y're full o' hop. I seen it, too, an' twa'n't nothin' but a hawk, crossin' the road.'

"I stirred up the critters a bit, howsomever, but jes'z we turned th' rocks, somebody jumps out fr'm both sides an' nails th' leaders, an' they was so many guns starin' intuh my face th't it made me ashamed o' myself. Mac cut loose wi' th' sawed-off shot-gun, an' then begun wi' th' Winchester, gittin' two fellers an' skinnin' up some more—but they was too dern many o' 'em, an' they c'd shoot, too, so Mac he never got no chance t' pump that gun dry. He oughtn't t' hev' shot, nohow, but he allus was a nervy cuss—more nerve 'n sense. I usetuh say, 'Mac—'

Half a dozen dusky forms leap from the roadside—the big cowboy who got aboard early in the afternoon, and has been dozing and swearing in a sleepy way about the dust is suddenly wide awake, and we, on the inside, get a good look at the muzzles of his two big revolvers—we hear Ben ejaculate, "Wal, this do beat hell!"—and then we are invited to get down into the road, where the pleasant-faced, boyish-looking young man, who got on back at Alpina, proceeds to business, and, politely, courteously, but firmly, withal, relieves us of our spare change—and more, too.

That is my part of the story. Of course, there were quite a number of other people present, including the youthful highwayman and his capable assistants, and they, also, have a claim on the above narrative. I did not mean that I owned it; what I tried to say was that that is the only one of the events from which come this veracious tale that I took part in, and I think it has been shown that my part was entirely a passive one. Perhaps we had better call that portion of the story the gentlemanly road agent's, because he got about everything else there was to get. The rest is Hallegan's.

Hallegan and I were traveling together, and it was his foresight—or, rather, an odd notion of his—that enabled us to resume our journey to Denver after the road-agent incident. This odd notion was in the form

of a thin chamois insole, which he wore in his left boot, and which, in addition to a card giving directions for the disposition of his body in case he should be suddenly called hence while among strangers, contained a fifty-dollar bill. It was an ordinary fifty-dollar bill, but when Terence flashed it before my dazzled eyes in the hotel at Merrill that night, I was quite sure that it was larger and more valuable than the opinions of a New England hired man. It took us to Leadville, anyway, and that was all we could reasonably desire.

But for the rest of my story:

It was about two years after the road-agent affair, in which we lost almost everything but our good names and the clothing we wore, when, one day, I was thunder-struck to receive Hallegan's wedding-cards. It was the first time I had heard from him for a year, and had any one else told me Terence Hallegan was a marrying man, I should have derided him; but when Terence himself, in his own peculiar chirography, directed to me an envelope containing such startling news, all set forth in the highest style of the engraver's art—well, it was too much, and I went down into the camp, where surcease of sorrow was obtainable in quantities to suit the purchaser, and where there were a full score of Terence's friends and acquaintances to toast his memory and console with each other. And grief was our lot, until the day Jewett "struck it" in that hole he had been pegging away at, over on the other side of the gulch, and excitement reigned supreme.

In the midst of the confusion, telegrams came and went, flying—brought and sent by special courier to and from the office at Sunrise, nine miles away; and, one day, came one for him who sits here burning the nocturnal kerosene. It was from Hallegan, who was now living in Chicago, and summoned me to hasten to that city, where I was needed to assist in closing a transaction involving the sale of some mining property in which Terence and I were interested.

Terence met me at the station. He looked remarkably well, even for a person whose health and spirits had always been of the very best, and I told him so, adding that in deponent's opinion he must have drawn a capital prize in the matrimonial lottery.

He smiled happily, and took my arm to walk outside the train inclosure, as he said:

"That I did—that I did, me boy; just wait till you see her, and you'll be sure of it."

He called a cab, gave the driver some brief instructions, and leaped in after me. We rode several minutes in silence; then Hallegan turned to me in a rather embarrassed way, and said, in a strained tone:

"Billy, me boy—it's very near dinner-time at our house—and there's no time for—explanations. Only—if you think you've seen—my wife—if her face is familiar—please don't mention it, or act as though you noticed it. I'll explain after dinner."

I acquiesced wonderingly, and wondered yet more after I had met Mrs. Hallegan, for I was quite positive that I had never seen her before, and there was ample opportunity, during the course of the excellent dinner we presently sat down to, to study her. She was slightly above the medium height, and of a perfect, though rather slight, figure. Her hair and eyes were dark, setting off excellently her clear olive complexion, and her features were all that an artist could desire. She was hardly what one would call a beautiful woman, however. "Handsome" would be the better word—or, perhaps, "striking." There was something about the firm set of her mouth when not speaking, and the strong, rather masculine chin—in which, oddly enough, there was a charmingly feminine dimple—that caused this effect, I think. One would never have taken Mrs. Hallegan for the daughter of the little, white-haired, sweet-faced old lady who sat opposite me, and whom she addressed as "mother."

No, I had never seen her up to half an hour ago, so I gave up studying her and fell to wondering what Hallegan was going to "explain."

Dinner over, the ladies rose to leave us, smiling over the broad hint Terence had just thrown out concerning a desire to smoke. As they reached the door, Mrs. Hallegan turned and bowed mockingly to her husband, whose hand was just reaching for the bell. "I hope, Sir Terence, that the cigars may prove dry company." Then, with a bright smile, she vanished.

I flopped into my chair, breathlessly. Where had I seen that mocking bow? Then, suddenly, there came before me that little scene in the mountains two years since; the dust, the heat, the sleepy cowboy inside the coach, the dapper little chap who so politely took our money and watches. He bowed just that way when he finished his work and departed. "Her brother," I thought—"black sheep, blot on family escutcheon. How much they resemble—"

"Well, me boy?"

Hallegan was looking at me quizzically through the smoke, we having lighted our cigars meanwhile. I suppose I looked embarrassed. Of course it was all rot; the idea of there being any connection, however remote, between the stately creature who had just left us and the little rascal who engineered that hold-up!

"Billy, me boy, I won't make a short story any longer than is necessary. You remember the little fellow who held us up, two years ago?"

"Of course I do."

"Yes, very likely. Well, I fancy I'd better begin at the beginning."

"Three years ago, a young fellow named Wilson, who had been employed as cashier by the L. and A. Stage Express Company, got into trouble over his accounts. The manager—Robinson—charged him with

a shortage amounting to several thousand dollars. There was an investigation, and, on the strength of certain circumstantial evidence which need not be stated, as it is immaterial, backed by the testimony of Robinson, the manager, Tweedy, the superintendent, and Frank Robinson, son of the manager—who, by the way, had always been Wilson's bosom friend—the cashier was convicted on trial and sentenced to a long term at Cañon City. Strange to say, he offered no testimony and made no defense except his plea of 'not guilty.'

"Well, it killed him. Inside of a year, the worry and disgrace, along with the hard work and close confinement—he had never been very strong—had wasted him to a shadow, and when, at last, he knew he couldn't live very long, he sent for his mother and sisters to come to him.

"His mother was too ill herself to travel, and one of the sisters—a cripple—was obliged to remain with her, but the elder sister went.

"She found him dying—dying in prison. It was the first she had known of his trouble, and, naturally, she was terribly shocked.

"He told her the true history of the affair—that young Robinson, between whom and himself had existed a sort of Damon and Pythias friendship, was the guilty one; and how, when some of the stockholders got wind of the shortage, the two Robinsons and Tweedy, who was a brother-in-law of old Robinson, had conspired to shield the guilty man by sacrificing an innocent one, who would not defend himself. The confession made by the dying man was not altogether a voluntary one. His sister, who had known nothing except that he was innocent, caught a hint of the truth from him when he was raving in delirium—the rest she made him tell her.

"After young Wilson's death, his sister went quietly to work to see what could be done to prove her brother's innocence and to place the guilt where it belonged, but soon found that nothing could be proved. The Robinsons were too strong for her.

"About this time, Mrs. Wilson and her younger daughter were obliged to go South on account of ill-health, leaving the elder daughter, who was studying medicine, here in Chicago. Not long after this, the hold-ups on the different lines of the L. and A. began. For the first few times, there was only one road-agent—a little chap, but a nervy one, who got talked about by the papers a good deal; but pretty soon there were others, until a band of about eight or nine had organized, under the little fellow's leadership, and they made life a burden to the L. and A. people. It made no difference what precautions the company took, or how many guards it employed; the road-agents were too smart, and the boldest kind of hold-ups were successfully made—and, by Jove! it 'busted' the company's business. The L. and A. wasn't a heavy concern, of course, but had always made a good deal of money. The frequent hold-ups on its lines, though, proved a settler. It wasn't long before nobody would ship or travel over any of the L. and A. Company's lines unless actually obliged to, and the company was kept pretty busy settling the losses of its customers. Then came the crash, and somehow people began to suspect that the Robinsons had not run things as they should have been handled, and the stockholders investigated. Old Robinson died in disgrace shortly afterward. The young man took all he could lay hands on and skipped, but was caught at Santa Fé. He's where he should be—at Cañon City. Tweedy got off on a technicality.

"About seven or eight months after we were held up, a stage full of fellows, including myself, were stopped and relieved one afternoon, about ten miles from Milliken, on the old Mule-Shoe Trail. The young fellow was one of the robbers—I knew him in spite of his mask. There were only four of the road-agents on this occasion.

"They pulled out, leaving us orders not to touch our arms (which they had stacked on the ground) for twenty minutes, under penalty of getting shot. But one of our party was a devil-may-care chap, and no sooner were the bandits gone than he walked right over to the pile of guns and picked his out, remarking that he 'didn't believe there were any road-agents around just then.' And there weren't.

"Well, the result of this fellow's foolhardiness was that we concluded it would be money in our pockets to get on the trail of those four road-agents, so we started after them, separating a little distance from each other. We followed them all the afternoon, but couldn't find a trace.

"You know how the old Mule-Shoe Trail is? Well, the driver had gone, agreeing to meet us on the other side of the Shoe—it is only three or four miles across.

"I was just about making up my mind to join the other fellows, and had stopped to think of the best way to cross the creek, when I heard a queer sound, like a woman sobbing. I looked cautiously around, and there, within two rods of me, was the young road-agent, crying as if his heart would break. There was nobody else there, it was plain to be seen, so I quietly sneaked up and requested him to throw up his hands.

"Did you ever hear a woman scream at the sight of a mouse? That's just the way this young fellow screamed when he saw the muzzle of my gun—and I, as soon as I saw the scared, tearful face turned to mine, knew as well as I know now that the famous bandit known as 'Foxye' was only a woman.

"She seemed to trust me, somehow, and pretty soon I had the whole story from her. Then I sat down and talked to her like a brother; and the result was that next day the road-agents missed their leader, and,

inside of a fortnight, Miss Jean Wilson was back here in Chicago, at her studies again.

"I need not say that this gentle bandit, who ruined the business of the L. and A. Company, took not one cent of the proceeds, and never permitted any of the band to interfere with Uncle Sam's mail. The latter fact accounts, in a measure, for their success, for Uncle Sam is a bad to man interfere with. The former fact, I think, had to do, to some extent, with the strong hold which 'Foxey' had over his subordinates, although they must have had a good deal of faith in his demonstrated ability as an executive. The band was broken up not long after 'Foxey's' disappearance, and three of the men were caught, but they didn't know any more concerning their mysterious ex-chief than did the public at large."

"And—Miss Wilson is——"
Hallegan's eyes twinkled: "Is waiting for us. Let us join her," he said. R. L. K.

RECENT VERSE.

The Metropolis.

I read of a place where songs were sung,
A city of the light;
I read of a place where laughter rung,
A world that knew no night.

I read of hearts that lived for life,
And living, found no pain;
Who tasted the froth of folly's cup,
And laughing, drank again.

I longed to reach it; to know its song
My dream of dreams for years.
I sought that place of laughter long,
And found—a city of tears!
—Gertude B. Hamilton, in *The Bohemian*.

Old Man Rain.

Old Man Rain
At the window pane
Knocks and fumbles and raps again;
His long-nailed fingers slip and strain;
Old Man Rain at the window pane
Knocks all night, but knocks in vain—
Old Man Rain.

Old Man Rain,
With battered train,
Reels and shamles along the lane;
His old gray whiskers drip and drain;
Old Man Rain, with ragged train,
Reels and staggers like one insane—
Old Man Rain.

Old Main Rain
Is back again,
With old mis' Wind at the window pane,
Dancing there with her tattered train;
Her old shawl flaps as she twirls again
In the wildman reel and is torn in twain—
Old mis' Wind and Old Man Rain.
—Madison Cawein, in *The Reader*.

The Joy of Life.

It wakes in the throat of the woodland bird
In the rose-flushed hush of the morn;
It gleams in the gold of the hallowing wheat
And the tasseled pride of the corn;
It follows the feet of heavy and love,
It stirs in the strength of the strong,
And its light leaps up on the trampling field
Where bravely battles with wrong;
It sings through each deed that is nobly done—
But sweetest, most undefiled,
It shines to the world in the world-old way
From the face of each little child.
—Priscilla Leonard, in *The Outlook*.

The Women Who Wait.

He went to the war in the morning—
The roll of the drums could be heard,
But he paused at the gate with his mother
For a kiss and a comforting word.
He was full of the dreams and ambitions
That youth is so ready to weave,
And proud of the clank of his saure
And the chevrons of gold on his sleeve.

He came from the war in the evening—
The meadows were sprinkled with snow,
The drums and the hughes were silent,
And the steps of the soldiers were slow.
He was wrapped in the flag of his country
When they laid him away in the mold,
With the glittering stars of a captain
Replacing the chevrons of gold.

With the heroes who sleep on the hillside
He lies with a flag at his head,
But, hind with the years of her weeping,
His mother yet mourns for her dead.
The soldiers who fall in the battle
May feel but a moment of pain,
But the women who wait in the homesteads
Must dwell with the ghosts of the slain.
—Minna Irving, in *Boston Pilot*.

A tree-planting revival is in progress in southern Indiana, where many farmers are utilizing waste tracts of land for the growing of such trees as black locusts, hardy catalpas, and other fast-growing varieties. The immediate cause of this movement is the scarcity of timber for fence-posts. It is said that land which can be bought at from six to ten dollars an acre will yield a good crop of locusts in about ten or twelve years, the product of which is estimated to be worth from \$250 to \$800 an acre. The forest service of the government is encouraging the movement in accordance with its general policy.

In adopting a report presented at the annual meeting of the Rhode Island State Grange at East Providence last week, the gathering went on record as opposing the protection of deer in Rhode Island. Worthy Master Frank E. Marchant of West Kingston said that deer were ruining young orchards and gardens.

THE EMILY EMMINS PAPERS.

Carolyn Wells Maintains Her Reputation by a Bright and Clever Travel Book.

Emily Emmins, at the beginning of her incomparable papers, says that it always seems to her a pity that nearly all the people one meets in New York are going somewhere. The greatest delight of life is to move without conscious aim, to ramble without a goal, unhampered by plans, unembarrassed by a destination.

She tells us how she herself did this thing, how on the strength of a whim she bought a ticket for Europe, and how she allowed herself to be carried by impulse from point to point, fancy free and irresponsible. She tells her story delightfully and with such an absence of effort that one wonders why books of travel should ever be written in any other way. She knew by the passenger list that her roommate on the Atlantic steamer was Jane Sterling, but she was hardly prepared for what she found:

Sitting on the edge of the opposite berth, and staring back at me was a small child with big eyes. She wore a stiff little frock of white piqué, and her brown hair was "hobbed" and tied up with an enormous white bow. Her brown eyes had a solemn gaze, and her little hands were clasped in her lap.

It was quite needless to ask her name, for Jane Sterling was plainly and unmistakably written all over her, and I marveled that the name hadn't told me at once what she looked like.

"How old are you, Jane?" I asked.
"Seven," she replied, with a little sigh, as of the weight of years.

Her voice satisfied me. She was one of those unusual children whom some speak of as "queer," and others call "old-fashioned."

But they are neither. They are distinctly a modern variety, and their unusualness lies in the fact that they have a sense of humor.

"And is this your first trip abroad?" I went on.
"No, my seventh," said Jane, with a delicious little matter-of-fact air.

"Indeed. Well, this is the first time I have crossed, so I trust you will take pity on my ignorance, and instruct me as to what I should do."

I said this with an intent to be social, and make the child feel at ease, but no such effort was necessary.

"There is nothing to do difflunt," she said, with a bewitching smile. "You just do what you would in your own house."

It was the first really good advice I had had concerning my steamer manners.

The differences and contradictions in London society are among the most delightful of Emily Emmins's experiences:

I received one morning from Mrs. C. a hastily written note of invitation to dine with her that same evening.

"Quite informally," the note said, "and afterward," it went on, "we will drop in at Lady Sutherland's."

As I had learned that "quite informally" meant anything its writer chose it to mean, I was uncertain as to the formality of the function, and, having no idea who Lady Sutherland might be, I asked for information of a casual caller.

"Who is she?" was the response, "why, in social importance, she's only next to the king, that's all. She's the Duchess of Sutherland. She lives in Stafford House. You may not be familiar with Stafford House, but it is on record that when Queen Victoria was there, calling on a former Duchess of Sutherland, she took her leave with the remark, 'I will now go from your palace to my humble home,' referring to her own residence in Buckingham."

I was dumfounded. To be invited to Stafford House in that careless way, and to have the Duchess of Sutherland mentioned casually as Lady Sutherland—well!

And so for the informal dinner I arrayed myself in the most elaborate costume in my wardrobe.

Nor was I overdrawn. The informal dinner proved to be a most pompous function, and after it we were all whisked into carriages, and taken to the reception at Stafford House. Once inside of the beautiful palace I ceased to wonder at Queen Victoria's remark. Admitted to be the most beautiful of all English private mansions, Stafford House seemed to my American inexperience far more wonderful than Aladdin's palace could possibly have been.

The magnificent entrance hall, with its branching staircase and impressive gallery, seemed an appropriate setting for the beautiful duchess, who stood on the staircase landing to greet her guests. Rohed in billows of white satin, and adorned with what seemed to me must be the crown jewels, the charming, gracious lady was as simple and unaffected of manner as any American girl. She greeted me with a sincerity of welcome that had not lost its charm by having already been accorded to thousands of others.

Then, a mere atom of the thronging multitude, I was swept on by the guiding hands of the helaced and bepowdered lackeys, and, quite in keeping with the unexpectedness of all things in London, I found myself suddenly embarked on a sightseeing tour. But this was a sort of sightseeing toward which I felt no objection. To be jostled by thousands, all arrayed in costumes and jewels that were sights in themselves; to visit not only the great picture gallery of Stafford House, but the smaller apartments, rarely shown to visitors; to be treated by guests and attendants as an honored friend of the family and not as an intruder, all these things made me thoroughly enjoy what would otherwise have been a sightseeing bore.

And here is another experience and a different one:

In contrast to this, and as a fine example of the Londoner's utter absence of a sense of proportion, listen to the tale of a lady who called on me one day.

I had met her before, but knew her very slightly. She was exceedingly polite, and well-bred, and of very formal manner. The purpose of her call was to invite me to her house. She definitely stated a date ten days hence, and asked if I would enjoy a bread-and-milk supper. "For we are plain folk," she said, "and do not entertain on an elaborate scale."

I accepted with pleasure, and she went politely away. But I was not to be fooled by intimations of informality. "Bread and milk, indeed!" That, I well knew, was a euphonious hurlesque for a high tea, if not a sumptuous dinner. I remembered that she had called personally to invite me; that she asked me ten days before the occasion; and that the hour, 7 o'clock, might mean anything at all.

Therefore, when the day came, I donned evening costume, called a hansom, and started.

From an inconspicuous portal my hostess advanced to greet me. She wore a summer muslin, simply made, and I promptly felt embarrassed because of my stunning evening gown.

Her welcome was most cordial, and expressive of heaving hospitality.

A hit bewildered, I was ushered into a room, strange, but most interesting. It contained a mantel and fireplace which had been originally in Oliver Goldsmith's house, and which was a valuable gem, both intrinsically and by association. The other fittings of the room were quite in harmony with

this unique possession, and showed experienced selection and taste in arrangement. The next room, in the centre of the house, was the one through which the tree grew. Straight up, from floor to ceiling, the magnificent trunk formed a noble column, around which had been built a somewhat undignified table.

My friend was a charming hostess; and when her husband appeared he proved not only a charming host, but a marvellous conversationalist.

So engrossed did we all become in talking, so quick were my friends at repartee, so interesting the tales they told of their varied experiences, that the time slipped away rapidly, and the quaint old clock, which was a gem of some period or other, chimed eight before any mention had been made of the evening meal.

"Why, it's after supper-time," exclaimed my hostess, "let's go to the dining-room at once."

The dining-room was another revelation. One corner was occupied by a huge, high-backed, angle-shaped seat of carved wood, which carried with it the atmosphere of a ruined cathedral or at Hbfbrauhausa. The latter effect was perhaps due to the sturdy oaken table, which had been drawn into the corner, convenient to the great settee.

After we were seated, a maid suddenly appeared. She was garbed in a gorgeous and elaborate costume which seemed to be the perfection of a peasant's holiday attire. Huge gold earrings and strings of clinking heads were worn with a confection of bright colored satin and cotton lace, which would have been conspicuous in the front row of a comic-opera chorus.

If you'll helieve me, that Gilbert and Sullivan piece of property brought in and served, with neatness and despatch, a meal which consisted solely of bread and milk.

The howls were of Crown Derby, the milk in jugs of magnificent old ware, and the old silver spoons were beyond price.

Yet so accustomed had I become to unexpectedness, and so imbued was I with the spirit of surprise that haunted the whole place, that the proceeding seemed quite rational, and I ate my bread and milk contentedly and in large quantities.

There were no other guests, but I shall never forget the delight of that supper. Never have I seen a more innate and beautiful hospitality; never have I heard more delightfully witty conversation; never have I been so fascinated by an experience.

And so if Londoners choose to scribble a hasty note inviting one carelessly to a reception at Stafford House, and if they see fit to make a personal call far in advance to ask one to a bread-and-milk supper, far be it from me to object. But I merely observe, in passing, that they have no sense of proportion, at least in their ideas of the formality demanded by social occasions.

Emily Emmins drifted in the same inconsequential way to Paris and was charmed, but she left her heart in London:

It is trim and tripping, where London is solidly lumbering—but, give me London.

Paris is adorable; London is lovable. Paris is hewitching; London is satisfying.

Paris is to London as lime-light unto sunlight, and as asinthe unto wine. But as the very essence of Paris is ephemeral, so the nature of London makes for perpetuity; and London is, of all things, a place to go back to.

The book does not contain a dull page or a dull paragraph. It is vivacious, feminine, and charming from cover to cover.

"The Emily Emmins Papers," by Carolyn Wells. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

Genoa and Naples are the two cities in Italy which are credited with having the greatest variety of foods. Genoa is famed for a peculiar dish of mashed chestnuts and cooked squash, which are mixed together and formed into a huge golden pie three or four feet in diameter and about four inches in depth. The pie is called *torta*, and it is sold in wedge-like slices. With an additional seasoning of pepper and butter, and the omission of the slight flavor of garlic, *torta* would readily find favor in any country as a vegetable dish. It is generally thought that macaroni forms the staple food of Italy, but this is not true. While macaroni is distinctively Italian, and is relished by every man, woman, and child of that country, it is far too expensive to be anything but a luxury to the very poor. *Polenta*, which is nothing more than corn-meal mush, comes nearer to being the national food. The peasantry live almost entirely upon *polenta*, and so palatable and sustaining is it that it is not disdained by the rich. The peasant likes his *polenta* dressed with a sauce of oil and garlic in which a few anchovies have been chopped and mixed. It is also prepared with chopped ham or other meats, and there are many ways of preparing it with fruit and jam and spices, although such luxuries, like the macaroni, are out of reach of the majority. It is said that Italians prefer *polenta* to meat or bread if they are compelled to choose, because it causes a feeling of satiety which the same quantity of other and better foods fails to produce. A story is told about a certain rich land-owner in Italy who in a philanthropic mood began to distribute meat every week to his peasantry, but he soon discovered that instead of being appreciated, the meat was sold or exchanged for *polenta*.

Scores of handsome improvements in the new city of Manila are planned or partly in being. The Army and Navy Club, which has thrived like a tropic plant, is soon to break ground for a handsome new club house that will cost \$200,000 gold before it is occupied, and the club has \$90,000 in cash and assets to start the work. The local lodge of Elks, which has become a popular American social club of the city, is to build a \$70,000 structure. These two buildings will be just off the Luneta and will mean an ornament to that attractive promenade.

The inventor of eau de cologne was an Italian, Giovanni Farina. Farina offered vainly to sell his recipe for \$3750 in 1793, but a few years ago it was sold by his heirs for \$200,000.

The finest club-house in London is to be erected in Pall Mall for the Royal Automobile Club, which has secured from the crown a lease of the old war office.

THE CHRISTMAS DISTRIBUTION.

A Composite Conversation.

SCENE—A family living-room, in which, during the after-dinner hour of Christmas Eve, MAMIE, DAD, SIS, and BUD are resting in various lounging attitudes.

MAMIE—If this thing had lasted one day longer I'd have simply dropped in my tracks. Sis—And I'd have gone to a hospital. BUD [*acut ten*].—I was getting rather nutty myself.

MAMIE [*indulgently*].—Hear the boy! Talking of hospitals, though, Mrs. C—did have to go to one. She has seventy-five people on her Christmas list, and she broke down yesterday, and is now in the hospital under the care of a trained nurse. She told her sister that her only consolation is that she had finished up everything, even to the doing up of the last package.

[Dad, who is comfortably extended in a reclining chair, encircling himself with huge clouds of smoke, utters a sound between a groan and a snarl].

MAMIE [*gnickly*].—Well, papa, you must admit that the custom of giving presents on Christmas is not her fault.

DAD—I admit nothing, and I assert that it is her fault that her list is too long.

MAMIE—It isn't her fault that she has stacks of relatives.

DAD—Then she ought to cut out all the relatives that she hates and send flowers to the rest.

MAMIE—Flowers cost a heap of money.

SIS—Well, I just guess, yes!

DAD—What's the matter with Christmas cards?

MAMIE—How can a woman who receives all the lovely things that she had spread out on her tables last Christmas respond with Christmas cards?

DAD—She does this Christmas exposition act, does she? That accounts, then, for the length of her list. She's got to give a lot in order to make a good showing on Christmas day.

SIS [*with a thought to various pretty trifles arranged on view during past Christmases*].—Papa, you're positively horrid!

BUD—Dad, it's time for the Santa Claus act. Come on, Sis, you fold up the paper wrappings and I'll wind the cord.

SIS—I don't budge from this chair till bedtime.

BUD—Dad, get a move on, do! I want to see my presents, if you don't.

DAD [*with a mighty wheeze, hoisting himself out of his chair, and assuming an oratorical attitude*].—Ladies and gentlemen, the hour has struck for the annual distribution of plunder. Prepare yourself for the worst at once. Hear me prophesy. Nobody will get anything he—I mean she—wants, and everybody will be given something she—I mean he—doesn't want.

MAMIE—Now, papa, don't put ideas in Buddie's head.

BUD [*staring*].—What ideas, mamma? Mamma, what ideas?

DAD—Never mind, son. I exempt you from all aspersions I may cast on the good sense of the assembled multitude. In appreciation of your young and budding enthusiasm, I will throw the first package your way. Behold!

BUD [*opening it with a squeal of ecstasy*].—Oh, Gee! Oh, Dad! Oh, Mamma! A watch! A gold watch! Oh, Jiminy! Oh, Sis, look! She's a stem-winder!

DAD—Here, Sis, is a large, wobbly, and badly put up package addressed in your uncle's handwriting. Looks interesting. We will suspend proceedings and observe the expression of the interested recipient.

[Amidst a solemn silence, Sis opens her package. She wears the look of apprehension which the exigent youth of the twentieth century annually meets the efforts of its friends to gratify it at the merry Christmas-tide. Her face brightens.] Books. [She continues unwrapping the package, still with that air of apprehension, until the titles are revealed. Her face falls, but with a sudden look of her twinkly-eyed sire, she gathers herself together, and palpably keeps back the utterance of her disappointment.]

MAMIE—For goodness' sake, child, tell us if it's Kipling.

SIS [*in a tone of constraint*].—No, it is a set of Washington Irving.

MAMIE [*with indignation*].—Who ever reads Washington Irving nowadays? He's a has-been. What's the matter with Brother Will any way? I told him myself you wanted Kipling.

DAD—Your turn, mamma. Shut your eyes, don't think of a diamond sunburst, and we'll have the operation painlessly over in a jiffy.

MAMIE [*receiving with expectancy a dainty package done up in white tissue paper and decorated with red ribbon and Christmas berries*].—This is from my Cousin May. I wonder—oh! Cut glass! [A look of beatification spreads over her countenance. She tears off the remaining wrappings with hasty fingers and lifts the article from its box, revealing a costly, fat, nondescript vessel of decorated china, heavily overlaid with silver.]

MAMIE and SIS [*simultaneously and moaningly*].—O-o-o-o-h!

DAD [*mystified*].—What's the matter?

BUD [*innocently*].—Oh, what a beauty!

MAMIE—Oh, the fright!

SIS—What a horror!

DAD—Jumping Jehosaphat! Enlighten me,

girls: what's the matter with the thing? It looks all right to me. Quite splendid, in fact. A vase, isn't it?

MAMIE—It is, but it looks like a soup tureen.

SIS—Or a cuspidor.

MAMIE [*in a tone of lifeless despair*].—We'll have to stick it out of sight. That thing must never be seen in this house.

DAD—Well, well, bury it decently. Keep the corpse on view Christmas Day while May is paying her annual visit. Here, Buddie boy, more boodle for you.

BUD—Oh, Gee! [*More squeals and rapture from BUD. Other parcels follow in rapid succession, amidst a shower of comment.*]

MAMIE—Good heavens! Here is a lace handkerchief from Mrs. L—, the new member of my club. Very nice of her, but how do I feel? One thing is flat; I must send something to her before I sleep this night.

DAD—Why, is it such a crime against the social code for one woman to let another get ahead of another in an exchange of Christmas presents? There's got to be a beginning some time, and somebody's got to think first. Why under the canopy can't you wait until next Christmas, and by that time you'll know whether you want to exchange? Perhaps you won't be on speaking terms then.

MAMIE [*somehow impressed*].—I—believe—I will—No! [*with conviction*]. I must send her something. I simply can't look her in the face if I don't.

SIS—Oh, Mamma, isn't this a darling? [*She displays a dull green bowl of Japanese pottery.*]

MAMIE [*with satisfaction*].—Just the thing for the corner shelf in the dining-room.

DAD—Well, if you women don't beat the Dutch! It looks like thirty cents to me.

SIS—Oh, pookie, you are such a dear, sweet, darling barbarian. What's that you have there. Mamma, do look at Dad's scarfpin. Isn't it gorgeous?

MAMIE [*receiving it, admiring it, and finally, with an air of calm proprietorship, sticking it into the laces at her throat*].—Altogether too barbarously gorgeous for a man, papa, luckily for me. I'll wear it out for you.

DAD [*with perfect acquiescence*].—All right, oh! Whose turn next?

MAMIE—Do, papa, for goodness sake, find my package from Aunt Cressus. I'll wager anything it's a wrap. I'm sure I gave her the lead plainly enough.

DAD—Here you are. [*Handing out a huge package which MAMIE opens, while a devout expression appears on every face except Dad's.*]

MAMIE [*lifting out of their wrappings two pale-finted, lace-trimmed, passementiered coats, amidst a buzz of admiring comment*].—Daughter, we're set up! Two lovely evening wraps!

SIS [*who is engaged upon another package, with similar, though less costly contents, looks dismayed*].—Oh, how awful! What do you think poor little Aunt Julia has done? Here are two other wraps!

MAMIE [*tragically*].—No! How could she? Oh, here's a note. [*Reads.*]

I know you'll want to send me, but don't think I spent as much on your gifts as appears to be the case. But I knew that you wanted wraps, and as these were going at half price, and the reductions were bona fide, I simply couldn't resist them.

[Addressing her daughter in a tone of stilly despair].—This comes from advertising what we want. I'll never do it again. What shall we do about it?

SIS—The only thing to do is to conceal from each one what the other has given. We can manage it. They never see each other from year's end to year's end.

DAD [*grumbly*].—But they see you. I must say I don't think much of Aunt Cressus's Christmas spirit. Why does she only give a dinky book or two to your cousin Martha, who needs good clothes and can't get them, and give such expensive garments to you two idlers, who have a manly form at your side to provide for you?

MAMIE [*diffidently*].—Because Cousin Martha gives her something dinky, I suppose, while we touch the manly form for a handsome present.

DAD—What did you give Martha this time?

MAMIE [*blushing a little at the accusation in her husband's tone*].—I gave her a glove order, and Sis gave her some stocks.

DAD—How many stocks, and what was the size of the glove order?

MAMIE [*blushing still more*].—A dollar and a half, and—two stocks, wasn't it, Sis?

DAD [*as Sis assents*].—Well, I always did think, since I reached the age of reason, that Christmas, as she is kept, is a cold-hearted, calculating, self-seeking brute, and I'm proud that I have mighty little to do with it.

MAMIE—But we can't help it, papa. I acknowledge it's often an affair of give and take, but we're in for it and we have to keep right on. When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do?

DAD—I should think that some matter-of-fact, practical Romans would form an association for the breaking up of the great annual hold-up. This present-giving ought to be only for the children any way, or else kept within family limits. Why can't you women send each other your visiting cards with "Merry Christmas" on them? You'd save cash, leg-work, and tons of useless worry.

MAMIE—Oh, how restful it sounds. I'm

sure I'm sick to death of trying to make fifty dollars do the work of one hundred and fifty.

DAD—There you've struck it! There's no honesty about this thing of hunting all over town for a bargain that will make a dollar present look as if it cost five dollars.

SIS—All the same, Mr. Daddie, I want Christmas presents. It is all very well for you to talk, with all your Christmases and Christmas presents behind you, but I want some of the good things you've had, when you were just beginning.

MAMIE—I verily believe that Sue has given me something at last that I can use. See this embroidered table mat.

DAD—Well, I swear to goodness, if I didn't see you two girls a while ago making fun of the living image of that same thing that cook gave you.

SIS—Machine made, Dad, and therefore not the living image.

MAMIE [*counting presents*].—Twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight—I ought to have twenty-nine. Who didn't materialize? Aunt Julia, Aunt Cressus, Mrs. X—, Mrs. Y—, Mrs. Z—. Well, did you ever? Mrs. Z— has had the coolness to leave me out? Not a thing from her; not even a card.

DAD—But last year you told me you left Mrs. A— out. What's the difference?

MAMIE—That was a case that called for common-sense treatment. Mrs. A— and I were not seeing each other any more—since she had moved away, and we had lost interest in each other. You yourself advised me to drop her out when I consulted you about it.

DAD—Yes, and I'd do it again. I suppose Z— performed a similar kind office for Mrs. Z— when she asked his advice.

MAMIE [*musingly*].—What's the matter with her, I wonder? It seems like a slap in the face.

DAD—Lack of cash, I suppose. Z— lost a pile of money this winter, and his wife has the horse sense to meet the issue. If women only exchanged visiting cards, now, you wouldn't have hurt Mrs. A—'s feelings and Mrs. Z— wouldn't have hurt yours. [*Briskly*]. Now, children, we'll pass our plunder in review, collect and chloroform the incurables, and get everything ship shape for morning. Buddie, collect the twine and fold up the paper.

BUD—Oh, Gee!

DAD—Oh, I almost forgot. Here's your wad, Mamma, and yours, Sis. Merry Christmases. Haven't I the soft snap, though? Doesn't handing out the cash beat wandering like a melancholy loon through the shops trying to surprise the two most exacting angels under the sun with something they'll infallibly banish to the attic or send to the Salvation Army?

SIS—That's all very well, Dad, and I hope you'll keep it up; but it wouldn't do for the rest of the world to follow your example.

DAD [*chuckling*].—Wouldn't it be great, though, if we were all hypnotized into handing over to the gratified recipients the exact sum, instead of the present itself, that we had intended to spend on them. X— hands Y— a dollar, and Y— solemnly returns it, plus or minus 15 cents, as the case may be. Come, line up, all hands, and speak the truth now, or forever after hold your peace. Which of all these articles you've received did you really want?

MAMIE and SIS [*in concert*].—The money.

DAD—What next?

MAMIE—The evening wrap.

SIS—Me, too.

MAMIE and SIS [*in concert*].—The vase, the embroidered mat, the lace handkerchief, the colonial mirror, the cut-glass dish, etc. [*They enumerate a few more articles.*]

DAD—How much do those things foot up to, do you think, leaving out the cash?

[MAMIE and SIS make a calculation and SIS announces the result.] The coats—Aunt Cressus's—cost about eighty dollars; the other things about twenty.

DAD [*in a business-like tone*].—Well, call it a total of one hundred dollars. Now what did you spend?

MAMIE [*instantly*].—My Christmas cost me seventy-five dollars and seventy-five cents.

SIS [*hard on her heels*].—And mine cost me nearly sixty.

DAD—Total, one hundred and thirty-five dollars. Children, it's not a square deal. You're thirty-five or forty dollars out, for the stock that's left on your hands don't count.

SIS [*entering into the spirit of the thing*].—You forget, Dad, we can dispose of some of the stock next Christmas by giving it away as brand-new Christmas presents. Lots of people do.

DAD—Assuming, for purposes of argument, that my angel chee-ild would be guilty of such faking, we will now proceed to a judicial review of the possibilities. To whom could you give cook's table mat?

MAMIE—Nobody. We'll have to hide it in the linen closet.

SIS—After using it at one home Incheon.

DAD—Left on your hands—a non-seller. What about Cousin May's vase?

SIS—Smash it.

MAMIE—Stow it away in the attic. I couldn't inflict such a bric-a-brac on anybody I know.

DAD—How about the outshone coats, to secure which poor Julia blew in her hard-earned savings, in order to make a dead sure thing of pleasing your worships?

MAMIE and SIS [*in concert*].—Poor Julia! Dad—Yes, that's all she gets for it. Poor Julia!

MAMIE and SIS [*in concert*].—She'll never know.

DAD—Won't she, though? You can fool some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool others ever! She'll know! [*A momentary gloom prevails.*]

DAD—Come, come, this is the merry Christmastide, the season of good will, which we do want, and of presents which we don't like.

BUD—Yes, I do, Dad. I like mine, every one.

DAD—And well you may, young man. With a forty-dollar watch, a ten-dollar sled, and a few other trifles, the cost of which would foot up to my janitor's salary, you have cause for optimism.

BUD [*stoutly*].—But I like the little things, too. I like everything. [*He gazes fondly on his new possessions, ranged in a semi-circle in front of him.*]

DAD [*clapping him on the back*].—You're all right, sonnie boy. Christmas is for the kids every time, and we greedy grown-ups have no right to hutt in.

BUD—How much are you going to give me, mamma, out of your present from papa?

MAMIE—Not a bean, young man. [*Looks coyly at Dad.*] I am going to get Martha a winter coat for a New Year's present.

DAD—Good again! New Year's Day was invented for the purpose of correcting Christmas mistakes. What left-overs shall you have to dinner that day?

MAMIE and SIS [*as one voice*].—Julia. Poor Julia!

DAD—And are you going to cut Christmas next year?

SIS—Never! Never!

MAMIE—I am going to make some resolutions which I know I won't keep. But I'll never give up the Christmas habit. It isn't the institution that's at fault, papa, but the abuses that have crept in.

DAD [*solito voce*].—Swarmed in, you mean.

SIS—And there's fun even in the nuisances that go with it.

MAMIE [*looking fixedly at Dad*].—I know, too, of hard-hearted, sensible people like yourself who have been known to find the Christmas custom a convenient excuse when they wanted to give some one a lift.

DAD [*severely*].—Buddie, pick up all that twine.

BUD—Oh, Gee!

SIS—How terribly flat it would be to have a winter without Christmas!

MAMIE—Yes, I shall always celebrate Christmas, and probably do a great many foolish things while I am about it.

DAD—Whatever suits the boss suits me. Children, shoulder your gimcracks and off to bed with you. Forward, march!

[*Ereunt, singing.*]

For old Father Christmas,

For old Father Christmas,

For old Father Christmas,

Is with us once again.

J. H. P.

A Society Card Index.

The custom of paying calls is in a way to be honored more in the breach than in the observance. A New York observer says that it is nearly dead among the younger set, who refuse to recognize any duty unless it be also a pleasure. Formal afternoon calls to acknowledge courtesies are no longer paid and there is a growing tendency to regard each dinner, party, or social gathering as an incident of itself and to be counted as closed with the shutting of the door behind the departing guest. Women of established position still adhere to the old etiquette, but the newer and younger sets resent whatever is irksome, and are in open rebellion against the exigencies of mere courtesy.

No doubt it is very hard to crowd in the requisite number of calls following upon hospitalities that are themselves so numerous as to be exhausting. What the season really means for many women is shown by a little device now on sale in New York and elsewhere. This consists of a little box with six partitions, one for each day of the week. Each compartment is intended for the cards of invitation for that date, and the first duty after opening the mail is to divide the invitations that it has brought among the compartments. The invitation card box is much more accessible and convenient than a hook containing an alphabetical visiting list. You have the whole thing before you, and it is much easier to slip the cards as they are received into their proper compartments than it is to copy down in an engagement book the date of the function and the name of the one giving it. Labor-saving devices have become an indispensable part of the society world, as well as of the business!

An anecdote of the Duke of Marlborough, who is said to have bought land in the Powells River Valley, Tennessee, on which to establish a country-seat, is told at the expense of a native wine-maker in those parts. "There, Mr. Duke," said the Tennessee vintner, handing Marlborough a sample glass, "is what I call honest wine!" "Yes," the duke is said to have replied; "yes, Mr. Stebbins, poor but honest!"

E. M. Holland begins a tour this month as star of a company appearing in a dramatization of "The House of a Thousand Candles."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

There is plenty to deplore in modern literary tastes but some substantial crumbs of comfort are to be found in the report of the president of the American Library Association. He gives the following list of the novels most called for during the last six years in order of their popularity:

"Les Misérables," "Count of Monte Cristo," "Three Musketeers," "David Copperfield," "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "Tom Sawyer," "Vanity Fair," "Henry Esmond," "Last Days of Pompeii," "Diana of the Crossways," "Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Romola," "Mill on the Floss," "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," "When Knights Hood Was in Flower," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "Lorna Doone," and "Jane Eyre."

The "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" might come a great deal lower down, but the list is a creditable one and a consolation.

The Fruit of the Tree, by Edith Wharton. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

With every predisposition to be charmed and to remain under the glamour of "The House of Mirth" and of "Madame de Treymes," we must confess to a little disappointment with Edith Wharton's last story. The characters are drawn with the old-time fidelity and force, and the narrative marches as briskly as ever, but the plot leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth and a sense of stupefaction at a warping of understanding and conscience that may be explained, but can not be excused by some modern and distorted conceptions of right and wrong.

Justine Brent is the heroine and a strong and self-contained character. An old friend of John Amherst and his wife, she is well aware that his schemes of benevolence are constantly thwarted by his wife's selfish unwillingness to curtail the least of her pleasures that her mild hands may benefit. Then comes Mrs. Amherst's accident and her long, agonizing, and hopeless illness. Justine is her nurse, and knowing that her patient can not recover, harrowed by the sufferings that she can not aid, she deliberately gives to her friend an overdose of morphia. In other words, she murders her, an act that may be excused and even praised by some of the reprobate medical science of the day, but that can never cease to be abhorrent to conscience that is healthy and undeformed.

Justine may have believed that she was doing right. We can believe whatever we wish to believe, and self-justification has usually all the force of a divine fiat, but when she subsequently marries the bereaved husband she places herself in a position that should have been an abhorrent and impossible one. The "fruit of the tree" begins to ripen when Justine confesses to Amherst what she has done, but it comes to perfection in a more subtle way, and its description is worthy of Mrs. Wharton's power. If this story had come somewhat earlier in the author's career, it might have marked an ascent, nor are we at all sure that it now marks a descent. But Mrs. Wharton is such an easy first in more pleasant paths and with more healthy problems that we are a little jealous of such a divergence.

Signora, by Gustave Kohné. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$1.

A fascinating story of a baby who is left at the stage door of the Metropolitan Opera House, adopted by Yudels, the general utility man, and grows up as a veritable child of the theatre and the pet of all the great operatic stars of the day, whose thinly disguised names do little to hide their identity. The whole sketch is charming, and especially that part of it describing how the little stranger cried in the arms of Mme. Caravé, the great Carmen prima donna, while madame herself and "Jean" and "Edouard" sang lullalys to her, so that the stage manager, passing the open door, was led into a calculation that it would have cost him just fifteen thousand dollars to put that baby to sleep. The romance itself is admirably contrived, while those who wish to hate in the atmosphere of the stage and to know what happens there before the curtain rises and after it falls, will find here a veritable treasure house of good things.

Moral Training in the Public Schools. Published by Ginn & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

This volume consist of five essays, submitted with some three hundred others, in response to an offer by an anonymous Californian of prizes of \$500 and \$300 for the best discussion of the problem. The first prize was awarded to Charles Edward Rugh, principal of the Bay School, Oakland, California.

When these prizes were first offered there was some reasonable fear that they were intended to secure the most powerful available plea for church interference in the schools. The prize essay makes no such plea. The author takes it for granted that public spirit in America will not tolerate the parson in the class-room or the children of the nation thrown into the arena for sects to quarrel over. He might, perhaps, have been more insistent upon this point, but he does well in discriminating between religion and morality, which are often neither bed fellows nor even

friends, and in laying the main stress of his argument on the supreme influence emanating from the character and not the beliefs of the teacher. His essay is a work of broad and enlightened experience. He sees the school as a social centre in which self-will is confronted at every turn with the needs of the common good and in which the teacher is the modifying and moralizing influence whose touchstone is the performance of duty to each part and to the whole. Nothing of its kind has been better done than this essay.

The second prize was won by the Reverend T. P. Stevenson of Philadelphia for a frank advocacy of non-secular instruction. Mr. Stevenson's essay seems to be saturated with a narrow intolerance which would, if it could, involve America in the shameful religious feuds which do so much to paralyze education in England.

The Great Pyramid Jeczek, by Louis P. McCarty. Published by the author in San Francisco; \$5.

Mr. McCarty is to be congratulated upon a work of great interest and of patient and accurate research. In advancing the theory that the Great Pyramid is over 50,000 years old, that it was the work of a civilization far superior to our own, and that it was intended for the sublime purposes of science and religion, he has set himself a task ill in accord with modern complacency, but strongly supported by ancient authority as well as by internal evidence. It will be remembered that the Egyptian priest, conversing with Solon, as recorded by Plato, claimed that Egypt, being unaffected by the cataclysms which had successively destroyed all other parts of the world, had preserved her scientific records for a period of 50,000 years. It is said that the Great Zodiac at Dendera tells a similar story. It is certain that modern research has robbed ancient Egypt of none of her mystery and that we are nearly as far from understanding her wisdom as we were fifty years ago.

Mr. McCarty's work seems to include every ascertained fact about the Great Pyramid. His theories must be allowed to speak for themselves, but they are at least ingenious, fascinating, and undogmatic. With immense labor, he has collected everything, astronomical and mathematical, that can throw light upon his problem, and while he probably has no expectation of overthrowing the walls of a too conservative archaeology and science, he may rest assured that his work will be examined with interest and admiration and that it will do its considerable share in reading a riddle of such importance.

The Radical, by I. K. Friedman. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

The hero of this story is Bruce McAllister, and Inez Hammersmith is the heroine. That they enter eventually into the inevitable relationship is creditable to all parties concerned, for Bruce is a radical among radicals, direct, uncompromising, and demagogic, while Inez is the daughter of a plutocrat whose every instinct is to shun the people from whom Bruce draws his power. McAllister makes his way from the political sewers of his city to the national senate, and he manages to wean Inez from the narrow selfishness of her caste into the broader atmosphere of the great world of men. As a study in political life, with its treacheries and cajolements and bribes, the hook has a distinct value, although an emetic one, while the romance is strong and vivid and but little impaired by an occasional crudeness of expression.

Immensee, by Theodore Storm, translated from the German by George P. Upton. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.75.

Those who have read this pure and delightful idyll in the original German will delight in this admirable translation issued in a form so dainty. It describes the vision of an old man who sees once more the days of his sentimental youth, and Immensee, the radiant maiden of his earliest love. "It is a love poem, but the violins are muted."

Sin and Society, by Edward A. Ross. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.

In a series of singularly direct and forceful essays, the author appeals to the intellect of the nation to recognize the new forms of wrong-doing which have taken the place of the personal violence and frauds of other days and to bring to bear upon the guilty ones the punitive forces of public opinion. His

treatment of the "Criminaloid" is perhaps the most striking, but of nearly equal merit is "Sinning by Syndicate," and "The Rules of the Game." Professor Ross has a style of commendable vigor, and as he has also something to say that is worth the saying, his book can hardly fail to arouse interest and to stimulate regenerative thought.

In the Harbor of Hope, by Mary Elizabeth Blake. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.25.

Those who love poetry for its own sake will rejoice in the collection of Mrs. Blake's mature writings. They have, indeed, a simple and singular beauty, a spontaneity of music so easy and natural as to more than justify the tribute of Oliver Wendell Holmes when he said "you are one of the birds that must sing," Mrs. Blake wrote poetry with sincerity, and she wrote it as though it were her easiest means of expression.

A Six-Cylinder Courtship, by Edward Salisbury Field. Published by the John McBride Company, New York.

It is unnecessary to say that this is an automobile story. William Snowden, clubman and millionaire, poses as a chauffeur in order to entrap a beautiful girl into his automobile, and this is the beginning of a series of adventures that culminates as all such adventures always do. The story is well told and above the average.

Tales of a Small Town, by One Who Lived There. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.50.

There are nine short stories in this volume, all of them well told but of a sombre type, and one or two of them repellent to the last degree.

New Publications.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, have published "The Second Fairy Reader," by James Baldwin.

From the Macmillan Company, New York, comes a volume of "Eighteenth Century Verse," selected and edited by Margaret Lyon, A. M. Price, \$1.10.

The Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington, have issued "A History of Virginia Banks and Banking Prior to the Civil War." Price, \$1.25.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, have published two neat and attractive little volumes of selections from the writings of the "Early American Humorists."

"Sonnets of a Budding Bard," by Nixon Waterman, with drawings by John A. Williams, have been published by Forbes & Co., Chicago. Price, 75 cents.

"Spanish Correspondence," by E. S. Harrison, published by Henry Holt & Co., New York, contains a liberal selection of business correspondence supplemented by a vocabulary.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, have published "Franklin's Autobiography," edited by Professor Albert Henry Smyth. Price, 40 cents.

"A Hundred Great Poems," selected and annotated by Richard James Cross, has been published by Henry Holt & Co., New York. The volume is attractive and the contents well chosen.

"Letters to American Boys," by William H. Carruth, contains an abundance of sound advice in an attractive setting. Published by the American Unitarian Association, Boston; 80 cents.

"Grandma's Memories," by Mary D. Brine, is an attractive little book of verse with colored and plain illustrations upon every page. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; 50 cents.

A little hook well worth having is "The Pure Gold of Nineteenth Century Literature," by Professor William Lyon Phelps. It is a short and helpful survey of the English literary field of last century. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; 75 cents.

"The Old Year and the New," by the Reverend Charles Edward Jefferson, is an attractive little homily based on the admonition of Paul to look "to the things which are before" rather than to those which are behind. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, 75 cents.

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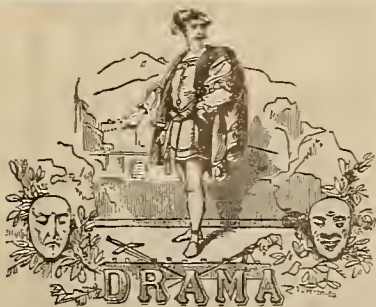
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THREE HOLIDAY OFFERINGS.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"I hate oozy things," said Giles. "They always remind me of a jellyfish."

"I shall try eating a jellyfish," remarked Peter, absently. "They can't be as bad as they look."

"Most things are worse," said Giles.

"When you two start talking," commented Lyon, "I feel exactly as though I had no brain."

"But have you?" asked Peter suspiciously. I am impelled to set down the above excerpt from "The Count at Harvard" because Lyon's mental attitude in listening to the constitutional nonsense of the undergraduates is probably identical with that of some of the spectators at "The Land of Nod," a musical extravaganza that was put on for the Christmas season at the Van Ness Theatre.

The fiction of the day is generally a fairly faithful—and sometimes a very accurate—reflection of the life it pictures, and after seeing several college plays and reading several college books, I have come to the conclusion that the conversation of undergraduates offers a rich mine to the writers of dialogue for the musical comedy pieces. Animal spirits and the effervescence of youth must be the generating heat that keeps the conversational pot a-boiling and a-bubbling with the extravagances of young wit. "The Land of Nod" is no funnier than its long line of predecessors, but there are three comedians in it who are kept so busy with verbal gymnastics that the brain gets to feeling a little swimmy, and the owner of it finally begins to feel suspicious akin to Peter's.

"The Land of Nod" does not rise to the importance of a specially elaborate production, but it is a very good Christmas piece. There are numerous chorus girls, numerous songs, numerous dances, and numerous changes of costume. There are several novelties on the song list, chief among which is "Blame the Weather Man," sung in an agreeable bass by William Strunz, an old Tivoli-ite—with Rain, Wind, Thunder and Lightning making appropriate manifestations of weather during the chorus accompaniment. There is a wedding of the chafing-dish and the alcohol lamp, which results in the Welsh rabbit bounding forth from the huge chafing-dish habited in a yellow livery more suggestive of a liver complaint than the toothsome compound impersonated—although there is a certain fitness in the association of ideas.

There are no important people in "The Land of Nod," but plenty of zest in the performers. Luella Drew, as the little Bonnie that fell asleep and dreamed a whole extravaganza, assumes a prettily, solemnly childish expression, and utters her lines with the piping head-tones of childhood. Ursula March, as the chorus girl, preserves a beaming expression intact through the well-aimed persiflage of a whole evening, and Knox Wilson and Lawrence Coever do some very good fooling with an effect of as steadily sustained absurdity as our friends the undergraduates. Grace Drew has a beautifully symmetrical pair of knees, and several high notes, and nobody else counts except William Friend, a minor comedian, who is a very light-footed Welsh rabbit, and the chorus girls, who are very much on the landscape and who warble, dance, and change costumes with the unending smiles of their kind.

Vaudeville is in its every-day phase at the Orpheum this week, there being no brilliant star, or unusual novelty to attract outside attention. It is left for Fougere, the Parisian chanteuse, to do that next week. But the habitués are happy. They have plenty to keep them so, being provided with a sufficiency of music, several comedians, a novelty dance act, a trained animal act, and a playlet.

The Tom Jack trio exhibit an ingenious series of contrivances out of which they thump, hammer, and pelt tunes of proved popularity, to the vast satisfaction of the grown-up children in front. The act of the Arlington Four looks a little dubious at first. The comedian of the quartette reminds one of the champion jester of a boys' club. As yet, he is rather juvenile and unfinished in his comedy effects, but toward the last the quartette showed themselves to be expert dancers. They captured the house and made a triumphant exit to the music of cries for more.

Coram's ventriloquism is clever and entertaining, and Rosina Casselli's tiny Mexican dogs go through their automatically perfect performance like little pieces of living machinery. "The Battle of Too-Soon" is a U. of military travesty which hits off the

taste of the house, and George Ade's playlet, "Marse Covington," supplies an element of seriousness and sentiment. It is odd, however, that such a confirmed humorist as George Ade should handle his subject so seriously as he has. "Marse Covington" is the poverty-stricken wreck of a Virginian aristocrat, with none so low to do him reverence, save his old ex-slave, Uncle Dan. Mr. Connelly gives the faded pomposity and thin, damaged strut of the poor old derelict very well, but speaks his lines with a raw Western r that would set a true Southerner's teeth on edge. Gerald Griffin's old darkey is too lachrymose, and fails in that most common of stage accomplishments, a correct rendering of the negro dialect. The author would have done better to blend pathos and humor in more equal proportions, but the short piece, none the less, has a certain vividness, because, from our multiplicity of national types, it portrays two of the most picturesque and distinctive, which are rapidly dying out.

Max Figman is fortunate in having a play which suits him to a degree and keeps him in the limelight a good part of the time. "The Man on the Box," at the American Theatre, is a highly artificial comedy. Nothing that takes place in it is probable or credible, save the arrest of a sportive young gentleman who is too highly gifted with a sense of humor and an overflow of animal spirits. But Mr. Figman has no difficulty in simulating this spontaneously youthful exuberance. I suspect, indeed, that he is really tickled to death with the piece, his success in it, and the fact that on stormy nights he can draw pretty good audiences to a downtown theatre.

That Mr. Figman can carry rank improbabilities so lightly and gayly is very much to his credit as an actor. The rich young man he impersonates masquerades as a groom in the employ of the girl he loves, partly for fun, and partly for the romance of the thing, for a length of time extending over a month. It would require the spirits and the adventurousness of adolescence to carry such an undertaking through, and Mr. Figman does not look like a mere boy. But he does carry out extremely well the conception of an idle young gentleman whose unexpended energies have ample vent by means of the adventures into which he is guided through a keen sense of humor.

Max Figman's personal appearance is an appreciable factor in his success in the piece. Tall, well set up, with his military carriage and dashing air, it is very possible to imagine a groom of his appearance making a big dent in the heart of Colonel Annesley's daughter, and simultaneously arousing her suspicions as to the masquerade. Mr. Figman's blue eyes, juvenily dimpling smile, and Henry Woodruff hair, further lend themselves to the scheme of things, and his hands are so noticeably white, slender, and refined that they might easily serve as further aids in guiding aright the suspicions of the young mistress as to the identity of her too attractive groom.

Artificial as a product as the play is, it has very decided merit as a dispenser of mirth. It belongs to the class of pieces that are openly and unaffectedly unreal, but that carry some incidental seriousness of motive or situation in order to bring out the limelight virtues of some leading character, or to wind things up. Grace Livingston Furniss has dramatized the play from Harold McGrath's light, popular novel of the same title. She has contrived to blend farce and drama with considerable skill in the closing act, which has a capital scene, full of humorous possibilities, in which the hric-a-brac groom is pressed into service as a butler at a hunt dinner. In this scene Max Figman, who is occasionally guilty of that silliest of comedy effects, a derisive imitation of exasperating mirth, and who had been hitherto rather redundant with

nods, winks, and suppressed signals to his drawing-room friends, rose to a high degree of merit in his spontaneous, spirited rendering of the fun involved in his waiting as a butler upon his brother officers, who are in the secret of the masquerade and who laughingly writhe under the nimble assaults of the grave-faced butler, practicing sleight of leg as he hands them coffee. The act closes with a sudden transition to drama, which comes in very conveniently sometimes to wind up frolicsome pieces of this order, and to put an end to the artificially prolonged standoffishness of the heroine.

Fannie Marinoff plays the heroine acceptably, for, although she lacks a sense of comedy, she is rather pleasing. I wondered if it was in obedience to stage directions that she cast the roll of bills on the floor when she found the disputed rose that the handsome groom had been carrying in his breast. Even young ladies in love have a healthy respect for money and its possibilities, and it is in the highest degree improbable that Elizabeth would have left the room, entirely forgetful of that neat little wad of bills lying on the floor.

I have often noticed just such unreal incidents figuring in plays, and mentally commented upon the curious lack of ability in the playwright to put himself, in little things, behind the eyes and mind of the spectators. Every tiny object and incident assumes a fictitious value on the stage. If an article of any value or significance is dropped on the floor, the audience is uneasily conscious of it, until it has either been picked up, or has figured as an essential element in some scene. If a character makes his or her exit, apparently forgetful of some belonging that is left behind, the audience is, similarly, conscious of it. If the heroine goes forth into the night to elope without her outdoor wrappings, the mind of the beholder is projected past the confines of the visible scene, and he has a substratum of uneasiness lest she catch cold; or, worse still, the inconsistency of the thing drags him away from the realm of illusion, and the scene has failed of its effect.

During the successful season of the San Carlo Grand Opera Company in Boston, Alice Neilson and Señor Constantino took part in a song-writing contest and won the prize. This is the lyric written by Miss Neilson, and for which Constantino, the tenor, furnished the music (it is only fair to say that the effort was begun and completed in a brief quarter of an hour):

Boston, known of old, for your haked beans hot or cold,
Great men oft did eat them and your brown bread, too;
Famed your stately dames, learned men, and foot-hall games,
Boston! There's no city can compare with you.
When your people say "We want grand opera, too,"
Then farewell Italia, Boston's where we stay,
For we like the town, great in wisdom and renown;
Boston! You're the place forever and a day.

Manager Henry Russell intends to build an opera-house in Boston for his San Carlo Grand Opera Company, and give a season of three months each year in that city. His company is now in Philadelphia, where Nordica will make one appearance with the organization, singing Elsa in "Lohengrin." Jane Noria, the young American soprano, who has appeared successfully at the Grand Opera House in Paris, is among the singers engaged for next year by Mr. Russell.

Early in February, and just before she sails for Australia, Miss Margaret Anglin, heading her own company, will appear in a dramatization of Margaret Deland's novel "The Awakening of Helena Richie."

AMUSEMENTS

Will L. Greenbaum announces
KUBELIK
VIOLINIST
Thursday eve., Jan. 16, at "Dreamland"
Sunday aft., Jan. 19, at Van Ness Theatre
Prices: \$2, \$1.50, \$1. Box seats, \$2.50
Box office opens next Saturday, Jan. 11, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Van Ness, above California. Branch offices: Kearny and Sutter Street store and Roncovieri's candy store, Fillmore, near Eddy.
Oakland—"Ye Liberty, Tuesday eve., Jan. 21

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NEAR FILLMORE
Absolutely Class A Theatre Building
BEGINNING THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON
Matinee Every Day
A GREAT NEW SHOW
EUGENIE FOUGERE, Parisienne Chanteuse and Danseuse; GUS EDWARDS'S SCHOOLS; AND GIRLS; RALPH JOHNSTONE; MULLEN and CORELLI; GEORGE WILSON; JUGGLING McBANNES; ARRLINGTON FOUR; New Orpheum Motion Pictures. Return for one week only of the "lady dainty of vaudeville," LILLIAN BURKHART, presenting her successful playlet, "A Deal on Change."
Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone WEST 6000.

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BELASCO & MAYER, Owners and Managers
Corner Sutter and Steiner Sts. Absolute Class "A" bldg.
Forty-third Week the New Alcazar Stock Co.
Commencing Monday, January 6
Second and Last Week of the
The Sign of the Cross
Biggest Hit in the Alcazar's History
Prices: Nights, 25c to \$1. Matinees, Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c.
Monday, Jan. 13—"RESURRECTION," adapted from Tolstoi's masterpiece.

VAN NESS THEATRE Cor. Van Ness and Grove St.
Phone Market 500
Two Weeks, Beginning January 6
Matinee Saturday Only
HENRY W. SAVAGE
Offers the gem of all musical comedies
WOODLAND
By Pixley and Luders
Beautiful Music, Rich Scenic Accessories.
An Exquisitely Costumed Chorus. Special Orchestra.
Prices: \$1.50, \$1, 75c, 50c

NOVELTY THEATRE O'Farrell and Steiner Sts.
Phone West 3990
Two Weeks, Beginning Sunday Night, Jan. 5
Geo. M. Cohan's National Song Show
George Washington, Jr.
Patriotic thrill set to Cohan music. Enlivened by Cohan fun, Carter De Haven, Flora Parker, Willis P. Sweetman, and a Great Cast and Chorus.
Prices: \$1.50, \$1, 75c, 50c
Matinee Saturday Only

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Six or more Races each Week Day, RAIN OR SHINE. Races start at 1:40 p. m. sharp.
For Special Trains stopping at the Track take the S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street, leaves at 12, thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 p. m.
No smoking in last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.
Returning, trains leave the track after fifth and last races.
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PERCY W. TREAT, Sec.

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Lace Curtains
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Napkins
Table Damask
Crash
Face Cloths
Towels

Turkish Towels
Linen
Persian Lawns
Organdies
Men's Handkerchiefs
Women's Handkerchiefs
Piques
Men's Hosiery
Men's Underwear
Women's Hosiery
Women's Underwear
Brown Shirtings
Bleached Shirtings
Wide Bleached Sheetings
Wide Brown Sheetings

Ducks
House Linings
Colored Denims
Laces
Embroideries
Silk Gloves
Colored Burlap
Men's Gloves
Tieclings
Sheets
Pillow Cases
Sateens
Notions
Ribbons
Kid Gloves

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Full of charming enthusiasm, an admirer of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" recently wrote to Mrs. Burnett a letter full of compliments, which ended with this interesting announcement: "I am now engaged in writing a sequel of your charming work."

"How to Be Happy, Though Bashful"—that, in effect, is the subject of a book which John Lane will publish early in the new year. It is called "Apologia Diffidentis," and its author, W. Compton Leith, describes largely from personal experience the effect of diffidence upon individual life. He has, he says, failed to eradicate the evil in himself, and he pleads for kinder judgment of people so afflicted.

"The Peace Teaching History," by J. N. Larned, is the title of a very clearly reasoned essay in the January *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Larned's ideas is that the schools, by laying emphasis on the criminal rather than the heroic side of war, might do vast things in inculcating principles of peace.

From Piccadilly to Soho and the hack streets of Chelsea is a step from one world to another; yet, as so often happens, extremes here meet, and the Bohemia of the *beau monde* has its curious affinities with the "Bohemia in London" described by Arthur Ransome, and published by Dodd, Mead & Co. It is not the *poseurs* of the artistic world Mr. Ransome deals with, but the struggling young artists and writers who walk the streets, feeding on bread when they can get it, and on visionary hopes always. The book portrays the genuine privations and proud independencies of that world and gives some remarkable portraits and many amusing anecdotes.

Mr. Frederick K. Harrison never reads novels. Long ago, he tells us, he took pattern after Disraeli, who said, "I never read a novel. If I want a novel I write one." He wrote a novel, "and the consequence is no body has ever read it. Novels are not in my line."

Adele Collin, the last of those who knew and loved De Musset, died in Paris a few days ago. With her death there disappears a boundless source of anecdotes concerning the poet and his epoch. It was as a young girl that Adele Collin, who later became Mme. Martellet, entered the service of the poet's mother. That was in 1847, ten years before the poet's death. Even then he was suffering from the effects of his excesses, and the little servant became his nurse. From that time she devoted herself to him entirely. The "Memoirs d'une Gouvernante," which she published recently, give a thousand details of the poet's checkered life, his moral and physical troubles, his adventures, and his tragic end. Mme. Collin was fond of recalling that De Musset died in her arms after he had been deserted by all the members of his family on account of his deplorable habits. After his death she lived on a little income which she drew from the royalties produced by the sale of his works. But the copyright expired a few months ago and since then she had kept a small tobacco shop. She often wrote to the poet's dictation, and her handwriting so resembled his that many of those who today believe that they have a manuscript by De Musset himself have merely a manuscript by his faithful amanuensis.

Spenser's own copy of "The Faerie Queene" has been discovered and was submitted to a gathering of literary men in London a few days ago. On the title page are written, in Greek characters, the words, "Pros auton," words which Professor Gollancz regards as having the meaning of "from the author to himself."

Thackeray's favorite poets were Goldsmith and the "sweet lyric singers," Prior, whom he thought the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English lyrical poets; and Gay, the force of whose simple melody and artless ringing laughter he appreciated. He admired Pope, too; but while admitting Milton's greatness, thought him "such a bore that no one could read him." It is not surprising, therefore, that Thackeray never essayed the "big how-wow kind" of poetry.

In the literary gossip emanating from Harper & Brothers a story is told of a woman who met Gertrude Atherton at the recent reception in her honor of the San Francisco Spinners, and tried hard to say something "fit." As the line was passing along, this woman whispered to her companion, "Oh, do tell me the name of the book she wrote—something or other about family descent," but the other said she couldn't recall it, either. Just as they reached the author of "Ancestors," the woman apparently remembered, and her face beamed. "Oh, Mrs. Atherton!" she said, as they shook hands, "I can't tell you how I loved your 'Forefathers!'"

Born at Hampton Falls, in a New Hampshire farming district, Alice Brown was through childhood thoroughly conversant with the humor and pathos of country life in New England—with rusticity in its myriad phases. After she graduated from the Robinson Seminary in Exeter, at the age of nineteen, she taught school for several years. Then she came to Boston and presently entered the field of literature. She wrote short stories as

early as 1891, but it was not until 1895 that "Meadow Grass" awoke an interest that her first book, "Fools of Nature," had failed to do. No lover of fiction read in "Meadow Grass," "Joint Owners in Spain," and "Farmer Eli's Vacation" without a wave of exultation that such rural portraits could be painted—that such speech, action, and character could be woven into such a perfect whole. Simple events and simple lives, in themselves, fill the pages of this volume, but never save in "Tiverton Tales" has Miss Brown shown her skill as a masterly interpreter of New Englanders, be they of the literal or "nerve-juice" kind, as in this book of '95, writes an appreciative critic in the Boston *Transcript*. Miss Brown has been abroad several times, and has written a book of English travels, "By Oak and Thorn," which shows her love of nature and her familiarity with English authors.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Sign of the Cross" has won unqualified success at the New Alcazar Theatre and will be continued another week. Managers Belasco and Mayer have given it a wealth of beautiful, striking, and appropriate scenery and accessories, and the ever capable stock company have parts of dramatic force and distinction. The offering is one that as a whole marks the height of spectacular excellence which this place of wholesome and inspiring entertainment has attained.

Henry W. Savage's revival of Pixley and Luder's musical fantasy, "Woodland," will be the next attraction at the Van Ness Theatre, opening its engagement of two weeks next Monday evening. Gustav Luder, the composer, never wrote more tunelessly than in his "Woodland" score, while Frank Pixley hit a most happy idea in taking birds of the forest as the characters for a dainty comedy of love and war. "Woodland" is wholly different from anything in the comic-opera line hitherto seen on the American stage. It possesses the spirit of the woods, and in pictorial effect and musical expression is unique and pleasing. The company Mr. Savage has provided is said to be an excellent one, headed by George W. Leslie, who has scored quite a hit as the comical Blue Jay. Others of prominence in the cast are Mary Quive, the Nightingale, a sister of Grace Van Studdiford, and Hazel Cox, a young woman with a rich soprano voice, who is heard to advantage as Prince Earle.

In its admiration for the George M. Cohan brand of musical comedy San Francisco has proved no exception to the rest of the United States. Therefore the announcement that the Novelty Theatre will be occupied for the next two weeks, beginning next Sunday night, by "George Washington, Jr.," has created no little interest. For the past three years, its popular music has been continuously played in the cafés, theatres, and drawing-rooms, until every air is now thoroughly familiar to the whistling public. The play will be presented here by a company consisting of many well-known favorites who have previously been seen and admired in this city. Carter de Haven, a youthful, but well-known vaudeville headliner, will be seen in the title-role, assisted by Flora Parker, Willis P. Sweatnam, Jack Rafael, John A. Boone, Lola Hoffman, and a host of others. The chorus is promised as being good to look upon, with ability to sing and dance, while the production itself from a scenic standpoint is claimed to leave nothing to be desired.

The programme at the Orpheum for the week beginning next Sunday at the matinee will be headed by Mlle. Eugénie Fougère, the Parisienne chanteuse and danseuse. Mlle. Fougère will sing in French, Italian, and to some extent in English. Her entertainment is said to be piquant and enjoyable. Gus Edwards's School Boys and Girls will appear in what is styled a young comic opera in one act, entitled "School Days." A special feature of this act is Herman Tunberg, who is assisted by a company of eight. Ralph Johnstone, a bicyclist who performs the most difficult and dangerous feats, will be a feature. Mullen and Corelli, two famous grotesques and acrobats, and George Wilson, who as a minstrel has been making the American public laugh for many years, are sure to be warmly welcomed. The Juggling McBanns, whose marvelous dexterity with the Indian clubs was one of the great hits at the Orpheum two weeks back, will return. Lillian Burkhardt, appropriately styled "the lady dainty of vaudeville," will play a return engagement, which will positively be limited to next week only. She will present her successful playlet, "A Deal on Change." The Arlington Four and new Orpheum motion pictures will conclude the bill.

"Resurrection," the play adapted from Count Tolstoy's story of the same title, will follow "The Sign of the Cross" at the New Alcazar Theatre, and it, too, promises to be a meritorious production, inasmuch as the artistic and mechanical forces of the theatre have two weeks in which to prepare it.

James T. Powers in the magnificent musical comedy production, "The Blue Moon," is announced to follow "George Washington, Jr.," at the Novelty Theatre.

Following "Woodland" at the Van Ness

Theatre will be seen Frank Daniels in his latest hit, "The Tattooed Man."

Mrs. Patrick Campbell will make her appearance at the Novelty Theatre in a short time, playing four of her greatest successes. "The Notorious Mrs. Elhsmith" will probably be the opening bill.

Francis Wilson has a brilliant comedy hit in his new piece, called "When Knights Were Bold." He will be seen here in the production a few weeks hence.

The final performance of "The Land of Nod" will be given at the Van Ness Theatre Sunday night.

Kuhelik, the Violinist, Coming.

Manager Will Greenbaum announces that his first great musical attraction for the coming year will be Jan Kuhelik, the wonderful violinist, who as a technician is said to be the greatest the world has known since Paganini, and whose powers of interpreting the masters have increased miraculously with his increasing years, so that at his recent concerts in New York, Chicago, and Boston he roused large audiences to a high pitch of delight.

The career of Jan Kuhelik has been a remarkable one; the son of a poor peasant, who instructed him on the violin in a crude way at the early age of four, he has risen to the very top of the ladder of fame and at the same time has reached a splendid social position, for the son of the poor gardener is now lord and master of one of the finest old castles in Bohemia and the husband of a countess, the eldest daughter of one of the noblest families of that beautiful country.

Mlle. Berthe Roy, a young French pianist, will assist in the concerts, and the accompanist will be Herr Ludwig Schwab, who has officiated in that capacity with Kuhelik since his first appearance in public.

The Kuhelik concerts will be given at Dreamland Rink Thursday evening, January 16, and at the Van Ness Theatre Sunday afternoon, January 19.

Kuhelik will play in Oakland Tuesday night, January 21, at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

Address mail orders to Will Greenbaum, care of Sherman, Clay & Co.

Daniel Frohman is directing the tour of Kuhelik.

Americans in Paris who had already seen "The Prince of Pilsen" on Broadway enjoyed a novel experience last week, when they witnessed the French version of Frank Pixley's popular work. The play was so much changed in parts as almost to be unrecognizable, but not for a moment was there a doubt as to its success. Madge Lessing read her lines in French without a single slip, her pronounced foreign accent enhancing the effect. The American chorus girls sent by Colonel Henry W. Savage, although an importation, greatly pleased the Parisians.

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NEAR PINE

"Next to the White House"

DIVIDEND NOTICES

MECHANICS' SAVING BANK, 143 MONTGOMERY Street, corner Bush. For the half year ending December 31, 1907, a dividend has been declared on all savings deposits, free of taxes, at the rate of three and three-fourths (3 3/4) per cent per annum, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1908. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal from January 1, 1908.
JNO. U. CALKINS, Cashier.

THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 MONTGOMERY St., corner Sutter, has declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1907, at the rate of three and eight-tenths (3 8/10) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1908. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal.
EDWARD BONNELL, Cashier.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 646 MARKET Street. For the half year ending December 31, 1907 a dividend has been declared on all savings deposits at the rate of three and eight-tenths (3 8/10) per cent per annum, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1908. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1908.
W. E. PALMER, Cashier.

December 26, 1907.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 MONTGOMERY Street. For the half year ending December 31, 1907, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after January 2, 1908.
FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, N. W. corner California and Montgomery Streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1907, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of four and one-tenth (4 1/10) per cent on term deposits and three and three-fourths (3 3/4) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1908. Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from January 1.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street. For the half year ending December 31, 1907, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and eight-tenths (3 8/10) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1908. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1908.
GEORGE TOURNAY, Secretary.

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It's very light—carry it about—heat any cold room. Turn the wick high or low—no danger—no smoke—no smell. Easily cared for and gives nine hours of cozy comfort at one filling of brass font. Finished in nickel and japan. Every heater warranted.

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VANITY FAIR.

The much vexed question of the perfect female figure has once more come to the front in New York, and this time in connection with a lawsuit. There is no need to refer to the details of the action in question, except to say that it was concerned with a disputed millinery bill. Miss Katherine von Dziengel, a cloak model of New York City, was cited as the proud possessor of a form and figure artistically perfect, and as this colossal claim was undisputed by either side the judge ordered that the young woman be measured—presumably after her assent had been ascertained—and the result submitted as evidence in the case.

Now, of course, all this is very interesting, but we are still a long way from a determination as to what constitutes a standard of perfection in such matters, if, indeed, there is any standard except an artistic taste that may vary from time to time. We can only say that certain persons who have proved their possession of artistic power and discrimination have signified their adhesion to certain types and their preference for certain proportions, but whether there is actually a hidden canon of beauty which is trying to dominate our best taste is quite another matter. Is there in nature an abstract principle of beauty, something that would still be beautiful in its own right and apart from our recognition, or is a thing beautiful only because we think it is beautiful? These are difficult questions, and however much we may puzzle over them, we may be very sure that Miss Von Dziengel is perfectly contented to be publicly recognized as the owner of the most beautiful figure in New York, and to have set all the ladies of the metropolis to work with their yard measures in order to determine where and to what extent their dimensions differ from that of the cloak model, to whom a strangely indiscriminating nature has given such charms in place of wealth and station.

Let us see what are these dimensions. Miss von Dziengel is 5 feet, 7 inches in height—a very comfortable stature to begin with. The rest of the specifications may well be tabulated, for the sake of convenience. Here it is:

Neck	12	inches
Shoulder	38	"
Bust	36	"
Upper Arm	11½	"
Waist	24½	"
Hips	42	"
Wrist	6½	"
Thigh	22	"
Knee	15	"
Calf	14	"
Ankle	8	"

The New York *World*, ever to the front in such matters, has hastened to interview Miss von Dziengel in order to ascertain if she had any communicable secret for the development of so much beauty, any formula that could be guaranteed to produce similar results in others. The lady was gracious—who would not be gracious under such distinction? She explained that she had been a cloak model for about a year, and had been in the habit of posing for artists and photographers. She adds:

"Of course I have been complimented on my figure. And if it is perfect, as these gentlemen have sworn on the stand, I have only to credit it to the fact that I have always enjoyed the best of health and have taken the most scrupulous care of myself.

"How do I keep my figure?

"Well, I continued today to do just as I did when I was a little girl—I live a very regular life. I take plenty of exercise in the open, I go through a series of deep-breathing exercises every morning; I sleep eight hours every night with the windows of my room wide open; I eat only a light breakfast of fruit, rolls, and coffee. My luncheon is also light, but my dinner at night is a good, wholesome meal.

"And I never worry about things. Simple, isn't it?"

Here indeed is a counsel of perfection. The "regular life" is the straight and narrow gate that leads to such salvation as this, and there are few indeed that find it. It means the sacrifice of so much, of so many enjoyments, of so many fascinating dissipations, of so large a measure of life, as life is understood in the world of society.

The little trouble among the officers of the American navy reminds us of the much more serious trouble in the English navy. But whereas in England the admonition *cherchez la femme* has been applied with fruitful results, no one has yet suggested that an insidious female force has had its customary and disruptive influence in America.

The trouble in England is still acute. It will be remembered that when Lord Charles Beresford signaled to the ships of his force that they must return at once to Portsmouth in order to make themselves look pretty with new paint in readiness for the arrival of the German Emperor. Rear-Admiral Sir Percy Scott replied with a flippant signal to the effect that paint seemed more important than gunnery. Whereupon the adventurous Scott was duly reprimanded and admonished, and the British public awoke to the fact that there were few in the navy, that domestic jealousies were on foot, and that certain ladies' tongues were more deadly than their husbands' guns were pouring oil upon the flame. Foremost among these "non-com-

batants" is Lady Charles Beresford, who is magnificently described as "the most talkative woman in town." Lady Beresford is on the side of her husband hand and glove, and as such partisanship is not invariably the case the fact is worth noting. Lord Charles Beresford is not *persona grata* with Sir John Fisher, the first lord of the admiralty, who is said to be jealous of the popularity of Lord Charles, and Sir John Fisher is a good friend of Sir Percy Scott. Hence these tears, that might never have been shed but for the industrious animosities of the "ladies in the case." It is, after all, the women who make history, and it is because their influence is so rarely reckoned with that our histories contain so many secrets of motive and origin that are never told.

An occasional correspondent from Los Angeles writes of a new experience with all the bubbling enthusiasm of holiday season. For the first time in his life he has had a face shampoo, and he is so greatly impressed by the results that he hastens to persuade all and sundry to go and do likewise. Such a dissipation was far from his mind when he entered the barber's shop where these atrocities are perpetrated. He intended no more than the customary tri-weekly shave, but whether from the laxities proper to the season or from the blandishments of the operator, who painted the process in roseate tints, he succumbed to curiosity and told the chief inquisitor of the establishment to go ahead and do his worst.

His description of the ensuing proceedings is a little dubious and so tinted with profanity that a paraphrase of his letter rather than a transcript seems to be called for. He says that his face was repeatedly swathed in red-hot towels, twelve or fourteen in number, although he tried to explain in the intervals of asphyxiation that a sudden plunge into boiling oil would be speedier and perhaps not more painful. His expostulations were in vain and he feared that a persistence would result in the still further narrowing of the tiny aperture in the steaming cloths which was his only means of communication with the free and careless world outside. But the hot towels were only a preliminary and intended merely to intensify the natural capacity for suffering. When the last wrapping had been removed, a fearsome machine was brought into play similar to the diabolical implements peculiar to the dentist. By means of this machine a leather pad at the end of a flexible tube was made to revolve at a prodigious speed—several million revolutions to the second, he says—and this pad was applied to his face and to each and every part of it. Language, he explains, would fail to describe its agonizing effect. Every separate bone appeared to be pulverized, while his features lost their identity and position and were merged in one hideous confusion.

He says he recovered consciousness after repeated applications of cold water and fresh air, but not until he was in the privacy of his hotel did he dare take a comprehensive survey of the ruins. Then he became enthusiastic over the possibilities of a system which could work such wonders. His mouth was in an entirely new position, and for several days to come he will have to eat in front of a mirror until he is familiar with the landscape. His nose, formerly of the nondescript type, has now taken on distinct individuality and has moved, he reckons, about a degree

and a half. His eyes have been placed somewhat further apart than of yore, while his ears have been raised just enough to take from his face a certain suggestion of destructive brutality that was once there. But in addition to these structural changes, as they may be called, there is a kind of indefinable something overlying the whole estate that gives him a peculiar pleasure and that must be seen to be appreciated. He feels that he has a certain mobility of feature that he never had before, a certain plastic responsiveness about his face that makes it impossible for him to conceal what he calls his thoughts, and that he can now summon up expressions, fanciful, sentimental, or romantic, that have always been quite out of his reach. "What pain," he very properly asks, "can be too great for such a result?"

When everything else fails, talk about race suicide. That seems to be the motto of a good many professors nowadays who are not satisfied with the simple educational duties assigned to them, but have a perpetual craving for publicity and notoriety. This does not necessarily apply to Professor Thomas of the University of Chicago, who may be, and probably is, an estimable man who dreads nothing so much as to see his name in print under a sensational heading, as has just been his fate.

Professor Thomas says that "the insane and habitual criminal classes in America are increasing more rapidly than the normal population; in the more intelligent classes the birth rate is lower than the death rate."

That may be true, or it may not. We should like to know precisely how the professor draws the line between the intelligent

classes and the unintelligent. Surely he does not suppose that intelligence and wealth are synonyms. And yet his subsequent remarks seem to bear this inference, for he goes on to say:

"There are few middle-class American families whose dress and mode of living do not represent larger bank accounts than they possess.

"Women of the upper classes are giving themselves over to personal ornamentation, struggles for social preëminence, and 'the solemn sacrament of bridge whist.' Child bearing is left largely to the poorer classes.

"The women of today, here in America, are rushing into an intemperate zone and the society of today holds a damning brief against them."

And if child-bearing is left to the poorer classes, what then? Is that a calamity, and does the professor intend to suggest that the children of the "poorer classes" are more likely to be insane or habitually criminal than the children of the rich. The great men of the world who have come from wealthy parents would make a pitifully small company compared with those who have come from poor parents, so that we are hardly yet prepared to wring our hands over the unfecondity of those who "give themselves over to personal ornamentation" and who struggle for "social preëminence and the solemn sacrament of bridge whist." So far from bewailing that these society ladies do not bear children, it would seem to be a matter for congratulation that their follies may die with them, and that they leave no children who are congenitally saturated with dangerous and selfish folly. Insanity and criminality may be very much on the increase, and it is to be feared that they are, but what is called race suicide is one of the ways by which this distressing mischief is reduced to its minimum.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A little girl in a child's school, the other day, on being asked by the examiner, "Who was Moses?" confidently answered, "The son of Pharaoh's daughter." "Oh, no," corrected the teacher; "Pharaoh's daughter it was who discovered Moses in the bulrushes." "Yes, mum," answered the child, with a significant smile, "so she said."

A lady entered a railroad station not a hundred miles from Edinburgh, the other day, and said she wanted a ticket for London. The pale-looking clerk asked, "Single?" "It ain't any of your business," she replied. "I might have been married a dozen times if I'd felt like providin' for some poor, shiftless wreck of a man like you."

Was there ever a more mordant and sardonic stroke of description than that O'Connell gave of Peel's bloodlessness? "His smile was like the silver-plate on a coffin." Less scathing, but less witty, also, was his description of a lady of a similarly repellent temperament: "She had all the characteristics of a poker, except its occasional warmth."

The directors of the "Pacific Coast Suspender, Corset and Notions Company" were holding their annual meeting, after a busy and prosperous year. "We have," said the general manager, "done a most remarkable year's business. Why, would you believe it, since the first of last January we have manufactured four hundred thousand garters and I can't see where they go to."

The Right Reverend Edward King, Bishop of Lincoln, who is now nearly eighty, was once taking an airing at the seaside, when he found some difficulty in rising from his low chair. Seeing his predicament, a young fisher-girl hastened to his assistance, and helped his lordship to his feet. Doctor King was profuse in his thanks, but the girl, who had no idea of his identity, begged him not to mention it. "That's all right, sir," said she with a laugh, "I'm used to it. I've often had to take father home when he's been a good deal drunker than you!"

Nothing roused the wrath and disdain of the late Congressman Jerry Simpson more than bragging about affluence and luxurious living. One day a rich senator holding forth in that strain remarked unnecessarily: "I was obliged to discharge my second coachman last week. Though he was in many ways an invaluable fellow, he was continually hanging around one of the prettier underhousemaids." "Ah," said Mr. Simpson gravely, "I can sympathize with you. I have just been obliged to discharge my third groom. He was always loafing in the servants' billiard room."

Barney Malloy and Mike Cairey were shingling a roof. "Barney," Mike asked, removing a bunch of shingle nails from his mouth, and settling back comfortably, "what is the difference between satisfied and content?" "The difference? Sure there's none," answered Barney. "If you're satisfied you're content, and if you're content you're satisfied." "That was my opinion, too, Barney, me boy, up to now, but it struck me sudden like as I put that last nail in that I am satisfied all right that Molly Cairey is my wife, but I am durned sure I am not content."

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in one of the last addresses that he made to his Sunday-school class before abandoning it, said of carefulness in business: "Too many business men are careful on one side, their own side, only. Thus a coal dealer whom I used to know shouted one afternoon to an employee who was driving out of the yard: 'Hold on there, Jim! That coal can't have been weighed. It looks a trifle large for a ton to me.' Jim shouted back: 'This ain't a ton, boss. It's two tons.' 'Oh, all right,' said the dealer, in a mollified tone. 'Beg your pardon. Go ahead.'"

A Bostonian bought an estate in Scotland without having seen it. He believed that he could trust the man he bought it from. And last summer he went over to have a look at the place. The drive from the nearest railway station to Glen Acra was a matter of twelve miles. The Bostonian hired a Highlander to drive him. As the cart jogged along the Bostonian said: "I suppose you know the country hereabouts pretty well, my friend?" "Aye, ilka foot o' t," the Scot answered. "And do you know Glen Acra?" "Aye, weel," was the reply. "What sort of a place is it?" the American asked. The Scot smiled grimly. "Aweel," he said, "if ye saw the de'il tethered on it, ye'd juist say, 'Poor brute!'"

The priest of the struggling little parish had done all he could to clear off the debt and pay for building the church, but he and his people were poor and the struggle was long. At last all the money was raised but a certain sum, for which he pleaded in vain. One July Sunday, at the close of the morning service, he locked the door of the church and put the key in his pocket. "My children," he said to his congregation, "none can leave till

he has paid the sum of 10 cents. Those who have no money can borrow from their friends." There was a faint murmur, but none thought of rebellion. Many people paid the 10 cents at once. Those who had no money borrowed, but a quarter of a dollar was lacking when all the treasury resources had been exhausted. Suddenly there came a sharp tap on the frame of the open window, and a hand, with a silver quarter held between the thumb and forefinger, was thrust inside. "Here, father," an impatient voice began, "here's the rest, and now will you tell Judy Monahan to come out of that. I'm tired waitin' for me dinner."

A short while ago there was started a movement to have the kilts of a certain one of the British "Highland" regiments discarded in favor of ordinary trousers. It was objected that the men would be discontented at this change, and the colonel gave orders that a census of the regiment be taken, in order to ascertain the wishes of the men themselves. The colonel is a descendant of a long line of Scotch lairds and strives earnestly to uphold the old traditions. The sergeant who took the census of the regiment finally appeared with his report. "All the men, with the exception of three, are in favor of the change, sir," he said. "Indeed!" the colonel said. "Tell me the names of these three true clansmen. They shall be promoted." "They are, sir," he said, "Patrick Doolan, Hans Steinbrenner, and Moses Isaacs."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Lost Out.

A man ate peanuts, nothing else,
And when that man was dead,
"He had tried to beat a shell game,"
Was what the obit said.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Plumber's Daughter.

It is the plumber's daughter,
Her father's work, so dear, so dear,
That I would like to be the man
To whisper in her ear.
That I might win the gold again
Her father stole from me,
And I'd leave his beautiful daughter
When far across the sea.

It is the plumber's daughter,
Her diamonds are so bright, so bright,
I'd like to be the burglar
To break in her room at night,
And hoping that she was asleep,
I'd gather in the brilliant heap.

It is the plumber's daughter,
And she would grow so mad, so mad,
At the cruel way I paid her
For the thieving of her dad,
She'd try to tear my raven hair,
And I'd laugh at her despair.
—From "Heather to Golden Rod."

Rubalylat of the Copy Boy.

O double bliss and Exwist delite
I took her tew the theater last nite
one thing is certain And the rest is lies
that Way for me lies parrydis.

strange is it not that from One so yung
so Great and butifal a luvie has sprung
So ardent is my hart's true flame for her
I bought two parket seats at 30 Per

nor is e'en that the full extent of What
is Proof of my affexion piping hot
i also dug from my too Slender purse
5c. for peanuts Which is not so wurse

ah But the gratitudo in her soft eyes
had moved much older heads than me Tew sighs
it Beats all how a girl could tew her bow
will warm up when he Takes her tew a show

no doubt But woman dearly luvies the play
and that the road tew her hart runs That way
Which same makes bliss a luxury tew seek
when one's income is But 3 bucks per week

but that for which man Has laid down his life
I'll not brgrudge But when she is my wife
if haply Fate shall theence my frale craft steer
we'll see a show about twice Times a year

but what Fond thoughts are in my hart 2day
and what sweet nothings did she sweetly say

Alas Tew poetry's eturnal loss
here cums that foe tew literchurc The boss.
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Bishop Brindle, who, it is said, is to receive a high appointment in the household of Queen Victoria of Spain, has always been a great favorite in royal circles. He is a soldier first, and a priest afterwards, and for years was the most popular Roman Catholic chaplain in the army. It was during the Omdurman campaign that he won the D. S. O., and many are the stories told of his dutifulness. He loves Tommy Atkins, and has many a good story to tell of him. One night two soldiers, a youngster and a veteran, were trying to sleep by the roadside. Bishop Brindle heard the lad say, "How many people at home don't know where we are." "Ay, lad!" said the veteran, "and how many thousands on 'em don't care a damn. Go to sleep."

A. Hirschman.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The holiday season has had many pleasant events to add to its charms, and from now until the beginning of Lent, at the very end of February, there are prospects of all manner of delights for both the older and the younger members of society.

A few weddings are in prospect before the penitential season, and it is said that there will be a number of important marriages celebrated after Easter, the engagements trembling on the verge of announcement now.

The engagement is announced of Miss Julie Woodward of New York to the Reverend John W. Nichols, son of the Right Reverend William Ford Nichols, Bishop of California, and Mrs. Nichols. Their wedding will be celebrated in Shanghai some time this year.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Edna Prather and Mr. William de Fremery will be celebrated on February 12 at St. John's Church, Oakland. Miss Mary de Fremery will be the maid of honor and the bridesmaids will be Miss Edna Orr, Miss Virginia van Loben Sels, Miss Katharine Kutz, Miss Alice Hoyt, Miss Mary Shafter, and Miss Winifred Braden.

The wedding of Miss Kelsey Paterson, the daughter of the late Judge Van R. Paterson and Mrs. Paterson, to Mr. Edward S. Illig took place on Christmas Eve at the home of the bride in Berkeley. Miss Margery Paterson, the bride's sister, was her maid of honor and only attendant. Only relatives and very intimate friends were present. Mr. and Mrs. Illig have gone to Southern California on their wedding journey and on their return will live in Berkeley.

Miss Leslie Page was the hostess at an informal dance on Saturday evening last at the Hillcrest, at which about fifty guests were present.

Miss Frances Martin was the hostess at an informal dance at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Martin, in Ross Valley, on Friday evening of last week.

The officers and ladies of the Presidio entertained at an informal dance at the Presidio Club on Friday evening of last week.

A dance took place at the Burlingame Country Club on New Year's Eve.

A dance took place at San Mateo on Saturday evening last, of which Mrs. Charles E. Green, Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Jr., and Mrs. Arthur L. Whitney were the patronesses.

Mrs. Robert Chester Foute and Miss Augusta Gibbs Foute will hold their second series of "at homes" at their apartments at the St. Xavier on Pacific Avenue on the third and fourth Mondays of this month.

Mrs. John F. Boyd and Miss Louise Boyd entertained at an informal tea on the afternoon of Christmas Day at their home on California and Buchanan Streets.

Captain Ferguson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ferguson entertained at a dinner at their quarters at the Presidio on Friday evening of last week, their guests going afterward to the Presidio dance. Those present were: Captain E. E. Capehart, U. S. N., and Mrs. Capehart, Mrs. Leonard Martin, Mrs. Ynez Shorh White, Colonel Brainard, Major Stevens, Captain Bottoms, and Lieutenant Van Auker.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was the hostess at a luncheon on Monday last at the St. Francis in honor of Mrs. Leonard Wood.

Mrs. Edward Barron entertained at a luncheon on Monday last in honor of Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith.

Miss Louise Boyd was the hostess at a luncheon at the Francisca Club on Friday of last week in honor of Miss Alexandra Hamilton.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller entertained at a luncheon at the Fairmont on Thursday of last week in honor of Miss Dolly MacGavin. Those present were: Miss Marion Miller, Miss Dolly Cushing, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Helen Baker, Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, Miss Augusta Foute, and Miss Anita Mailliard.

A dinner tendered to Mr. Tom C. Grant by his friends and associates was given Saturday night in the hall room of the Fairmont Hotel. Mr. Charles D. Haven acted as toastmaster, and speeches were made by Mr. George W. Spencer, Mr. W. J. Dutton, Mr. William Macdonald, Mr. Russell Osborn, Mr. William Sexton, Mr. W. H. Lowden, Mr. Frank J. Devlin, Mr. James Wyper, and Mr. Rolla V. Watt. At the conclusion of the dinner a beautiful and specially designed silver vase was presented to Mr. Grant by the toastmaster on behalf of those present and others who participated and who sent messages of friendship and good-will.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Leonard Wood arrived on Sunday evening last from Washington, D. C., and was the guest of Mrs. Eleanor Martin until Tuesday, when she sailed on the *China* for Manila. Mrs. Le Breton and Miss Marguerite Le Breton, who are spending the winter in New York, will come here next spring in time to

meet Lieutenant David Le Breton, U. S. N., who is en route to California on the U. S. S. *Missouri*.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun are spending some weeks in New York, and will not return here until early in February.

Mrs. Bowman H. McCalla, who has been visiting in the East for the past two months, returned to her home in Santa Barbara just before Christmas.

Miss Jennie Crocker, who has recently returned from a stay of several months in New York, is a guest at Del Monte for a few days.

Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Helene Irwin, and Mr. James Potter Langhorne, Jr., spent several days this week at Menlo Park as the guests of Mrs. R. D. Girvin.

Mrs. John McMullin and Mrs. E. B. Perrin are spending the winter at the Hotel Vendome, San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. S. August Spreckels have arrived from New York and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels.

Miss Edna Bowman returned recently to her home in San Jose, after a visit here as the guest of Miss Minnie Houghton.

Mr. and Mrs. Alston Hayne are spending the Christmas holidays in Santa Barbara. Mr. Hayne has but recently arrived from Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan spent Christmas in town, but have returned to their Burlingame home.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper have returned from a visit to Mrs. Cooper's mother, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, at Del Monte.

Miss Dolly MacGavin has been the guest of Miss Frances Martin in Ross Valley for a few days recently.

Miss Louisiana Foster has recently been a visitor at Burlingame as the guest of Mrs. Charles E. Green.

Mrs. Charles Schoonmaker and Miss Charlotte Hoffman, who have been abroad for some months, were, when last heard from, traveling in Germany.

Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard came from Monterey to spend the holiday season in town with friends.

Miss Edith Bull is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Covington Pringle, at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, who have been at the Fairmont since their return from Europe, have taken a house in Jackson Street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris Davis spent the holidays in town as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton have returned from a stay of several months in Honolulu.

Mrs. M. P. Huntington and Miss Marian Huntington are spending the New Year season in Pasadena as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Huntington and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Brooke Perkins.

After two months' visit with Mrs. Rudolph Spence of Monterey, Mrs. Joseph Austin has returned to San Francisco and is the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Sesnon, on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Lee Jacobs and her daughter Irene, who have been traveling in Europe, have returned and are stopping at 2101 Central Avenue, Alameda.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones have gone to Del Monte for the holiday season.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell of Menlo Park are at the Fairmont for the winter.

Mr. William H. Smith, Jr., is in Texas for a brief stay.

Judge W. C. Van Fleet with his family arrived at the Hotel del Coronado on Christmas Eve, and will remain through the holidays. Those in the party were Mrs. Van Fleet, Miss Julia Van Fleet, and the judge's three sons, Alan, Clarke, and W. C., Jr.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were: Mr. Lindsay Scrutton, Mr. W. H. Scrutton, Mr. and Mrs. H. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hart, Mr. Samuel C. Weil, Mrs. Edgar DePue, Miss DePue, Miss E. M. Warren, Mr. W. N. Carson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland, Mr. Isidor Jacobs, Mr. Prentiss N. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Donald T. Campbell, Miss Anita Murray, Mr. Loring Pickering, Major and Mrs. C. H. McKinstry, Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt H. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler, Mr. G. C. Bush, Mr. C. B. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Cheney, Mr. and Mrs. La Boyteaux and children, Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. Sam H. Haven, Miss McEnery, Miss Isahel McLaughlin, Mrs. J. R. Laine, Miss Otilla Laine, Mr. Willis Polk, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Sheehan, Mrs. Alexander Sheehan, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Polk, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Pierce, Mr. John R. Sheehan, Mr. W. H. McEnery, Mr. V. W. Clappett, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, of San Francisco.

The front officials of the Santa Fé railroad, who annually make an inspection tour of the Santa Fé system, reached Coronado shortly after Christmas, and remained several days investigating the pleasures and pastimes of the locality. The party was comprised of President and Mrs. E. P. Ripley, of Chicago; Captain A. H. Payson, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Byrne, Mr. A. G. Wells, Mr. J. Hibbard, Mr. George Meyer, and Mr. H. C. Phillips, of Los Angeles; Mr. C. A. Morse, of Topeka; and Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Miller, of Berkeley.

The new Palace Hotel will be a nine-story, Class A structure, on the old Market Street site, and cost \$2,500,000.

Death of L. S. Vassault.

Lawrence Sinclair Vassault, for many years a valued and efficient member of the *Argonaut* editorial staff, died in Minneapolis, December 7, 1907, after a brief illness. Mr. Vassault was still a young man, and the untimely close of his career brings sorrow to all who have known him. He was gifted in many ways, as his fine translations from foreign authors published in these columns in past years prove, and as is shown in even a larger degree by the mass of reviews and miscellaneous writing that came from his pen during his connection with the paper. He won the admiration and sincere regard of his associates by his unvarying modesty and unaffected kindness. From the *Bellman* of Minneapolis the following tribute is quoted, as an expression of the esteem in which he was held in his latest journalistic experience:

Born in San Francisco forty-two years ago, Mr. Vassault received his education at the University of California. In 1885 he became assistant editor of the *Argonaut* and continued in this position for fourteen years, when he resigned in order to travel in Europe. From 1901 until 1903, he was assistant editor of *The Cosmopolitan*. He was married in New York in 1901. Shortly after *The Bellman* began publication, he was offered and accepted a position on its staff and soon became its managing editor.

The bare record of his career, shortened by untimely death, requires but few words in the telling, but were *The Bellman* to attempt to give adequate expression to the sentiments of the surviving members of its staff, Mr. Vassault's daily associates, concerning his character, brevity would be impossible. Gifted with rare and delicate perceptions and an exquisite and discriminating taste in literature, he loved his work for itself and put his fine soul into all he did. With knowledge and experience, he combined exceptionally sound judgment and great executive ability, while his industry exceeded his physical strength. Truly his prayer was in his work.

Great were his professional attainments, but his nobility of character outshone them. Truly a gentleman by birth, breeding, education, and instinct, he was ever gentle and unassuming, in courtesy unrivalled, unfeeling in kindness of demeanor and action. So it was that those with whom he was associated, not only honored and admired him for his talents, but soon came to esteem him, warmly and sincerely, for his lovable personality.

One of the great artists who is a refutation of the idea that "wonder children" do not fulfill the promise of their work is Josef Hofmann, the pianist, who has been hailed as a master of his art since the age of six. Hofmann will be the first great pianist of the season, and will appear here during the latter part of January.

May Irwin one day last week sent this telegram to Eddie Foy, who threatens to play "Hamlet" in Chicago: "If you have not engaged your Ophelia, don't do anything until you hear from me."

7

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Major-General A. W. Greely, U. S. A., on December 10 relinquished command of the Department of the Columbia, and on December 11 assumed command of the Department of Dakota. General Greely will be retired in March on account of having reached the age limit.

Colonel George L. Anderson, inspector-general, Department of California, left on Tuesday last on the *China* for Honolulu, for his annual tour of inspection there. He will be absent about a month.

Colonel Lockwood, U. S. A., and Colonel Leach, U. S. A., members of the board of army engineers for rivers and harbors, will leave Washington January 9 for the Pacific Coast to inspect certain projects in regard to which the War Department desires more information. They will visit San Francisco, San Pedro, Monterey, Stockton, and Sacramento.

Colonel Joseph Garrard, U. S. A., was a visitor in Washington, D. C., last week.

Captain J. B. Milton, U. S. N., has been ordered to the Navy Yard, Mare Island, for duty as captain of the yard.

Captain Lynn S. Edwards, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., was granted twelve days' leave of absence, dating from December 23.

Captain William S. Graves, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., is detailed for general recruiting service. He will proceed to Los Angeles and enter upon recruiting duty at that place, relieving Major John W. Heard, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., recruiting officer, who upon being relieved will proceed to Boston, Massachusetts, and assume charge of the recruiting station at that place, vice Major Horatio G. Sichel, Twelfth Cavalry, U. S. A. Captain Graves is appointed acting quartermaster for the time he may remain on recruiting duty.

Captain John J. Bradley, U. S. A., judge advocate of the Department of the Columbia, is announced as small arms inspector of that department, relieving Captain George H. Shields, Third Infantry, U. S. A., aide de camp.

Captain Louis Bash, commissary, U. S. A., is announced as chief commissary of the Department of Texas, relieving Captain Samuel B. Bootes, commissary, U. S. A.

Captain Julius N. Killian, commissary, U. S. A., in addition to his other duties, will assume charge temporarily of the duties of a depot quartermaster and general superintendent of the Army Transport Service at Newport News, Virginia, until such time as Captain Frank A. Grant, quartermaster, U. S. A., shall be able to resume his duties.

Captain Henry B. Dixon, paymaster, U. S. A., having reported his arrival in San Francisco, has been ordered to proceed to Portland, Oregon, and to report to the commanding general, Department of Columbia, for duty and station at Portland. He was granted leave of absence up to and including December 31.

Captain Lloyd Le R. Krebs, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Zamboanga, Mindanao, reporting to the commanding general, Department of Mindanao, for assignment to duty.

Captain Henry S. Greenleaf, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., is ordered relieved from duty in the Philippines and to proceed to San Francisco and report by telegraph for further orders.

Lieutenant E. F. Eckhardt, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Maryland* for duty.

Lieutenant William R. Bettison, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., was granted fourteen days' leave of absence, dating from December 22.

Second Lieutenant H. F. Wirgman, U. S. M. C., has been ordered for examination for promotion at the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Mare Island.

Lieutenant E. S. Wiling, U. S. M. C., is detached from headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, and ordered to the U. S. S. *West Virginia*.

Surgeon John Evelyn Page, U. S. N., has had his sick leave extended three months.

Chief Engineer T. L. Jones, U. E. R. C. S., has been detached from leave of absence granted on account of illness and ordered to the *McCulloch* for temporary duty.

Mrs. Montague's Concert.

An announcement of interest is that of a concert to be given by Alice Bassett Montague at the Century Club Hall, corner of Sutter and Franklin Streets, Tuesday evening, January 14. Mrs. Henry B. Montague, as she is better known to a multitude of friends, is possessed of a rich mezzo-soprano voice, and has just returned from a sojourn in Europe, where she has been studying with Mme. Marchesi and other distinguished teachers. She has prepared a programme of peculiar charm, including songs by Handel, Schubert, Donizetti, Ponchielli, and Saint-Saëns, and will be assisted by Mr. Nathan Landsberger, the well-known violinist, Mr. Wallace A. Sabin, organist, and Mr. Frederick Maurer, Jr., accompanist. This will be the first time that Mrs. Montague has sung in public since her return to America, and she will undoubtedly be greeted by a large audience. Reserved seats will be ready next week.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Arthur Pinero's flat, which faces Hanover Square, is said to be the most magnificent place of its kind in London.

Thomas Hardy, the novelist, is descended from that Hardy to whom the dying Nelson said: "Kiss me, Hardy."

Count Posadowsky, who was formerly Prussian Minister of Finance, has entered the University of Grenoble as a student. He is sixty-two years old.

M. Antoine Lumiere, the French inventor and camera enthusiast whose inventions made photography in colors possible, is visiting the United States and receiving the honor due him.

Oscar Goodale owns a farm in Danvers, Massachusetts, although the deed to it has never been given. The farm was settled on by the Goodales in colonial times and has descended as a possession of the family ever since.

The Massachusetts Humane Society has awarded bronze medals to Assistant Secretary of State Bacon and J. P. Reid of Harvard for their bravery in saving two unknown men from drowning in the Charles River last October.

Two British peers, Lord Forester and Lord Kinsale, enjoy the curious privilege of being allowed to wear their hats in the presence of their sovereign. This quaint right, granted centuries ago, is only exercised on rare and entirely formal occasions.

Mme. Liza Lehman, the composer, is a granddaughter of the late Robert Chambers of Edinburgh, the originator and publisher of that standard work, "Chambers's Encyclopedia." Her father, Rudolph Lehman, was a well-known portrait painter.

Intermarriage of white persons and Indians was advocated by Francis E. Leupp, commissioner of Indian affairs, who addressed the Patria Club a few days ago. Since the government had attempted their education, the Indian women, he said, had proved excellent wives for white men.

When Eleonora Duse went to see De Maupassant's mother, the latter said to the actress at parting, as she held her hand: "My dear, you have youth, beauty, genius. What can I wish you? You already possess everything that a woman covets most in a public career." "Rest, madam, rest," said the great actress.

Doctor George W. Clarke, now ninety years of age, between the years 1845 and 1880 taught many boys in New York who afterward gained celebrity. He once thrashed Roscoe Conkling. "He always said," remarked Doctor Clarke one day, "that the sound thrashing I gave him made him a United States senator."

Ainsworth R. Spofford, librarian of Congress from 1864 to 1897, has a wonderful memory. Until the new system of cataloguing was introduced he had practically the whole library catalogue in his mind. It was due to Mr. Spofford's persistent efforts that the Congressional Library remains open on Sunday and in the evening for the convenience of those scholars and lay readers who are unable to visit it on secular days and in office hours.

Doctor Leon Landone of Los Angeles recently gave a dinner to six physicians to celebrate the completion of his fourteen-day cactus food test. During this period Doctor Landone ate almost exclusively spineless cactus. The menu consisted of celery and cactus soup, omelette with chopped cactus and green peppers, fried cactus, salad made of the cactus fruit, lettuce, celery, sherbet flavored with the fruit of the cactus and the juice of the cactus fruit as a drink.

Amos Martin of Newcastle, Pennsylvania, possesses the distinction of having lived in three centuries, three countries, and served in two wars. Born in Scotland in 1789, he went to Canada sixteen years later and at seventeen located in Philadelphia. He served against the Mexicans and in the war between the States. March 13 he celebrated his one hundred and ninth birthday. He takes long daily walks and is a voracious reader. He is a pensioner.

Bertram De Nully Cruger of New York, heir to \$2,500,000 left by his father, Eugene Cruger, has gone to the Far West to engage in mining. He is twenty-three years old and has been graduated from Harvard. The facile life that New York affords to a young man with money did not appeal to him and he turned to Idaho. Ivers is the town where Mr. Cruger is located, and it is typically Western. His mother and his stepfather, J. Frederick Tams, approve of the venture.

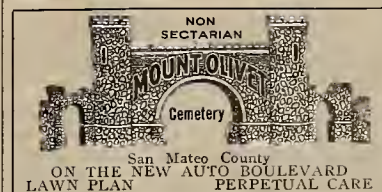
Queen Alexandra is a great lover of books and has given numbers of them as presents. She is particularly fond of presenting Lord Tennyson's poems. She knew the great poet personally and regarded him with much affection. When her majesty gives a book for a present it is almost always beautifully bound specially to her order. Bookbinding is a branch of art which traditionally is patronized by royal personages. The unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, and her equally hapless grandson, Charles I, owned some of the most beautiful bindings extant, while Queen Elizabeth and the Georges also patronized the highest skill of their respective periods in this direction.

Mrs. Ruth Bryan Leavitt, who, it is planned, will be the one to place the name of William Jennings Bryan, her father, before the next Democratic convention at Denver, is now a resident of Colorado, a woman suffrage State, and so has rights at the polls and in national conventions that women generally do not possess. The women of the State have started a movement to have her made one of the State's representatives in the convention.

The Stanford University Glee and Mandolin Club will give a concert—a semi-public affair at which there will be seating capacity for about 300 people—in the White and Gold Room of the Hotel St. Francis on the evening of January 17. This will probably be one of the last times that this stately room will be used for an event of this character. The café has proved inadequate to serve the great number of people who have been attracted by the convenience of the St. Francis and the cheerful influence of good music and warm deep coloring, and it is probable that functions of this character will hereafter be held in the ballroom, now nearing completion in the north wing. It is said that this ball-room will possess not only an unusual beauty of design, but will present many unique features. Among these will be a dancing floor of black walnut on ball bearings laid on elastic second-growth ash. Around this floor will be a wide promenade, along which one may walk from one side of the room to the other without crossing the dancing space, and above this promenade, on the mezzanine floor, will be boxes and loges.

Photographs of one hundred and three members of Congress, most of them newly elected, printed by the New York *Tribune*, show that fifty-eight are clean-shaven and all save twenty-seven wear turn-down collars. The New York *Mail* concludes from this that the country is drifting away from whiskers and stand-up collars. It may be added that the smooth-face era of a hundred years ago was one also of high collars. Now apparently it is to be one of low collars.

"Please, mister, there's a hole in your window, and our ball's just gone through it."—Sketch.



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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"He's a very prominent member of our yacht club." "Indeed! What is his official capacity?" "Four gallons."—*Life*.

The Parental Voice—Maude, is that young man gone yet? *The Daughter*—Y-yes, papa; he says he is.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Mama—Oh, children, why are you so naughty today? *Children*—Why, sister said if we were good she'd sing to us tonight!—*Stray Stories*.

Miss Screech—Yes, mamma has kept the wolf from the door for years by her singing—*Professor Diggs*—Hem—no wonder!—*New York Globe*.

"Now, chilluns, everybuddy went into dis ark exceptin' de Roosevelt ob dat day." "What became of him, Uncle Ned?" "He swum it out."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Teacher (after explaining the character of the Phorisee)—And now, what do we mean by a "hypocrite"? *Pupil*—Please, miss, a man wot says he is wot he isn't, but he ain't.—*Punch*.

"Jane," floated downward a voice, "if that's Mrs. Soandso, I'm not in." "It is Mrs. Soandso," floated upward a voice, "and she's glad to hear it."—*Boston Trovler*.

First Man—We have eleven kittens at our house, and I've named them all Peter Pan. *Second Man*—How's that? *First Man*—They are never going to live to grow up.—*Brooklyn Life*.

Towne—Yes, Muttley is married. Didn't you know that? *Brown*—No; why he told me he wouldn't marry the best woman on earth. *Towne*—Well, he didn't.—*Philadelphia Press*.

"My dear hoy, that's the seventh cigarette since dinner. I believe you'll die smoking." "Yes, I'm afraid I'll have to take a supply of cigarettes and matches with me." "Why matches?"—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Young Wife—Doctor, can't you give me any hope? *Knowing Physician*—I am afraid not, madam. While your husband's age is against him, his vitality insures his recovery.—*Baltimore American*.

"Yes," said Mrs. Mugley, "I always try to retire before midnight. I don't like to miss my beauty sleep." "Really," said Miss Knox. "You should try harder. You certainly don't get enough of it."—*Stray Stories*.

"You must have a good appetite," remarked the thin man, enviously. "What do you take for it?" "In all my experience," replied the plump one, "I have found nothing more suitable than food."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Griggs—The idea of your letting your wife go round saying she made a man of you. You don't hear my wife saying that. *Briggs*—No, but I heard her telling my wife that she did her best.—*Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday*.

Doctor Griffin—I must say the world is very ungrateful toward our profession. How seldom one sees a public memorial erected to a doctor! *Mrs. Golightly*—How seldom! Oh, doctor, think of our cemeteries!—*Stray Stories*.

Redd—I see Browne's got an automobile. *Greene*—Yes; his rich uncle gave it to him. "Why, he told me he put all the money he had into it." "So he did. He bought a dollar's worth of gasoline for it."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

In a restaurant the electric lights are suddenly extinguished. When they are turned on again after a few minutes a lady whispers to her friend: "Somebody kissed me!" "And somebody took my veal cutlet!" replied the other bitterly.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"Your husband stays out quite late every night," said the tactless woman. "Yes," answered the patient wife, "but I don't know that I blame him. You see, in our apartment house people are permitted to play the piano until half-past eleven."—*Washington Star*.

The elevated railway guard had resigned his position as an usher at the church. "It mixed me all up," he said. "When I was showing people into the pews on Sunday morning I'd tell 'em to step lively, and once or twice I started to take up a collection in the smoking car."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"What's your name, my poor man?" asked the benevolent housewife, as she brought out a saucer of stewed prunes. "Sandy Pikes, F. F. V.," replied the tattered wayfarer, doffing his brimless hat. "Gracious, and does the F. F. V. stand for 'first family of Virginia'?" "No, mum; it stands for 'fast freight veteran.'"—*Chicago News*.

"In writing up the burglary," said the excited caller, "you can say that the thieves in their hurry overlooked \$750 worth of jewelry and solid silver plate in one of the cupboards." "Might that not bring the burglars to your house a second time?" suggested the editor. "I don't care if it does," exclaimed the other. "I don't want the public to get the impression that a gang of robbers can go through my house and only find \$25 worth of stuff worth stealing."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

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	11:15 A		12:16 P	4:14 P
	12:45 P		1:40 P	
SATUR. DAY	12:45 P	Legal Holidays Sunday Time	3:10 P	SATUR. DAY
4:45 P	2:45 P		4:40 P	9:34 P
	3:45 P		6:40 P	

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ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Open Shop.

The open shop is the rule in industry at Los Angeles and it has been the rule for several years past, to the immense advantage of every element in the community, including the wage-earning element. Some two or three months ago the rule of the open shop was declared in the iron working industries at Portland, and the same rule is being enforced in other industries, including the building trades. And now Seattle is falling into line. The open shop, declared a month ago in the Moran Ship Building Works and in the general foundries of that city, has been extended to other trades. Seattle, like Los Angeles and Portland, will decline to permit a private and selfish association to define the conditions under which industry shall be carried on there. At Sacramento the great railroad shops have always been on the open-shop basis, and within the last year or two the open-shop principle has been enforced in the building industries. Even in the raw mining town of Goldfield the spirit of American independence has risen in revolt against the monopolistic demands of labor organized on a selfish basis.

And now, isn't it about time that San Francisco, the

metropolis of the Pacific Coast, the centre of financial interests in the western half of the continent, a city claiming character with the best, should get into line? Is it not about time that we should so organize the conditions of life and industry here that a capable and willing man may have leave to earn his living untaxed, undisturbed, and in accordance with the guaranties of the Constitution of the United States? Isn't it about time for San Francisco to put an end to the tyranny of a system which has checked enterprise, driven out capital, put limits upon general business; which, furthermore, in a hundred recent instances, has been guilty of wanton outrage against individual liberty, against public peace, against the law, against even life itself? We would do well to adopt the plan now being enforced at Seattle, as follows: First—Employment without discrimination of union and non-union labor. Second—The employment of apprentices and helpers in such numbers as shall be decided by employers and contractors. Third—The employer shall be the sole judge of the competency of his men and shall determine the conditions under which his work shall be done. This is a good programme. It has the merit of being fair all round. It would be a good system for San Francisco. While other cities of the coast, large and small, are striking off the shackles of labor-union domination, is San Francisco, alone, to remain under the heel of this unspeakable tyranny?

It hardly needs to be said to men of intelligence that a community which submits to the exactions and overcharges of an arrogant unionism, which suffers the wastes of a reckless labor unionism, which lies under the menace of unionism, can compete industrially or in a business way with free communities. Sooner or later, unless we find the courage and power to free San Francisco from the gross evils of unionism, we shall succumb to the competition of communities where life and industry are free. No enslaved city can hold its own against the competition of free cities. The history of the world—including the history of our own country—sufficiently exploits this fact.

Industry in San Francisco can be relieved of its shackles in twenty-four hours, if those who command our industries will only say the word. Indeed, a beginning has already been made. In the Union Iron Works the open shop prevails. It took a stiff fight, but in the end the right principle won, and the consequence is that while wages have not been reduced, the efficiency of the men has largely been increased. Men who work for their employers always do better work than men who work in malignant spirit *against* their employers. The open-shop principle, too, has under circumstances of especial embarrassment been enforced in the street-car service of San Francisco: and while the service is not what we would like it, it is quite as good as it was under the hand of unionism. The open-shop principle, too, rules in the telephone service, another success in the face of multiplied embarrassments. The open shop may be made the rule in San Francisco any day that the building contractors of the city, backed by the men who are putting up buildings, shall say the word. Men and brethren, we ought to find the courage to do this thing, not alone in the interest of material prosperity, but in the interest of social justice and under the inspiration of the Constitution and the laws. We have got to come to it in time; we can not submit indefinitely to the economic wastes of unrestrained unionism; we can not permanently consent that a private and irresponsible association shall monopolize our industry, tax every laborer for its own benefit, and enforce its arbitrary and selfish decrees by the ruthless methods of the boycott and of social outrage.

A Man of Honor.

For the second time within a few months, our neighboring city of Portland, Oregon, has given to the country an interesting example of high personal integrity and a delicate sense of personal honor in connection with financial responsibility. In the first

instance Mr. W. H. Moore, president of the Oregon Trust Company, voluntarily made over to the receiver of that bank of which he was president the whole of his individual fortune, valued approximately at one million dollars. By this act Mr. Moore reduced himself from affluence to poverty, not because the law compelled him to do it, but because he felt himself individually obligated to persons who had credited his bank in respect of his known personal responsibility.

Now we have a second instance in connection with the collapsed Title Guarantee and Trust Company, which closed its doors some time in November last. For many years prior to July, 1906, Mr. William M. Ladd, of the well-known family of that name, had been a director of this institution, which under the detailed direction of others was operated in close association with the general business of the great pioneer banking house of Ladd & Tilton. In withdrawing from the Title Guarantee and Trust Company, Mr. Ladd made only the formal announcement required by law. The fact that he was not directly connected with that company as one of its responsible owners and managers was a surprise probably to nine persons out of ten in Portland when the failure was announced.

Investigation showed the wreck to be a nasty one. The liabilities of the bank ran into the vast sum of \$2,560,000, while its assets were of questionable value and of a kind difficult to turn into ready cash. No sooner had the bank closed its doors than there arose a general outcry of surprise and chagrin that the personal responsibility of Mr. Ladd was not among the resources of the wrecked institution. At a formal meeting of creditors, there were many to say that but for the presumption that Mr. Ladd was a factor in the business, and therefore responsible in connection with it, they would never have trusted their funds to its keeping. It appeared, too, that following the retirement of Mr. Ladd from the presidency and directorate, no immediate change had been made in the public advertisements in which the company invited the patronage of the public. Either carelessly or otherwise, the name of Mr. Ladd as a director had been allowed to stand upon the stationery of the company for several months after his official connection had ceased and when he, like others, was merely a creditor of the institution.

Looking at the situation, not from the legal but from a moral point of view, Mr. Ladd decided to take upon himself full responsibility for many hundreds of savings accounts, aggregating something more than \$400,000. While this action satisfied vastly the greater number of the creditors of the defunct institution, it did not please commercial and other creditors, whose accounts, although fewer in number, were greater in the aggregate. Among other depositors was the State of Oregon through the State treasurer in a sum approximating half a million dollars, the only guarantee at this point being the responsibility of an official bond company for approximately \$300,000. These creditors have during the past month held many meetings, the outcome being a series of resolutions demanding from Mr. Ladd his personal guaranty of the entire obligations of the wrecked bank, running, as above stated, something about two and a half million dollars. Responding to this demand, Mr. Ladd has therefore entered into a formal agreement to pay the whole indebtedness of the Title Guarantee and Trust Company, dollar for dollar, within a period of three years, with interest at a moderate rate from the date of the failure until such time as payment shall be made.

Mr. Ladd, of course, will take over all the assets of the wrecked institution, and it is probable that he will in some measure save himself against loss. None the less, the course he has taken is worthy of the highest commendation as that of a man who is unwilling that anybody shall suffer loss through confidence in his responsibility and integrity. The name of Ladd has long stood high in the financial world. Hereafter it will stand higher still, since behind its already accredited financial responsibility there stands

that other form of credit which rests upon demonstrated character. The *Argonaut* presents its compliments to Mr. William M. Ladd as a man among ten thousand—more, as a man among ten million!

Senator Allison.

The Honorable William B. Allison will be eighty years of age the day following the expiration of the fifth term in which he has represented the State of Iowa in the United States Senate. Mr. Allison is still hale and hearty, and it is understood that he is not only willing but anxious to be elected to a sixth term, thus making the period of his senatorial service, if he should live after the 4th of March, 1909, longer than that of any other in the history of the country. There are intimations, however, that Mr. Allison may on account of his age—and perhaps for other reasons—be compelled to retire and to end his career as a private citizen. Governor Cummins, who belongs to a newer generation and who perhaps reflects more accurately and actively the present mood of Iowa, would like Senator Allison's place, and neither he nor his friends, so it is said, are satisfied to sit around and wait for Allison to die. Probably the subtle forces of tradition, habit, and sentiment will hold Senator Allison in the place which he has so long held; probably he will be returned to the Senate for his sixth term and thereby be permitted to make a record for length of senatorial service which will some day look extremely well on a marble slab.

It is not too much to say of Senator Allison that for many years past—say twenty or more—he has been the most effective individual force in the senatorial body. And he has gained this distinction not because he has large native powers or the gift of tongues or because his character has been exceptionally high or noble. Mr. Allison is what he is, he has done what he has done, he stands for what he stands and where he stands, simply because he has been a persistent, systematic, and everlasting worker. He had as the foundation of his career a sound constitution with the propensities of unremitting industry. The habit of keeping everlastingly at it was formed early in life and to this day he has never lagged. No drudgery is too severe for him; the tasks which others decline he cheerfully assumes; the responsibilities of legislation, so overpowering to many an abler man, sit lightly upon one whose pulses are always calm, who has never discovered that he has a nerve in his body, and whose cheerful optimism makes the best of every situation and unfailingly looks with hope to the future. The working habit, combined with an extraordinary capacity for details, with an unequalled intimate knowledge of legislative history and with the prestige of long service, has given to Mr. Allison a position of commanding influence and of positive power. No other man in the government of the United States has ever written himself so largely into the legislation of the country. Nobody, perhaps, at any time ever thought of naming Allison as a supremely able man; indeed, there has never been a time when men easily his mental superiors have not sat with him in the Senate. And yet, for this twenty years past, his espousal or his opposition to any legislative proposal has been of greater practical importance than the same action by any other senator.

The secret of Senator Allison's practical efficiency lies in the indisposition of many senators—perhaps we should say most—to do anything in the nature of real and persistent work. So few, indeed, are the personal working forces of the senatorial body that any senator of fair capacity, good health, the power to resist social distractions, and the disposition to attend to business may easily become immensely potent. Whoever will work may have all the work he wants to do, and incidentally he may engross to himself the authority and the powers which attach to the man of dependable action. Thus we have seen not only Mr. Allison, but many a lesser man, even of transient service, fall into a relationship of legislative responsibility and potency which might well be the envy of less industrious, more aspiring, and more gifted spirits.

The greater number of senators are not trained legislators, but men who have entered public life as a sort of climax and finish to success in other walks. They go to the Senate not to get new feathers in their caps, but as a means of wearing conspicuously feathers already won. They go to the Senate not for the sake of finding work, but rather to get out of work. With them the period of drudgery is past; they take the senatorship rather to enjoy its distinctions than with any other idea or purpose.

Furthermore, the social suggestions of senatorial life are many and enticing. There are a hundred ways in which a senator may decently kill every day in the year,

and the greater number, led by propensity or vanity, enticed or cajoled by their own women-folks—or by others—fall into the fashion of a life more or less dominated by purposes of social enjoyment or social exploitation leading inevitably to perfunctory service. Your average senator is more than likely to become a social dignitary and loiterer, a mere exhibitor of talents, if he has any, one more disposed to make light of his duties than to take them seriously and severely.

And yet certain things must be done; they must be done by the only means that ever accomplish things, namely, by persistent attention to the drudgery of legislative business. And thus it is that a man of moderate abilities and of commonplace but respectable character, like William B. Allison of Iowa, may by sheer force of willingness to accept responsibility and to work hard in season and out of season, become a great personal force in so important a legislative body as the Senate of the United States.

The Pardon of Stephen A. D. Puter.

The revival of Mr. F. J. Heney's interest in the Oregon land fraud cases is marked by the pardon at the hands of the President of one Stephen A. D. Puter, whose conviction something like two years ago was the first fruit of Mr. Heney's activities in the Web-Foot State. Executive clemency in this case comes at the request of Mr. Heney, who, it is publicly stated, intends to "use" Puter as a witness in other cases still to be tried.

Puter's case is an interesting one. He was a professional land shark, the story of whose operations makes the worst chapter in the history of the Oregon land cases. Whatever explanatory or mitigating circumstances might be urged in relation to other operations in government land, there were none where Puter was concerned. He was simply and wholly a calculating scoundrel, working by every possible devious means to enrich himself by stealing lands from the government. His conviction was a righteous one—the one successful instance in the whole of Mr. Heney's operations about which there was no possible question and no peg for sympathy.

In thus pardoning Puter, and incidentally remitting his fine of \$7500, we have a complete sacrifice of the best result thus far attained in the Oregon land fraud cases. The prime scoundrel of the whole bad business is, at the instance of the prosecuting officer, acquitted of his crimes, turned loose upon the community he has outraged, for the sake of such testimony, either genuine or bogus, as he may give against others. Not only is he given his freedom, but he is practically paid \$7500 to serve as a witness. In other words, this precious scoundrel, whose conviction gave to Mr. Heney the best element of his reputation as a prosecutor, is to be bribed at a great price to bear witness against others. From any standpoint it is a wretched and shameful business; from a moral standpoint it is a stench in the nostrils of propriety and decency.

The case of Puter bears certain curious analogies to the case of Abraham Ruef. Like Puter, Ruef was the prime scoundrel, the one above all others who merited punishment. Like Puter, Ruef was convicted; and while his sentence has not yet been given him, he stands at the instance of the prosecution, like Puter, practically immune against the penalties of his crimes. Ruef, like Puter, has been bribed or sought to be bribed by immunity to give testimony tending to the conviction of others probably less and certainly not more guilty than himself.

The *Argonaut* has tried not to think harshly of Mr. Heney. It has regarded him as a hired gladiator, lending his talents in a cause in part just, but in larger part corrupted by the vices of business rivalry and personal malice. But no kindness of judgment can excuse the grossness of Mr. Heney's methods as illustrated in the cases of Puter and Ruef. Where is the justice of convicting gross and notorious criminals, if they are to be turned loose again? Where is the morality or honesty or decency in the purchase of incriminating "evidence" from creatures quite capable of inventing any story suited to the purposes of prosecution?

As illustrating the relationship between our so-called graft prosecution and Abraham Ruef, it has been noted that the chief evidence-getter long ago established himself in a close connection with Mr. Ruef as a personal and familiar friend. Mr. Burns, be it remembered, according to evidence brought out in court, rides and chums with Mr. Ruef and joins with him in convivial association as "a friend of the family." The same tactics apparently are being employed in the case of Puter, the land thief. Under date of December 31, Mr. Heney telegraphs to Mr. Puter as to one in friendly relation-

ship: "President has pardoned you at my request. Warrant goes direct to warden. Happy New Year, and may you apply your undoubted talents to honest work." Here is a pleasant exposition truly of social cordiality between the agent of the law and one whom he has brought to punishment only that he may render him immune under such circumstances of personal obligation as to make him a willing instrument in the prosecution of others.

Mr. Heney is an able prosecutor; there is no doubt at this point. His fault, apparently, is in an utterly distorted sense of the moral relations of things. His sense of right and justice apparently has been overwhelmed by an unworthy vanity. Apparently he is less anxious to punish criminality than to illustrate his personal prowess as a prosecutor by finding distinguished victims. He seems willing—or something more—that the more guilty shall escape, if thereby he may win convictions among the less guilty but otherwise more conspicuous. Apparently he wants not so much to detect and punish guilt as to hang upon his belt the scalps of distinguished victims. To do this, no sacrifice of justice seems too great, no degeneracy of method seems too gross. He throws away his real moral successes to get "evidence," true or otherwise, against higher-ups—against those whose political or social or moral standing is of a better brand. Shame upon such doings!

The Visit of Viscount Siuzo Aoki.

Among the events of the week there has been none of more curious interest than the visit of Viscount Siuzo Aoki, the retiring Japanese ambassador. During his term of diplomatic service in this country the ambassador has occupied a position of great importance beset with grave difficulties. It is believed that he has been able at all times to discern the truth in the reports that have come to him officially and unofficially during his stay, and to put aside without concern the great mass of yellow newspaper sensations that must have been brought to his notice. The evidence for this belief is in the expressions of amity and good will that have invariably marked his attendance at diplomatic conferences and his appearances in public. Whatever may be the underlying causes of his return to Japan—the satisfactory or unsatisfactory conclusion of his negotiations with the President—his patience, his courtesy, and the wisdom of his counsel, are recognized and appreciated.

During the stay of Ambassador Aoki in San Francisco he has been shown some of the honors and civilities due to his position and character. Among these courtesies was a banquet tendered to him by the board of trustees of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. In his introduction of the guest of honor, Mr. C. H. Bentley, president of the entertaining organization, called attention to the fact that none of the gentlemen present was directly interested in trade with Japan and that no commercialism inspired the respect in which the distinguished representative of a friendly foreign nation was held. The speaker's characterization of the affair as a sincere expression of high regard and best wishes for the ambassador and his national government was unaffected in phrase and genuine in feeling. The reply of Viscount Aoki was no less happy in thought and form. Yet the kindly words of the observant and serious visitor, the compliments he paid to our national traits and natural possessions, have a significance for Americans that may not be measured by the casual reader.

The Japanese ambassador spoke of the evident unanimous desire of our people to build up a national greatness, and the manifestations of that spirit observed on the Atlantic seaboard, throughout the length and breadth of the Mississippi Valley, and up and down the Pacific Coast. The desires and aims of our people could not have impressed him more than the extent and the wealth of the territory he has examined in the East and the North, the South and the West. He has been forced to contrast an empire of three million square miles with one of less than one hundred and seventy thousand. He has seen a hundred splendid cities surrounded by boundless areas of fertile soil, as yet scarcely acquainted with the power and methods of modern agriculture, peopled by only eighty millions. He knows that his country, with less than one-twentieth of such a domain, furnishes to half as many people the means of a pinched and striving existence. California, with one county borrowed from Nevada or Oregon, would be a larger and richer principality than all the islands of Japan.

With all this, the ambassador saw in the East the oldest American institutions of learning giving instruction to scores of the young, progressive spirits of his

own country, instruction received with an increasing and unquenchable thirst. Here, in San Francisco, he saw on a one-time fashionable street block after block of residences now given up to the trading-places, the provision stores, the art and book shops, the billiard rooms, and barber shops of his countrymen. He saw prosperous, well-dressed Japanese in these establishments and gathered in groups at their doors, while their brilliant-eyed children played on the sidewalks before them. Half a mile away, in the rebuilt district of the city, he was shown a Japanese daily newspaper printing-house, important in size and fully equipped. Through the broad glass front of the building as he approached he could see a perfecting press of the latest model, such an one as few American papers possessed ten years ago. Everywhere in this Japanese colony he saw unmistakable evidence of peace and plenty.

Between the universities of the East and the Japanese printing-office of the Pacific Coast stretches a broad continent abloom with opportunities such as the people of Nippon seek in vain. It is not to be presumed that the ambassador has overlooked this fact. Yet he does not attack or even disapprove the popular demand that the immigration of Japanese coolies must stop. What he thinks of the problem none may say. To him it must seem a curious condition of affairs, yet one that can not easily be removed from Japanese consideration. But there is one conclusion that may be affirmed definitely of his studies: the opportunities here, equaled nowhere else under the sun, may never be won for his people by any effort beyond the arts of peace. The statesmen who guard the interests of the Empire of the Rising Sun are sincere in their protestations of friendship. They know that their desires could not be gained by war.

The Whimsey of a Schoolman.

Professor John W. Burgess, an "exchange professor to Germany," in an address before the Germanic Society of Chicago last week, made what a dispatch from that city calls "a strong plea" for a close offensive and defensive alliance between the United States and Germany. Professor Burgess based his suggestion upon what with a true schoolman's love of a fine phrase he styles "The Ethical Bond" between the two countries, the "similarity between their political institutions, and the absolute need of such a union in order that each may perform its appointed mission in the world." The mission of the United States, in the conception of Professor Burgess, is "the domination of the Pacific and the civilization of Asia"; that of Germany "the rejuvenation of Europe and the colonization of Africa."

It is to be suspected that Professor Burgess has allowed imagination and sentiment to usurp the function of judgment, since otherwise he could hardly have discovered any striking similarity between a system like our own, based on popular rights and purely representative in its working machinery, and one founded in the conception—or at least under the pretension—of divine right and inspired by the spirit of paternalism at a thousand points and in a thousand forms; for Germany is a country dominated by a hereditary and military caste, while America is a country organized under another principle and quite another sort of governmental machinery.

Upon what Professor Burgess bases his theories concerning the "appointed missions" of the two countries it would be difficult to say. Just why the colonization of Africa is an obligation resting upon Germany more than upon other countries the professor fails to demonstrate, and he is likewise silent with respect to the mandate of the United States in the work of "civilizing" Asia. Whatever work is to be done either in Africa or in Asia is already well begun, and there is no intimation from any source that England and France intend to leave it entirely to Germany and the United States. Both England and France have important, prospering, and promising colonial establishments in Africa and in Asia; and it is not likely that they could be brought to abandon them by any persuasions, possibly not by any force, that Germany and the United States might be able to bring to bear upon them. Would Professor Burgess have Germany and the United States combine their forces of aggression to drive England and France out of Africa and Asia? Would he have us upon a mere whimsical notion of a self-conceived "mission" try to take possession of the British countries in South Africa, of Morocco, of India, of Hongkong, and of Tonquin? The suggestion is ridiculous.

In truth, any suggestion of a hard and fast offensive and defensive alliance between nations in this age of the world is out of all legitimate purpose, out of reason, out of the line of possibility. In times when the gov-

ernments of the world rested upon a purely dynastic basis such arrangements were, of course, possible and could be made effective. But in this age, under modern conditions, when government is not for the dynasty but for the people, it would be about as easy artificially to combine the forces of separated countries as it would be to make a compromise between their several climates. Alliances between nations now can not arbitrarily be made, since any such arrangement must of necessity give way under the pressure of divergent interests. Nations will act together when their interests lie together; they will pull apart when their interests are divergent. This principle is no more to be disregarded than any other which rests upon the tendencies of human nature in which the propensities of nations are surely and firmly fixed.

Between the United States and Germany there is a certain natural sympathy and affinity which must, as the world moves on, bring them more or less into unity of action. The two peoples have similar fundamental ideas with respect to most things; they have the same general religious conceptions, the same broad standards of social responsibility. Furthermore, the primeval stock is the same. Nevertheless, at many points the ideas and practices of the American and German peoples are widely asunder, and in nothing more than in their differing theories with respect to the functions, the powers, and the methods of government. The German people are governed, partly because their fathers were governed, partly because they wish to be governed, partly because they have been trained under an arbitrary system. The Americans, for similar historical and social reasons, govern themselves, and could not by any power be brought to accept any other system.

The nation with which the United States stands in closest natural affinity is that of Britain. At whatever points of opinions and manners we may differ, we are one and the same in all essential things. Any serious blow at any essential point of British civilization would be a blow not to England alone, but to America as well. There is, in truth, an effective defensive and offensive alliance between the United States and Britain, not, indeed, because there is written anything in the treaties or the statutes of the two countries, but because of those ten thousand points of mutual interest and sympathy, a laconic summary of which may be found in the phrase that blood is thicker than water. We suspect that a schoolman who does not understand this lacks something of the practical wisdom which should qualify him as an "exchange professor." Perhaps it would be well before again we send a professor to Germany to reflect American ideas and ideals to pick a man who will not make us ridiculous by whimsical and foolish suggestions based on mere imagination and sentiment.

Nevada.

In obedience to the insistence of President Roosevelt, the Nevada State legislature has been called to convene on the 14th instant. The duty which lies upon it is to provide some means of maintaining order and protecting property and life in the Goldfield mining district. That the legislature will do this in any effective sense nobody for one moment expects. The labor-union interest is strong in the senate and is said absolutely to control in the assembly. The effort of the legislature will no doubt be to take such action as will induce the President to send away the force of United States troops now camped at Goldfield. Probably there will be a pretense of making provision to sustain the peace, when, in truth, peace is the last thing that is desired by those who dominate the legislature of Nevada.

Seriously, it is not easy to see how the legislature could sufficiently safeguard the peace of southern Nevada, even if it wished to do it. The resources of the State are limited, it has no militia organization, and could not pay it if it had it. It is a case where the government is not big enough for the geography. Furthermore, the element available for militia or police service is affiliated directly or by sympathy with the desperate and riotous faction.

In the judgment of those whose opinions are entitled to be considered, there is no power excepting that of the United States competent to maintain the peace in southern Nevada. It is a case where the weight of local sentiment and feeling is on the side of lawlessness. We have had this sort of situation many times before in the United States, and there has never been but one form of answer to it. Washington set the pattern when he sent the forces of the United States to teach the Pennsylvania mountaineers their duty in the trouble known historically as Shay's Rebellion. Jack-

son acted upon the same principle in connection with troubles in Georgia. Lincoln confirmed this principle of action by sending the forces of the government to fight a thousand bloody battles in no less than fourteen States. Cleveland adapted this same principle to modern conditions when he sent forces of the government to stay the hands of lawlessness and riot at Chicago; and Roosevelt has recognized the principle by maintaining bodies of troops in permanent barracks near all the great centres of possible social disturbance, north, south, east, and west.

What needs to be done in southern Nevada is to assert the purpose of the government to maintain the peace, not for a few weeks merely, but all the time. In the opinion of those who know the situation in all its aspects, including Nevada's two Senators and her Representative in Congress, the best way to do this is to establish a military post in the vicinity of Goldfield, precisely as military posts are established elsewhere and under the same authority. This will surely have to be done sooner or later if we are going to maintain the principle of ultimate responsibility for life and property on the part of the general government.

There is a disposition not only at Washington, but elsewhere, to lean back upon the theory that it is the duty of the State of Nevada to maintain the peace within her boundaries. Those who urge this theory forget that Nevada is a State in little more than name. They forget that there is a special condition in Nevada which calls for special judgment and special discretion. Analogies drawn between Nevada and States like Pennsylvania and Ohio are futile and ridiculous. Nevada can no more do what these States habitually and properly do than a babe in arms can lift a hundred-weight. The practical impotence of Nevada, however out of the line of analogies, must be considered and respected as a fixed fact. What Nevada can not do for herself the government must do for her, and the duty of doing it can not be evaded by quibbling and paltering over false analogies and whimsical points of constitutional limitation. If those who seek to make much of these things shall have their way, if the troops are withdrawn, then the mine owners and non-union workmen must yield their rights and fly the country, or there will be a frightful toll to pay in the forms of property destroyed and of social outrage.

A Yellow Pulpiteer.

There is a type of pulpiter who, being filled with vanities not uncommon to the Cloth, and being without the learning or the gifts which command credit in the world, is everlastingly trying to get himself into public notice by one sensational expedient or another. He is usually a gaunt creature of overwrought nerves and with nothing of the refinement or the integrity which leads a man really to know the facts in any given case before asserting himself. He is not uncommonly a man who began life as an out-door mechanic, without education, without acquaintance with the world in its broader aspects, a man so little schooled, so little traveled, so limited in his observation as never to have gotten over the propensities and the prejudices of narrow, sectional, and class breeding. The physical marks of this type of parson are commonly a shiny tail-coat, a soiled lawn necktie worn around a celluloid collar, with a broad-brimmed felt hat worn *à la militaire*. You may usually identify him, too, by a phenomenally developed adam's apple, which, worked with a trombone effect, apparently furnishes the motive power alike for his vocal and mental processes.

There is a man of this sort in the pulpit of the Melrose Baptist Church over on the Oakland side of the bay, and he is just now doing an energetic stunt as a critic of women's clubs and of other like social manifestations. From the point of social vantage afforded by the pastorate of the Melrose Baptist Church, this good brother has got his adam's apple into spirited action. After consulting "forty prominent lawyers" and other moral and social authorities "about the bay," the pastor of Melrose learns that the women's clubs are leading us to perdition. They are, he finds, developing habits of drinking and smoking, with the accompaniment of late hours, etc. A leading women's club in San Francisco, he finds, is responsible for six divorces during the year. "In half the women's clubs" in San Francisco smoking and wine drinking are habitually indulged in, and drunken women are, to my knowledge, frequently taken home at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning." There is more of the same sort, but this is enough to illustrate the scope of our good brother's social observations.

It would be interesting to know with what women's clubs in San Francisco the pastor of Melrose is

familiar. The *Argonaut* has always flattered itself upon being strictly in the swim; and yet it must confess that it knows no women's clubs where drinking, smoking, and their associated vulgarities are indulged in and from which anybody goes home in any state at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning. We are tormented by the fear that possibly the *Argonaut* has lost touch with the up-to-date life of San Francisco and that—since the earthquake has driven the editor to Berkeley—there may be things doing on the peninsula which he knows not of. It is, however, just possible that the pastor of Melrose is like that other good brother from Alturas County, whose midnight adventures in the city were recently described in a guarded way in these columns. It is just possible that the pastor of Melrose has made a dreadful mistake and that the place where to "personal knowledge" drunken women are to be found at "3 or 4 o'clock in the morning" are not representative of—well of the kind of women's clubs that the *Argonaut* is acquainted with. Possibly our good brother's definition of the term women's clubs is so unconventionally broad as to include places with which the *Argonaut* can not profess any personal knowledge. Curious, isn't it, that a certain type of pulpiteer seems always to know so much more about certain unspeakable things than those of us who make no pretensions to sanctity, but who, on the other hand, value ourselves a little upon knowing our way about town!

The real truth of this matter, we suspect, is that the pastor of Melrose is a man so separated from everything related to what may be termed the polite life of San Francisco as to have no knowledge of the character or doings of any women's club worthy of the name. It is to be suspected that what he mistakes for the women's clubs of San Francisco are nothing better than resorts of questionable life, which no woman of common respectability ever by any chance enters and of which no respectable man—much less a minister of the gospel—ought to have "personal knowledge." The real truth probably is that the pastor of the Melrose Baptist Church is just a yellow pulpiteer anxious for personal notoriety, so anxious as to be willing to invent and proclaim vulgar falsehoods of a kind calculated to create surprise and resentment and therefore to gain for himself a certain individual exploitation.

By way of illustrating the complete ignorance and mendacity of this clerical mountebank, we have only to point to the fact that the Talbot divorce case has been brought into discussion as illustrating the evil influence of women's clubs. Now, those who know anything about the social history of San Francisco do not need to be told that whatever the misfortunes that have come to the Talbot family, the woman's club is not responsible for them. If the parson of Melrose had taken ever so little pains to inform himself he would not have made the fool blunder of identifying with the "degeneracies of club life" a domestic history entirely and notably exempt from influences of this kind.

It is possible, of course, that some women—and some men—may find in club associations temptations leading to neglect of domestic and other duties. But such instances are very rare, so rare that one who has known many clubs for many years can count on the fingers of one hand all such cases coming under his notice. On the whole, we can think of no social influence—not even that of the church—more generally stimulating to intellectual and moral character and to a certain discipline of life, than that which comes both to men and to women through a proper and orderly social life, which clubs, both those of men and of women, greatly facilitate. The trouble with the pastor of Melrose is that he has no knowledge of these things, no conception of their purposes, uses, and practices. When he speaks of women's clubs, it is from the standpoint of vulgar misapprehension and in the spirit of the mere sensation-monger.

A Jury of Women.

They have had an interesting lawsuit away down in Colorado, and the result is an irate and disillusioned woman, who will probably make many more mistakes before she closes her earthly career, but never again the particular error that has ended in her present discomfiture. The story is a simple and pathetic one and easily told.

The woman in question, whose name is not essential, ordered a dress and then refused to pay for it, on the ground that it did not fit her. The dressmaker brought suit for recovery of the amount, and the defendant, evidently suffering from a momentary attack of mental aberration, demanded a jury of women. Of course, she lost her case. Those who deplore the delays and uncertainties of the law would have had no cause

for their lamentations had they been present in the Colorado court. There was no delay, and as for uncertainty, the result was a foregone conclusion from the start. The ordinary procedure in such matters precludes anything but the bare finding of the jury, and this is to be regretted, as an expression of candid opinion from the ladies in the jury box would have been edifying to the carnal male mind. As it is, it was the defendant who expressed her opinion of the jury, and to the jury, collectively and individually. She is said to have done this with a vigor and a feeling that left nothing to be desired and nothing to the imagination.

But why did she make a mistake so fatal? With a jury of men she could have had her own way. She could have modestly retired to an anteroom and donned the offending garment for the inspection of the jury. She could have proved to them that it was "too full" here, hiding some curved charm, and "skimped" there, displaying unduly some anatomical area less favored by nature. She could have convinced those guileless and fascinated men that it did not "fall" as it should do behind, or "set" as it ought to do in front. They would have been as clay in the hands of the potter, and if they had failed to return a verdict in her favor, they would have been undeserving to be classed among American citizens. But instead of marching to a certain and easy victory, this misguided defendant deliberately invoked a certain defeat. She appealed to her natural enemies, to her own sex.

It is to be wondered what those twelve women talked about during their period of decent retirement. It seems a pity to deprive the sad world of such real humor. Every one of them had made up her mind upon the mere statement of the case. Every one of them had her own personal recollections of dresses that did not fit, of dresses that were too faithful or not faithful enough, but that were none the less paid for. Doubtless they exchanged sad reminiscences in the seclusion of the jury room, with bitter reflections upon their erring sister who had the effrontery to resist where they themselves had succumbed. It is a peculiarity of the feminine sense of justice that the memory of a wrong is always sufficient justification for the infliction of that wrong upon others, and every member of that jury who had bought and paid for an ill-fitting dress, for a dress that did not sufficiently conceal or sufficiently advertise the architectural work of nature, would have felt herself a Daniel come to judgment in consigning another to the same fate.

Of course, there may have been other factors in the case. Women have votes in Colorado, and who can say into what sacred privacies the rude hand of politics may not have intruded. We ought to know something about the party affiliations in this case, and if there was "nothing doing" then there should have been inquiry into church and society associations. In such a case as this it would be easy to disbar every woman in Colorado by one side or the other on the score of prejudice, and the mere fact that it was possible to impanel a jury of women seems to show a lack of energy on the part of counsel that is deplorable. But there is at least one woman in Colorado who will never again appeal to her own sex.

Just before the holidays King Edward went to Hall Barn, Bucks, for a day's shooting with Lord Burnham. Hall Barn is a big square house in Queen Anne style, with stone facings and pilasters. It was originally the home of the poet Waller, and the great statesman Edmund Burke spent many holidays there. The dagger which Burke threw down on the floor of the House of Commons in 1790 during his speech in support of his "Aliens" bill is in the hall. It was in the dining-room at Hall Barn that Oliver Cromwell in a temper flung his napkin in the face of Waller's Royalist mother for reproaching him with the execution of Charles I. The most perfect Turkish bath in the kingdom is another remarkable feature of the house. In the lovely Old World flower garden is an ancient summer house in which Milton is said to have composed a great part of "Paradise Regained."

The year 1907 was notable for the progress of prohibition legislation, not only in the United States but the world around. This was the year of the Chinese imperial edict against opium. Prohibition made great strides in the South, reclaiming the States of Georgia and Alabama and winning a hundred counties of Kentucky. Oklahoma entered the Union with a law forbidding the manufacture and sale of intoxicants. Two of the three counties of Delaware went "dry" at the November election. The bishops' excise law was a leading issue in the New Jersey campaign. Chicago added a square mile to its prohibition territory.

What with criticism, favorable and unfavorable, by laymen and experts in the magazines of the world, the navy's long cruise is well advertised.

SELECTED FROM THE ARGONAUT'S MAIL.

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EDITOR ARGONAUT: Inclosed please find check No. 313 for \$4, covering one year's subscription to the *Argonaut*, which please mail to the undersigned at San Mateo; also check No. 3362 for \$4, for one year's subscription to the *Argonaut*, to be sent to Barneson-Hibberd Company, No. 172 East Street, San Francisco.

I have been purchasing the paper regularly, but desire to enter my name among your regular subscribers. I desire at the same time to express my sincere appreciation of the manly way in which you are standing up for what I consider to be the best interests of this city at the present time.

With kind regards, and wishing your paper every success, I am,
Yours very truly,
JOHN BARNESON.

1119 Castro Street, OAKLAND.

My subscription to the *Argonaut* expires about this time. Inclosed find money order for \$4 to renew the same for another year. The *Argonaut* articles on the labor question are very sound.

T. L. BARKER.

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EDITOR ARGONAUT: Please find inclosed check for \$4 and add my name to the list of subscribers of your paper, of which I have been an assiduous reader for the last seventeen years; which I have always liked very much, but never more than at present.

Very truly yours,
DE MARVILLE.

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F. C. MORTIMER, Secretary.

P. S.—Permit the writer to congratulate the *Argonaut* on its force of character and the way it handles present-day problems.

F. C. M.

14 East Sixtieth Street, NEW YORK.

ARGONAUT PUBLISHING COMPANY: I inclose a money order for \$4 for one year's subscription.

I would like to express the very great interest and pleasure with which I am reading the wise and fearless leaders. They have impressed me from the very first for their originality, their justice towards all sides in these grave and perplexing questions, and the courage, which must lie behind these counsels and strong denunciations. I speak with entire impartiality, as I have never had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Holman, and while I have spent very pleasant years in San Francisco, I am not a San Franciscan. As I read the news from there in all the good papers that give it as it really is I wonder constantly how it comes about that with so much said as to "hastening" this or that convicted criminal "to San Quentin" I have not yet learned that any one well known in San Francisco has yet reached that spot. The *Argonaut* leaders give light upon this curious fact, but still it seems incredible that month after month it should remain true! Again expressing my interest, pleasure, and admiration of those timely and fearless words, I remain, with all best wishes for the *Argonaut*,
ELLEN L. MOZLEY.

GALLIA HOTEL, 63 Rue Pierre-Charron,
Champs-Elysées, PARIS.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Announcement of the lapse of my subscription has been duly received, and I will settle for the latter on my return in January. The *Argonaut* is better than it ever has been. It represents to me so much mental sustenance, and my regret is that its apportionment is only hebdomadal.

Very cordially,
DR. ALBERT ABRAMS.

"An example of national suicide" is the way Professor Edwin Maxey describes Korea in a recent number of the *Forum*. He says that Korea committed suicide and was not feloniously slain by Japan. To prove his point he submits a review of the Korean budget before Japan took charge. Some of the most startling items are appropriations of \$1,000,000 for the funeral expenses of the crown princess and of \$650,000 for burying the queen dowager. By way of contrast the sum of \$424 was appropriated for public works, and by the same budget the imperial privy purse received \$1,103,359. The appropriation for all the schools in the country, excepting those at the capital, amounted to the sum of \$27,718; but this was the year the princess had to be buried, so of course education had to stand aside. The navy got \$450,064 a year. At least that amount was appropriated. The navy consisted of one old gunboat.

The club women of New Jersey have been laboring for ten years to save the Palisades on the Hudson, and at last see the reward of their labors, for a public sentiment has been created, and the permanent committee by New Jersey and New York will try to hold enough of the Palisades to make a permanent park, an interstate affair, \$50,000 being appropriated by New Jersey and \$100,000 by New York. The league organized by the women's clubs of New Jersey and the department of forestry of the federation have worked together to raise money for a public memorial park at the head of the cliffs, with a lookout tower to mark the site. The federation is to use the money raised for a proper monument and are securing plans for the lookout tower.

Not until the fleet reaches Callao, in longitude 77:12, will it be further west than when it started from Hampton Roads. For nearly ten thousand miles the cruise will continue to the eastward, although the ships' destination is in the West. Could a better argument in favor of the Panama Canal be devised?

First Assistant Postmaster-General Frank H. Hitchcock has issued a statement denying the rumors that he has been active in organizing a third-term movement in the South as a cloak to Secretary Cortelyou's campaign for the presidential nomination.

"L'AFFAIRE DES POISONS."

Victorien Sardou Writes a Great Play and Begins a Lawsuit.

A new play by Victorien Sardou is something of an event in dramatic circles, and especially when it is attended by fulminations against the press and legal proceedings for a prematurity of criticism that the distinguished author feels to be an infringement of his rights and an injustice to his play. M. Sardou has achieved a triumph by his "L'Affaire des Poisons," and has so abundantly satisfied the public that he will probably be supported by a general sympathy in his suit against the *Matin* for a criticism that was allowed to appear in advance of the play itself.

The *Matin* did not intend to discriminate against M. Sardou. It merely happened that M. Sardou was the first victim of the *Matin's* sudden determination to criticize all plays on the morning following the dress rehearsal, instead of following the custom of reserving comment for the first public presentation. Now, the dress rehearsal at Paris theatres is ordained as much in the interest of the critics as of the players. A criticism that must be finished and in the hands of the printer within two or three hours of the fall of the curtain is hardly likely to bear the mark of deliberate analysis or careful judgment, whereas the dress rehearsal allows a full day for consideration and reflection. Admission to the dress rehearsal, which is, of course, accorded as a courtesy, is understood to put the critic upon his honor to divulge nothing and to make no comment until the public is in a position to make its own comparisons between the criticism and the performance. By violating this implied contract in the case of "L'Affaire des Poisons" the *Matin* has, of course, incurred the resentment of M. Sardou, who bases his action for damages on the ground that a play remains the personal property of its author until it has been given to the public. M. Sardou will probably win his case. Twenty years ago he fought a similar battle against *Gil Blas* for prematurely criticising his play "La Tosca," and was awarded \$4000 damages, which he paid at once into the treasury of the Authors' Association.

But so far as the play itself is concerned it well merits the praise that has been given to it. M. Sardou has once more shown himself to be a master in dramatic arrangements and the construction of a play. He has selected a grim phase of the history of France and worked it up into a romance full of human passion and faithfully picturing the national characters with which it deals. Whether the play is as historically accurate as the author contends is, of course, a matter for experts, and one that the average playgoer will not trouble himself very much about. M. Sardou usually succeeds where he attempts, and if he has aimed at a fidelity to history he is probably not far from his mark.

The scene of "L'Affaire des Poisons" is laid in the reign of Louis XIV, and it revolves around the mysterious poisoning epidemic which began in the lower social strata as a convenient method of disposing of inconvenient husbands and similar impedimenta until it finally reached the court and threatened the life of the king himself. Louis XIV, Mme. de Montespan, Louvois, and Colbert are all woven into M. Sardou's many-colored fabric, but the hero of the piece is the Abbé Griffard and the heroine is Mme. de Montespan.

The Abbé Griffard has been sent to the galleys for the unpardonable sin of lampooning the Montespan. This was an indiscretion on the part of the abbé at a time when *lettres de cachet* were always available by aristocrats and the frail ladies upon whom the king had condescended to smile. The abbé escapes after receiving the dying confession of one of his comrades who had poisoned the Duke of Savoy. He intrusts his secret to the head of the police, who enlists him as a sort of private detective and instructs him to watch the doings of a popular soothsayer named La Voisin, whose rooms are much frequented by the "idle rich" of the day. The abbé accepts his novel commission, ingratiates himself with the suspected woman, and is actually initiated into a plot to poison the king. If there is a weak spot in the play, it is to be found here. La Voisin, astute and cunning criminal as she is, gives away her secrets too readily. We might have supposed her to be more circumspect.

The abbé is so far successful in his detective work that he is allowed to be present at one of those terrible "messes noires," which were then in vogue and which perhaps are in vogue today. To this abominable ceremony comes Mme. de Montespan herself. The love of the king has been somewhat on the wane of late, and the lady wants a love philtre that will reestablish the *status quo*. There, of course, is La Voisin's opportunity. She prepares a poison that shall be administered by Mme. de Montespan herself, who can, of course, do it without remark or suspicion.

Another powerful scene takes place at the court reception. Mlle. de Fontanges becomes suddenly ill, and there can be no question that she has been poisoned. The ministers present know very well, or at least suspect, that the guilt should be laid at the door of De Montespan, but in order to shield the royal mistress they accuse Mlle. d'Ormoize, who has laid herself somewhat open to reproach by frequenting the rooms of La Voisin. Things look very bad for Mlle. d'Ormoize and she would have certainly been selected for a vicarious atonement had not the abbé taken his courage in both hands and put the king in possession of certain facts which materially changed the situation. His majesty learns that Mme. de Montespan is herself a frequent visitor at the house of the soothsayer and that she has even been seen at the Black Mass. As a result, the

favorite experiences a sudden and disconcerting fall from grace. She is banished from court, and Mlle. d'Ormoize is released to marry the man she loves.

The play is a series of strong situations, but M. Sardou is the last man in the world to fail in recognition of the support given to him by the company. The acting, indeed, was perfect all the way through. Coquelin was unsurpassable as the Abbé Griffard; Desjardin played the part of Louis XIV with singular dignity and fascination, while Mlle. Gilda Darchy as the beautiful Mme. de Montespan was admirable in every way. Her splendid appearance and dress and her impressive acting made a combination not soon to be forgotten. The Porte-Saint-Martin management is to be congratulated on a superb presentation of a great play.

PARIS, December 10, 1907.

ST. MARTIN.

OLD FAVORITES.

Our Lady of the Mine.

The Blue Horizon wuz a mine us fellers all thought well uv, And there befell the episode I now perpose to tell uv; 'Twas in the year uv sixty-nine—somewhere along in summer—There hove in sight one afternoon a new and curious comer; His name wuz Silas Pettibone—a artist by perfession— With a kit of tools and a big mustache and a pipe in his possession.

He told us, by our leave, he'd kind uv like to make some sketches Uv the snows peaks, 'nd the foam'n' crick, 'nd the distant mountain stretches; "You're welkin', sir," sez we, although this scenery dodge seemed to us A waste uv time where scenery wuz already sooper-floo-us.

All through the summer Pettibone kep' busy at his sketchin'— At daybreak off for Eagle Pass, and home at nightfall, fetchin' That everlastin' book uv his with spider-lines all through it; Three-Fingered Hoover used to say there warn't no meanin' to it.

"Gol darn a man," sez he to him, "whose shifless hand is sot at A-drawin' hills that's full uv quartz that's pinin' to be got at!" "Go on," sez Pettibone, "go on, if joshin' gratifies ye; But one uv these fine times I'll show ye sumthin' will surprise ye!"

The which remark led us to think—although he didn't say it— That Pettibone wuz owin' us a gredge 'nd meant to pay it.

One evenin' as we sat around the Restauraw de Casey, A-singin' songs 'nd tellin' yarns the which wuz sumwhat racy, In come that feller Pettibone, 'nd sez, "With your permission, I'd like to put a picture I have made on exhibition." He sot the picture down on the bar 'nd drew aside its curtain, Sayin', "I reckon you'll allow as how that's art, fr' certain!" And then we looked, with jaws agape, but nary word wuz spoken, And fr a likely spell the charm uv silence wuz unbroken— Till presently, as in a dream, remarked Three-Fingered Hoover: "Unless I am mistaken, this is Pettibone's shef doover!"

It wuz a face—a human face—a woman's, fair 'nd tender— Sot gracefully upon a neck white as a swan's, and slender; The hair wuz kind of sunny, 'nd the eyes wuz sort of dreamy, The mouth wuz half a-smilin', 'nd the cheeks wuz soft 'nd creamy;

It seemed like she wuz lookin' off into the west out yonder, And seemed like, while she looked, we saw her eyes grow softer, fonder—

Like, lookin' off into the west, where mountain mists wuz fallin', She saw the face she longed to see and heerd his voice a-callin'!

"Hooray!" we cried—"a woman in the camp uv Blue Horizon! Step right up, Colonel Pettibone, 'nd nominate your pizen!"

A curious situation—one deservin' uv your pity— No human, livin', female thing this side of Denver City! But jest a lot uv husky men that lived on sand 'nd bitters— Do you wonder that that woman's face consoled the lonesome critters?

And not a one but what it served in some way to remind him Of a mother or a sister or a sweetheart left behind him; And some looked back on happier days, and saw the old-time faces

And heerd the dear familiar sounds in old familiar places— A gracious touch of home. "Look here," sez Hoover, "ever"body

Quit thinkin' 'nd perceed at oncet to name his favorite toddy!"

It wuzn't long afore the news had spread the country over, And miners come a-flockin' in like honey-bees to clover; It kind uv did 'em good, they said, to feast their hungry eyes on

That picture uv Our Lady in the camp uv Blue Horizon. But one mean cuss from Nigger Crick passed criticisms on 'er—

Leastwise we overheard him call her Pettibone's madonner, That which we did not take to be respectful to a lady, So we hung him in a quiet spot that wuz cool 'nd dry 'nd shady;

Which same might not have been good law, but it wuz the right maneuver To give the critics due respect for Pettibone's shef doover.

Gone is the camp—yes, years ago the Blue Horizon busted, And every mother's son uv us got up one day 'nd dusted, While Pettibone perceeded East with wealth in his possession, And went to Yurrupe, as t heard, to study his perfession; So, like as not, you'll find him now a-paintin' heads 'nd faces At Venus Billy Florence, 'nd the like, 'nd layin' places. But no sech face he'll paint again as at old Blue Horizon, For I'll allow no sweeter face no human soul sot eyes on; And when the critics talk so grand uv Paris 'nd the Looover, I say, "Oh, but you orter seen the Pettibone shef doover!"

—Eugene Field.

It is mainly from Africa, America, and Australia that the world draws its supply of gold, some \$400,000,000 worth, won regularly every year. Africa leads with about \$150,000,000; next comes the United States with about \$95,000,000. Australia ranks third with some \$85,000,000; while Russia, both in Europe and Asia, Mexico, Canada, and several other countries also make up the balance.

In London massage by the blind is an accepted and successful profession. Some doctors will employ no others. In Japan, until recently, none except the blind were allowed to do massage, and in Yokohama alone it is stated that out of 1000 masseurs earning a livelihood 900 are blind.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

President Roosevelt, conversing with Baron Speck von Sternburg, the German ambassador, is said to have announced his intention to visit the German Emperor in the following phrase of virile Americanism: "Specky, when I get off the job I am going over to see your boss."

Congressman W. Bourke Cochran, speaking in New York on "The Silent Revolution in Our Political System," declared that the powers which have grown up in the business and financial world during the last ten years now completely dominate the federal government and are much stronger than any government that ever existed, even in times of antiquity.

Samuel M. Clement, Jr., of Philadelphia, after his recent visit to Washington, expressed himself as pleased with the strong sentiment which he found at the capital for Senator Knox as President. Mr. Clement says: "We met quite a number of senators and representatives, and on all sides we found that Senator Knox was considered the strongest candidate."

State Senator W. W. Armstrong of New York, chairman of the famous insurance investigating committee, and one of the strongest personal supporters of Governor Hughes, declares his conviction that the governor's nomination for President is assured. Senator Armstrong said: "The declaration of President Roosevelt seems to me to make the nomination of Governor Hughes for President a practical certainty."

Governor Hughes's reply to Senator Saxe, who had sounded him as to his stand regarding a presidential nomination, is quoted with general approval by the Eastern press. Governor Hughes said that he would "do nothing to influence the election or vote of delegates." He assumed that the party representatives would "take such action, whatever it may be, as they believe to be best," and he added that "they have their duty and I have mine."

Senator Culberson, the minority leader, makes clear his attitude toward the President by his statement before the finance committee. He said: "I have not been one of those who have questioned publicly any statement made by the President. It was not necessary. He always admitted enough to provoke my intense opposition and to make me believe that his election to the presidency and his continuance in that office is a menace to the public interests of the country."

Mayor Tom Johnson of Cleveland has been received by the President at the White House and describes his welcome as a gracious one. As he stepped out of the Cabinet room Mr. Johnson came face to face with Representative Burton, whom he defeated for mayor of Cleveland last month. The two greeted each other with a handshake and Mr. Burton passed into the President's conference room. "Yes, I shook hands over the bloody chasm with Mr. Burton," laughingly remarked Mr. Johnson. "It was the first time I had seen him since the Cleveland election."

Elmer E. Brown, editor of the Lincoln (Nebraska) *Observer*, asked about his preference for the next presidential nominee of the Democratic party, replied: "Johnson of Minnesota, or any other Democrat." Mr. Brown continued: "I will repeat to you what I have always said. It is that Mr. Bryan can not be elected. This Bryan talk you hear in the East is a dream. It is like the bumble bee—biggest at birth. Why, Bryan can not elect his first lieutenant to a judgeship in Nebraska. Can he expect to be elected President of the United States, even if nominated?"

Assistant Attorney-General A. W. Cooley is said to have been the first to notify the President of Mr. Cortelyou's presidential activities, that prompted the sudden issue of the third-term pronouncement. Mr. Cooley is a member of what is known as the Tennis Cabinet and possesses a good deal of the President's confidence. When he learned of the Secretary's activity it struck him, in view of the fact that Cortelyou's presidential boom was being masked under a third-term movement, that it was due to the President to let him know about it.

Speaker Cannon has been vigorously denounced by the Reverend Doctor Perley A. Baker at a meeting of the Philadelphia Ministers' Association. Doctor Baker said:

"It is a disgrace and an outrage that a man whose lips drip with profanity and whose energies are directed toward the furthering of the liquor interests of the country should occupy a position of power only second to the greatest in this great republic."

He brought these words out slowly and emphatically, and then paused a second or two. An answering murmur came from his auditors: "Fire him! Fire him!"

Thomas E. Watson, once Populist candidate for the presidency, after lunching with the President and conferring with Secretary Cortelyou on the money situation, expressed the opinion that Mr. Roosevelt is a "great, big, honest man." Mr. Watson then went on to ask: "Has it ever occurred to you that Roosevelt is the embodiment of great reforms, that he is hated in Wall Street as no man was ever hated before, and that, if the people rise up and demand that he be selected to carry out these reforms, which he has begun, he can not refuse. I do not regard his unanimous renomination as at all improbable. If it is given to him he can not refuse, and he will not, in my judgment, refuse to complete the work which he has so well begun. I regard him as a man of the highest honesty, of great intelligence, and a patriot."

THE FALL OF A BACHELOR.

Being a Story of a Pretty Woman and an Over-Zealous Man.

There was general astonishment in our little circle of friends when we learned of the coming marriage of Valentin Sancerre. What! He, that hardened old bachelor; that Parisian skeptic, who scoffed at every suggestion of matrimony; that jolly high liver, who had sworn a hundred times that he "would never be caught!" Yes, Valentin was going to enter the great fraternity, and whom was he to marry? A widow. More than that, a provincial.

We could not understand it. So, the first time I met him, I took him by the arm and demanded an explanation.

"I have but little time," he said, "and have a great many things to do. I have just come from the mayor's, and am going to the printer's—*Passage des Panoramas*—for the invitations. If you care to come with me that far—"

"How did it come about?" I asked him, and we started down the boulevard, arm in arm.

"The story is quite brief," Valentine said, "and very commonplace; but since you insist upon knowing it, here it is."

In the month of February I went to Nice for the carnival. I have a horror of traveling by night, so I took the 8:55 train in the morning, which should land me in Marseilles at five minutes after midnight. I would pass a day in Marseilles, where my good friends, the Rombauds, of the Rue Saint Ferréol, expected me to breakfast. The following day I would leave for Nice, where I would arrive about 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

At the Lyons depot there was a great crowd, but, thanks to an obliging station-master, I was able to find a place in a compartment. I was alone with another traveler—decorated, of severe bearing, with an official air—whose only baggage was a portfolio. Certainly he would not go far with that equipment, and soon I should be alone—alone, the one thing that makes a railway journey supportable.

Everybody was settled; the train was about to start. Suddenly, there were sounds of a dispute at the door. "No, monsieur, no," said a fresh feminine voice, with an almost imperceptible southern accent; "I ordered a sleeping-berth; I must have a sleeping-berth!"

"But, madame, we have none."

"You should have paid attention to my letter."

"We received no letter, madame."

"Have them put on another coach, then."

"Impossible. We have reached the regulation number. Now, make haste; the train is going to start."

"But I must have a place."

"And I offer you two in that coach."

"In there?"

"Yes, madame."

A little brown head was thrust in the doorway, and then withdrawn quickly, as though frightened.

"Two gentlemen are there."

"Well, madame, I can not give you a coach all to yourself."

"Very well. I shall not go."

"As you please, the train is going to start. I have given the signal."

"Stop, stop! I absolutely must go. And there is this carriage only? Well, they will give me a sleeping-berth at the first station?"

"Yes, madame, yes."

"You will telegraph?"

"Yes, yes, madame."

"You promise me?"

"Certainly."

"You are sure?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

The door opened; in plunged the little brown head, surrounded by a halo of packages and rugs; a shrill whistle cut the air; we were off.

The official gentleman gallantly seated himself near me, so as to leave one whole side free to the new arrival. Without so much as a glance toward us, all flurried and rosy with haste, she arranged her packages in the rack and about herself, with the haste common to persons who have many long hours to pass in a car. Out of the corner of my eye, I followed her little manoeuvres, and I ascertained with pleasure that she was charming. I say with pleasure; for, however proper one's intentions may be, it is always more agreeable to travel with a pretty woman than with an old man in spectacles.

The cold was intense; the country, covered with snow, lighted by a pale sun, seemed to fly rapidly by the two sides of the coach. The fair traveler, enveloped to the chin in her rugs, gazed obstinately from the window on the left. The official gentleman drew from his portfolio some large papers, yellow, green, and blue, with printed headings, which he settled himself to read attentively. As for myself, comfortably installed with my feet upon a hot-water bottle, I attacked the pile of newspapers, bought at the station, to pass the time.

At 11:21, Laroche. The train stopped. The official gentleman arranged his papers, rose, bowed, and got out. Barely had he stepped down, when he was received by the station-master, who called him "Monsieur l'Inspecteur."

The lady traveler came to the door. "Station-master!" she called.

"Madame?"

"You have been telegraphed from Paris for a sleeping-berth?"

"Yes, madame; I have forwarded the dispatch."

"What, forwarded it! Am I not to be given that sleeping-berth immediately?"

"Impossible, madame; we have no coaches here. You can be given one at Lyons."

"At Lyons! At what hour?"

"Five-forty-five, madame."

"The whole day, then! I can not remain in this coach until that hour. It's impossible. I will not."

"Take care, madame, the train is starting." And the train drew out.

She flung herself in her corner, furious, without throwing a single glance in my direction. I plunged into the perusal of my tenth newspaper.

I gave more time to reading it than the nine first. I recommenced the same line twenty times. I believe even that I held it turned upside down. One does not find one's self alone with a pretty woman during a long journey without experiencing some emotion. I should have liked very much to engage in conversation with her, but the pretext, the opening subject, where was it to be found? Considering the temperature, the threadbare pretext of windows to open or close was not to be thought of. What, then, was to be done?

My neighbor, I had discovered immediately, with the scent of an old Parisian, was a woman of the world, and of the best. To speak to her in that way, roughly, without knowing her, would have made me appear in her eyes as the lowest of commercial travelers. The only way to solve the difficulty was for me to find something strikingly original to say to her. But what? I cudgeled my brain in vain.

I was still searching a pretext for opening a conversation, when the train stopped.

"Tonnerre! Twenty-five minutes for refreshments!" cried the porter, opening the door.

My neighbor arose, relieved herself of her rugs, which she left in the couch with her three little bags, and descended. It was noon, and her hunger evidently began to make itself felt. She went in the direction of the buffet, to the left, on the other side of the track. I followed her. I could then admire, at my ease, the elegant figure, well outlined in a long sealskin cloak. I also marked the pretty, black ringlets at the nape of her neck, her gray felt hat, and her tiny little feet.

At the entrance to the hall stood the steward. Bedecked with a velvet skull-cap, he indicated with his hand and a napkin a long table to be stormed. I entered with the tide of unkempt, ungloved, flurried travelers, and hastily swallowed the succession of dishes served to me; the lady traveler took some broth at a separate table.

I got up among the first and went out to smoke a cigarette on the platform. The twenty-five minutes would soon be passed. The travelers, in groups, came out of the eating-room and returned to their coaches.

I also reinstated myself in mine. My lady traveler had not yet returned. I saw her in the little station book-stall on the other side of the track, looking at the books displayed. Though I saw her from the back, I recognized her easily by her pretty style, her sealskin cloak, and her gray hat. Her hair seemed to me to be a little lighter, but that was owing to the distance, no doubt.

Everybody had reentered the coaches; the porter shut the doors tumultuously. "She is going to be left," I thought, and I threw open the window.

"Madame! Madame!" I cried. I was too far off; she did not hear me! The whistle blew. What was to be done?

An idea flashed through my brain quick as lightning. She was going to stay there, in that horrible cold, without baggage. She should have at least her small belongings—the poor little woman! I made an armful of the three bags and the rugs, and throwing it all to a man in uniform, who was near the coach upon the road, I cried: "To that lady yonder!"

The man in uniform took the things and went toward the lady of the book-stall. At the same moment, at the opposite side of the coach—the side of the platform—the door opened and my lady traveler, perturbed, hustled by a grumbling conductor, plunged into the coach, and the train went off.

Horror! I had mistaken the traveler—the woman of the book-stall was not the one; the same cloak, the same hat, same style, but not she. I had played a pretty trick.

She was barely in the coach when she cried out: "My packages—they have stolen my packages!" And, for the first time, she looked at me—with what a look! Heavens! that look—I shall never forget it.

"No, madame," I said to her, "your bundles are not stolen; they have been left at Tonnerre."

"At Tonnerre? How?"

I explained all to her. The second glance she shot at me I think I shall remember longer than the other.

"I am disconsolate, madame," I stammered; "absolutely disconsolate. But the motive was good; I thought you were going to miss the train, that you would be cold. I did not want you to be cold. I beg you will pardon me. Fear nothing for your things; they are in safe hands—a man in uniform. At the next station you will telegraph—I will telegraph—we will telegraph; they will send them to you right away. You shall have them, I swear it to you, even if I should have to return myself to Tonnerre to get them."

"Enough, sir," she said; "I know what I have to do," and she returned to her corner, twisting her gloves with anger. But, poor little thing, she had not thought of the cold. She no longer had her warm rugs.

At the end of about ten minutes she began to shiver. Well might she draw her sealskin about her pretty figure; positively she chattered.

"Madame," I said, "I beg you, upon my knees, accept

my rug; you will be ill, it will be my fault, and never in my life shall I console myself."

"I am not speaking to you, sir," she said, dryly.

I was very nervous, very excited. To begin with, I found her charming, and then I was furious over my ridiculous blunder. In short, I had arrived at a great resolution.

"Madame," I said, "accept this rug, or, I swear to you, I will precipitate myself from the window." And throwing the rug between her and me, I lifted the window and seized the outside knob of the door.

Was I determined to throw myself out? Between you and me, not altogether, I think; but it appears I looked as if I were, for she cried immediately: "You are crazy, sir, to think of such a thing!"

"The rug, or I jump!"

She took the rug, and in a tone more softened, said: "But, sir, you will perish with cold."

"Do not disturb yourself about me, madame; I am not chilly, and even if I should be cold, it will only be the just punishment of my unpardonable stupidity."

"Say of your too great haste, for you are right, the intention was good; but how could you have taken that lady for me?"

"Because she appeared to be charming."

She smiled; the ice was broken—the ice of conversation, be it understood, for, otherwise, I shivered. But how quickly I forgot the cold and the journey and all! She was delicious, exquisite, adorable.

She loved travel, like myself; she had been in Italy, like myself; in Spain, like myself; she dreamed of going to Egypt, still like myself; in literature, in music, in everything, the same tastes as my own. And then, think of this! A crowd of general connections. She was intimate with the Saint-Chamas, with the Savnoys, with the Montbazons, above all. To think that I had, perhaps, met her twenty times in those salons, and that I had never noticed her!

She spoke naively, amiably, with the charming simplicity that I admired so much. A slight—very slight—provincial accent, imperceptible—a warble rather, gave her words the light skip of a bird. To profit by the situation—to be audacious, Don Juan, cavalier, all that I wished—the thought did not even enter my head. It would have been vulgar, and such a woman could inspire nothing vulgar. We conversed, naturally, with keen pleasure. And that was all.

Though I did everything in the world to conceal it, heavens, how cold I was!

At Dijon (2:20), my right foot was seized; we telegraphed to Tonnerre for the things left behind.

At Macon (4:45), it was the turn of the left foot; we received a dispatch from Tonnerre, saying that the baggage would arrive at Marseilles the following day.

At Lyon-Perrache (5:48), my left hand became insensible; she forgot to claim her sleeping-berth.

At Valence (8:03), my right hand followed the example of the left; I learned that she was a widow and without children.

At Avignon (9:55), my nose turned violet; I understood that she had never loved her first husband.

Marseilles at last (12:05), I sneezed violently three times; she handed me my rug and said, graciously: "*Au revoir!*"

Au revoir! Ah, I was wild!

I passed the night at the Hotel de Noailles—an agitated night, full of thoughts of her.

The following morning, when I awoke, I had the most horrible cold in the head imaginable. Would I dare present myself in that state to my friends, the Rombauds? Bah! Travelers must take travelers' chances. They would take me as I was, and the next day I would cure myself in the sun at Nice.

That excellent Rombauid had invited several friends in my honor, and among the persons there was my traveler—my charmer.

When I was presented to her, an imperceptible smile played about her lips. I bowed and said: "And Tonnerre?"

"I have them," she whispered.

We sat down at table.

"What a cold, my good fellow!" cried Rombauid; "where in the devil did you get it? In the cars, perhaps?"

"Possibly," I replied; "but, to tell the truth, I do not regret it."

Nobody understood this remark, but I felt the soft and friendly glance of my traveler glide toward me across the table.

What more shall I tell you? The following day I did not leave for Nice, and I am to be married in a fortnight.—Translated from *l'Argonaut* from the French of Jacques Normand by Becca Middleton Samson.

For years it has been the custom of the New York Sun to print on its editorial page correspondence concerning the cause and cure of baldness. This is from one of the latest offerings: "For years I fell for remedies to stop my hair from coming out and so on, till I took four bottles of your medicine for catarrh, now I have a banjo," was my case precisely. Here's the dope: Submerge the head in cold water daily, rub quite dry, then pour a small amount of olive oil on top of brainery, rub in, and there you are. Try it and get happy."

France has 316,898 miles of local highways, built at a cost of \$308,800,000, of which the State furnished \$81,000,000 and the interested localities \$227,740,000. In addition to these local highways, the national system consists of 23,656 miles of national roads, which cost the nation \$303,975,000 to build.

THE SPIRIT OF OLD WEST POINT.

General Morris Schaff Writes an Autobiography of Vivid Human Interest.

Some time during the winter of 1857-1858 General Morris Schaff tells us that he received his appointment as cadet at West Point. With that fidelity to graphic detail which distinguishes his vivid and graceful writing, he recalls the radiance on his mother's face and the old familiar farm sights stamped upon his memory by their association with that great event. They sat for long around the fire that night, discussing the circular of entrance requirements prepared by Jefferson Davis as Secretary of War, and perhaps there may have been some fleeting presentiments of the great chapter of history that was about to open and of the trial by fire that was to be imposed upon the young cadet himself, upon West Point, and upon the nation.

General Schaff would probably disclaim any intention to write history, but such books as his are more truly history than the chronological tables of events that sometimes go by that name. Very few writers of the great struggle have so unfailingly caught the spirit of the day or have given to it such an admirable and inspiring setting. He fills his stage with living, breathing figures and he marshals his drama with such unfeigned pathos and humor as to surprise us with its impressive and solemn reality. General Schaff's autobiography is one of the great books of the day, historical, imaginative, and always human.

The young cadet's first encampment at West Point brought him into contact with many men who were to be heard from in the days to come. He tells us of Ferrero, the dancing master who was to be a brigadier-general, and of Winfield Scott of Virginia:

In this connection, another figure comes looming up, perhaps because of its very contrast in station with that of a dancing-master; it is that of Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott of Virginia, born in 1786, and then in command of the army, with his headquarters at West Point. The old general made himself heard, considered, and felt throughout the country. He was over six feet, six inches tall, and in frame was simply colossal. It so happened that only the rail separated his pew in the chapel from the one which I occupied—it was four or five pews back, on the right side facing the chancel—and I felt like a pigmy when I stood beside him. The old fellow was devout; but it was said that whatever church he attended, Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist, or Roman Catholic, he threw himself into the service with the same depth of reverence. Nevertheless, he would sometimes swear like a pirate. Surely, I think, nature must have been in one of her royal moods at his birth, for there was magnificence in the dignity of his great, kingly, illuminated countenance. He filled my eyes, and I believe those of all the cadets, with a kind of reverential awe, for in his youth he had fought a duel, and he bore the scars of several deep wounds; moreover, as a background to his career, lay Lundy's Lane of the War of 1812, and the conquest of Mexico. He seems an especially fitting figure at West Point, throwing, as he did, into its daily life some of the splendor that attaches to bravery and achievement. We were all proud of the old hero, and more than ever when, in the blaze of full uniform and with uncovered head, he stood at the left of the present King of England at the review given for him at West Point in 1860.

The corps of cadets was an aristocracy in these days; perhaps it is still. Its classes were chosen from the best families of the land, "but they stood on exactly the same level as the humblest born." Any cadet who had shown the least acknowledgment of social superiority would have met the scorn of the entire battalion:

But, like all youth, the corps, in clinging to its standards, sometimes made grievous mistakes. A touching instance was that of a Massachusetts man of my class, who by mistake took a Southerner's shoes instead of his own from the bootblack's, where our extra pairs were left to be blacked. Unfortunately, he did not discover the mistake himself, and was charged openly by the Southerner with intending to steal the pair of shoes. Because he did not resent the charge, although he pledged his honor that it was a mistake, he was branded with cowardice, and about everybody "cut" him. But I felt that he was innocent and wronged. I visited him in his exile and talked with him in his release from quarters; he told me of his family, and I knew how his heart beat. Well, in the Shenandoah Valley he was most seriously wounded, charging at the very head of his squadron; was brevetted for gallant and meritorious conduct, and died within a few years. I blame not my impulsive friends—we are all human; but I trust that henceforth no cadet will ever have to bear so unjust a burden. His life discloses the undercurrents of fate and has its misting shadow of patos; but, like the heaven-trusting spire of a country church among pastured fields, his record pierces the sullen sky of his cadet life.

The first gentleman, the Saviour of the World, said, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Still I sometimes wonder if it would not have been better for this Northern man to have met the Southerner on the spot, with his chair or anything else he could lay his hand on. For he, like too many of our congressmen and Northern men, both of whom stood insults, led the South to believe that the entire North was lacking in courage, and it took Gettysburg, and the Wilderness, and Chickamauga to prove to them their fatal error.

The Prince of Wales, Jefferson Davis, and President Lincoln come under casual review in these pages:

After the ranks had been opened for review by Reynolds, then commandant, and who was killed less than three years later, at Gettysburg, and after the officers and colors had moved to the front, his royal highness set out for the right of the line, the band playing "God Save the Queen," and later, as he passed down the line, the "Flower of Edinburgh." We were very proud of General Scott as he towered uncovered, in full uniform, at the side of the blond-haired boy, while we marched in review. The following day the prince came into our recitation room, and, as Chaffee was reciting, he tarried till he was done. Meanwhile I had viewed him at close range, for I sat within a few feet of him. He had his mother's conspicuous, large, open, royalty-asserting blue eyes, he was of medium height, and had the English hue of health in his face.

There was another distinguished personage at West Point that autumn, one who has filled more shining pages of the world's history than the Prince of Wales—Jefferson Davis. He was there off and on throughout the summer, with a subcommittee of the Senate to report on the course of instruction; but my memory of him is vague. I recall him arrayed in a dark blue flannel suit, I can see his square shoulders, military walk, and lithe figure. Had I known then, as I passed

him from time to time in company with professors who had been his fellow-cadets, what I know now, I should certainly have gazed wonderingly into his spare, resolute, and rather pleading face—looked as I did into the face of Abraham Lincoln when on his way to visit Hooker at Acquia Creek a few days after the disastrous defeat at Chancellorsville.

On that occasion some one told me that the President had just landed from the morning Washington boat, and was on the train made up entirely of freight cars. Going out to where the train stood on the long wharf, I saw him sitting in an empty box-car, on a plank or board supported on what may have been cracker-boxes. Halleck, with his big pop eyes, was at his side in undress uniform; neither said a word. The President's habitually pensive eyes were off across the water to the Virginia shore. That was the only time I ever saw him.

Here is a good story of an excess of gallantry that got the author into serious trouble. At the time he was in the company of Cadet Clifton Comly. He says:

We were walking round Flirtation Walk, a path so well known to every visitor at West Point. It was on a Sunday, and just before call to quarters. When opposite Constitution Island, and near the spot where the great chain was anchored that stretched across the river during the Revolution, to bar the passage of the British vessels, a turn in the walk brought us suddenly on two flashy—and I am afraid rather frail—young women, both somewhat haggard, and obviously in dreadful distress of mind at what they took to be the prospect of immediate arrest.

They asked us in imploring tones the way to Cold Spring, which was screened from view by the cedar and timber of the island. Who they were or how they had reached the Point we did not know or did we ask. On our telling them the way to go, they begged us to see them across the river, as it had frozen over, broken up, and re-frozen, was very humpy and rough. We told them it was off limits, that we couldn't take the risk. Thereupon one of them burst into tears, and off we started with them. And I remember mighty well a thought that came into my mind as we made our way over the rough, frozen river, each with a girl clinging desperately to his arm: "Now, if this ice breaks and we go down and are drowned, what a subject for a Sunday-school book!"

Schaff was caught in *flagrante delicto*, while his companion, Comly, seems to have remained unidentified, seeing that he was promoted into the position from which Schaff was reduced.

The ceremonials at West Point receive some interesting mention. The author's own Fourth of July oration naturally made a strong impression on his mind:

I must make a place here for a very funny incident connected with the delivery of my own address. It was called an oration; but how I should hang my head if any one were to repeat some of it to me now! To be sure, the war had just begun, and I suppose there was the usual amount of sanguinary froth in it. But however that may be, I committed it to memory, and never feeling very sure of myself, concluded to put the manuscript, a roll of little note paper, in the breast of my coat, so that, if worse came to worse, I could pull it out and read it.

Burroughs was reading the declaration, and reading it well; I tried to think how my speech began, and to save my soul could not recall three sentences. As he drew to the end, my perplexity deepened. He closed; the band played a patriotic air; the orator was introduced, and the fellows applauded as he arose in dazed confusion. There was a great crowd present, filling the aisles. It seems a little dog had followed his people up into the choir, and just as I was about to carry my hand to my breast to extract my speech—for my mind was perfectly blank—some one stepped on the little creature's tail, and out came a couple of sharp yelps. Whereupon the whole corps broke into a good laugh—I can see Comly and three or four of them laughing now. Well, it brought me to my wits and off went the oration with a bang.

The fight between Wade Hampton Gibbes of South Carolina and Emory Upton of New York was the first open collision in West Point that was due to sectional feeling. It arose out of the John Brown raid, and although the author did not himself see the encounter, he tells us of another incident of similar nature:

Another incident connected with the John Brown raid, besides being characteristic, has a bordering of humor. The late Major-General Pierce M. B. Young of Georgia, a conspicuous cavalry leader, a member of Congress after the war, and minister to Guatemala and consul-general at St. Petersburg under Cleveland, observed one day during Brown's trial, in the bearing of a Massachusetts man, as they were marching off guard, "By God, I wish I had a sword as long as from here to Newburgh, and the Yankees were all in a row. I'd like to cut off the head of every damned one of them."

Newburgh, faintly visible up the river, lies about eleven miles from West Point, or something over fifty-eight thousand feet. If we allow two beads to the foot, Pierce would have beheaded over a hundred thousand Yankees at a slash, which might have made a material difference in New England's ability to fill her quota two years later. I am afraid, however, that, if Young had had his gory West-Point-and-Newburgh blade, it would have been bothersome sometimes. It was too long; he never could have got away as he did when Custer and Merritt and Wilson were after him on several occasions. But he was a very good fighter and a very good-hearted fellow, and, as a member of Congress, never failed cheerfully to do all in his power for his old West Point friends.

The firing upon Fort Sumter drew tight the division lines at West Point. Tully McCrea, writing to the author, recalls to his memory the instantaneous effect of this outblaze of actual fighting. He says:

When the news of the firing on Fort Sumter was received the effect was instantaneous, every Northern cadet now showed his colors and rallied that night in Harris's room in the Fifth Division. One could have heard us singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" in Cold Spring. It was the first time I ever saw the Southern contingent cowed. All of their Northern allies had deserted them, and they were stunned.

Of the actual fighting at Sumter, the author, of course, saw nothing. His own exploits—and they were notable ones—were to come later, but the interest at West Point was of course at white heat:

The New York newspapers which reached the Point between 8 and 9 in the morning gave every particular of the bombardment as it went on, the shells bursting over the fort, the buildings burning, the smoke surging angrily up over the flagstaff, and then, smitten by a south wind, driven hot with its cinders into the perspiring, begrimed faces of the resolute gunners. We knew that the little garrison was practically without food, and wondered if the loyal Kentuckian and his Regulars could hold out much longer. And when we read that, the flagstaff having been shot down, Sergeant Hart secured a little spar, nailed the flag to it, and hoisted it again over the stormy parapet, how our hearts beat! Officers of the Regular Army, let us keep in tender memory our first ser-

gents, for they were closer to us than we could know. For we know well that no company ever honors a man under in peace-times or war, except through its first sergeant. I know what it is to have and to lose a good first sergeant. When the Confederates destroyed my ordnance depot at City Point by exploding a torpedo in it August, 1864, killing over one hundred and fifty persons and about half of my detachment, I found my first sergeant, Harris, who had been so faithful, lying dead under the timbers of the great wharf building. A child asleep in a cradle or in a mother's lap could not have worn a sweeter or more innocent face as he lay with eyes closed, at rest; a more faithful man never served his country. Gallant and grim old fellows—the law made a difference between us; you had to stand uncovered in our presence, you had to go to our bidding, no social or unstudied word could pass between us; but we knew, when the colors went forward, that there was no difference then between us, no difference as we met in the final test of our courage and manliness. Your steady voice, your stern "Forward, Company—," your encouraging "Stand up to it, men," as the shells burst in your faces; your "Let's take those colors, men," "Pick up the captain tenderly, corporal, and carry him back, but right on, Regulars!" Oh, first sergeants! Heroes, makers of armies, winners of victory, I hope that every officer who draws a sword in your presence will be just and kind, and give you the honor you deserve. While I am writing these lines, a voice comes to me from every field I saw, from Chancellorsville to Petersburg, and now comes one closer and dearer than all—that of West Point herself—saying, "For the sake of their manliness, for the sake of their courage and devotion to duty, let them stand with me in the light of your little lamp as long as it burns on your page."

Enough has been quoted to show that this is no ordinary book and that it must take a high rank among those personal recollections that constitute so essential and so fascinating a part of the history of the great war. General Schaff has written something that will be read and appreciated, something that will appeal, not only to graduates of the academy, but to the spirit of patriotism that now knows no divisions and no qualifications.

"The Spirit of Old West Point," by General Morris Schaff. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$3.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The King of Norway and the Prince of Montenegro are the only two rulers of Europe who are taller than their wives.

Most of the cartoonists picture Speaker Cannon as swinging his gavel with his right hand, when as a matter of fact the Speaker is left-handed and does not swing his gavel with his right hand once in a thousand times.

James B. Hill of Atlanta, Georgia, is the first negro in the country to receive a Carnegie hero medal. A check of \$500 was sent as a reward for risking his life in saving several people in danger from a runaway team in Atlanta.

Percival Maitland Laurence, supreme justice of Cape Colony, who is now in this country, is said to bear a striking resemblance to King Edward. He is a famous jurist, and has been the supreme justice of Cape Colony for twenty-five years.

William T. Stead, the London editor, has taken up the rôle of an agricultural benefactor. The means he has adopted to prosecute his benefactions is a method of bacteriological cultivation of barren land, which is said to be an improvement upon that which has been employed in the United States.

President Roosevelt has appointed General William C. Oates to succeed Colonel Elliott as a commissioner to mark Confederate graves. General Oates was former governor of the State of Alabama, a colonel in the Confederate Army, a brigadier-general in the Spanish War, and also a former member of the House of Representatives.

Marie Robinson Wiegert has just returned to the United States from an extended trip through Brazil, where she was shown particular attention while obtaining data for a revised edition of her first book on Brazil. She reports wonderful material progress all over the country and says that Brazil is sure to surprise the world with its progress during the next ten years.

The Emperor of Germany believes in being sufficiently represented even on his visiting card. His cards are the largest in use in Europe, and can almost vie with those used by the mandarins of China. They measure no less than six inches in length and four in width. On the upper line is the single word "Wilhelm," and below are the words, "Deutscher Kaiser and Koenig von Preussen."

Western Texas is proud of Mrs. Anney McElroy Brett, woman promoter. Today she is the telephone queen of the Southwest. She is president of the Southern Independent Telephone and Telegraph Company, and president and general manager of the Brett Construction, Telephone and Telegraph Company. These companies, representing more than \$500,000, were organized by her without a dollar of capital to start with.

Renewed recognition of the merits of modern Italy, given this year in the distribution of the Nobel prizes, has stirred the people of the peninsula to great enthusiasm. Especially is this so in Milan, whose veteran citizen, Theodore Moneta, bears off the peace prize. Signor Moneta is not unknown in the United States, nor is he a stranger to President Roosevelt. He attracted the attention of the latter by the prominent part he took in the Boston Peace Conference and the fighting qualities he evinced in advocating certain principles. Signor Moneta has fought his battles mainly with the pen. Formerly he was the director of the influential Milanese newspaper, *Il Secolo*.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

The Whittier centenary has aroused some interesting speculations as to the cause of a popularity that seems to belong perpetually to the works of the Quaker poet. The question is worth asking, because its answer discloses a secret not without value to aspiring authorship. A good deal of the fugitive verse of today is more truly poetic than the average of Whittier, and it would not be hard to find whole volumes of a higher average excellence than his. Why, then, does Whittier hold his own so easily, while those who come after him make no impression upon the public mind? Is the public mind at fault, or is there a defect in the poetry?

The verse of today fails, in spite of its merit, because it is unmoral, because it makes no appeal to the primitive sense of right and wrong. Whittier laid hold of the popular imagination because he had an eye for moral values and because he took all the events of life and backed them up against a moral standard for test and measurement. To the modern versemaker this sort of thing is very much out of date. He knows nothing about personal righteousness or individual morality and he forgets or disbelieves that it is precisely at these points that the majority of people like to be approached. The modern poet may be as unmoral as he pleases, but if he wishes to be read he should avoid the mistake of assuming that his readers also are unmoral, or at least that they wish to be thought so.

To Him That Hoth, by Leroy Scott. Published by Dohleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is a distinctly strong story, but with the demerit of an insufficient foundation. When the Reverend Philip Morton, head of St. Christopher's Mission, dies suddenly, his friend David Aldrich discovers that years ago he had a liaison with a worthless woman who had been blackmailing him ever since. To meet her extortions the young clergyman had embezzled \$5000 from a charitable institution, and his death immediately precedes the inevitable disclosure. To protect the memory of his friend and to avoid a possible slur upon the work of the mission, David Aldrich makes false entries in Morton's account and confesses to having stolen the money from his safe. He undergoes an imprisonment of four years, regaining his liberty only to find that every avenue of livelihood is closed against him and to encounter the devilish persecution that society metes out to those who have committed a legal offense against property. The motive for such self-sacrifice was inadequate, because a clergyman's youthful indiscretions would not be visited heavily upon his memory, and the fact of his subsequent embezzlement under the bludgeon of blackmail could hardly have injured the philanthropic work of his mission. David Aldrich by his false confession committed a quixotic crime against himself.

But the story is a powerful one and calculated to bring home to the public conscience the iniquities that are worked against those who have once strayed into crime and who find to their despair that a return to rectitude is almost impossible. David's vicissitudes are admirably described and the mayor and Kate, the girl burglar, are characters not soon to be forgotten. The author has used marked ability to redress a social wrong and his book ought to find a sympathetic audience.

The Ingoldsby Legends, by Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$6 net.

"The Ingoldsby Legends" ought to be more widely read in America than they are, and those whose education in this respect is still defective would do well to take the present opportunity of possessing a noble volume of unique wit, satire, and philosophy.

The edition of 1898 contained about a hundred illustrations by Arthur Rackham. In the present issue Mr. Rackham has carefully overhauled his old drawings and added some new ones. There are now twenty-four fine examples of three-color process work, twelve illustrations upon tint, and over sixty in line. Mr. Rackham's work needs no recommendation, but in this instance he has been singularly successful in catching the indescribable humor of the legends and in attuning his drawings to the spirit of the work. Nothing better of its kind than this volume has appeared for a long time. Great pains have been taken to make the text absolutely correct, while printing and binding are irreproachable. No self-respecting library can afford to overlook this splendid book.

Emerald and Ermine, by the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

Without containing any strong character delineation or any incidents of the kind that haunt the memory, we have here a distinctly notable novel. The scene is laid in Brittany and the heroine is the Duchess Tiphaine de Lauvèok, who has been left a widow while almost in her girlhood and whose inheritance passes from her if she marries again. That she shall marry again, and preferably herself is naturally the aim of Iann de Lauvèok,

who inherits the title and would like to possess the fortune also. Iann enlists the aid of the forester, Kalounnek, who tries to disturb the tranquil content of the duchess by magic spells of the approved kind and by a series of weird performances very suggestive of the nether world. The duchess responds by seeking the aid of the Holy Hermit of Lauvèok, who is equally versed in the occult arts, and the result is a duel of spells in which Kalounnek gets the worst of it.

The sketch of Brittany life is drawn with a singularly pleasing touch. There is much literary skill in the contrast between the life of the forest, with its ancient customs and beliefs, and that of the modern ironclad, the home of Sulian de Kerdonniz, who dreams of the beautiful duchess during his solitary night watches:

Prends notre rêve, et, sur ton aile,
Qu'il monte aux éternels Levants
Ou tombe à la nuit éternelle.

The smell of the wet forests is just as real as the throbbing machinery of the warship, and we move without perceptible jar from the medieval to the modern, and without any sense of an incongruity that would be visible under a touch less deft.

Some Neglected Aspects of War, by Captain A. T. Mahan. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

Captain Mahan is to be thanked for the saving common sense with which he handles the subject of war at a time when peaceful and conventional platitudes are the order of the day. He hates war with the fervor of knowledge and experience, but he recognizes that an ultimate appeal to force is the basis of civilized order, whether on the streets of the city or on the highways of the world. War does not cease at all, and that form of war that is waged with armies and with ships is only a part, and a small part, of a spirit of conflict that belongs to human nature and that must continue until the character of the individual has been changed. Captain Mahan compels us to look at facts that are none the less facts because they are horrible and sometimes shameful. We may, indeed we must, sheathe the sword but we can not throw it away until and unless we are prepared also to banish the policeman, nor can we expect to establish universal international arbitration so long as honor and conscience, right and wrong, have different meanings and different interpretations among the races of the world. The spectre of force must be kept in the background, but it must remain as a court of last appeal.

Captain Mahan is especially happy in his treatment of "The Moral Aspect of War," and "War from the Christian Standpoint."

The Little City of Hope, by F. Marion Crawford. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

This is the story of an inventor and of his little son, and of all the tribulations that preceded the eventful moment when the flywheel of the air-motor finally made up its mind to revolve and to dissipate the domestic clouds just when they seemed to be most dark and hopeless. John Henry Overholt had sold everything salable, his wife had been forced to take a situation in Germany in order to lessen the financial strain at home, and actual privation is in sight when the obdurate heart of the motor is softened and it begins to whirr, not exactly in tune with the Christmas bells, but certainly in harmony with their intention. The story is a pathetic one, and it is told delicately and well.

Earthquakes, by William Herbert Hobbs. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$2.

The author congratulates us upon the advance that has been made during the last ten years in the study of seismology. He has every right to do so, although we are not sure that a popularization of this science is good for the nerves. He reminds us that we are now equipped as never before for the study of earthquakes, and he suggests that seismology and geology ought to go hand in hand for the elucidation of their mutual problems.

As for the book itself, it is an exhaustive examination of earthquake phenomena from the earliest recorded times. The work shows a minute and conscientious care, with comparative freedom from the scientific dogmatism which has sometimes been too much in evidence. The average man has justification for his suspicion that scientists know very little more than he does himself about earthquake causes, and that their best efforts for some time to come may well be directed to the collection of facts rather than to rearing unstable edifices of theory and conjecture.

Dan Beard's Animal Book, by Dan Beard. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.60.

This fascinating book is not a natural history nor a "so styled nature book." It is simply a book about animals made up from the author's personal notes and sketches made in field and forest. The author wins our esteem by telling his readers that to understand properly the living creatures of the world we must "attribute nothing to instinct," a word that has been invented "not for the purpose of enlightenment but to conceal ignorance."

We must try to believe—surely not hard for the animal lover—that the mind of the brute differs in its development rather than in its nature from that of man.

The author has certainly collected a marvelous number of animal facts and incidents and there does not seem to be one among them that is a strain on credulity. He writes *con amore* and with pleasing simplicity, while the numerous illustrations are creditable in the extreme.

The Outlook for the Average Man, by Albert Shaw. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.25.

The five chapters of this volume consist of material originally used in public addresses to young men. That they should now be more widely available is a matter for congratulation.

Mr. Shaw has a message of reassurance for young men, useful enough at a time when we are overweighted with forebodings of personal bondage and the extinction of opportunity at the hands of capitalistic combinations. Mr. Shaw wishes his readers to believe that the personal equation has all of its old-time value and that efficiency is still, and must always remain, the desired of all beholders, the most substantial and the most real form of personal asset. Efficiency, it is to be feared, has fallen upon evil days and its wane is a greater danger than the political tyrannies of which the exploitation has become a profitable trade. As a means whereby the young man of the age may take heart of grace and go forward, none daring to make him afraid, these helpful and sane addresses may be warmly commended.

The Confessions and Autobiography of Harry Orchard. Published by the McClure Company, New York.

This new and authentic rogue's calendar has now been before the public in one form and another for a long time. Its appearance as a volume will be convenient for those who are inclined to study it critically and as a whole either for the psychological problem furnished by its extraordinary author or as evidence of the extent to which a murderous combination of desperadoes can be carried.

There is no need to comment upon a confession already so well known in its broad outlines, but it is interesting to note the opinion of the Reverend Edwin S. Hinks, who aided largely in its production. Mr. Hinks believes that Orchard's confession was not due primarily to religious conversion, but that it was prompted by physical causes which were gradually merged in a moral change. In other words, Orchard became "religious" because he had confessed. He did not confess because he had become "religious."

Stories and Sketches, by Mary Putnam Jacobi. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

The first of these contributions was published in 1859 and the latest, "Some French Leaders," in 1871, when Mary Putnam decided to devote herself exclusively to medical and research work and to abandon the field of general literature. Her chosen career was brilliant and distinguished, and her decision is, perhaps, hardly a matter for regret, although there can be little doubt that her success in literature would have been no less marked. The present volume contains eight sketches that are all too brief but that none the less constitute a real contribution to American literature.

The Grandissimes, by George W. Cable. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$2.50.

Even those who believe that the creoles of Louisiana were misrepresented—even deliberately—by the author of "The Grandissimes" will rejoice in this sumptuous edition of an American classic, that has lost none of its popularity since it was first published, nearly thirty years ago. It will remain as a model of graceful power and exquisite sentiment.

In the present edition we see the art of the bookmaker at its best. Type and binding are alike splendid, while the illustrations are peculiarly artistic and forcible.

Henry Hudson, His Times and His Voyages, by Edna Mayhew Bacon. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.35 net.

We shall probably never know more than we do now of the great navigator, and this volume makes no claim to be the fruit of new research. But it is a thoroughly well told story, carefully and concisely written and enriched by maps and illustrations.

French Colonists and Exiles in the United States, by J. G. Rosengarten. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

The author has undertaken a piece of useful historical research and he has done it well.

Princess Pocahontas, by Mittie Owen McDavid. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York.

This book is "a simple story of Pocahontas" and is intended to convey that story. The author has done her work well, but "to the minds of the young and those not

familiar with the early history of Virginia," whether "the minds of the young" will be largely advantaged by the story of Pocahontas, whether it is an essential part of modern education, is another matter.

Elisha Franklin Paxton, Memoir and Memorials, by John Gallatin Paxton. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York; \$1.50.

This volume will be a valued addition to the literature of the Civil War. General Lee in his report of September 21, 1863, says: "Brigadier-General Paxton fell while leading his brigade with conspicuous courage in the assault on the enemy's works at Chancellorsville." The self-revelation of these letters is a beautiful and striking feature, coming, as they did, straight from the heart of a soldier and a gentleman.

New Publications.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, have published a handsome edition of "Evangeline," with excellent colored illustrations by Arthur Dixon.

A book fascinating alike to children and their parents is "Fire-Fighters and Their Pets," by Alfred M. Downes, published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

"The Report of the Librarian of Congress and the Report of the Superintendent of the Library Building and Grounds" has been issued from the Government Printing Office at Washington.

"With Fighting Jack Barry," by John T. McIntyre, is a fine story of the Revolutionary War and one that should be read by boys. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago has published a volume of "Stories from French Realists," edited by L. B. Shippe, with vocabulary and notes. Price, 40 cents.

Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, have published a popular introduction to the three volumes of Marx's "Capital" under the title of "Marxian Economics." The author is Ernest Untermann.

"The Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution for the Year Ending June 30, 1906," has been published from the Government Printing Office at Washington.

"For the Best Things," by the Reverend J. R. Miller, D. D., is a pleasant and reasonable preaching of the gospel of dissatisfaction with personal spiritual attainments. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; 65 cents.

Salemanship is reduced to an exact science by Walter D. Moody in his book, "Men Who Sell Things," published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. From his experience of twenty years he has written something that the man on the road can not afford to overlook.

"The Pianolist," by Gustave Kobbe, handles the whole subject of the "piano player" broadly as well as specifically. As a practical work by a versed musical scholar it will be welcomed by the untrained music-lover. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, have published a handsome edition of "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen. There are now 265 volumes in Everyman's Library well selected and covering the widest field. Price, in cloth, 50 cents per volume; in limp leather, \$1.

"The Concentration of Wealth," by Henry Laurens Call, has been published by the Chandler Publishing Company, Boston. This is a paper read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Columbia College, New York, December 27, 1906.

Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, have published a little volume of verse, entitled "You and Some Others," by Agnes Green Foster, with decorations by Will Jenkins. The verse is pleasantly musical, while the book itself is of artistic workmanship. Price, 60 cents.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. have issued a handsome edition of "The Rivals," by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, with an introduction by Professor Brander Matthews. The colored frontispiece and the numerous illustrations are of excellent and artistic workmanship. Price, \$2.50.

"The Romance of an Old-Time Shipmaster" is an interesting collection of letters and journals written by an American sea captain at the beginning of the last century, revealing a remarkable personality and throwing a curious light upon life at sea. Published by the Outing Publishing Company, New York; \$1.25.

The Prairie Classics, published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, now contain four choice volumes for comfortable reading and library decoration. "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "A Tale of Two Cities," and "Oliver Twist" have already made their appearance, while others of a like calibre are in preparation, each in one volume and with colored frontispiece. Price, \$1 each.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Charles M. Skinner, recently a member of the editorial staff of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, and author of several interesting and valuable books of folk-lore and nature-study, died in Proctorsville, Vermont, December 20, aged fifty-five.

Miss Alvide Prydz, the author of "The Heart of the Northern Sea," which has been translated from the fifth Norwegian edition into English, has been called by both Ibsen and Björnson the greatest woman writer in her country. She belongs to an old East German noble family and was born on her father's estate in the south of Norway in 1848. Pecuniary losses made her family give up their estates and move to Christiania. Miss Prydz has three times received public grants of money, which have enabled her to travel in Germany, Austria, France, and Italy. Much of her work has been done at Palermo and on the Riviera, where she enjoys living.

Life, America's unique satirical and humorous journal, has just celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday. The event takes the form of an anniversary number whose cover is ornamented with reductions of many of *Life's* most famous cartoons and sketches.

A two-volume work on "Modern Egypt" by the Earl of Cromer is now in press and will appear early in the new year.

"Seraphica," Justin Huntly McCarthy's new novel, purports to be the story of the Duchess of Bapaume, painted by Watteau in her bridal dress, whose portrait hangs upon the wall of the Louvre. The novelist has taken the painter as a leading character in his story, and depicts Seraphica first as the peasant Columbine, then as the great duchess with the painter Watteau. In a description of Watteau's pictures the author says: "She never tired of admiring those exquisite women, whose delicate voluptuousness was rendered more alluring and more mysterious by their faint yet almost menacing suggestion of a supernatural castity. She delighted in the men, too, so gallant, so foppish, roguish; so spiritual in their effrontery, so whimsical in their desires, so living, so loving, so dream-like, so altogether tragic."

Roger Williams, who established the colony of Rhode Island, was one of the first in this country to use a shorthand system, while John Winthrop, the son of the famous governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony, his wife Martha, and Simon Bradstreet were all adepts at the art.

"Mr. Dooley," who is now writing exclusively for the *American Magazine*, describes Congress in the January number. The cartoons are by John T. McCutcheon.

Edward Frederic Benson, who at the age of twenty-five startled the London world by his satire on a certain smart and intellectual section of society, published under the title of "Dodo," is the third son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. The heroine of his story was said to be a real person whom everybody knew, and one of the chief spirits in founding that esoteric coterie "The Souls," of which one of his near relatives was a shining light. Mr. Benson is described as "alert, witty, a charming talker, and still on the sunny side of forty." He lives in a pretty house in Chelsea, filled with his two hobbies—old Jacobean and Georgian silver and old French and English furniture.

The Russian basso Chaliapine, who is one of the sensations of the Manhattan Opera this season, tells of his going with the Russian novelist Gorky to the same theatre long ago for a position in the chorus. Chaliapine was sent home. Gorky got the position. Chaliapine was a cobbler's apprentice across the street from the bakery where Gorky worked.

Mrs. John Van Vorst is preparing for *Lippincott's Magazine* a new series of papers on Parisian life.

Sir Gilbert Parker in his article on "Fiction and Its Place in the National Life," in a recent number of the *North American Review*, places in interesting juxtaposition the American and English novelists of the time. "In England," he says, "we have George Meredith and Thomas Hardy and Mrs. Humphry Ward; in America there are Mark Twain and W. D. Howells, captains of pure literature of which any nation should be proud—pure literature, whether in relation to the quality of the writing or in the choice of subject and its treatment. They have done their part; and none more nobly and in a more distinguished way than Mr. Howells, who has been a great craftsman, a true and faithful observer of life, and a writer with as urbane and beautiful a style as lives."

F. Marion Crawford has written for the January *Century Magazine* the true story of Beatrice Cenci, which he calls "a great love drama, less noble, but even more human, and surely far more awful than the 'Bride of Lammermoor.'"

Mrs. Henry Fawcett, who has written of "Five Famous French Women," is well known as the author of "Political Economy for Beginners" and as the wife of the third Professor Henry Fawcett, M. P., who was an eminent political economist and rose to be

postmaster-general. The five French women of whom she writes are Joan of Arc, Louise of Savoy and her daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre and mother of Henry IV of France, and Renée of France, Duchess of Ferrara. Of them all Renée is probably most interesting because least known. She gathered round her many famous men and women in Ferrara—Bernardo Tasso, the poet's father, who was her secretary; Clément Marot, the great French poet; Calvin, Rabelais, Vittoria Colonna, and Bernardino Ochino, the Capuchin preacher who became a Geneva reformer. Ercole d'Este, Renée's husband, was the son of Lucrezia Borgia and the Duke of Ferrara.

W. C. Brownell contributes an interesting study of Hawthorne to the January *Scribner's Magazine*. Starting from the premise that "Hawthorne was so exceptional a writer that he has very generally been esteemed a great one," Mr. Brownell proceeds to point out the particular points in which his subject fell short of greatness.

THE BENTZTOWN BARD.

Folger McKinsey's Poems of Home, Love, and Childhood.

Readers of the Baltimore *Sun* have long been familiar with the poems of The Bentztown Bard. When Mr. Folger McKinsey began to write under that name, now some years ago, his poems gravitated upward at once to the higher levels of newspaper verse and from that time onward they have claimed a constantly increasing share of public approval. That Mr. McKinsey has now published a volume of his poems provokes a single regret. The book should have been larger; a more ample selection might have been made from the abundance of dainty fancies that have given a distinction to the page upon which they appeared. The power to please, to invoke composure and tender and truthful sentiment is not a small one, and if the verses that can do this in a measure so unstinted do not rise quite to the lonely heights of great poetry they do not fall far short of it.

The author's heart is, of course, in Baltimore, and very much of his poetic treasure is there, too:

There is a town in the heart of the town
And the valleys that smile and the mountains that frown,
And the shadows that come from a home that I knew,
When the heart was a bloom and the dream was a dew,
And round me wherever I went something smiled
Like the joy of a song on the lips of a child.

But he covers a wide range, and the larger part of what he has written is in the broad, unbounded field of human sympathies. Children especially come into something of their own when Mr. McKinsey writes. Here, for instance, is a quaint little conceit called "The Noise in the Room":

The dear little, queer little noise that you hear
When you lie down to sleep in the twilight, my dear,
Is the quaint little, faint little step of the dream
As she climbs to your bed on the silver moonbeam!
The gray little, fay little shadow you see
When first you look up in the morning to me,
Is the sweet little, fleet little dream on her way
To her home in the clouds for the rest of the day!

Of quite another kind is "The Return of the Magdalene," although its fine humanity gives to it a kinship with everything else from the same pen:

Babylon is beautiful and Babylon is fair,
And I have drunk the poison of the red wine flowing there;
I wear the scarlet garments and I wear the scarlet sin—
Will mother see the scarlet of my bleeding heart within?
Oh, if I knock tomorrow, or if I knock today,
What shall the echoes answer me who come the weary way?

Babylon was wonderful to tempt me with its gleam,
In all the golden glory of a wayward girlhood dream;
The wine was like the morning and the gilded streets were fine,
And many praised my nonchalance, and many poured the wine—
But I have worn the garments of the glitter all in vain;
It's, oh, the little home again, the little home again!

Babylon was magical for tempting of the feet,
When I who as the roses went, so simple and so sweet!

Babylon is burning and my soul is in the flame—
Oh, give me back, ye cities, all ye stole of my good name,
And give me back the roses of the childhood that is dead
For these, the tinsel roses, that have pricked me till I bled.

Babylon was marvelous—but how I flee its gate,
With all the wailing way a wind of echo calling hate!
And I am at the little door and I am fain to knock,
And I am fain to be her child who reared me with her flock!
Oh, mother, mother, hear my cry! I'm fearful to come in,
For scarlet of the cloak I wear and scarlet of my sin!

"Babylon has ruined her—'twas not her fault, I know,"
A mother by the humble hearth made moan in accents low;
"The wine upon her lips was false, the tempters bore her on
To taste the gilded ecstasy, to drink the devil's dawn.
Oh, I have waited long for her, and I shall let her in
With all her scarlet garments on and all her scarlet sin!"

O Babylon, dead Babylon, the wanderer at the door
Grew in that moment beautiful as she had been before!
The sin has fallen from her like a shadow in the light,
A hand of love is round her and her scarlet robe is white—
For she has knocked and entered, and a little child at rest
Is dreaming back her childhood on a sweet old mother-breast!

Equally fine, but animated by a more stirring note, is the poem to "The Ark and the Dove." A couple of stanzas must suffice to show its quality:

"O Captain, my Captain!" the ruddy lookout cried.
"God's glory lies before us who seek the golden tide;
By old Balboa's spirit and by all seamen brave
The rose is in the spring-wind and the wind is on the wave;
I know the wild-grape's odor, and yonder, by my doom,
I spy a golden river and a land of golden bloom!"

"O Captain, my Captain!" the weary helmsman cried,
"I mind me of the storm-wind that rode the ocean-tide;
The Dove put back to Scilly to patch her shattered beam—
Pray now we near the harbors of the tide of golden dream!
By Cortez and DeLeon, 'tis true, praise God, 'tis true,
The shore is off your quarter and the skies of spring are blue!"

Mr. McKinsey must write more. His verses are serviceable to the men and women of today because they unveil the beautiful things that are so close at hand to us all, disclosing the delights of which common days are so full, the treasures of memory, the joys of humble lives, and of humble homes. We need such relief as this from the gaudy and inane verse mongering of the day, which may secure our fugitive plaudits, but which leave no impression upon heart or conscience. When Mr. McKinsey publishes another volume he may repeat the little envoi that accompanies the present one:

From heart to heart, go, little song!
Perhaps some one amid the throng
Will wake responsive to your lay
And dream a brighter dream today.

"A Rose of the Old Régime," by The Bentztown Bard. Published by Doxey Book Shop Company, Baltimore.

Among the reminiscent, critical, and curious notes published concerning the centenary of the birth of Whittier, the following from a correspondent of the New York *Sun* offers some suggestive thoughts:

Longfellow and Whittier are subjects for contrast rather than comparison. They present fewer common characteristics than points of difference. Longfellow's antecedents were bookish, Whittier's were sternly practical. Longfellow was the traveler, Whittier the stay-at-home. Longfellow was university trained, Whittier was self-taught; the one formally educated, the other left to plot and follow his own paths of reading. Longfellow welcomed if he did not seek social intercourse; Whittier lived much by himself. And yet Longfellow touched the masses only intellectually, while Whittier as a reformer was a force in the nobler politics of his day and generation. If Whittier's centennial honors are less heralded than Longfellow's it may yet prove to be that the quieter stream has the greater depth and volume.

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SOME SPECTACULAR BEAUTIES.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Girls, girls, girls! Put on your matinee togs, assemble your bosom friends, lay in a supply of chocolate creams, and haste thee, haste to the New Alcazar Theatre to see Bertram Lytell as Marcus Superbus. He is a picture in scarlet and gold, an epitome of all the manly graces, a dream in cream-color. There are any quantity of splendidly tailored Romans walking around, lovely ladies in classic dress, garlanded courtesans, helmeted soldiers. There are pillared perspectives, Roman interiors; there are streets, palaces, and prisons; but the leading man is the great attraction. He outshines Thais Lawton, pure and lovely as she looks in the virginal white robes of that frigid abstraction, Mercia, the Christian maid. He almost outshines the production, for "The Sign of the Cross" is put on so elaborately as to amount to a most ambitious production.

Wilson Barrett wrote the play with that idea in view, and the story of the wide success of the piece, the interest felt in it by religious theatre-goers, both cleric and lay, and the popular impetus thereby given it, has not yet become ancient history. The actor-author very perceptibly indulged himself, by keeping the young Roman hero, and consequently himself, continually in the centre of the stage. We have cause to be grateful to the author that he has done so, for the prominent part that the handsome young prefect plays in each act and scene gives profitable opportunity to our local favorite.

Not only does Mr. Lytell please by the picturesque appearance he presents, but by the ability with which he acts. He dignifies the pompous, high-sounding lines, and lends warmth and humanness to a character that has a certain statuesqueness of outline. For the play, though undoubtedly an able piece of craftsmanship, is too reminiscent of the illustrations in a history of Rome to be entirely suggestive of individualized people. Marcus Superbus, and Stephanus, the boy, so timid, yet so brave; they are more nearly the living ones in a gallery of pictures.

The others are merely walking abstractions. We could give them characteristic names, as in "Everyman." Nero is Tyranny; Tigellinus, Cruelty; Glabrio is Intemperance; the Lady Berenis, Jealousy; and Mercia is Purity. Each character has but the one quality, and in its own actions illustrates that quality carried to excess. For this reason the appeal made by Mercia is purely of a pictorial nature. Miss Lawton always speaks her lines well, with force and purpose. Her Mercia, in her lily-like vesture looked pure and passionless; a fitting exponent of the army of Christian maidens, who, in a white heat of religious exaltation, marched unfalteringly to a doom which delivered their tender bodies to the beasts of the arena.

Perhaps it is as well the play ends as it does. We would wish better things for the ardent young Roman than success in his wooing of Mercia. His snow bride would make but a chilly armful, and Berenis would have been the more suitable choice. That is to say, Berenis as she was conceived in the mind of the author. But poor Miss Belgarde, in her new rôle of utility actress, was miscast as the Roman beauty enamored of Marcus Superbus. Berenis should be as Roman as an antique statue dug up from Italian soil. She should be a classically lovely, large-eyed lady, her supple body swathed in rich stuffs, and gleaming with jewels; the kind of being that Alma Tadema has pictured for us. But Miss Belgarde, in spite of her Psyche coiffure and classic dress, was a modern of the moderns in figure, speech, and gait.

It was rather hard on the splendid prefect that Mercia's rival was not more alluring. It made his constancy less creditable, when the Lady Berenis, mindful that it is leap year, said, in the Belgardian voice, "Mine is the deep, strong love of a woman who has never loved before."

In spite of Berenis's Psyche knot, her lovely neck, and ravishing pearl necklace, we kept on steadily contemplating Marcus Superbus. But there, there! Marcus should step aside for a while. He has a Charles the Second trick of monopolizing the subject of conversation. There are others. Tigellinus, for instance, who, tall and splendid in his soldier's habiliments, nevertheless affects too much the "straight front" walk of a twentieth century lady to be a very convincing Roman. There is Howard Hickman, handsomely costumed, but lost in the rôle of the servile Iginus; there is Mr. Wesner, who gave us a very credible Nero, and John

Maier, who almost succeeded in making Glabrio, a purely conventional drunkard, amusing. There is Daisy Lovering, who can apparently turn her competent little hand to any task she is put to, and toss it off in first-class style. Her Stephanus in the torture scene, and again during the terror and subsequent self-victory preceding the lad's entrance to the arena, was strongly and effectively acted.

The closing scene is the one which most affects the imagination. We know so well it was all true, and unconsciously imagine ourselves in the place of the devoted Christian band who march, singing, to a bloody death in the sands of the arena. In this prosaic age, I fear we are not able, even in imagination, to emulate the consecration of their suffering bodies to the sacrifice. But when the great gates close, we seem still to see the onward march, over the sunlit sands, ringed with cruel faces. We catch the shine of tigers' eyes, see the avid leap, and then—fortunately, imagination can go no further.

It is, however, altogether impossible to imagine Marcus Superbus suffering the doom he needlessly invokes. Surely Nero would not permit that splendid being to die. The soldiers would have hastened to the rescue when they saw that comely, filleted head—there he is again! I thought we had finished him up. But he has a trick of sticking in the memory.

No leading lady was ever more considered in having her beauty exploited by the culminating glories of her series of costumes than was Marcus Superbus when Wilson Barrett had the designs drawn for the splendid dress of his young hero. The new Alcazar Theatre management has done itself proud, more particularly in costuming the male characters, and Marc—well, never mind. But I repeat, girls, if you want to gaze upon an extremely good-looking young man dressed to kill, in a series of excessively becoming Roman costumes which he wears with ease and grace, then telephone instantly for seats, put on your second-best gloves, and haste to the New Alcazar Theatre.

There is an astonishingly large number of pretty girls in the world. If you doubt it, haunt the theatres in musical comedy time, and you will speedily be convinced. The men are, already. They always rally in enthusiastic groups to see this special brand of dramatic entertainment. On Monday night the green curtain of the Van Ness Theatre had been shifted to the rear of the auditorium. That green curtain is an unerring indicator, and it meant that "Woodland" was drawing a particularly large house. It was the chorus girls that did it, for there are no star comedians in the company.

The chorus girl is popularly considered as the foam and froth that rises to the surface of the dramatic sea; the butterfly floating ephemerally above the dramatic menagerie. There are any number of gay-tinted butterflies floating with winged grace through the colored lights and pearly shades of "Woodland." Some of these human butterflies are so pretty that you want them to cease their eternal gymnastics and allow you to indulge in a good, long, opera-glassed stare. You would like to applaud this one with the witching brunette tints and the sinuous grace, or that one with the open-mouthed prettiness of a lovely child. But the charming butterflies get never an individual clap, but have to divide up the sum total among a very sizable group of beauties.

This must be the obtrusive pea in their silken shoes, the fly in their ointment. Yet they are happy—presumably. How they smile, and smile, and smile. The brilliancy and staying power of those smiles mean a good deal to these industriously fascinating sirens. I have often noticed that, aside from any extra skill in the dance she may possess, the chorus girl selected for some small speaking part is one who smiles most indefatigably and unfadingly, the whole long evening through. Sometimes, of course, it is for especial symmetry; never, apparently, for any particular ability in the delivery of her lines. It is sometimes a shock when one of these entrancing beauties breaks the rhythmical taciturnity in which she passes her stage life, and says something in a half-baked voice, with an underdone accent. We suddenly realize, then, that we had scarcely thought of her as alive. Hitherto, she had been merely a moving picture.

But she can sing, our American chorus girl—collectively, at least—and often most sweetly. The choruses in "Woodland," the piece by Pixley and Luders that has already been familiarized to us during a previous season at the Columbia Theatre, are light, tuneful, and charming, and very prettily sung.

There is quite an important solo voice in the company, in the possession of Mary Quive, a young lady whose singing qualifications outshine her other gifts. Per contra, Hazel Cox, the Prince Eagle of the cast, is a natural blonde whose charms of person far outshine her vocal abilities. Constance Farmer is a pretty little footlight blossom, who dances and sings so witchingly in her duet, "Dainty Little Ingenue," that her male admirers experience sensations similar to those of a hungry urchin tantalized by the sight of a ripe, rosy peach hanging just out of reach. The taste of theatre-goers who affect this kind of theatrical entertainment is scarcely

appeased even by frequent repetitions of these sentimental duets in which a good-looking young man and a more than good-looking young maid dance, flirt, warble, and osculate to the time of some facile and rememberable tune.

Pretty Leila Smith is rather too piquant and mischievous to fit in with the traditional conception of soher Jenny Wren, but nobody quarreled with her for that. There are other pretty or symmetrical women in lesser rôles, and George W. Leslie and Dwight Allen are lively, if not markedly original comedians, and hold up the funny end of the affair very well.

But I think, on the whole, that the great attraction is the chorus, with its preponderance of dainty girettes in ravishing costumes, singing tuneful songs, with an accompaniment of bewildering smiles and idiotic, absolutely inane, but nevertheless fetching attitudes and gestures.

A New Strauss Waltz Opera.

"The Dream Waltz." Oscar Strauss's piece on the lines of "The Merry Widow," seems to be almost, if not quite, as big a hit in Vienna as was Lehár's now famous operetta. It will be produced by George Edwardes and Charles Frohman in conjunction on both sides of the Atlantic, but London is to have it first. "The Dream Waltz" appears fairly certain to be an international success, for the dance melody which is its leit motif is said to run the waltz in the "Widow" extremely close. The plot of the latter piece, moreover, is not less ingenious than that of the earlier one, though some of the situations will need "editing" for Anglo-Saxon audiences. In the first act we have a certain archduchess engaged to a prince, and the scene, which is laid in an anteroom, shows us the couple on their wedding eve, surrounded by their friends, rejoicing in the new union. Suddenly, however, the prince is missed. Tempted by a lively companion, he has slipped off to a big fête.

There he is bewitched by the strains of the "dream waltz," which is being played by a fascinating member of the women's orchestra, and the prince pursues his new charmer. He is sought high and low by his friends, but in the final act he returns to his bride, their happiness being brought about by the fair musician herself, who manages to convince him that the waltz which captivated him was played by his own fiancée. In Vienna they have named it "Balsirenen II." It has made the conquest of Germany and Italy already, not to mention the country of its origin.

Vaudeville Salaries

Ordinarily it is silly to believe that figures don't lie when they purport to give the salaries of actors, but while one side of the vaudeville opposition in the East paid Harry Lauder \$1500 a week, the other side is paying May Irwin the same amount under an engagement lasting three months. In the boom time of Weber & Fields's New York Music Hall, when most of the parquet seats were sold on the sidewalk at \$3 and upwards, and Lillian Russell and De Wolf Hopper got \$1000 a week each, an offer of \$100,000 for two years' continuous service was made to Miss Irwin. Under the circumstances, and taking into account her exceptional and original humor, that proposal wasn't unbusinesslike. Miss Irwin declined it, as she was making a lot of money as a legitimate star, but \$1500 for a week's work aggregating no more than twelve hours in the theatre made her say yes. The usual time limit of fifteen minutes for a monologue is doubled for her. Booth and Jefferson, among the dead, may have averaged \$1500 a week as their share of profits during the season, but it may be doubted if any living American player is doing it, and so the pay of Harry Lauder and May Irwin for little work and no worry at all may be taken as a new record.

Prince Ludwig Menelik of Abyssinia, a nephew of the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, has been living in modest Berlin lodgings since the alleged theft of his money and valuables en route from Paris to Berlin. He says he is looking for an American capitalist who is interested in acquiring possession of his vast domains in northern Abyssinia, aggregating 150,000 acres. He believes they contain incalculable wealth in the form of diamond, gold, and coal mines, to say nothing of forests of rubber trees and cotton plantations. American capital for their development is desired rather than English, French, or German, the prince explains. The prince is about thirty-five years of age, and has the manner of a gentleman. He has traveled in Mexico, Central America, and nearly all the European countries, and graduated from the English college at Cairo, Egypt. He speaks familiarly of his uncle, the Emperor Menelik, as the "old man," whom he describes as patriotic and progressive, but says he lacks the cooperation of similarly enlightened men to work out the ambitious plans he cherishes for Abyssinian regeneration.

Football this season turned into the Yale treasury about twice as much money as the entire freshman class paid for tuition for the fall term. The gross receipts, it is estimated, will be close to \$80,000, with about half of that, or \$40,000, representing the cost of maintenance of the team.

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Whatever else George M. Cohan's art as a playwright may mean, it spells success so invariably that his name attached to a piece is all-sufficient. Of course, the superior one says, they're all alike—dash, and glitter, and froth, and jingle—but somehow there is always something to carry away in the memory from a Cohan show. It may be the clean-cut lines of some absurd figure only, standing out from the hurly-burly, or it may be a single tune, or phrase, even, but there is always a distinctive touch. It may be a tiny bit of sauce for a large and formidable entrée, but it is never absent. "George Washington, Jr.," at the Novelty Theatre this week and next, is no exception to the Cohan rule. It is drawing well and will continue to draw to the end of its engagement. Carter de Haven and Flora Parker, a talented pair who are well known here, are in the leading parts, and they have able support. Jack Raffael is another member of the cast who is remembered by San Francisco theatre-goers, and he, with John A. Boone, presents a number of good comedy situations. The music is of the popular sort, and there is plenty of it.

"The Sign of the Cross" completes its successful run of two weeks at the New Alcazar Theatre next Sunday evening. On Monday night will be given an elaborate scenic production of "Resurrection," adapted from Tolstoy's work of the same title. There are thirty-eight speaking parts in the play, calling for the full strength of the stock company, and an army of auxiliaries. Thais Lawton plays the part of the peasant girl, Katuska Maslova, and Bertram Lytell will be the prince.

"Woodland," reviewed elsewhere in this issue, will go another week at the Van Ness Theatre. It is one of the brightest and most attractive of the extravaganza sort, and its music is already familiar.

At the Orpheum next week, beginning Sunday afternoon, the newcomers will be headed by the Manello-Marnitz troupe of acrobats, four in number, said to be worthy of the high praise given them in Europe and the East. Shean and Warren, comedians, will give a travesty entitled "Quo Vadis Upside Down." Foster and Foster present a musical absurdity, called "The Volunteer Pianist." W. Immans introduces some well-trained dogs. It will be the last week of Mlle. Fougere, Johnstone, the bicycle rider, George Wilson, the minstrel man, and of Gus Edwards's School Boys and Girls.

Frank Daniels in "The Tattooed Man" will open his engagement at the Van Ness Theatre on Monday, January 20.

James T. Powers in the English musical comedy hit, "The Blue Moon," will be the attraction at the Novelty Theatre for two weeks, commencing Monday, January 20.

Manager Greenbaum has engaged the renowned pianist, Josef Hofmann, for three concerts in San Francisco and one in Oakland. They will be given at Christian Science Hall, the dates being Sunday afternoon, January 26, and the following Thursday evening and Sunday afternoon.

Kolb and Dill are at the Studebaker Theatre in Chicago, playing in Judson Brucie's piece, "Lonesome Town."

It is said that Henry Miller is to organize a stock company for San Francisco next summer, and will utilize it in "trying out" several new plays.

E. D. Price, first husband of Fanny Davenport, and at that time an actor of some ability, playing Bill Sikes to her Nancy, died in Omaha a few days ago. Of late years he had given his attention to the management of theatrical companies.

In Los Angeles on Thursday evening, December 26, a new play entitled "Sham," written by Geraldine Bonner and Elmer B. Harris, was produced by Florence Roberts. The play is a comedy-drama of New York society, and it was well received. Especially was the work of Miss Roberts commended by the Los Angeles critics. Editor Clover, of the *Evening News*, compared Miss Roberts with Mrs. Fiske for her earnest, intelligent, and artistic portrayal of the character of Katherine Ripper, in the play a young woman who attempts to keep her place in society without an income. There are other good parts in the comedy, and the bright lines and good-natured satire of the piece, rather than strength of motive or situation, win the favor of those disposed to encourage young playwrights. Miss Roberts deserves much of all friends of the drama, for she has never hesitated to give her time and money to promising efforts.

May Buckley, still remembered here for her oddly impressive rôle in "The First-Born," has a good part in the dramatization of Sir Gilbert Parker's "Right of Way," recently produced in New York.

New York critics commented humorously on the absence of Channing Pollock, the playwright, when his latest effort, a dramatiza-

tion of the Castles' "The Secret Orchard," was brought out at a Broadway theatre. He was found at another playhouse, where he said he had gone "to see a good show." The fact is, his new play had already been seen in Philadelphia and other country towns, and he was not disturbed by any fears of an adverse judgment in New York.

Mrs. Fiske in an Ibsen Play.

Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," a drama of the domestic triangle, with one of the angles a dead woman, was written in 1886, first produced in January, 1887, at Bergen, Norway, and played even in London as early as 1891. But not until Mrs. Fiske showed it last night at the Lyric Theatre (says the critic of the *New York Sun* of December 31) has it ever had an adequate performance in this city, in English, though it was given at the Princess Theatre, in March, 1904, by the Century Players. Nance O'Neill also played it badly in Boston more recently.

Perhaps the chief reason for this delay of twenty years lies in the drama itself. It was written just after Ibsen had made one of his trips to Norway and found the whole nation embittered by long political strife, the Liberals and their opponents reminding him, he said, not of human beings but of cats and dogs. Apparently he was vexed with both sides, for if he satirizes conservatism in the Rector, he no less mercilessly satirizes liberalism both in Peter Mortensgaard and in Rosmer himself, who had no real courage or will to break with the traditions of his house—that grim, gloomy Rosmersholm that gives name to the play.

In Rebecca West, it gives Mrs. Fiske a character to paint with her superb powers of intellectual subtlety and icy emotionalism. That she realized last night in the acting all the possibilities which seem to be in the part in the reading probably her warmest admirers would not assert. For all he chill poise and her murder (for it amounted to that) of Beata, Rebecca West could burn with love and be on fire with intellectual ideals. Mrs. Fiske's Rebecca never burned; she had never been on fire. And for that reason, in spite of such moments as the first cry of joy when Rosmer proposed marriage and the final kiss, her performance was lacking in the one quality that poor Rebecca needs above all others to make her appeal to an audience—sympathy.

Mrs. Fiske had the intellectual poise and calculation, even the tender suggestions of line; and she had splendidly the subtly contemptuous surrender of her will to the Rosmer ideals. But sympathy she did not win; she left a trail of chilliness over the play.

Salvini on "King Lear."

After the actor has conscientiously studied his part, he must rely mostly on his inspiration (says Salvini, the Italian tragedian, in a recent contribution to *Putnam's Monthly*). It took me five years before I felt this inspiration in the part of Lear. Perhaps, after all, my efforts were wrong, as I do not know if I have always been fortunate in securing the approval of my audience.

I admit that five years is rather too long a time to study even such a famous character as Lear, and if we needed always so much as that, the repertoire of an artist would be very limited. But from the very beginning, I was impressed with the truth of my ideas, and the more I thought, the more convinced I was; and I waited patiently for my senses and my nerves to absorb the meaning of the character. Every conscientious artist will agree with me, that not every moment is favorable to find the right shades to paint the picture that the author has so vividly impressed upon his mind; but how many actors are unfortunately obliged to represent a part from which they realize they are omitting all the beauties!

If to the painter a sunset may point out some new ideas for his picture, so for the actor a woman's look, a new form of affection, a visit to an insane asylum, some strange case of mental disorder, a shipwreck, an earthquake, trouble, despair—all these will enlighten him and make him observe, analyze, philosophize. In order to do that we need time, and with time experience and with experience genius.

The new Rio de Janeiro is one of the most beautiful cities in the world, and because of its improved sanitary conditions is no longer scourged with yellow fever. From May to December of 1908 Rio de Janeiro is to have a national Brazilian exposition. At this moment, when there is so much agitation for the deepening of the Mississippi River and its tributaries and the dredging of channels into the principal harbors of the United States, it is interesting to know that, in proportion to population and wealth, the Latin American republics of Brazil, Mexico, the Argentine Republic, Chile, and Uruguay are spending more money for the betterment of harbors and rivers than the United States.

Henrietta Crosman, the actress, who in private life is Henrietta C. Campbell, and Maurice Campbell, her husband, both of 1402 Broadway, have filed petitions in bankruptcy. Her liabilities are \$46,889 and nominal assets \$8574. Maurice Campbell has liabilities \$72,558 and nominal assets \$29,434.

Mrs. Montague's Concert.

The concert to be given by Alice Basnett Montague at Century Club Hall, Franklin and Sutter Streets, next Tuesday evening, January 14, is anticipated with pleasure in musical and society circles. Mrs. Montague has never sung in public in America, but she received flattering notices in both Paris and London when she sang there last year. She will be assisted by Mr. Nathan Landsberger, violinist, Mr. Wallace A. Sabin, organist, and Mr. Frederick Maurer, Jr., accompanist. The sale of seats will begin at the music house of Kohler & Chase, Sutter and Franklin Streets, this (Saturday) morning. The programme is as follows:

"Ombra mai fu" (largo), Handel, violin, organ, piano obligato, Mrs. Montague; (a) Souvenir in D, Drdla, (b) Hungarian Dance, Brahms-Joachim, Mr. Landsberger; (a) "Lucia," old Italian song, (b) "Der Tod und das Mädchen," Schubert, (c) Air from "Lucrezia Borgia," Donizetti, Mrs. Montague; Aria, "Elijah" (organ obligato), Mendelssohn, Mrs. Montague, Mr. Sabin; Spanish Dance No. 8, Sarasate, Mr. Landsberger; (a) "La Cieca," from "La Gioconda," Ponchielli, (b) Aria from "Martha," Flotow, Mrs. Montague.

Ellen Terry hopes before long to appear under her own management in London. She has secured a new play of the Richard III period, romantic in setting, in which she will play the part of the heroine, while her husband, James Carew, will be the mediæval hero.

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Byron

Hot Springs

The waters cure rheumatism—the environment is perfect—the hotel comfortable and supplied with an unexcelled table. See Southern Pacific Information Bureau, ground floor, James Flood Building; Peck-Judah Co., 789 Market St., or address hotel.

91st

Half-Yearly Report

OF THE

San Francisco Savings Union

LOCATED AT

Northwest Corner of California and Montgomery Streets

Pending Erection of New Building at Grant Avenue and O'Farrell Street

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C. O. G. Miller.....Vice-President

Wakefield Baker

Jacob Barth

F. H. Beaver

H. C. Breden

Wm. A. Magee

John F. Merrill

Lovell White.....Cashier and Secretary

R. M. Welch.....Assistant Cashier

Capital wholly paid in.....\$1,000,000.00

Surplus.....1,168,281.45

\$2,168,281.45

Sworn statement of the condition and value of its Assets and Liabilities on December 31, 1907.

ASSETS

Loans secured by first lien on real estate wholly within the State of California.....\$16,557,338.85

Loans secured by pledge and hypothecation of approved bonds and stocks.....991,832.71

Bonds of the municipalities and school districts of the State of California, the value of which is.....1,088,442.00

Railroad bonds and bonds and stocks of local corporations, the value of which is.....9,134,536.00

Bank premises.....150,000.00

Other Real Estate in the State of California.....290,446.13

Furniture and Fixtures.....2,000.00

Cash in Vault and in Bank.....1,731,762.75

Total.....\$29,946,358.44

LIABILITIES

Due Depositors.....\$27,711,351.39

Capital paid up.....1,000,000.00

Reserve and Contingent Funds.....1,168,281.45

General Tax Account, Balance Undisbursed.....66,725.60

Total.....\$29,946,358.44

(Signed) E. B. POND, President.

(Signed) LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

State of California,

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

We do solemnly swear that we have (and each of us) a personal knowledge of the matters contained in the foregoing report, and that every allegation, statement, matter and thing therein contained is true, to the best of our knowledge and belief.

(Signed) E. B. POND.

(Signed) LOVELL WHITE.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3d day of January, 1908.

(Signed) FRANK L. OWEN.

(Seal) Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

VANITY FAIR.

Of course, a husband is responsible for his wife's debts within certain limits. No properly trained husband would think for a moment of disputing a fact so obvious nor even of inquiring what those limits are, but sometimes the barriers of marital propriety are broken down by divorce suits, incompatibilities, and such like incidentals to glorious civilization, and then legal definitions of "necessities" must be sought and found. An illustration has just occurred in New York, where a prominent society woman, who is under a momentary domestic shadow, has been sued by her milliner for a trifle of a thousand dollars expended upon hats during the course of a single year. The lady adroitly transfers the obligation to her husband on the ground that hats are a necessity, and a long-suffering court must determine by whom the bill is to be paid.

There is no doubt that hats are necessary, not, of course, for the mere vulgar purpose of covering the head, but as an indication of the social status of the wearer. But is it necessary to spend a thousand dollars upon this one item in the course of a single year? The lady says yes, and she ought to know. The husband, with the hardihood born of misfortune, says no. It is fairly safe to predict that the unlucky man will have to pay. Courts are notoriously susceptible to feminine charms, and the idea of compelling a lady to pay for her own hats while she has a husband who was created by Providence for that express purpose is not one that can be entertained by a legal system that may have its faults but that is never ungallant.

The opinion of Mr. Marcel Prevost has been quoted in connection with this interesting and important case. Mr. Prevost holds that hats have now taken the position of horses and carriages as an indication of rank, and we may presume that he was referring to their size. No one can question that an indication of rank is a legal "necessity." If this is not a necessity to our society ladies, then neither is life itself, and the erring husband had better realize this fact and make terms before costs are added to the hat bill. Mr. Prevost goes on to say that precedents are of no value in the matter of hats. Last century, he tells us, \$5 was an extravagant price for a hat, while last year \$120 was a fair figure. This year the tariff has soared to \$200, while with a certain fendish malignancy he adds that in a few years' time it will be twice \$200. So there is still something to live for.

Mrs. Richard Le Gallienne, by the way, is the latest deserter from other fields into the domain of the milliner. Mrs. Le Gallienne now makes hats instead of literature, in response to the demands of a degenerated market which pays the author in cents and the milliner in dollars. But she brings all the resources of her art to her new industry. She says "the common mistake of the milliner is to make an absolute god of fashion." The round peg must be forced inexorably into the square hole if the square hole happens to be fashionable. American, English, and French are all distinct types, and the face itself must be studied if the hat is to be appropriate. "The American woman resembles the French in being able to cap herself with a construction of wavy and twisted lines that would look ridiculous on the head of an English beauty destined by a bountiful nature to wear a Gainsborough or a Reynolds hat."

protection of Almack's it divided society into two camps, those who were charmed by opportunities not previously available and those who resented it as an unwarranted breach of decorum. Lampoons made their appearance and in those days lampoons had a force and an efficacy that they have never enjoyed since.

What! the girl of my heart by another embrace'd? What! the balm of her lips shall another man taste? What! touch'd in the twist by another man's knee? What! panting recline on another than me?

There were other lampoons still less quotable, but the waltz had come to stay, although a vigorous opposition still gave zest to the new dance. Those familiar with English literature will recall the horror of "Horace Hornem" at his first introduction to the waltz, when he saw 'poor dear Mrs. Hornem with her arms half round the loins of a huge hussar-looking gentleman, and his, to say truth, rather more than half round her waist, turning round and round; and round, to a d—d see-saw, up-and-down sort of tune that reminded him of the "Black Joke," only more 'affettuoso,' till it made him quite giddy wondering whether they were not so."

Byron, from whom some appreciation of the waltz might well have been expected, used toward it, nevertheless, a tone that was not that of respect:

Imperial Waltz! imported from the Rhine
(Famed for the growth of pedigrees and wine),
Long be thine import from all duty free,
And Hock itself less esteemed than thee;
In some few qualities alike—for Hock
Improves our cellar—thou our living stock.
The head to Hock belongs—thy subtler art
Intoxicates alone the heedless heart:
Through the full veins thy gentler poison swims,
And wakes to wantonness the willing limbs.

But no one knew better than Byron that the waltz had found a perpetual home in the Anglo-Saxon race. It was to come easily first in the popular esteem and to take precedence over all other dances: Endearing Waltz! to thy more subtle tune
Flow Irish jig, and ancient rigadon
Scotch reels avant! and country dance forego
Your future claim to each fantastic toe.

John Foster Fraser, in his book, "America at Work," introduces us to a form of feminine dissipation of which, in our innocence, we were unaware. Speaking of the C. O. D. method of shopping and of the way in which it appeals to the woman with the slender purse, he says:

If she has no dollars, that does not deprive her of the pleasure of shopping. She will walk into a big store, look over a dozen gowns, and try on several before deciding. Then she will get a C. O. D. card, and, visiting other departments, will buy a hat, rich underwear, and a parasol. She will give a fine order.

When the goods are delivered at the address she mentioned, it is found there is no such person as Mrs. Walker. True, she has put the store to a lot of trouble. Yet think of the morning of womanly delight she has had in her shopping!

Imagine the dehauch of the woman who is thus able to feel that she has untold wealth at her disposal with which to gratify every whim. It is true that she will never own one of the things that she thus selects, but the delight is in the selection far more than in the possession. Pascal says somewhere that the great delights of life are in the pursuit rather than in the capture. The sport ends when

the fox is finally caught and there is nothing more to do than to go home and nurse our bruises. No mere man can understand the delights of shopping, of selecting, pricing, and trying on. That all these fascinations should be possible without the expenditure of a cent is due to the admirable C. O. D. system, which must surely entail a loss to the shopkeeper, although there must be corresponding advantages or it would not be continued.

Mr. Fraser tells his readers that, at some of the great New York stores the art of selling has been brought to final perfection:

There is a ladies' waiting-room fitted up in empire style. For purchasers of men and women's clothing there are private fitting-rooms in abundance.

When a young couple fancy a suite, the suite is arranged in a room, so that they may get an idea of how the furniture will look—much more attractive than when it is standing higgledy-piggledy among a mass of other furniture.

In a corner is a dairy, and butter is made while you wait. At several places men give lectures on how to prepare special dishes.

There is a restaurant like the grill-room of the Trocadero. A doctor is kept on the premises.

In some stores there are nurseries where children can be left, and in one case there is an artificial sand beach where children can play. This is certainly shopping de luxe, and under such conditions there can be no possible excuse for not spending money.

The New York World has interviewed a boarding-house keeper on a large scale as to the respective advantages of men and girls as servants. The lady in question votes early and often for the men. She says they have their limitations, being human, but the advan-

tages are so great as to put discussion out of the question:

"They're much superior to women. They never wear my hats on their day off nor try on my dresses. Neither do they entertain policemen in the kitchen. Of course, George, the parlor maid, doesn't do very well on dusting the bric-a-brac, but he's a perfect jewel about not flirting with the men boarders, and he doesn't waste hours prinking up his pompadour in the looking glasses."

"I have only men to do all the work in my seventeen boarding-houses, and the servant question seems as easy to me as one of Joe Miller's puzzles with the answer attached. Men have their limitations in certain ways as hired girls, but their advantages outweigh them entirely."

"They do not talk back nor forward, they do not quarrel, and the grocer boy can take an order for a pound of Oolong in less than four hours' conversation. They can work cheaper, as they do not have to dress to keep up with the fashion of the block, and they are not afraid to wear out the broom. Oh, there are lots of reasons and plenty of men to do it. I had eighteen applicants this morning."

We hear so much nowadays about the displacement of men by the so-called fair sex that it is a relief to find that in some respects the inferior sex is not only holding its own but actually gaining upon the enemy. But perhaps if the lady in question were to adopt the same attitude toward her men servants that ladies in general assume to their maids, she might find that they also would "talk back and forward," whatever that inelegant phrase may be taken to mean.

Customer (looking over his bill)—You have made two mistakes in this bill, once in your favor and once in mine. Waiter—In your favor? Where?—Lustige Blätter.

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FURNITURE

Exclusive lines for Parlor, Library, Living Room, Dining-Room, Bedroom, Hall, Summer Homes and Offices.

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"SLOANE QUALITY" CONSIDERED

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Van Ness and Sutter

An historian of social frivolities, writing in the London *Chronicle*, enlightens us upon the introduction of the waltz into polite society. It seems that the waltz made its first appearance at Almack's Club in 1813, although it had been introduced experimentally and unsuccessfully some twenty years earlier. Almack's at that time was everything that an exclusive club could be. Membership at Almack's was the giddy summit of the social ladder. There was no higher point to which aspiration could climb, and that the fences were kept in good repair is sufficiently proved by the fact that its managing committee was formed exclusively of ladies, who kept tireless watch and ward against the encroachments of the unworthy. The Almack Club was strong enough to turn away the Duke of Wellington because he approached the sacred precincts wearing trousers instead of knee breeches, and surely courage could not go much farther than that.

As has been said, the waltz was not welcomed when it first appeared in England and it made its exit forthwith. The *Times* of February 19, 1796, says:

The balls at Southampton are exceedingly lively and well attended. The young ladies are particularly favorable to a German dance called the volse; for squeezing, hugging, &c., it is excellent, and more than one lady has fainted in the middle of it.

Whether the ladies fainted from emotion or from an excess of "squeezing, hugging, &c.," the report says not, nor is there any indication of the terrible doings suggested by the eloquent "etc.," which, perhaps, are best left veiled; but the waltz disappeared for the time, perhaps that the ladies might have leisure to get more robust. In 1813 we find it at Almack's, and with such a sponsor it had come to stay. Upon its first appearance there it was danced by Mme. de Lieven and Lord Palmerston, and Princess Esterhazy and Baron de Neumann, and in spite of the august



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with Library and Cafe
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A woman suffrage lecturer, according to the Boston Globe, recently brought down the house with the following argument: "I have no vote, but my groom has. I have a great respect for that man in the stables, but I am sure if I were to go to him and say, 'John, will you exercise the franchise?' he would reply, 'Please, mum, which horse be that?'"

A good ocean was once meandering along the docks on Sunday, and, noticing a crowd of boys fishing, he commenced to reprove them for breaking the Sabbath. In the middle of his harangue he stopped suddenly to ejaculate: "Look out, bub, you've got a bite." to a small boy whose attention had been distracted from his line. Human nature was too strong for him.

An old country gentleman returning home rather late, discovering a yokel with a lantern under his kitchen window, who, when asked his business there, stated he had only come a-courting. "Come a what?" said the irate gentleman. "A-courting, sir. I've courted Mary." "It's a lie! What do you want a lantern for? I never used one when I was a young man." "No, sir?" was the yokel's reply; "I didn't think yer 'ad, judging by the missis."

Charles R. Thorne used to tell the following story: "During a very bad performance of 'Hamlet' by a barn-storming party in one of the interior towns of New York State, the audience in its entirety commenced to hiss with the exception of one man. At last the man next to him said: 'Why don't you hiss this tart show?' 'It wouldn't hardly be fair,' he said, 'as I came in on a complimentary; but if they don't do better pretty soon, I—d—d if I don't go out and buy a ticket and join you.'"

An English lord who visited Scotland was at a dinner given in his honor at a private residence. A little daughter of his host, who was too well bred to stare, but who eyed him covertly as the occasion presented itself, finally ventured to remark: "And you are really and truly an English lord?" "Yes," he answered, pleasantly, "really and truly." "I have often thought I would like to see an English lord," she went on, "and—"

At about 3 o'clock one morning, according to Toby, M. P. T. P. O'Connor was sitting in the House of Commons to twelve or fifteen members lying about in various stages of drowsiness. Sir Patrick O'Brien was among them, and now and then rescuing himself with a start from falling asleep, audibly engaged in conversation. "I protest against this disorderly conduct," exclaimed Mr. O'Connor, at length; "the honorable baronet is constantly interrupting me." "Sir," replied Sir Patrick, with a graceful bow, "the honorable gentleman misinterprets my motive. I interrupted, it is true. But it was with the intention of waking the honorable gentleman's audience."

After the battle of Chickamauga, a "Johnny" went about the streets of New Orleans accosting every man who wore the blue with "Didn't Stonewall Jackson give you h—I at Chickamauga?" General Butler called the exultant rebel before him, and told him he could either take the oath of allegiance or go to Ship Island for two years. Johnny deliberated, but finally agreed to take the oath. When he had sworn to support the Constitution, he turned to General Butler and exclaimed: "Now we are both loyal citizens, ain't we, general?" "Well, I trust so," said General Butler. "Then," said Johnny, "I want to ask you if Stonewall Jackson didn't give you h—I at Chickamauga?"

A preacher in southern Missouri, after sending his hat around among the brethren and vainly urging them to contribute, clasped his hands, raised his eyes, and said: "Lord, this is the toughest crowd I have ever found. I have preached in the Black Jack neighborhood, and have ridden the Red Range circuit, but this congregation occupies a place a little further removed from the giving spout than any people I ever saw. Amen." Then, turning to the sexton, he said: "I've two gallons of old whisky stored away not far from here. As I don't use liquor myself, I am going to give it to some worthy man. Carry the hat around once more." The hat came back full of silver. The preacher went into the woods to look for the whisky. Up to a few hours ago he had not returned.

It happened on a Pullman car between New York and Chicago. Diller having been finished, the gentleman assembled in the smoking-room to enjoy their cigars. "During the time I was in the war," said the quiet man, "I saw a very wonderful thing in the line of surgical operations. A friend of mine was shot through the right breast, the bullet passing clear through him. The presence of mind of his companion undoubtedly saved his

life. He wrapped his handkerchief around the ramrod of his gun, and, pushing it through the path made by the bullet, cleared the wound of all poisonous lead. I know it is hard to believe, but, gentlemen, the man still lives to tell the tale." "Which man?" inquired the slim passenger on the other seat, quietly. "The wounded one, of course?" exclaimed the old soldier, scornfully. "Oh, I beg your pardon; I thought it might be the other."

A wet and witty Scotch barrister one Saturday encountered an equally bacchanalian judicial friend in the course of a walk to Leith. Remembering that he had a good leg of mutton roasting for dinner, he invited his friend to accompany him home, and they accordingly dined together. After dinner was over, wine and cards commenced; and as the two friends were alike fond of each of these recreations, neither ever thought of reminding the other of the advance of time till the next day, as it happened, about a quarter before 11 o'clock. The judge then rising to depart, the host walked behind him to the outer door, with a candle in each hand, by way of showing him out. "Tak' care, my lord, tak' care," cried the kind host, most anxiously holding the candles out of the door into the sunny street, along which the people were pouring to church, "tak' care; there's two steps."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Successful Surgery.

"Sammy's swallowed a hook!
Doctor, get it out quick!"
Surgeon Cutts went to work
Like the very Old Nick.
"Quite successful," Cutts said
With victorious look,
"Sammy's feeling cut up,
But I've rescued the hook."
—L. J. Bridgman.

Loss and Ge.

A gallant young swg. from Me.
Once caused his beloved much pe.
When he walked off one day
With her wooden leg, "Pray,
Excuse me, I thought 'twas a ce."
—Harvard Lampoon.

Never Again.

It was a pitiful mistake,
An error sad and grim.
I waited for the railway train;
The light was low and dim.

It came at last, and from the car
There stepped a dainty dame,
And, looking up and down the place,
She straight unto me came.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, "oh, dear old Jack!"
And kissed me as she spake;
Then looked again, and frightened, cried,
"Oh, what a bad mistake!"

I said, "Forgive me, maiden fair,
For I am not your Jack;
And as regards the kiss you gave,
I'll straightway give it back."

And since that night I've often stood
Upon that platform dim,
But only once in man's whole life
Do such things come to him.
—The Traveler.

To the Influenza Germ.

By the shivering fits which chill us,
By the feverish heats which grill us,
By the pains acute which fill us,
By the aches which maul and mill us,
By the quacks who draught and pill us,
By the hydropaths who swell us,
By the allopaths who bill us,
By the nervous fears which kill us,
Tell us, tell us, wee Bacillus,
What, and why, and whence you are!

Say, are you a germ atomic?
Have you uses economic?
Are you truly miasmatic?
Are you solid or lymphatic?
Frankly, is your cause zymotic?
Are you native or exotic?
When your business is transacted
Is your stay to be protracted?
And do you intend, Bacillus,
To return again and kill us?
Do make answer, if you please!

Tell us briefly, tiny mystery,
What's your source and what's your history;
Clear the clouds of obfuscation
That surround your incubation!
Furnish, without more obstruction,
Your belated introduction?
Let us know your why and wherefore,
What it is you're in the air for.
And meanwhile, O wee Bacillus,
Since with morbid dread you fill us,
Prithee, take your leave at once!
—London World.

Of Edmund About it is said that to those who saw him for the first time he seemed to be an intellectual millionaire, but his pockets were full of 50-centime pieces. He once wrote in a feuilleton that Alboni's singing (she was fat) was "like a nightingale piping out of a lump of suet." The indignant prima donna sent him a goose-quill by the hands of a marquis. About received the pen with his most charming smile, and said: "I regret, sir, that Mme. Alboni should have plucked you for my sake."

A. Hirschman.

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4% Interest Per Annum

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The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital\$1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash. 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 29, 1907. 38,156,931.28
OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; First Vice-
President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-Presi-
dent, Emil Rohde; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt;
Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Sec-
retary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A.
H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells, General At-
torneys.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—N. Ohlandt, Daniel
Meyer, Emil Rohde, Ign. Steinhart, I. N.
Walter, J. W. Van Bergen, F. Tillmann, Jr.,
E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

United States Post Office Money Orders and Government Bonds

Are bought largely for safety. Building and
Loan Association stock is bought for the same
reason—SAFETY—and also because it pays a
higher rate of interest. The Continental Build-
ing and Loan Association pays 6 per cent net
per annum, payable semi-annually.

WASINGTON DODGE, Pres.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Sec.
Market and Church Sts., San Francisco, Cal.

THE UNIVERSITY SAVINGS BANK

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

Savings and household checking accounts
invited. Interest on deposits
DIRECTORS—Geo. P. Baxter, President; J.
W. Richards, Vice-President; Benjamin Bangs,
Vice-President; Louis Titus, Dr. Thos. Addi-
son, A. G. Freeman, Duncan McDuffie, Perry
T. Tompkins, F. L. Lipman, W. J. Hotchkiss,
P. H. Atkinson, Cashier.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Company

Established 1850 OF HARTFORD

Total Assets\$5,721,433.00
Surplus to Policy-Holders..... 2,282,186.00

BENJAMIN J. SMITH

Manager Pacific Department

518 CALIFORNIA STREET

San Francisco

DIVIDEND NOTICES

MECHANICS' SAVING BANK, 143 MONT-
gomery Street, corner Bush. For the half year
ending December 31, 1907, a dividend has been
declared on all savings deposits, free of taxes
at the rate of three and three-fourths (3 3/4) per
cent per annum, payable on and after Thursday,
January 2, 1908. Dividends not called for are
added to and bear the same rate of interest as
principal from January 1, 1908.

JNO. U. CALKINS, Cashier.

THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101
Montgomery St., corner Sutter, has declared a
dividend for the term ending December 31, 1907,
at the rate of three and eight-tenths (3 8/10)
per cent per annum on all deposits, free of
taxes, and payable on and after Thursday, Janu-
ary 2, 1908. Dividends not called for are
added to and bear the same rate of interest as
principal.

EDWARD BONNELL, Cashier.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 646 MARKET
Street. For the half year ending December 31,
1907 a dividend has been declared on all sav-
ings deposits at the rate of three and eight-tenths
(3 8/10) per cent per annum, free of taxes, pay-
able on and after Thursday, January 2, 1908.
Dividends not called for are added to and bear
the same rate of interest as the principal from
January 1, 1908.

W. E. PALMER, Cashier.

December 26, 1907.

The Anglo-Californian Bank, Ltd.

Established 1873

Head Office—London
Main Office—Pine and Sansome Streets, San
Francisco

Branches—1030 Van Ness Avenue, 2049 Mis-

sion Street, San Francisco

Managers: I. Steinhart, P. N. Lilienthal

Capital paid in.....\$1,500,000

Surplus and undivided profits..... 1,362,895

A General Banking Business Conducted.

Accounts of Corporations, Firms, and Indi-

viduals

Safe Deposit Vaults at Van Ness Avenue

and Mission Street Branches.

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

TORONTO

U. S. Assets.....\$2,493,154

Surplus..... 483,989

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT

1004 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE

SAN FRANCISCO

J. J. KENNY, Manager

W. L. W. MILLER, Assistant Manager

E. P. BARRETT, Member S. F. Stock and

Exchange Board.

H. ZADIG, Member Merchants' Exchange.

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Zadig & Co.

Stock Brokers

324 Bush Street San Francisco

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San Francisco with Goldfield.



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San Francisco, Cal.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Of a surprising gaiety has the past fortnight been and affairs both formal and informal have filled the social calendar. Bridge parties galore have taken place, and for the first time this winter this game has had the customary attention bestowed upon it. There are several dances in immediate prospect and the outlook for the society folk is a busy one.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edna Dickens, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Edmund F. Dickens, to Mr. Alonzo W. Follansbee, Jr. Their wedding will be an event of the spring.

The wedding of Miss Jessie Fox, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Moylan Fox, to Mr. Edson Adams, will be celebrated on Thursday evening, January 16, at St. Paul's Church, Oakland.

Mrs. William Mintzer will be informally at home on Wednesdays in January.

Mrs. John P. Young will be at home on first Thursdays of every month at her residence, No. 81 Commonwealth Avenue.

Miss Marian Miller will be the hostess at a tea on Thursday, January 16, in honor of Miss Dolly MacGavin.

General and Mrs. Frederick Funston received informally on New Year's Day at their home at Fort Mason.

Colonel and Mrs. John A. Lundeen kept open house at their quarters at the Presidio on New Year's Day.

Mrs. E. W. McKinstry and Miss Laura McKinstry entertained at an informal tea on Monday of last week in honor of Mrs. Leonard Wood.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale and Miss Bertha Sidney Smith were informally at home on New Year's Day.

Miss Leila Dickens entertained at an informal tea on Thursday of last week in honor of Mrs. Alexander McCracken.

Mrs. T. Carey Friedlander was the hostess at a tea on Friday afternoon of last week in honor of Miss Dolly MacGavin.

Mrs. Frank Anderson was the hostess at an informal dance at her home at Mare Island on New Year's Eve.

Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock entertained at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week, at San Rafael home, in honor of Bishop da Silva.

Miss Elizabeth Livermore entertained at a dinner at the Claremont Country Club on New Year's night, her guests, numbering fourteen, afterwards attending the Country Club dance.

Mrs. William A. Brewer was the hostess recently at a luncheon at her home in San Mateo, at which she entertained ten guests.

Miss Phelan was the hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday last at her home on California Street.

Lieutenant Van Auker, U. S. N., was the host at a luncheon on board the *St. Louis* at Mare Island on Sunday last.

Miss Dorothy Baker was the hostess at a luncheon on Friday of last week at the home of her mother, Mrs. L. L. Baker, on Broadway, at which she entertained fourteen guests.

Mrs. James Jordan was the hostess at a luncheon at the Fairmont on Thursday of last week in honor of Mrs. E. Walton Hedges. Fourteen guests were present.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard was the hostess at a bridge party on Tuesday afternoon last at her home on Broadway in honor of Mrs. Peter Martin. About sixty guests were present.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Samuel Graham enter-

tained at a card party on New Year's Eve at their home at Mare Island, in honor of Mrs. Henry Ware Lyon.

Mrs. Alfred Tubbs was the hostess at a bridge party on Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Sara Drum was the hostess at a bridge party yesterday (Friday) afternoon at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall entertained the members of a bridge club at her home on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Richard Tobin was the host at a musicale on Sunday afternoon last at his home in San Mateo.

Miss Dolly Cushing was the hostess at a house party over New Year's Day at the home of her parents, Mrs. and Mrs. Sidney Cushing, in San Rafael.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs arrived on Sunday evening from New York and is a guest at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin spent New Year's at Burlingame as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan.

Mr. William H. Crocker will return early this month from New York, where he has been for several weeks past, and will spend the rest of the winter here. Mrs. Crocker has taken a house in New York for the season and will be joined there in the spring by Mr. Crocker for a brief stay.

Miss Linda Cadwallader is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. David R. C. Brown (formerly Miss Ruth McNutt) at the home of the latter in Washington, D. C.

Miss Virginia Jolliffe was a guest at the Burlingame home of Mrs. Henry T. Scott for New Year.

Mr. Ward Barron will leave shortly for an Eastern trip.

Miss Genevieve King and Miss Hazel King went last week to Santa Barbara for a visit.

Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Walter Magee, Miss Ethel Dean, and Miss Carrie Mills, who spent the Christmas holidays at the Dean ranch in Nevada, arrived here last week for a stay at the Fairmont, before going to Santa Barbara to join Mrs. Wenban and Mrs. Shaw.

Miss Gertrude Jolliffe has been the guest of Miss Jennie Crocker at San Mateo recently. Miss Cora Smedberg has returned from a visit to her sister, Mrs. McIvor, at the Presidio of Monterey.

Paymaster and Mrs. J. R. Stanton (formerly Miss Lena Maynard) are spending the winter in Southern California, and are at present at Hotel del Coronado.

Doctor and Mrs. Harry Kiersted have arrived from the East, where they have spent Doctor Kiersted's leave, and are the guests of Mrs. Kiersted's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean, at the home of the latter on Walnut Street. They will go in a day or two to the Presidio of Monterey, where Doctor Kiersted will be stationed.

Major and Mrs. Charles McKinstry spent New Year at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Chenery have returned from a visit to Del Monte.

Miss Olga Sutro has returned from a two years' stay abroad and will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. Samuel Schwartz.

Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, whose crusade against unnecessary noise in New York has made her famous, has just returned from abroad, where she has been studying the noise subject in the great capitals. She says Paris is worse than London in this regard, and finds it the noisiest city she ever dreamed of. New York is a dream of quiet bliss compared with it. All the cities in Europe manage to make more din in a day than New York does in two. But Paris! Its noise never ceases. Mrs. Rice says she took tabs on it and found an incessant racket from early morning until late at night. One of the noise makers is the bicycle, which still prevails in Paris. It has an automatic bell which never stops ringing, and another prodigious racket is made by the ash cart outfit. Each cart has a crew of at least five men. Instead of one man calling to the horse to stop or go on, all shout at him, and they yell as loud as their lusty lungs allow. Then they hurl the metal ash can into the wagon, making a horrible clatter, and toss it out again on to the stone pavement. Mrs. Rice has also fifty-seven other varieties of noise that keep Paris in an uproar. When New York's din proves too distressing she can think of them and be consoled, but that is not her idea; she means to continue her crusade there, despite Paris and London's assortment of nerve destroyers.

The death of Paquin, the Paris dress designer, recalls his dictum: "The chief components of true beauty in the female form are unity and variety. Beauty demands the coexistence of these attributes, the former for the satisfaction of sensibility and the latter for the satisfaction of intelligence. There is one thing we dressmakers seek more than all else in a perfect figure for woman, and that is line." Paquin's real name was Isidore Jacob. His nationality was the cause of a stormy debate in the chamber when the Cross of the Legion of Honor was conferred upon him at the time the anti-Semite fever was at its height.

The Kubelik Concerts.

The musical season of 1908 will be ushered in by the concerts of the wonderful violinist, Jan Kubelik, whose playing is attracting more attention than ever, and the success of this, his third tour, eclipses anything ever before heard of in this country. Daniel Frohman, his manager, is delighted with the notices his star is receiving, and the financial returns are far greater than was anticipated.

The first Kubelik concert will take place next Thursday night, January 16, at Dreamland Rink, on Steiner Street just below Sutter, and the following programme will be given: Concerto in a major, by Christian Sinding (first time in this city); "Adagio" by Spohr; "Scherzo," by Tschaiakowsky; "Poem," by Fibich (first time in this city); "Sextette" from "Lucia," for violin alone, arranged by St. Lubin, and Paganini's brilliant "Fantasia."

Miss Berthe Roy, the piano soloist, will play Chopin's "Andante," the h minor "Scherzo" by the same composer, Schumann's "Chanson Triste," and Saint-Saëns's "Valse Caprice."

At the Sunday afternoon concert, which will take place at the Van Ness Theatre, an entirely different programme will be given, including Spohr's famous concerto, "Gesang-scene," Herr Ludwig Schwab, who has toured with Kubelik since his debut, will be the accompanist.

On Tuesday evening, January 21, Kubelik will play at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland. The box offices for the San Francisco concerts open this (Saturday) morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s stores, Van Ness Avenue, above California, and Sutter and Kearny Streets, and at Roncovieri's, on Fillmore Street, just above Eddy.

The ducal house of Leicester had a servitor in the family who seemed to take great pride in a pair of breeches sadly needing repairs aft. On all state occasions he would appear in these disreputable garments, much to the scandal of the court. One day King George IV visited the Leicester house, and sure enough Mopson, the butler, was on hand in his notorious breeches, conspicuous with the roof blown off their gable end. The king himself observed him, and exclaimed: "Why don't this man put patches on his leathers?" "I would die first, your majesty," cried humble Mopson; "your majesty once did me the honor to kick me there, and to my dying day will I not cover your majesty's great condescension." "Well, well," said King George, touched by this evidence of loyalty, "out of courtesy to the ladies, my good man, put patches on, and come to me and I will kick you again."

Annie Yeamans, who is said to be the oldest actress on the American stage, has just been engaged by Joseph Brooks and A. W. Dingwall to play one of the principal rôles in "Peggy Machree," the new Irish romantic play, in which Denis O'Sullivan will star this season.

Buy "The Other Me" and "Open Sesame," unfolding mind power. At Robertson's, 1539 Van Ness Avenue; 25 and 50 cents.

8

In the multitude of noisy, hustling, eat-and-run restaurants there seemed room for a place combining dainty and efficient service with quiet, leisurely surroundings, hence

Ye Tea Cup Inne

1427 Bush Street, below Van Ness (upstairs)

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Grocers and Druggists sell it.

Our interest does not cease with a sale. We request our patrons to come in at any time and have their glasses re-adjusted.

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Opticians.

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EUROPEAN PLAN

Rates: Single, \$2.50, \$3, \$4, \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8; Suites, \$10, \$12, \$14, \$16, \$18, \$20.

Every Room with Bath.

Music a feature at dinner and in the foyer evenings.

Address: FAIRMONT HOTEL.

Hotel St. Francis

The convenience of Union Square no less than the restful, low-keyed, luminous color feeling of the Cafe, has appealed strongly to the man of affairs who is also an epicure.

Under the management of James Woods



THE NEW HOTEL VENDOME, San Jose

Thoroughly rebuilt and refurbished. Unexcelled cuisine, every modern convenience, charmingly located in beautiful park. Swimming pool, bowling alleys, tennis courts, and sample rooms for commercial men downtown. A delightful place to spend the summer. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL VENDOME COMPANY.



Hotel del Coronado

Motto: "BEST OF EVERYTHING"

Most Delightful Climate on Earth

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Golf, Tennis, Polo, and other outdoor sports every day in the year. Fishing, Boating and Bathing are the very best. Send for Booklet to

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Coronado Beach, Cal.

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22d Street and Broadway

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Just how it cleanses, softens and freshens the delicate skin-fabric, takes longer to expound than to experience. Use a cake.

Sold in every quarter of the globe.

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Major-General Adolphus W. Greely, U. S. A., who has been granted leave of absence for three months, arrived in San Francisco on Friday of last week, accompanied by Mrs. Greely. Miss Rose Greely sailed on the transport on Monday last for Manila, and after a brief stay here, General and Mrs. Greely expect to visit Southern California. General Greely will be retired from active service on March 17, 1908.

Brigadier-General Charles H. Whipple, U. S. A., was promoted to his present rank and made paymaster-general of the army on January 1, succeeding Brigadier-General C. C. Sniffin, U. S. A., who was retired.

Colonel Robert K. Evans, General Staff, U. S. A., who has been assigned to duty at the War College, Washington, D. C., has arrived in that city.

Chaplain Patrick Hart, U. S. A., retired, has returned from Washington, D. C., where he went for examination before an army retiring board.

Chaplain Edward H. Fitz-Gerald, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., Fort McDowell, has been promoted to the rank of major, on account of unusual service.

Major George McK. Williamson, quartermaster, U. S. A., has assumed his duties as constructing quartermaster at Fort Mason.

Major B. Frank Cheatham, quartermaster, U. S. A., who has been constructing quartermaster at Fort Mason, left last week for Washington, D. C., where he has been ordered to duty in the office of the quartermaster-general.

Captain John M. Sigsworth, Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., who will sail for the Philippines on February 5, is spending four months' leave in San Diego, accompanied by Mrs. Sigsworth.

Captain Raymond R. Stevens, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., is ordered relieved from further treatment at the General Hospital, Washington Barracks, D. C., and will return to his proper station.

Captain F. M. Dunwoody, U. S. R. C., has been detached from the *Perry* and assigned to duty as inspector of labor and material for Nos. 20 and 21, Revenue Cutter Service.

Lieutenant W. T. Tarrant, U. S. N., is ordered to the *California* for duty.

Lieutenant Luther Felker, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, has been granted two months' leave of absence, to take effect on January 11.

Lieutenant Hornsby Evans, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., aide-de-camp, is announced as inspector of small arms practice of the Department of California, vice Captain Edwin C. Long, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Henry T. Bull, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bull have returned from California to Fort Myer, where Lieutenant Bull is stationed.

Lieutenant G. C. Carmine, U. S. R. C., has been ordered to command the *Perry* temporarily.

Ensign David McD. Le Breton, U. S. N., who has been on duty in the bureau of ordnance, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., has been assigned to duty on the U. S. S. *Missouri*, and is en route to the Pacific Coast.

Surgeon Clement Biddle, U. S. N., is ordered promoted to be medical inspector, dating from June 16, 1907, vice Medical Inspector Walter A. McClurg, U. S. N., promoted.

Colonel Reynolds, U. S. A., Captain Richardson, U. S. A., Captain Wolfe, U. S. A., Captain Stewart, U. S. A., Lieutenant Ripley, U. S. A., Lieutenant Whitfield, U. S. A., Lieutenant Baker, U. S. A., Lieutenant Henkes, U. S. A., Lieutenant Venable, U. S. A., and Contract Surgeon Hughes, U. S. A., all of the Twenty-Second Infantry, were relieved from duty and left Goldfield on January 3 for their station at Fort McDowell.

Captain Curtis, U. S. A., Lieutenant West, U. S. A., Lieutenant Hitt, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Graham, U. S. A., all of the Twenty-Second Infantry, were relieved from duty at Goldfield, Nevada, and left for their station at the Presidio of Monterey on January 3.

The Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., commanded by Colonel John C. Dent, U. S. A., sailed on the transport *Sherman* on Monday last for the Philippines, this being the third tour of duty of this regiment in the Philippines. Headquarters and eleven companies of the regiment arrived on Saturday from Vancouver Barracks, where they have been stationed. The company commanded by Captain Henry Wagner, U. S. A., arrived on Sunday from the Presidio of Monterey, where they have been taking a course at the School of Musketry.

Company I, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., from the Depot of Recruits and Casuals, Angel Island, and Company H, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, commanded by Captain William H. Wassell, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., will remain on duty at Goldfield, Nevada, until further orders.

The Secretary of War has directed the commanding general of the Department of Columbia to order such officers and enlisted men of that department as may be available

and as may be agreed upon, to the Presidio of Monterey, for duty at the School of Musketry.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were: Mrs. William S. Sheehan, Mrs. Alexander Sheehan, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Polk, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Pierce, Mr. John R. Sheehan, Mr. William McNery, Mr. John N. Clappett, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Mr. J. H. Noyes, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Greenbaum, Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brandensheim, Mr. and Mrs. William Fries, Miss Fries, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Ehrman, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Hilton, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Gordon, Mrs. Green, Mr. W. T. Cranford, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Sweeney, Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Hayes, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Burnett, Mr. George W. Phelps, Mr. W. H. P. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. B. Ogden, Miss Lydia Hopkins, Mrs. Edgar R. Bryant, Mr. I. C. Ackerman, Miss Edna Browne, Mrs. H. N. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Aiken, Mrs. Walter Magee, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Gyle, Mrs. Alfred Collier of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Rafael were: Mr. A. Harwood, Mr. C. F. Wade, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. R. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. McMullen, Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister, Miss E. P. McAllister, Mr. T. Tevlin, Mr. A. J. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. W. Jacobs, Mr. W. I. Kenyon, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Strauss, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were: Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Hilmer, Mr. and Mrs. James Rolph, Jr., Mrs. Marucci, Mr. W. W. Naughton, of San Francisco.

The Del Monte Dog Show.

The first annual dog show given by the Del Monte Kennel Club, and held under the auspices of the American Kennel Club at Del Monte, proved a great success; 155 dogs were entered.

Miss Jennie Crocker carried off the honors with her champion Boston terrier for having the best animal in the show, regardless of breed. Mr. Charles W. Clark offered a beautiful hundred-dollar cup for this prize. The Del Monte Kennel Club offered about fifty cups altogether, besides various other prizes and medals, the prettiest one being for the ladies' variety class. This was also won by Miss Jennie Crocker with one of her Boston terriers.

Perhaps the greatest interest displayed during any part of the show was when the Boston terriers were being exhibited before the judges in the novice class. The judge finally awarded the blue ribbon to Miss Harvey's Houdini.

The Post-Card Craze.

The enormous vogue of picture post-cards means that the sale of one-cent stamps required to carry these cards must also have become enormous, and there is no reason to doubt the truthfulness of the assertion that the Postoffice Department of this, as well as of other countries, is finding it a difficult matter to deliver them. This was especially true during the summer months, when everybody who went vacationing purchased these cards by the dozens to send them over-seas and to all parts of the land. Under those conditions it is not strange that the mails should have become congested. It is not surprising that the letter-carriers should have become so completely swamped beneath the flood of pictures that they fell far behind in their deliveries. It is not difficult to believe that the revenue from this source should have become so great that the postal authorities have about decided to ask for more men to operate this branch of the service. Already these cards have been made the subject of more than one Postoffice Department ruling, as when the interdiction of the tinsed card was decided upon, because the isinglass used in giving the touch of realism to the scene portrayed not only worked into the hands of the postal clerks and made them sore, but actually put the stamp-canceling machines out of order.

The oldest college fraternity in America, says a writer in the current *Harper's Weekly*, is Kappa Alpha, founded in 1825 at Union College. This has been from the first a close brotherhood of kindred spirits, of a secret nature, and is the parent of the present great system of American college fraternities. Phi Beta Kappa, founded in 1776, was at first a secret society of a literary and social character, perhaps similar to the present Greek-letter fraternities; it is now, however, and has been for many years, a purely honorary society, with no secrets and a merely formal organization in most of its chapters. Elections are based on scholarship, and women as well as men are admitted as members.

For a wager of \$30,000, Vicomte and Vicomtesse Raoul de Guard have been making a honeymoon trip of the world on foot. They left Paris on May 17, 1896, and have arrived at Turin, after traveling 41,250 miles on foot. They walked through England, Norway, Switzerland, Siberia, Turkey, America, Spain, and Italy. They hope to reach Paris next month. This singular bet is held by some members of the Geographical Society in Paris.

Chatterbox.

Once I knew a little girl—
Dimple-cheek and hair a-curl—
Never said a thing at all
When the company came to call
And her mother tried to show—
Just as mothers will, you know—
All her cute and charming ways,
All the cunning tricks she plays.
Never was a bit of use,
She just wouldn't talk, the goose!

But when she was by herself,
Then she talked enough, the elf!
Chatter, chatter went her tongue,
Oh, the merry songs she sung,
And the laughter ringing sweet,
And the dancing of her feet,
And the gladness of her face
Love had gloried with its grace!
Never had to coax at all
'Till the company came to call!

Ah, the mystery of the Child,
In its own world, undefiled!
Who shall solve it, who shall know
All its golden gleam and glow,
All the wonder of its will
When with little lips a-thrill,
It shall render each to each
Sweetness of its treasured speech,
Or, in silence go its way,
With: "I'm not on show today!"
—The Bentztown Bard.

Luxurious College Living.

Luxury and scholarships do not walk gracefully hand in hand. Such, at least, is the experience of Yale, if we may believe the report that has been filed by Dean Henry Wright. This report says that nearly all of the best scholars in the university live in the cheap, plain dormitories, and that most of the secret society men—that is to say, the mental and moral decadents—come from the rich men's dormitories.

Dean Wright found that in 1904 no less than 31 per cent of the freshmen living in the rich men's private dormitories had been reproved by the faculty for poor scholarships as against 17 per cent of the freshmen who occupied the plain dormitories on the campus.

Warnings sent out last month for low scholarship show that 32 per cent of those rooming in luxurious dormitories were found to be deficient in their studies, while only 12 per cent of those living in the low-priced dormitories fell under the same reproach. Moreover, the dean tells us that the trouble is becoming worse and that the scholarship of the rich students is going lower and lower all the time. The dean proposes that the palatial dormitories be abolished or reduced in number, but this seems to strike at the effect rather than at the cause. The rich students are not poor scholars because they live in palatial dormitories, but because they have never experienced the self-discipline that usually accompanies the small or the 'middle-class income.

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"Is the plot of your drama taken from life?" "Ob, yes; the hero meets his death in a motor car accident."—*Lustige Blätter*.

Patience—Have you tried diabolism yet? *Patrice*—No; I never use anything on my teeth but pure water!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Your son joined a college fraternity, didn't he?" "No, it was tripping at the top of five flights of stairs that laid him up that way."—*Puck*.

"Were you frightened during the battle, Pat?" "Pat—Not a bit, sor. Oi kin face most anything whin Oi have me back to it.—*The Circle*.

Jones—I am going to marry an English girl. *Bones*—You will never again hear me say that tue English have no appreciation of a joke.—*Town Topics*.

"This is a warm doughnut; step on it," drawled Robbie. "No," corrected his teacher. "This is a worm; do not step on it."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

"She has a very useful husband." "How do you make that out?" "He can always suggest something that he wants for dinner."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Mrs. Bacon—Why, that piano has several keys that make no sound at all. *Mr. Bacon*—Yes; and there are some other good features about it.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

In several instances women have lately figured as footpads. There seems no way that a man may protect himself unless he go armed with a live mouse.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Mother—Why did you not scream when Hans kissed you? *Daughter*—He threatened me. *Mother*—How? *Daughter*—He said if I did he'd never kiss me again.—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

"So you enjoyed Venice?" said the traveler. "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "It was kind of pleasant, for a change, to be robbed by a gondolier instead of a hack driver."—*Washington Star*.

"Have ye anny ancisthors, Kelly?" "An' phwat's ancisthors?" "Why, people you shprung from." "Shprung from, begorra! The Kellys shprung from nobody. They shprung at thim!"—*The Outlook*.

The Monument Man (after several obartive suggestions)—How would simply "Gone Home" do? *Mrs. Newwoods*—I guess that would be all right. It was always the last place he ever thought of going.—*Puck*.

"Have you read of the thousands of pounds of quinine that are sent to Panama?" "I have," answered the man who jests on serious subjects. "And yet some people have tried to tell us that the canal is no great shakes!"—*Washington Star*.

"Praise to glory the South is going dry!" shouted the temperance advocate, waving his arms. "It will bring sunshine into Southern homes." "Yes, and moonshine, brother," spoke up the little man who had been sitting in the end row.—*Puck*.

Riding in an omnibus up Regent Street recently, an old lady was annoying the other passengers by her remarks. The conductor remonstrated with her, saying, "Ma'am, remember you are in a public vehicle, and behave as such."—*Spectator*.

"Did you have a full meeting at the fire house last night?" asked Backlotz. "No, indeed," replied Subbubs of the Swamphurst Volunteer Hose, "nowhere near full. Why, we only had one case of beer and all the boys were there."—*Baltimore American*.

"It would please me mightily, Miss Stout," said Mr. Mugley, "to have you go to the theatre with me this evening." "Have you secured the seats?" asked Miss Vera Stout. "Oh! come now," he protested; "you're not so heavy as all that."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

"That was an unlucky thing that Peck, the engineer, done," said the brakeman. "They gave him one of them new engines yesterday, an' he named it after his wife." "How was that unlucky?" asked the track-walker. "Why, the blamed thing blew him up this morning."—*Canadian Courier*.

Elder (discussing the new minister's probation discourse)—In my opinion he wasna justified in dividing folk into the sheep and the goats. I wadna just say, Jamie, that I was among the unco guid, an I wadna say that you were among the unco bad. So whar do we come in? He'll no do for us, Jamie. We'll no vote for him.—*Punch*.

The poet's lip curled scornfully. "But this isn't blank verse," he explained. "Blank verse has no rhyme in it, whereas, bere rhyme is rife. 'Mirky-turnkey.' 'Pumpkin—bumpkin.' 'Frolie—colie.' Don't you see?" The editor, however, still insisted upon declining the manuscript. "I called it blank verse," he said, "to spare your feelings. It was a much stronger word, really, that I had in mind."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Forewarning !

The legislature of Nevada, which met in special session on the 14th instant to consider measures in connection with the labor troubles at Goldfield, got far enough along within two hours after the gavel fell to show where its sympathies lie and how little it may be depended upon to do anything of real value. The senate would, no doubt, if it could, attempt measures essential to public peace and the protection of life and property. But the assembly, dominated by its affinities with the Western Federation of Miners, will consent to nothing that implies a genuine assertion of the powers of the State. Probably some pretended provision will be made for a State constabulary; but it will be a mere make-believe and bogus thing, neither intending nor tending to anything seriously in the way of public defense. The situation will be made worse than before, because while there will be no real support to public order, there will be a deceptive and wicked pretense of such support.

Now, the Argonaut has observed men and conditions in Nevada for a long period. Likewise it has had long and careful observation of things in Idaho and Colo-

rado, in connection with the pretensions and operations of the Western Federation of Miners. And upon the basis of observation and first-hand knowledge, we now say to the President of the United States that there is and can be no assurance of peace in the Goldfield district, with guardianship for life and property, excepting at the hands of the general government. We say to the President that if his commission has reported otherwise, it has spoken either in ignorance of the facts or in prejudice. We say to him that there is no fair analogy between conditions in Nevada and in more populated and highly developed States.

We say furthermore to the President that what is needed, and all that is needed, to maintain Goldfield and the adjacent camps upon a peaceful basis, with incidental protection to life and property, is the presence, either permanently or in camp, of a few companies of United States troops; and we remind the President that he has the same constitutional authority to quarter military forces of the United States in Nevada as in California or any other State.

In conclusion, we say further to the President that if he shall disregard this counsel and withdraw the troops from Goldfield, there will surely follow in the weeks to come such a series of criminal events as will paralyze the whole worthy life of that section, destroy prodigious values which enterprise and industry have created, and incidentally make a shambles of the whole region.

The Appellate Court and the Schmitz Appeal.

To view the decision of the appellate court in the Schmitz case, rendered on Thursday of last week, in its true perspective, it is necessary to hark back to the beginning of the graft procedure and to glance at the progress of events in the order and significance of their development. This is especially necessary, and in a sense it is obligatory upon the Argonaut, because as yet nobody else has even attempted to do it. On the other hand, the sensational newspapers and the sensational pulpit—not to mention other pretentious agencies of information and opinion—have by prejudiced and hysterical treatment of this decision tended to cloud the issue and to create in many minds a tangle of misinformation and false reasoning with their natural product of hopeless confusion.

First, by way of clearing the air of misapprehension, it needs to be said that this decision has not set Eugene Schmitz free, that it has not set Abraham Ruef free, that it neither justifies nor condones nor mitigates the crimes of these vile creatures, that it has not knocked from under us by a quibble of the law those moral standards and interpretations upon which civilized society rests as upon its foundations. These things, to be sure, have been asserted, but it has been in ignorance, in passion, and in contempt of the truth. What this decision does is to declare that the procedure under which Eugene Schmitz was convicted in Judge Dunne's court was "in error" at certain points of law and that because it is erroneous it is void and of non effect. It puts the case of the People vs. Eugene Schmitz precisely where it stood before the trial, leaving in the hands of the prosecution the same authority and power it had originally to proceed against Schmitz on the basis of his crimes, which, under this decision, are neither explained away nor nullified. The decision does not at any point tend to clear him or render him immune; it does declare, both by direct judgment and by implication, that when he is again proceeded against it must be in accordance with the law and with respect to the provisions by which it safeguards the administration of justice in cases alike of innocence or of guilt.

The history of the case ought still to be fresh in the public mind. Schmitz and Ruef were indicted jointly for the crime of "extortion" in connection with the application of certain French restaurant keepers for license to sell liquor in their establishments. The

power to grant licenses rested with the board of police commissioners; Schmitz, by virtue of his office—if virtue be a proper word for anything in this connection—controlled the police commission, since its members were persons named by him and subject under the law to dismissal at his hands. The relations of Schmitz to Ruef need no exploitation. The police commissioners, prompted by a hint from Schmitz, who had previously been duly prompted by Ruef, were coy in the matter of granting the licenses. Schmitz himself, assuming an attitude of mock moral pretension, stood opposed to the application. Then the restaurateurs, who thoroughly understood the game, employed Ruef to urge their application. He appeared openly before the board of police commissioners as their attorney and by his "persuasions" easily brought the members of the board and the reluctant mayor to the point of concession. There was, of course, a large "fee" for this service, and Ruef, who, before his own case came to trial, pleaded guilty and attached himself to the cause of moral reform, appeared in court as a prosecutor's witness, testifying that he shared this fee with Schmitz. These facts need to be borne carefully in mind, since they form the basis of the whole case at issue.

Now let us turn to the decision itself. For the purpose of clear understanding it may under analysis be separated into three divisions. In the first of these it denies a motion made by the prosecution to throw out the appeal on the ground of irregularity in the filing of certain formal notices. The point is one purely technical, concerning which nobody, unless he be a lawyer fond of splitting hairs in matters of practice, can have the slightest possible interest. Nevertheless, in presenting their case to their appellate court, the lawyers representing the prosecution made their main stand on this point, recognizing it, no doubt, as the chief strength of their position. It was currently reported at the time, though we can not vouch for its truth, that all but twelve minutes of the time allotted to the prosecution for argument was occupied in multiplying phrases over this purely technical matter.

The second subdivision of the decision relates to five specifications of what lawyers call reversible error occurring in the course of the trial; and with reference to these we need to speak but briefly. By the decision it is held: (1) that dismissal of a jurymen on peremptory challenge after having been sworn was an error; (2) the appointment of an elisor for Ruef, under the circumstances in which it was done, was in error; (3) that admission of hearsay testimony, being reports of conversations of certain restaurant keepers, was in error; (4) that the compelling of the defendant to testify under cross-examination concerning matters not brought out in direct examination was in error; (5) allowing witness Ruef to contradict testimony given by defendant Schmitz erroneously, was in error. The term "in error" as used here means by method contrary to legally established rules of procedure.

In its third subdivision the decision of the appellate court goes to the bottom of the issue by declaring the whole procedure of the trial court void because the complaint upon which it was based was in error, in that it charged nothing which under legal interpretation is a crime. Here, of course, is the core of the whole business. Stripped of legal phraseology, the declaration of the court is that to oppose the granting of a liquor license is not legally a crime. Therefore it was no crime for Mayor Schmitz to oppose the granting of a license to the French restaurants, even though it is morally certain that he did it as a mere ruse and with the vilest intent. And since it is no crime to oppose the granting of a liquor license, it is no crime to accept money for withholding opposition to the granting of a license. The point is a very fine one, but it is none the less positive and clear. To comprehend it in its full significance we have only to turn to the circumstances of the particular case and see that what Schmitz really did was first to protest against granting a license to the French

restaurants, and then when duly "persuaded" by his partner Ruef to yield his protest.

Now, as to the moral aspects of this transaction there can not be the slightest question; it was as dirty a piece of business as could be conceived, a thing stamping both Schmitz and Ruef as blackmailers of the most calculating and despicable type. But with the moral aspect of the case the appellate court had nothing to do. Its function was limited to the legal issue. Finding the complaint in a legal sense unsound, it had no authority or power to go beyond the law into the broader field of moral considerations. The offense charged hinged upon the act through which it was developed; and this act, through the sinister cunning of Abraham Ruef, was in its form nothing worse than opposition to the granting of a liquor license—an act whose counterpart may be witnessed every day in the week by the actively moral elements of the community. The crime against morals, let us repeat, was palpable and gross, but there was no crime against the law. The fact is to be deplored, and no doubt it was deplored by every member of the appellate bench, since these gentlemen, being men of high and clean character, must share in the universal contempt for Ruef and Schmitz and all their doings; none the less, they had no choice—they had only to define the law.

The fault in this matter lies not with the judges who have declared the law, but rather with those who in drafting the complaint against Schmitz and Ruef so bungled in their work as to present a charge of extortion when they should have made it a charge of conspiracy to extort. In the eye of moral judgment there is no difference between the two offenses; but in the eye of the law there is a broad difference between them, and properly so, since if it were allowable to hale before a court and punish one who protests against the granting of a liquor license, the very purest and best among us, including the worthy motherhood of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, would be subject to prosecution. A distinction so plain ought not to have been overlooked by that array of legal lights headed by Mr. Heney which has been so active among us in recent months. And it would not have been overlooked if instead of wasting time in promoting the street-car strike, in maligning citizens before civic, collegiate, and political audiences, in prompting the scandalous element in our press to sensational outbursts—if instead of busying itself with these extraneous and dubious activities, the forces of the prosecution had attended severely and strictly to the business in hand. The prosecution has itself to blame, and far more grievously an injured public has the prosecution to blame for the fact that a stupid blunder, which ought never to have been made and which at least should have been corrected before the trial, has remained to mar and nullify a procedure from which so much has been expected.

Furthermore, the judge before whom the Schmitz case was tried is seriously at fault, either through ignorance or complaisance, in allowing this manifest and vital error to go uncorrected. When the point was originally raised in the trial court, Judge Dunne ought to have sustained the objection, for he should have known that in the end any procedure based upon a legally faulty complaint must come to naught. The whole matter was elaborately threshed out before Judge Dunne, and it was the opinion of lawyers generally that a fatal mistake had been made. The error of Judge Dunne in permitting this defective complaint to go uncorrected can only be excused upon the theory that he did not know the law or that his partiality to the cause of the prosecution blinded him to his duty.

It remains to be said directly with respect to this decision that the dictum of the appellate court is not necessarily final. If the appellate court is wrong the supreme court may set it right. In view of this fact the outcry of the prosecution, which finds itself balked by its own stupidity and carelessness, and of its newspaper champions is not merely impertinent and superfluous, but ridiculous. If the appellate judges are wrong, if they have rendered a judgment at variance with the law, then the way to demonstrate the fact and to rebuke the offense is to carry the case into the next higher and the last court. If the prosecutors are sincere and serious in their claims that the decision of the appellate court is faulty and vicious, their proper course is to demonstrate the faith that is in them by going direct to the supreme court.

Criticism of this decision on the basis of its literary and logical demerits is too trifling to be worthy of

serious attention. That the decision is too verbose and too long, that all that is said in it could have been as well or better said in a few words—these points of criticism are true enough. But what of it? Mere rhetorical demerit weighs nothing as against soundness at the points of fact and reason. It may be true, as it has been captiously alleged, that argument upon points of error in the course of the trial was not necessary, since in the wind-up the whole matter was to be thrown over upon a finding so broad as to render mere trial errors incidental and unimportant. Explanation may lie fairly in the wish of the appellate judges to prevent future similar errors in court procedure. The judges probably wished to enable the agents of the prosecution so to carry themselves in the trials that are yet to come, that they may get some convictions that will stick.

A point urged incidentally against the decision, based upon the fact that it was rendered in elaborate form within a few hours after the filing by the prosecution of its final brief, is worth attention only because so much stress has been laid upon it. By itself, the circumstance is not worth a moment's serious consideration. The whole case, including the arguments for and against, was put before the court two months before the decision was rendered. The court was free to make up its judgment and to render it without reference to briefs or to the date of their filing. The whole object of a brief is to aid the court in its work, and it is for the court to employ this aid or to decline in its own judgment and convenience.

It is, of course, nothing more than might have been expected that certain newspapers notoriously affiliated with the Spreckels-Phelan-Heney coterie, insistently and noisily devoted to its exploitation, should seek to discredit this decision by lurid and declamatory headlines and by heated misstatements. We have long ceased to expect either honesty, intelligence, or taste from those journals, which have abandoned all pretense of dignity or self-respect and which have sunk to the trade of pandering and gutter-mongering. But Judge Dunne stands in another character. It is not often that any community witnesses the spectacle of a judge turned into an angry and blatant critic of a judicial procedure, much less of a procedure taken under the painful necessity of correcting his own ignorances and partialities. By his coarse sputter in this matter Judge Dunne has merely confirmed and made general certain suspicions developed with respect to himself during the past few months. He prompts and enforces as against himself a kind of judgment which even those who have long ceased to respect him have none the less hesitated to utter in respect of his office. For example, it has appeared to the *Argonaut* during the proceedings of the last few months, especially in connection with the indulgent treatment of Abraham Ruef, that Judge Dunne has been not only a willing, but an eager partisan of the Spreckels-Phelan-Heney vendetta and that he has been playing the rôle of a vulgar "programmer." Until now we have not felt justified in saying thus much, under the generous theory that excepting in cases of flagrant and incorrigible delinquency courts of justice ought to be exempt from criticism. But Judge Dunne himself has no such scruples, and by his vehement outburst he opens the door to a kind of censure as related to himself which exhibits him as a contemptible figure in the eyes of all men of intelligence and of respectable standards of judgment. By his vociferous rage against an authority superior to his own, if by nothing else, Judge Dunne betrays himself as one regardless of the sentiments and without respect for the traditions which commonly and properly hedge in and protect the judicial character. Manifestly he is one better fitted to adorn the forum of mob violence than to preside over a court whose practice must conform to constitutional and legal rules.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the many and trifling grounds upon which this decision is sought to be discredited by those who in one way or another feel the sting of its rebuke. It can not be impeached because of alleged influence of Schmitz and Ruef. Judge Cooper was elected in opposition to the Ruef nominee—Carroll Cook. Judge Kerrigan defeated Gallagher for nomination, hence he was not supported by the Ruef-Schmitz influence. Judge Hall was urged and supported by Pardee influence, therefore the Pardees should be the last to assail his character. Neither is the decision chargeable to Republican influences, because the opinion was written by Cooper, a Democrat. The decision must be accepted as the honest and deliberate judgment of impartial judges, none

the less so because it exposes and rebukes indefensible methods adopted by the graft prosecution—methods understood and condemned at the time by every fair and intelligent mind. It was, of course, the belief of most persons—most certainly it was the belief of the *Argonaut*—that Ruef and Schmitz were odious criminals. The public demand for their conviction tended to indispose the community to be critical of the methods by which they were pursued. But the sober second thought of every unprejudiced person should be that even the vilest criminal has his constitutional right to a fair trial, and even if his conviction should be impossible under the regular legal procedure, it is better that he should go free rather than that we should overturn and destroy those constitutional and legal defenses of liberty that have cost so much to erect and whose worth and wisdom centuries of experience have justified.

We have said that it would be better that even great public robbers and corruptionists like Ruef and Schmitz should go free rather than that we should suffer a breakdown of the Constitution and the laws. Nevertheless, they are not free and they need not be allowed to go free. From the beginning it has been the boast of the graft prosecution that they have not merely one, but many definite and damning cases against these odious offenders. It now remains for the prosecution to sustain these boasts by the merit of performance. It is no answer to say that the power of conviction rests upon irregular methods, for such conviction would be worse than no conviction at all. There is no power to convict unless it can be sustained by regular and legal methods of procedure. And if the power to convict by regular and legal methods lies not in the prosecution, then its assertions have been the mere vapors of vanity and pretense, its promises have been the mere boasts of an arrogant and superheated self-confidence. The community will judge not only of the efficiency, but of the personal honor of the prosecuting agents if, after all their boastful acclaim, they must in the end confess themselves powerless to proceed by methods which the laws prescribe and which the courts of review will sustain.

Nobody needs to be told that if at the beginning the work of the prosecution had been laid out intelligently and if it had been conducted with painstaking ability, we should have witnessed no such fiasco as that involved in the break-down in the Schmitz case. If the work had been in the hands of lawyers at once capable and devoted—if, for example, the district attorney had been such a man as Jerome of New York—and if the judge who presided at the trial had been an impartial and clear-headed jurist, with no purpose but to see the law administered, there can be little doubt that the notorious criminals would have been convicted. But as matters stand today we see little reason to hope for any outcome in line with the early expectations of good citizens generally. It is not easy to be hopeful that such bunglers as those who have the prosecution in hand, under such methods as they employ, can achieve any worthy result. Furthermore, their task, not a difficult one under normal conditions, appears impossible in the light of exposures which exhibit these so-called graft trials as a mere incident to the main purpose of Rudolph Spreckels to punish brutally certain business rivals and to gain control of the political machinery of the city and State.

There is, we think, one way, and just one way, for the prosecution in some measure to redeem itself and to carry forward its future work in some decent conformity with its pretensions and promises. Today it holds over Abraham Ruef one hundred and twenty-two criminal indictments, with half as many over Eugene Schmitz. Surely out of this mass of criminal accusation there must be at least one ease against each of the men accused that will stand the test of legal adjudication. If this be not so, then San Francisco is the victim of the biggest bluff that has ever been made anywhere. Now, assuming that the prosecution out of their many indictments against Ruef and Schmitz can pick one in each instance that will stand legal tests, let them take up such cases and push them vigorously, and insistently. Let them, first of all, cut loose from any association or dicker with Abraham Ruef, abandon all efforts to cajole or bribe him into coöperation with their plans, and rely solely upon honest evidence and legitimate procedure. Unless the prosecutors are gross frauds and pretenders, they should surely be able to gain convictions upon at least one of their many indictments, in each instance by fair and legal methods. This is a way, and the only possible way, by which the prosecution may recoup its shattered credit

and sustain any part of the pretensions by which now for something more than a year it has beguiled the public—or at least a part of it.

There is, we regret to say, small reason to hope that this course or something like it may be followed. Mr. Heney has so nicely arranged his affairs as to be "compelled" in this crisis of the graft prosecution to be absent in Oregon. Mr. Johnson, the only real lawyer at any time associated with the work of the prosecution, has withdrawn—report has it in profound disgust. Mr. Langdon, Mr. Spreckels, and Mr. Burns are conferring, dickering, and bargaining with Ruef for "testimony." Out of this situation it is difficult to see how anything in the way of an honorable, legal, or effective working plan can come.

Apparently the prosecution, as a direct consequence of multiplied blunderings and misdoings, has come to a complete break-down of both its moral and its working powers. And perhaps in this climax of affairs it may not be too far out of taste for the *Argonaut* to remind the public that what has come to pass approaches close to the line of its own repeated warnings, earnestly given to the prosecution months ago. In its issue of June 8, in discussing the false and ruinous course of the prosecuting agents, it was remarked in these columns that: "*The danger is . . . that through betrayal of bad motives . . . the moral power of the prosecution will be so vitiated and broken that the prime criminals—even Ruef and Schmitz—may escape the punishment they so richly deserve.*" Prophecy uttered in connection with current events not often finds so sure and swift a justification. And, let it be added, it is not in exultation but rather in sorrow that we witness a movement of events so tending to failure and contempt where so much was hoped for.

Sale of the London "Times."

Announcement comes from London to the effect that the *Times* newspaper, founded in 1785 by John Walter and since owned continuously by his descendants, has passed to a new ownership. The purchaser is C. Arthur Pearson, owner of the London *Standard* (morning and evening), the *Daily Express*, and a miscellaneous list of weekly and monthly publications. Pearson represents what in Europe is called "the American Idea" in newspaper making—what in this country we call sensational or "yellow" journalism. He is not an editor in the sense that John Walter and John Delane, in England, and Horace Greeley, Samuel Bowles, Henry Raymond, and Charles A. Dana, in this country, were editors, but rather an exploiter of newspapers from the business side. He is a man of the publisher type, one who has done as much as any other towards commercializing English journalism—a movement, by the way, which, though it lags behind its American exemplar, has made rapid progress during the past ten years.

Under the Walter family—the Walters of today standing in the fifth generation from the original John Walter—the *Times* has held a unique place in the journalism not of England alone, but of the world. Its position as the foremost newspaper either in the English or in any other language, has never been questioned, and its influence has been a thing to be reckoned with wherever civilized men have lived. There never has been a day since journalism became a force in the world when the *Times* has not stood as the universally recognized and accepted standard by which other newspapers have been measured. Of course, this unique ascendancy did not come by accident, nor has it been sustained through five generations of publishers by merely adventitious circumstances. The *Times* in the day of its founder, and through his judgment, became identified with a policy neither easy to comprehend nor to justify from an ideal standpoint. Whatever the changes in dynasties or systems, the *Times* has stood for the government. When the Conservatives were in power, the *Times* was a Conservative; when the Liberals came in, the *Times* was a Liberal. The *Times* did not, indeed, as this statement might imply, run with the hares and chase with the hounds. Whatever it was for the time being, it was with great earnestness and force and with no quibbling. What it really stood for was the existing order of things, whatever it might be.

As we have already said, this attitude is not easily justified, either on intellectual or moral grounds; nevertheless, there has been in it a tremendous element of force. It has always held the *Times* in close and sympathetic relations with the government, and

has served, therefore, to give it a kind of official monopoly of governmental information; and information of this kind, be it understood, for many reasons plays a vastly more important part in English than in American journalism. Its association with the government has protected the *Times* through changing generations of editors and publishers against those personal vagaries by which so many great journals are weakened in their character or utterly wrecked. Whoever has had anything to do with making the *Times* has had his work cut out for him—he has only to follow a fixed and definite pattern. The editors of the *Times* have invariably been the servants of a cause, a cause which has held them to a strict and formal course, never seriously affected by individual opinion, temperament, interest, or mood. Time and habit, of course, have given to the *Times* under this fixed policy a character quite its own, one so profoundly developed and adjusted as to warp to itself and literally make its own and for its own purposes the qualities of any man in its service. A man coming to the *Times* from any other newspaper became a man of the *Times* type—either this or he was cast aside. It could not be otherwise, since the *Times*, as the traditional organ of the government, has lain under the necessity of following a fixed course.

In another way, equally potent in maintaining its traditional character, the association of the *Times* with the government has tended to make it a serious newspaper. A government with a newspaper at its elbow will inevitably run that newspaper in biased channels, nevertheless it will require of it very complete reports of political events both at home and abroad. The *Times*, operating as it has until very recent years under government influence and patronage, has been essentially a political newspaper; and be it remembered that politics is and has been since the day of Cæsar the chief subject of interest among thoughtful men. Although English journalism has been immensely affected by the example of the *Times*, nevertheless other papers have gone more or less into what in America we call sensationalism. But the *Times*, under the domination of its all-mastering traditions, has stuck to the general line of political interests, and thereby has held to itself a certain definite character as the vehicle of substantial and vital affairs.

Of late years the course of the *Times* has not on all occasions been in line with its traditions. There have been internal troubles, for with the growth of the Walter family in multiplied branches and in large numbers, the ownership has not been what it was in earlier times. The paper has missed the guidance of a positive mind and a strong hand, without which nothing in this world can hold through the shifting currents of times and events to a fixed line. Again, governmental patronage on the financial side has not meant what it did in times gone by, since with multiplication of newspapers and their growth in political importance, the government has been compelled to modify the policy under which its friendship was bestowed as a monopoly upon the *Times*. And still again, the liberalization of the English system, with successive extensions of the franchise, have served to destroy that narrow monopoly of political interest to which it was the special function of the *Times* to cater, and by which its own interests, direct and otherwise, were best served. On the commercial side, the *Times* as a business has been pushed hard by a kind of journalism which relatively costs less in the making and which appeals to a wider range of interests. From the publisher's standpoint, it is cheaper to make a column of matter—or ten columns—about a scandal in Carleton Terrace or Fifth Avenue than it is to get a careful and accurate report of some serious event from Capetown or California. And when the thing is done there will be more readers for the scandal than for the seriously important report. And where the readers are, there will the advertisers go. Here we have a hint of where and how the *Times* has suffered in recent years in rivalry with sheets so far beneath it at every point of character and solid merit as to make comparison ridiculous.

Of course, the *Times*, like other human institutions, has made its moral mistakes, and they have been costly in proportion to the character and the pretensions of the paper. The *Standard* or the *Express* might make a dozen bad breaks and be none the worse for it, since nobody looks to these journals for accuracy and reliability. But for the *Times* to make a serious mistake meant a kind of damage from which it could not easily recover. It was as if Bishop Nichols were

caught in a lie. An instance of this kind, which seriously hurt the repute of the *Times* and which has injured it as a property, was the publication nearly twenty years ago of certain gross charges against the late Mr. Parnell, charges which when put to the test the *Times* was unable to justify. This incident, happening coincidentally with the active development of a coarser and more popular sort of journalism in London, gave to the *Times* a blow from which it has never entirely recovered. It has, indeed, held its place, but its atmosphere has somehow been different from that of the days in which it had nothing to explain and no need to make apology to anybody. Its financial necessities, too, have from time to time prompted the publishers of the *Times* to certain side enterprises which, though in no sense illegitimate, have nevertheless been out of keeping with the traditional dignities of the paper.

The new publisher of the *Times*, Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, is a man of whose character some indications are given by his published portrait—standing with one hand in his pocket and holding in the other the stub of a cigar. He is the kind of man who rises early in the morning, keeps at it all day, and doesn't care when he goes to bed. He belongs to the "hustler" type and has a habit of "getting there," as his ownership of a dozen or more large and profitable publications bears witness. According to his own statement, "the character of the *Times* will be preserved." Just how this can be it is difficult to understand. How one and the same man can carry the differing moral responsibilities involved in the style and type of the London *Daily Express* and the London *Times* it is not easy to see. Wisely it has been said that in the long run no newspaper is better than the man who makes it; and it will now be interesting to see if a yellow journalist holding the control of a newspaper can sustain it upon a moral and intellectual level higher than his own. This, of course, may be done for a time, since a great journal like the *Times*, besides the sustaining power of tradition and momentum, may command the services of many able men. In these days no paper of any size or quality is the product of one mind any more than of one hand. But in the end we believe that the mental and moral tone of the owner of the paper will dominate the establishment and make it over in his own mental and moral image. Water may be pumped to make a fountain; but in the progress of time every fountain comes down to the level of its source. Pearson's *Times* may imitate the typography and may echo the phrases of the *Times* of Walter and Delane; but the soul of the old *Times* is gone, and with it, after a little while, must go all that has made the *Times* a unique force in the affairs of the world.

Some Moral Aspects of the Puter Case.

In the *Argonaut* of last week there was set forth in detail circumstances attending the pardon of S. A. D. Puter, the Oregon land thief, as far as they had developed up to the time of that writing. It will be remembered that in order to put Puter in a position where he could be "used" as a witness against others criminally charged in connection with Oregon land frauds, he was pardoned by the President at the request of Prosecutor Heney. The effect of the pardon was to give Puter his liberty and practically to give him, in addition, the sum of \$7500, since under sentence of court he stood charged with that amount as a criminal fine. Now we have in a dispatch from Portland a new development in this case. Immediately upon his release Puter was re-arrested on a charge of subornation of perjury under an indictment which probably it is not intended to push, since he was immediately released upon giving bond in the sum of \$1000.

Let us look at the situation in which Mr. Puter stands: At the request of the prosecution he has by executive pardon been given his liberty. At the same time he has, also at the instance of the prosecutor, practically been paid in cash \$7500. He stands, furthermore, under indictment for perjury, which may at any date be urged against him if he should do anything displeasing or fail to do anything demanded by the prosecution. Here, then, we see this precious scoundrel in a position of personal obligation to the prosecutor; of financial obligation to the prosecutor; under bonds in the form of the criminal indictment standing over his head to please the prosecutor.

Now, what is this poor devil likely to do on the witness stand? Is there any room, in view of his character and of the conditions surrounding him, to question what he will do? Of course there is not. He

will give whatever testimony Mr. Heney wants against whoever Mr. Heney may want it, (1) because he is under obligations to Mr. Heney for his liberty; (2) because he has been paid \$7500 in money; (3) because if he fails to please Mr. Heney he may be sent to prison on the new indictment.

This situation in Oregon, in conjunction with what we have seen here in San Francisco in the effort to get testimony out of Abe Ruef and the guilty supervisors, sufficiently exposes one of the methods by which Mr. Heney pursues his work. It is a method compounded of immunity from punishment, of payment in money, and of terrorism. It is usually successful. A poor, characterless creature to whom the inventing and telling of lies comes easy is pretty likely to do what he is wanted to do under the circumstances in which Mr. Heney finds himself.

But where does Mr. Heney get off?

The Case of Abraham Ruef as Modified by Events.

The position of Abraham Ruef as modified by the collapse of the Schmitz "conviction" commands attention. And here, as in the case of Schmitz, it is needful to run over the history of the past year to see the situation in its true aspect. Ruef, be it remembered, was indicted conjointly with Schmitz for "extortion" in the French restaurant cases. Before either his own case or that of Schmitz came to trial he entered a plea of guilty under an arrangement, freely admitted but never clearly defined before the public, with the prosecution. He was, so it was stated, to serve as a prosecutor's witness in various cases, and he did in fact so serve in the one case in which he was called. In the meantime, instead of being sentenced on the basis of his own plea of guilty, or confined like any other convicted criminal in the common jail, he has for nearly a year been maintained in luxurious apartments under an especial arrangement devised by his friends the prosecutors and complacently ordered by Judge Dunne of the Superior Court. Called in the case against Schmitz, Ruef gave testimony tending to conviction, although he must then have clearly seen what time has demonstrated, namely, that the whole procedure was based upon a faulty complaint, in that its charge was "extortion," whereas the crime was not extortion, but "a conspiracy to extort." The moral demerit was, of course, the same in both cases, but the legal status of the two things, as is clearly shown elsewhere in these columns, is clearly and positively different.

Curiously enough, although Ruef served the purposes of the prosecution in the Schmitz case, he has not been called as a witness in other trials where presumably his testimony, if it could be regarded as of any moral or legal value, would have been conclusive. Various explanations of the omission to call this precious scoundrel to the witness stand have been made by the prosecutors. Manifestly they have been afraid that he would not give the "testimony" they have wanted from him—even though he has been subjected to every form of cajolery and pressure, including rewards and threats of punishment, known to those who make the sweating of criminals a fine art. Mr. Heney has stated with that open-mouthed freedom characteristic of him, that the prosecution has had no faith in Ruef. Apparently he has not been willing to go to the lengths of incriminating invention that have been demanded of him. The prosecution has insisted that it wanted the "truth," and they have declined to accept as the "truth" what Ruef has declared to be the truth. To put it plainly, they have wanted from Ruef a kind of "testimony" that would convict the business rivals and personal enemies of Mr. Spreckels. At the same time they have been unwilling to accord to Ruef complete immunity from punishment for his manifold crimes—and this, it is said, has been the price that Ruef has demanded. Again and again during the past year, goaded by criticism of its paltering and bargaining with Ruef, Mr. Heney has declared that whoever else was or was not sent to San Quentin, Ruef would surely be so punished. Mr. Spreckels, while generally, by his attitude and course, confirming all that Heney has said, has said nothing on his own account. Indeed, since his famous declaration of justification and sympathy with the brickbat throwers of the striking street-car mob, Mr. Spreckels has not said anything, not being trusted by his associates with a sufficient discretion or a sufficient skill in expression to be permitted to make public announcements of any kind.

Thus, matters stood until last week, when, the very day before the decision in the appellate court in the Schmitz case was rendered, Ruef was taken from his

luxurious quarters and clapped into jail, where he ought to have been put a year ago. With this development in his affairs Ruef was furiously angry, and in his rage he exposed certain interesting details of the bargain between the prosecution and himself. It had been, he declared, stipulated by the prosecution—who apparently were very sure of being able to handle Judge Dunne—that he should not be confined "in any prison." He charged the prosecution with having been faithless to its pledges in permitting him, the grossest of all criminals, to be lodged in a common jail.

Before Ruef had gotten fairly adjusted to his new quarters came the decision of the appellate court in the Schmitz case; and as his own case—that upon which he stood convicted by his own plea of guilty—rested upon the same indictment as that of Schmitz, his "conviction" became of non-effect. Like Schmitz, he was put back where he stood at the beginning. The club of "conviction" so long held over his head by the prosecution immediately lost its terrors with any potency that it may ever have had to "refresh" the memory or to "strengthen" the testimony of this adroit scoundrel. He was, at least for the time, free from the big stick, and he celebrated his deliverance by utterances of defiance and contempt which echoed far beyond the walls of the county jail.

It was in this crisis of affairs that the prosecution entered upon a new negotiation with Mr. Ruef. And here let us remark that a right and proper course would have been to cut loose from all relations with this unspeakable wretch, to dismiss all thought of getting "testimony" at his hands, to pick out its strongest cases and go forward with them under a policy at once legal, legitimate, and decent. But the prosecution knows nothing about such methods; its plan of action comprehends no other resource than such "testimony" as may, under a system of cajolery, subornation, or of terror, be worked out of incriminated creatures. And so the prosecution, swallowing so much of its self-respect as has survived the trials of the past year, entered into a new negotiation with Ruef. In an extraordinary and notable conference, Messrs. Burns and Langdon—Mr. Spreckels having left the room before Ruef arrived and Mr. Heney being absent at Portland—represented the prosecution, while Mr. Ruef spoke for himself, with some backing from his spiritual adviser, who, curiously enough, had been brought into the dicker. Ruef, so the story goes, demanded as the price of testifying further in the interest of the prosecution, complete immunity against all charges, and in view of the demonstrated unreliability of those with whom he was dealing, he demanded a contract in writing. Taking a high tone, he gave the prosecutors until Monday, the 13th instant, to come to his terms. To this shameful position had the agents of the prosecution with all their high pretensions come at last—to be held up by an insolent criminal with the demand for a bribe in the form of complete immunity, in disregard and nullification of repeated boasts made at home and abroad that whoever would or would not "go the road," Abraham Ruef surely would be made to suffer for his crimes!

Now comes an amazing development; for on Monday, according to circumstantial reports, the prosecution entered into an agreement with Ruef by which he is to stand immune on all counts in return for giving testimony as desired by Langdon *et al.* A contract involving all the elements of subornation and bribery was negotiated with this grossest of offenders, despite the indecency and criminality of the thing itself, despite repeated boasts and pledges, despite every consideration which ought to control the action of self-respecting men and of officers commissioned and sworn under the law.

But now comes another development in this extraordinary transaction. It appears that although the prosecuting agents have been dealing out immunity right and left during the past year, they have had no real authority to do it, particularly in cases like that of Ruef, against whom indictments have been presented and assignments made to specific courts. Ruef being himself a keen lawyer has demanded that his contract of immunity be approved—countersigned, so to speak—by the judges on whose dockets the indictments against him stand. Attorney Langdon, assured of complaisance where so much had been yielded already, went blithely to Judge Dunne to get his assent to the extraordinary engagement with Ruef. But here Judge Dunne balked. Realizing, no doubt, that he is already deep enough in the mire of extraordinary and illegal procedure, he declined to go further. He would not yield

to Mr. Langdon's demand, but on the other hand flatly refused. So the matter stands as we write on Wednesday. The prosecution has cheapened and demeaned itself in spite of previous disclaimers, denials, and pledges, by engaging to make an infamous arrangement of immunity with Ruef. Even a judge whose partisanship has been illustrated in a hundred instances will not go so far as to confirm this unspeakable engagement. What developments are to follow can only be surmised.

Now the question arises, what will be the attitude of Mr. Heney with respect to this latest aspect of the case? It is possible, of course, that he knows all about it, since the wires between San Francisco and Portland are in working order. But can Mr. Heney submit and by submitting yield consent to an act which flatly and flagrantly contradicts his many-times-repeated promises? Can Mr. Heney continue in association with the prosecuting attorney when that fine gentleman has made an engagement against which Mr. Heney stands positively pledged? It is not easy to believe that he will; for if there be in him a spark of the stuff called manly honor, he will disavow the whole vile transaction and maintain his consistency even in the face of complete and humiliating defeat.

And then—possibly Mr. Heney may find in the immediate conjunction of circumstances a welcome chance of escaping from a wrecked and sinking ship.

Professor Burgess Again.

It turns out that Professor John W. Burgess, the "American Exchange Professor to Germany," whose whimsical suggestion of an offensive and defensive alliance between the United States and Germany has so tended to amuse the country, is no American at all, but an Englishman whose whole acquaintance with American life and ideas has been gained through a teaching career of five years at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Thus it appears that we have sent to Germany for the purpose of impressing American notions upon the sons of the Fatherland a man born and educated in Britain, one without any sort of practical experience with American life or affairs. The thing would be funny if it wasn't ridiculous and pitiful. It does, however, shed an interesting light upon the judgment by which this whole boyish scheme of international enlightenment is backed. It would be interesting to know if Germany's "Exchange Professor" to America is the same kind of a German that Professor Burgess is an American. Possibly even now we are gathering German ideas from some Russian or some Dago for whom German discretion or charity has wisely sought a foreign asylum. We are led to wonder if the principle of selection in the matter of "Exchange Professors" be not akin to a rule heretofore much respected in the selection of American representatives to foreign countries. "By all means," said President Lincoln with reference to a certain irritating politician of his day, "let us give Blank a foreign mission—the foreigner the better!"

The Joy of Being Right.

Very respectfully but at the same time very earnestly, the *Argonaut* invites the attention of those among the conservative elements of the community who urgently supported the reelection of Mr. Langdon two months ago to the position of that gentleman with respect to the Geary-Street railroad project. Mr. Langdon grieves, and grieves publicly, over his failure to bull through this ridiculous and quasi-criminal project. His heart is in the job of municipalizing the Geary-Street system, no matter at what cost, or at whose cost. Something of this eager desire to force upon San Francisco an untimely and ridiculous experiment no doubt finds its inspiration in the wish of Langdon's latest master, Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, but something also must be accredited to his propensities as a Municipal Leaguer. The *Argonaut* is devoutly thankful that it was not among those who even by silence gave consent to the reelection of this poor creature. It is, on the other hand, devoutly thankful that it found the courage to protest against his reelection, even in the face of the fact that his success appeared inevitable. The *Argonaut*, let it be added, not only in this particular matter, but in all matters and at all times, would rather be right than on the winning side. And let it be further added that by long and careful course of observation we have discovered that the right side becomes in the long run the winning side. To be right, mindless of the howls and yowls of prejudice, misinformation, and mendacity, is not only a mighty good thing for its own sake, but inevitably and surely the best policy.

GOVERNOR HUGHES OF NEW YORK.

His Second Message Has a National Even More Than a Local Importance.

The second message of Governor Hughes to the New York State Legislature has an interest that is general as well as local. It will be read not only by the people whom it immediately concerns, but with an even greater curiosity by the nation at large, to whom it will be an indication and a revelation of the temper and character of the man who wrote it. Governor Hughes is not a presidential candidate in the sense of asking for any honor or reward that it is in the power of the nation to bestow. In answer to direct questions upon that point he replies with the baffling adroitness that is the despair of the professional politician, "How could any American citizen help being?" The strength that comes to other men from their demands comes to Governor Hughes from his placid performance of the duty at hand and his indifference to the higher duties that the future may unfold.

Governor Hughes's annual message to the legislature is sane, thoughtful, and temperate. It contains points that can be made the subject of debate and of differing opinion, but nowhere is there the slightest sign that it is the work of other than a constructive statesmanship looking for the good of the community as a whole. Its most important recommendations are the destruction of race-track gambling, the reform of bank and trust company laws and management, the extension of the authority of the Public Service Commissions over telegraph and telephone companies, the revision of the city charter, and the reform of the election laws with a simplified ballot. While these recommendations are of immediate concern only to New York State, they will be marked by the nation at large as evidences of a fidelity that would be exercised over larger affairs.

There is, of course, plenty of material in the message to provoke local hostility, but in the main it will be the hostility of self-interest. It is yet to be seen how John Raines, Timothy L. Woodruff, Herbert Parsons, and Speaker Wadsworth can remain in the position of supporters of the governor in the face of election reform. They are strongly disinclined to break with the governor—or so they say—but their distaste for election reform may be a serious strain to an allegiance that it is polite to consider as sincere. Then, too, there is the race-track element, and it is to be feared that the agricultural interests are so bound up with those of the race track that reform will be resisted by numbers of honest farmers, who never made a bet in their lives, but whose antipathy to "tainted money" is not so marked as it might be when it comes to an apportionment of gate receipts in aid of county fairs. There are a great many friends of so-called sport—Speaker Wadsworth's father, for example—who do not wish to see any interference with vested interests. And then, too, there are the gamblers themselves, who still continue to be a factor in legislation.

The extension of the powers of the Public Service Commissions will certainly arouse some spirited opposition, from those who hoped rather for limitation than extension. This is so obvious as to need no elaboration, and there is only too much reason to fear that race-track and public-service legislation will be resisted in the ancient and time-honored way by the creation of a corruption fund upon a large scale. All this is, of course, evident enough to the governor himself, but it is characteristic of the man to attempt to do what he thinks ought to be done and to leave the dangers to take care of themselves. He has that peculiar kind of strength that comes from indifference to results, and an unwillingness to climb fences until he comes to them. There are not many impartial observers who think that he will fail in the local field.

From the larger and presidential point of view the governor is, of course, the despair of the "boomer." He refuses to coöperate or to enthouse. There was a time when, under similar circumstances, the capitol at Albany was a perfect hive of busy schemers and the air positively palpitated with secrets and mysteries. Today no one would imagine from the placid repose in executive circles that a presidential election was anywhere in sight or that the name of the governor had ever been mentioned in connection therewith. It is impossible to say anything to Governor Hughes of a private nature that he will not immediately proclaim from the housetops. There was, indeed, one boomer who came to Albany with mysterious and secret precautions that would have baffled Sherlock Holmes. He arrived after dark and he left before morning and he achieved the record of evading the reporters, but the governor himself announced the visit that had been paid him, its object, and its result.

Many will say that in spite of all this, or because of all this, the name of Governor Hughes assumes an even larger importance in the eyes of the nation. Even the professionals admit that this is the case, and they can not explain it. It is against all precedent, irregular, and unorthodox, but it is so. Congressman George W. Waldo says that the demand for Governor Hughes is general all over the country, from Maine to California. President James of the Brooklyn Young Republican Club says that wherever he goes he hears men speaking in favor of Governor Hughes. Timothy Woodruff, fresh from the White House, adds his mite by saying that New York State is most vitally interested in Governor Hughes as a presidential possibility. President Schurman is frankly enthusiastic, and says that the governor comes up fully to Burke's definition of a statesman, and it will be remembered that Burke said, "A disposition to preserve, and an ability to im-

prove, taken together, would be my standard of a statesman." On the other hand, Senator Page is convinced that the regular organization of the State is opposed to the governor as a presidential candidate, but this, in turn, is denied by Mr. Woodruff. Senator Page is satisfied that Mr. Parsons, at least, must be counted among the governor's opponents. He says: "Even should Mr. Parsons make no open opposition to the indorsement of Governor Hughes, we will have to reckon with covert opposition from him, and that is more dangerous than a fight in the open."

There is, of course, another point that must not be submerged under a wave of popular admiration for a striking personality. Governor Hughes has so far made no public declaration of his attitude toward great national issues. Senator Saxe says that it is unfair and absurd to expect him to do so, but the second and sober thought of the country may be expected to show an insistent interest in this. As a Republican he may be expected to follow the main line of Republican policies, but these are now by no means so precise as they were a few years ago when those other considerations known as "my" policies were still unborn. What does Governor Hughes think of the leading issues of the day? Would he go forward, or would he mark time? These, after all, are vital questions and will continue to be vital questions after the personalities of various "candidates" have been accorded their full weight. The country has to choose a President, and not an individuality.

NEW YORK, January 10, 1907.

OLD FAVORITES.

Qua Cursum Ventus.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, up sprung the breeze,
And all the darkling bours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, bow vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last:

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they tare—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there!

—A. H. Clough.

Remembrance.

Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled above thee,
Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave!
Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee,
Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover
Over the mountains, on that northern shore,
Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover
Thy noble heart for ever, ever more?

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,
From those brown hills, have melted into spring:
Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers
After such years of change and suffering!

Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
While the world's tide is bearing me along;
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure, but can not do thee wrong!

No later light has lightened up my heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But, when the days of golden dreams had perished,
And even Despair was powerless to destroy;
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion—
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine;
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain;
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
How could I seek the empty world again?

—Emily Brontë.

Asolando—Epilogue.

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned—
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
—Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel
—Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive! Cry 'Speed—fight on, fare ever
There as here!'" —Robert Browning.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

A report from New York says that Governor Hughes has had no conference at any time with the men who are active in organizing the Hughes State League. It is further said that the governor is by no means pleased with the activities that have been displayed.

Alton B. Parker, Democratic candidate for the presidency in 1904, while attending the Chicago meeting of the executive committee of the American Bar Association, announced that he was "out of politics" and added that in all future campaigns he would maintain the attitude of an "innocent bystander."

By direction of the President, Secretary Metcalf has signed the order assigning Surgeon Charles F. Stokes to command of the hospital ship *Relief*, which is being fitted out at the Mare Island Navy Yard with a full hospital equipment for special duty with the battleship fleet. Surgeon Stokes, it is now expected, will start for the Coast immediately. Arrangements are to be made for securing a merchant crew and master.

The presence of William Jennings Bryan at Guthrie inspired the chaplain of the Oklahoma legislature to pray that Mr. Bryan might be the next President of the United States. Immediately after the prayer the House broke into a storm of applause that lasted several minutes. Speaker William H. Murray added emphasis to the prayer by putting it as a question to the body. Every Democrat present answered with a rousing "Aye."

Seth Low's emphatic declaration in favor of Governor Hughes as the choice of the Republican party for the presidency placed him in sharp opposition to Mr. Parsons, who was anxious that the Republican committee should wait to test public sentiment in New York. "By character and achievement," Mr. Low declared, the governor is "precisely the man needed in this emergency." It must be noted also that Seth Low has always been exceedingly friendly to Mr. Roosevelt.

Charles P. Taft, half-brother of William H., is credited with an ambition not only to see the latter President of the United States, but President without indebtedness of a penny to anybody except himself for campaign contributions. He is willing and able to foot all the bills—having several millions of property himself, it is said, while his wife, only daughter of the late David Sinton of Ohio, inherited a very large fortune. The Secretary of War has been living too long on a government salary to have much of any means.

Secretary Taft expects to be able to make early announcement of the disposition to be made of those officers of the regular army who for one reason or another failed to take the riding test prescribed by the President. He is seeking now to find means of keeping in the service men whose services are of value to the government in special capacities, such as officers in charge of river and harbor work, without weakening the application of the principle that soldiers must be at all times physically able to discharge all military duties.

Representative Champ Clark, who has been urged by Missouri Democrats to become a candidate to succeed Joseph W. Folk as governor, has definitely declined to enter the race. While appreciating the honor, he said that there was never a moment in his life when he desired to hold that high office and that he could not remember a day when he did not want to be in Congress. Mr. Clark believes that Missouri is Democratic and that any good Democrat can be elected. He added, further, that with Bryan for President "we will roll up a majority of from 30,000 to 50,000."

Mayor James C. Haynes of Minneapolis, representing Governor Johnson of Minnesota, has visited New York in the presidential interests of his friend. As a result of the mayor's visit some of the New York Democrats are hard at work to prevent the instruction of the New York delegates for Bryan. The anti-Bryan forces in Minnesota are much disturbed by the fact that Bryan and Hearst have joined hands and apparently have captured the State organization. Just what the compact is that binds Bryan to Hearst is a secret as yet, but the facts are likely to develop at the national convention, if not before.

Vice-President Charles W. Fairbanks was unanimously indorsed for the Republican nomination for the presidency at the biennial "love feast" of Indiana, at which were present thousands of active political workers of the State. Senator Albert J. Beveridge, who presided and made the principal address, after eulogizing Vice-President Fairbanks, declared that though the tariff must be revised—and by the Republican party—it must not be done until after the presidential election. The railway rate law, he said, must be amended at defective points, and the Sherman law modernized to provide against overcapitalization and kindred evils.

Truman H. Newberry, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, who was in Washington for the holidays, said in an interview at Detroit that he would support Taft for the presidential nomination. Mr. Newberry said there could be no doubt that Secretary Taft would be the nominee of the Republican party and he thought it a golden opportunity for Michigan to back him from the start. For many years Michigan has been bringing up the rear, standing around undecided until the choice was made and then falling into line. "Now here," said Mr. Newberry, "is Michigan's chance to get in the vanguard for Taft from the start. He is sure, I am positive of it, to get the nomination."

THE INNER VOICE.

By Mary Edith Griswold.

A sea of sand with waves of sagebrush. Far off on the horizon the jagged peaks of the Sierras. Over all the blue sky and burning sun of Arizona.

Something was the matter with the engine. The train crept up to the next station and stopped. Jane Mackenzie got down to take the air. Other passengers were walking up and down within ear of the conductor's signal.

A small Indian girl ran out of an adobe house across the way and waved her little arms in beckon to them. Jane went toward her. The child fled into the house, but Jane went right on, past the hut, past the other huts, straight toward the mountains. The swift breeze brought her a message.

As she walked on the tired look, the sadness in her eyes, the droop in the shoulders vanished. Her soul was awakening. The scream of the locomotive sounded from the moving train. She turned and watched the cars recede across the face of the desert.

"Good-bye, old life; good-bye, ambition; good-bye, Malcolm." At this name the exultant note in her voice changed to infinite tenderness. A tear slid out of the corner of her eye and sparkled a minute on her cheek. Then it fell on her hand. She brushed it away.

"I didn't think I could ever say that and really mean it. But I do." With this declaration the last fetter of gloom vanished. She threw her arms up toward heaven and shouted: "I am free! free! free!"

Presently Jane found herself following a trail. It led up through a dry arroyo to a little mesa where a small adobe house basked in the sun. An old Indian woman was sitting in the shade. Jane went up to her and held out her hand: "*Buenos días, madre,*" she said, smiling.

The old woman returned the salutation, took the proffered hand and pressed it.

"I am lost to my world," began the girl, "won't you take me in and let me become a part of yours?"

The old Indian woman did not understand the full meaning of the academic Spanish spoken by her guest, but she understood the appeal in the voice. "You are welcome, señorita," she said, "enter."

"It is pleasant here," said Jane. "Let us sit outside where we can watch the world."

"*Bueno.*" The two women sat down on a bench in front of the house. A long silence followed. The shadows grew into long purple lines across the gray of the sagebrush. Finally the girl spoke: "I am very hungry: have we anything to eat?"

"There is corn in the tin and water in the olla. We shall eat," said old Guadalupe.

"It is well, madre; I will grind the corn, while you make the fire."

Jane had been reared in a California town with a Spanish past and understood the manufacture of the *tortilla*. She found the *metate* and was soon busy grinding the bulled corn into meal on the stone mortar. Guadalupe watched, her eyes lit with curiosity and Indian caution. Her life up to this day had been a succession of days as like each other as blades of grass. This was her first real experience since her Apache husband had taken her to wife.

In the days of her youth the dance had made her heart beat quick, but those were years ago. Her man had long been serving as a section hand on the railroad, nothing ever stirred him up except the periodical persecutions of his section boss. But even his sullen hatred of the American boss had grown to be an old story. Away off, very far in Apache land, the braves did sometimes even yet dance the war dance, make medicine, and ride on the warpath, but Guadalupe and her man, Juan, only heard faint rumors of such delightful doings, long after they had happened. Juan had been a *pacífico* ever since his love for her had made him a "soft heart," and the tribe never sent him word to join their raids.

Guadalupe did not in the least understand how a young American lady wearing such fine clothes should stray so far from her city home, nor why she should wish to stay with two old Indians in the desert, but the love she bore for her man illumined the dark recesses of her mind and made her full of sympathy for the stranger. Guadalupe had worked for the American station agent's wife and knew that her household utensils were meagre, but the stranger didn't seem to mind. She was so pretty, so gay, so joyously hungry that Guadalupe did not think too deeply of these things. What pleased her best was that so fair a creature should call her mother.

The short Arizona twilight was almost gone when old Juan came home. The surprise he must have felt at finding a strange young lady in his house was carefully concealed. He shook the girl's hand gravely and went inside to eat his evening meal. Guadalupe went with him.

Jane was left alone in the gloaming. From afar off over the desert sounded the cry of a coyote. Within, her heart beat fiercely, exultingly. Jane's hour had come. She felt that it was her entrance into the promised land. There are rare moments when the soul soars and, leaving the real far below, carries us into the big wide spaces where nothing mundane matters. In such moments the voice interior is heard and we commune with the music of the spheres. Jane knew but vaguely that such moods are but moments, though moments big as years; yet they pass. It was a moment when the cry of passion and of worldly pain was hushed within her. The heartache of the past months dis-

solved into a feeling of ecstatic freedom. Behind those hills lay the land of yesterday, left by her forever, and she had come to a new land where all was peaceful, rhythmic, harmonious.

Night came. The stars shone out. The three lay down upon the mats on the floor of the house and slept.

Days passed. The old life did not reclaim Jane. After a few days she went down into the town and got a roll of manila wrapping paper. With coals from the fire she began to draw pictures of Guadalupe and her man. First she did so only to please the old people, but gradually the artist's longing for self expression came back, only saner and truer. Then she sent for oil colors. Jane was astonished to find how her grasp of medium had grown, and how with each day she came nearer to achieving complete success. At last she began to paint her picture: an old Indian woman welcoming her man home at the close of day.

Day after day old Guadalupe and her man Juan watched the picture. Day by day it grew in beauty and power. To the two Indians it became a sacred thing.

"There is good in the world so long as two people can love like that," thought Jane, as she watched the gentle kindness of her two wrinkled parents.

At last the picture was finished. Jane put it away for a time. Then, one day, she uncovered it to see what she had wrought. A long time she gazed on the picture. "O, Love," she cried. "O, dear Love."

When Guadalupe came in she found Jane in tears. The old woman put her arms about the young girl and let her cry her heart out on her breast.

A few weeks later Juan brought a letter for Jane. It was from her picture dealer. Jane read it and put it away. She had won. The years of longing for this hour now seemed trivial compared to the big things of life which the desert had taught her. Next evening, as the three sat watching the stars come out, Jane told Juan that she had sold the picture for so much money that if she gave him a *peso* each day he would have to live as many lives as all the men in the section gang put together before she could get rid of the money. Then she told him that he and the mother should have anything they wanted so long as they both lived.

"Will you always stay with us?" asked Juan.

"Yes," said Jane, "and I shall take care of Guadalupe as if she were my own mother."

A strange light of satisfaction came into the old Apache's eyes. "Would you give me a hundred pesos?" he asked.

Without a word Jane untied her leather purse and handed him the money. The old Indian took the gold pieces, put them into his tobacco pouch.

Next morning, when Jane arose, Juan was gone. It was the first time he had left the house before breakfast. A few hours afterward the station agent and one of the white section hands rode up. They were both armed. "Where is your man?" they asked Guadalupe, threateningly.

"I don't know," said the old woman with a shrug.

"What is the matter?" asked Jane.

"The section boss has been murdered," said the station agent. "He was found dead on the track with a bullet through his heart. We knew right away that an Indian had done it, because he had been scalped. We know who done it, too, because this here Indian only this morning bought a rifle and cartridges from one of the Mexican section hands. And now he has run away on the boss's horse."

Juan joined his tribe. A troop of soldiers was sent to get him. In the Indian war that followed, the leader of the renegade band that escaped into Mexico was Juan, the former *pacífico*. He, too, had followed the call of the inner voice.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1908.

The body of Thomas Charles Druce in Highgate Cemetery, London, was exhumed Monday, just forty-three years to a day after its burial. The coffin was found to contain the remains of a human body, thus exploding the romantic tales told by Robert C. Caldwell and others, who swore during the recent hearing of the Druce perjury case that it contained a roll of lead. The official statement given out by representatives of the home office and others who were officially present at the exhumation not only definitely disposes of the lead myth, but seems effectively to confirm that the body buried in 1864 was actually that of T. C. Druce. The Druce vault has thus given up its secret after ten years of legal proceedings, which have cost, all told, a considerable fortune. A large part of this money was obtained from servant girls and other workers, who were induced to buy shares in a company formed to prosecute the claim of George Hollamby Druce against the estate of the Duke of Portland.

The Pacific Scientific Institution has been incorporated at Honolulu for the purpose of making a full ethnographical and biological survey of the numerous little known islands of the Pacific Ocean. It is said that the enterprise is to be amply financed, and that it has the approval of the leading scientists of America and Great Britain. It is calculated that the outlay at the beginning will be not less than \$400,000, and a like sum is to be appropriated annually for the next fifteen years.

Out of every 1000 persons in London, twenty-six are legal paupers.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Baron Takahira, now Japanese ambassador to Italy, is to be the successor at Washington of Ambassador Aoki.

Lamar Jackson, a full-blooded Choctaw Indian of Atoka, has been appointed to a cadetship in the United States Military Academy at West Point by Congressman Charles D. Carter of Oklahoma.

Lord Curzon's decision to enter the House of Lords because his physicians tell him the House of Commons would be too great a physical strain is spoken of as another argument for the reform of the upper chamber.

Miss Elizabeth M. Kilbourne of Winsted, Connecticut, claims to be the first woman who ever took a stitch on the sewing machine. She was formerly a teacher in Hartford, where she visited Elias Howe's shop and was given a chance to try his new invention.

The Countess of Warwick announces her intention of starting early next year on a lecturing tour of America, the proceeds from which, as well as the proceeds from her memoirs, which she is now writing, will be devoted to realizing "my great ambition, owning and editing a paper."

Lieutenant Frank P. Lahm says that it will not be long before America is fully abreast of the European powers in respect to military airships. Lieutenant Lahm recently returned from an exhaustive trip of investigation into the dirigible balloon equipments in the British, French, and German armies.

Engineer A. J. Ingle of Baltimore, who is in charge of the engine drawing the passenger train between that city and Winchester, West Virginia, is in his seventy-sixth year. He is a good illustration of the contention that locomotive engineers as a class are a flat contradiction to the cry that modern methods are pushing the old men to the rear.

Mrs. Thomas P. Gore, wife of the blind senator from Oklahoma, accompanies her husband to each session of the Senate, and watches every gesture of the man to whose election she contributed more than any one else. The senator himself calls her "his eyes and right hand," and says she knows more about parliamentary law and politics than any other woman in the country.

Women who take part in public affairs are indignant over the statement by Colonel James Hamilton Lewis to the law students of the Northwestern University that women are untruthful. "Remember, gentlemen of the bar," Colonel Lewis said "an oath means nothing to a woman, and as Horace has so truthfully expressed it, 'when a woman starts to perjure herself nothing can hold her back.'"

Harry B. Wolf of Baltimore, who represents in Congress the Third District of Maryland, is the "baby of the House." At seven years of age he sold newspapers. At fourteen he hauled bananas at 50 cents a load. At twenty he received his law diploma and had a fortune of 20 cents. At twenty-six he was elected to Congress, carrying into the Democratic column a district that had gone overwhelmingly Republican for ten years.

Meta Warrick of Philadelphia is a negro girl who is already ranked by art critics among the leading women sculptors of the United States. Her work has won the commendations of the great French master, Auguste Rodin. One of her best sculptural groups was made for the Jamestown Tercentennial, and represents the advancement of the negro since his landing at Jamestown in 1619. Others of her works have been exhibited in the Paris Salon.

The name of Princess Charlotte von Saxe-Meiningen, the eldest sister of Emperor William, was brought into the Harden-Von Moltke libel case at Berlin as the person who had supplied Maximilien Harden with the information concerning the Zu Eulenburg "group" near the person of the emperor upon which Harden based his campaign against the so-called camarilla. Harden had two meetings with the princess, seemingly at her request Professor Schweninger, who was present at these interviews, gave a brief account of them in a deposition.

Colonel Alexander K. McClure, the veteran Philadelphia editor, celebrated the eightieth anniversary of his birthday January 9. Four hundred guests assembled to do him honor, among them many who could recall without effort the days of Lincoln, one of whose intimate friends was Colonel McClure; there were those of a later generation who knew him as the virile editorial writer and contributor to the annals of the country's political life, and those still younger who knew the guest of honor as the long-time president of the celebrated Clover Club.

Doctor Nicholas Senn, one of the most widely known surgeons in the United States, died at Chicago the first of the year. Doctor Senn was chief surgeon of the Sixth Army Corps during the Spanish-American war, and was chief of the operating staff of the army in the field. He was the author of many medical works, and was generally considered one of the foremost operating surgeons of the country. During the last two years ill-health had debarred him from much active practice. Doctor Senn died of heart disease after an illness of ten weeks. The malady is thought to have been the result of the high altitudes of South American mountains during a recent trip made by Doctor Senn to that continent, although the disease did not develop until after his return home.

THE COMTESSE DE BOIGNE.

The Second Volume of Memoirs Completes a Fascinating Autobiographical Work.

Comtesse de Boigne, in the second volume of her memoirs, seems to give an explanation of a discursiveness to which we owe so much of historical value. She says that the only means of preserving the dignity of existence is to concentrate upon one chief and enduring affection, and that devotion is the only connecting tie in a woman's life. She herself was never, in reality, either wife or mother, and although she gave to her father all that filial duty demanded, she yet remained mentally free to look understandingly upon the affairs of the world and to record them in her own light and leisurely way.

Comtesse de Boigne never allows herself to fall under the too rigid bondage of chronological sequence. Whether she is writing of the royal court, of the dark days of the Terror, or of the Napoleonic period, she feels herself always free to give expression to a tardy recollection and to make good the omissions of earlier pages. It is one of the unstudied charms of her memoirs.

Passing through Lyons with her father after the restoration she meets one of the victims of the Terror, an aged heroine named Marion, who has only one arm. The countess is told by her maid that "it is a good thing to kiss that arm of hers," and so the story of the old woman is secured. History has not often furnished its like:

You know, madame, that my father was the chapter hook-seller, and sold church service books for the most part, which fact brought him into connection with the ecclesiastics. Of these, M. Roussel, vicar of —, was the most frequent visitor at our house; my father often went to see him, and they were great friends.

During the Terror both were arrested and thrown into the same prison. Marion was the servant of M. Roussel, and was greatly attached to her master; she left the village of —, and went to Lyons to be near him. My mother gave her a home, though we were quite as uneasy and unhappy as she was, for bread was even more difficult to procure than money, and we had much trouble in finding anything to eat. However, Marion succeeded in collecting every day a little basket of provisions, and was generally able to carry it in to M. Roussel.

One morning, when she had been brutally repulsed, her perseverance in requesting admission to the prison exasperated one of the *sans-culottes* who was on guard; he proceeded to assert that her basket certainly contained evidence of a conspiracy against the republic, and attempted to seize it. Marion, fearing that her poor dinner would be plundered, attempted to defend it. Then one of those monsters, a little more ferocious than the others, cried, "Well, we will see," and struck off the arm which held the basket with a blow from his sword. Roars of laughter greeted this action.

Poor Marion left her hand and half her forearm on the pavement of the prison, wrapped the bleeding stump in her apron, and came home to us. My mother gave her first aid, while a physician was fetched to dress her wound. She displayed extraordinary strength and nerve. Shortly afterwards my mother saw her find another basket and fill it once more with provisions.

"What are you doing there, Marion?"

"Well, I am getting master's dinner ready."

"But, Marion, you do not intend to go there again?"

"Oh, it is not so far as all that."

In spite of all our protestations she started off, but at the end of a minute came in again.

"You see, Marion, that you were not fit to go," said my mother, pushing forward a chair.

"Oh, yes, I am, thank you; hut, Mme. Vernelle, could you arrange this roll of linen and fix it to my arm to make it the right length? If the master sees that it has been shortened, he might be vexed, and he has already trouble enough, poor dear man."

When the countess returned to Paris in 1815 she found that the universal rejoicing at the return of the king was somewhat overshadowed by the presence of the foreigners, who were presuming on their position as deliverers. The Duke of Wellington was in the capital at the time, and he evidently did not commend himself to the countess's good graces. She says that the duke took it upon himself to carry out the spoliation demanded by the allies and that his zeal was so great as to urge him to "take down the pictures from our museums with his victorious hands." This is no mere figure of speech, as she tells us that the duke himself was seen upon a ladder setting the example. He it was who supervised the removal of the "Horses of Venice" from the arch of the Carrousel, and when he was reproached "he laughed at us, and jested upon the subject." The other side of the duke's character is shown in the following incident:

Shall I tell the story of the Camp d'Alost under the command of Duc de Berry, which was so unfortunately broken up at the moment when the battle of Waterloo had begun? The Duke of Wellington expounded his views with cruel publicity to the prince, whom he reproached with breaking down the bridge. The Duc de Berry excused himself upon the ground that false rumors had made him believe the battle was lost.

"The worse for you, sir. When you run away you should not place obstacles in the way of brave men who may be obliged to make an honorable retreat."

I prefer to relate the fierce energy of a certain soldier. Edouard Dillon had been ordered by the king, after the battle of Waterloo, to relieve the wants of the French wounded, who were collected in a hospital at Brussels. He came to a bed occupied by a non-commissioned officer in the Imperial Guard, whose arm had just been amputated. In reply to his offers of help the soldier threw the bleeding arm at him, and said:

"Tell the man who sends you here that I still have an arm left for the service of the emperor."

The Comtesse de Boigne is frankness itself in her comments on the arrogance of the Bourbons. That the representatives of foreign powers actually allowed themselves to be treated like lackeys by a royal house that had hardly shaken from itself the dust of a deserved exile is a little inexplicable. Speaking of one of the court dinners the Memoirs say:

The major-domo at that time, the Duc d'Escars, and madame's lady of honor did the honors of the dinner, which

was excellent and magnificent, but by no means well appointed, as was the case with every function at the court of the Tuileries. Immediately afterwards every one was glad to be allowed to retire and go to rest after all this etiquette. The men were in uniform, and the women in full dress, but not in court dress. Neither the king, the princesses, nor the princes were there, but I noticed behind the screen madame and her husband, who amused themselves by looking at the table and the guests before going up to dinner with the king.

I have never been able to understand how foreign sovereigns, who receive French ambassadors at their tables upon intimate terms, can be willing to endure in the person of their representatives the arrogance of the House of Bourbon. It was far from courteous not to invite the ministers to their own residence, but to make them come with all these people, and this in *flochi* to a servants' dinner, had always seemed to me the last degree of impertinence. This dinner was no doubt attended regularly by people of good family, but it was the table of second-rate importance in the palace, since it seems that the king's table held first place. The entertainment did not even take place in the rooms of a first chamberlain, where it might have been regarded as a social meeting, for the rooms were too small and he lived upon too high a floor. The guests met in the waiting-room to the apartments of madame, and dined in the anteroom of the Duc d'Angoulême. Hence they seemed to be relegated to the outer apartments, as if the place had been let to some stranger for an entertainment. I could have imagined that the old-time dignity of Versailles and of Louis XIV might have continued without interruption, but I can hardly imagine that any one would have dared to revive these formalities. Louis XVIII clung to them rigidly, and had it not been for his health and the humiliation of his infirmities, we should have seen a revival of the king's rising and going to bed, with all the ridiculous ceremonies of these functions.

The countess tells a good story of the Dowager Duchess of Orleans. The Marquis de Riviere had been appointed to the embassy at Constantinople and the duchess had a commission for him that in her eyes was of vastly more importance than the legitimate duties of diplomacy:

At length he arrived. The joy which his presence caused was only equalled by the impatience with which he had been expected. The princess explained that she had a great service to ask him: M. de Follemont used to take coffee several times a day; he was difficult to please, and rarely found coffee to his taste. The Duchesse d'Orléans would be infinitely obliged if the French minister to Constantinople would undertake to procure her the best coffee to be had in the East. M. de Riviere, with the practiced patience of a courtier, went into the smallest details of the matter, and finally added:

"Will you tell me, madame, how much you would like?"

"I do not know; a good deal. Will coffee keep?"

"Yes, madame, and improves by keeping."

"Well, then, I will have a large supply."

"I shall be much obliged if you will tell me, more or less, how much."

"Well, let us say twelve pounds."

We all burst out laughing. She would have said twelve hundred pounds with as little idea of the amount. Notwithstanding her experiences during the exile, she had no idea of the value of commodities or of money.

This reminds the author of Mme. Victorie, who conceived the brilliant idea of feeding the people upon pie crust during a famine.

Comtesse de Boigne has much to say of the social habits of England from the accumulated experience of many visits. She describes an "at home" and laughs at the manoeuvres employed to secure the coveted invitation:

The day arrives. The mistress of the house stands at the door of her drawing-room, and bows to every one who comes in; but what a how! It is as though she said to them, "Though you are in my house, please understand that I do not know you, and do not want to know you." This mode of reception is rendered the more striking by the very different greeting given to members of fashionable society. However, in this sensible country no one is shocked, but every one has what he wanted. Intimate friends have a warm reception, and others the delights of an invitation. The invitation card has been stuck in the looking-glass for a month, and has been seen by every visitor to the house. In second-class society it is now possible to discuss the furniture of the Duchess of —'s drawing-room, the dress of the Marchioness of —, and to make other observations of the kind. The object which these guests had in view is secured, and probably they would be less proud of their invitation by the duchess if she were more polite.

In France such treatment would not be endured for a moment. I have sometimes thought that the superiority of French society to all others is due to the understood fact that the mistress who issues invitations for a dinner or evening party is under an obligation to those who come, whereas the contrary is the case in other countries. A little reflection will, I believe, show how great a difference this fact can produce in case of social intercourse and in politeness of manner.

Here is another English story of Tom Pelham. The author is talking about marriages for wealth, and she says:

I remember upon this subject the plans of one of my youthful playmates, young Pelham. He was a younger son, had attained his sixteenth year, and had come back to his father's house for the last time before leaving school. The day after his arrival his father, Lord Yarborough, a little dry man, the coldest, most serious, and most formal character I have ever known, called him into his study and said to him:

"Tom, the moment has arrived when you must choose a profession, and whatever your choice may be, I will support you to the best of my power. I shall not attempt to influence you, but if you should prefer the church I may inform you that there are livings in my gift which would make you prosperous forthwith. You are, I repeat, entirely free to choose as you will, but I warn you that when you have decided I will have no chopping or changing. Think the matter over carefully. Do not answer me now. I will ask you again on the evening before you return to school, and you will then be ready to inform me of your choice."

"Yes, sir."

At the end of the holidays, during which Tom had much enjoyed himself, while his father had not perhaps spoken to him upon a single occasion, he called him once more to his study, a place which the whole family held in awe, and in the same solemn manner questioned him again.

"Well, Tom, have you thought carefully upon the question of your career?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you settled?"

"Yes, sir."

"Remember that I will have no changing, and that you will have to follow strictly that profession which you adopt."

"I know, sir."

"Well, then, speak."

"If you please, sir, I will marry an heiress."

A large part of these fascinating pages is devoted to

English life. We are told that George III was loved and respected, although there were seven attempts to assassinate him. Guests of the prince regent, we are told, could dine either in their rooms or at a common table, although some of his lady friends, who were attempting to hide the irreparable ravages of time, never appeared except by artificial light. The life at Brighton was the same, and in this connection we have a story of the Russian Grand Duke Nicholas, who afterwards became emperor:

The following year I was staying there again with the Grand Duke Nicholas, who afterwards became emperor. He was too young for the regent to make any great difference upon his account. The only change which I noticed was that, instead of leaving every one free to spend their morning as they pleased and placing horses and carriages at their disposal, the regent arranged an excursion every day for the young prince, and in this all the guests in the pavilion joined except himself. Thus we visited the most remarkable spots for fifteen miles around. I remember that upon one of these rides the grand duke addressed a question to Admiral Sir Edmund Nagle, whom the regent had specially attached to his person. Sir Edmund took out his hat to reply.

"Do put on your hat."

With these words the grand duke tapped the hat with his riding-whip. Apparently the admiral was not holding it tightly, for it fell from his hand, and the wind skimming over the lolly beach of Brighton whirled it into a neighboring field divided from ours by a hedge and a high fence, before which we stopped to examine the view. The admiral was short, fat, and very old, and before he could attempt to dismount, his imperial highness had leaped to the ground, lightly and gracefully crossed and recrossed the fence, and brought the hat back to Sir Edmund with his apologies. This graceful and courteous act made the grand duke highly popular amid our clique at Brighton, which at this time included almost the whole of the diplomatic body.

Returning to Paris, the Comtesse de Boigne tells us of the attempt to kill the Duke of Wellington, who "was the most important personage of the time; everybody was convinced of the fact, and no one so strongly as himself." Then we have a further comment on the bad manners of the Bourbon princes, as shown at a ball given by the Duke of Wellington. Talleyrand was present, and the countess finds that the astute diplomatist is just as much in favor as ever he was:

At this ball again I had reason to observe the rudeness of our princes. Towards the middle of the evening the Duke of Wellington suggested to madame that she should walk round the rooms. He made a movement to offer his arm, and, great personage as he was, would have been flattered by an acceptance of his offer. Madame, however, took the arm of the Duc de Berry; the Duchesse de Berry took the arm of monsieur. The Duc d'Angoulême had already gone away, according to his custom, and the Duke of Wellington was therefore reduced to walk before the royal group to show the way.

Thus the company reached the last drawing-room, where Comte was performing conjuring tricks. At that moment he required an assistant to act as subject, and managed to secure M. de Ruffo, son of Prince Castelcicala, ambassador at Naples, whose foolish face perfectly fitted the part he was called to play. Comte found cards in his pockets, in his breast, in his trousers, in his shoes, and in his necktie, a perfect deluge of them. The prince laughed loudly, repeating in their well-known tone of voice, "It is M. de Ruffo." Now M. de Ruffo was almost upon intimate terms with them, yet when the trick was over they left the room without addressing a word of thanks to him or paying the smallest compliment to Comte, notwithstanding his how, and in short displayed a callousness which set me upon thorns, as I was able to feel a keen interest in the proceedings. A few weeks previously I had seen the prince regent at my father's house in London; there he had watched a performance of this same M. Comte, and though no less exalted a personage, his behavior had been very different.

And so on, and so on. We feel a genuine regret at the close of these delightful memoirs which, by their unpremeditated candor, by their accuracy and their vivacity, have given a new charm to memorable days, a new interest to scenes and events of a great historical period.

"Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne," edited from the original MS. by Charles Nicoullaud. Volume II. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$2.50.

London is to have a grand historical pageant in 1908 for the benefit of the King Edward VII hospital fund, and Frank Lascelles, who is to organize it, has already taken up headquarters at the Savoy Hotel and set to work. In the case of London the only difficulty is the embarrassing wealth of historical material available, among which it is necessary to select. There will be twenty scenes, and the panoramic style will be avoided, each picture being complete in itself. A fine site of twelve acres has been found for the pageant within ten minutes' journey of Piccadilly. There will be 10,000 performers, and many parts of London will be represented, some of the localities producing their own pictures. The middle of July has been suggested as the probable time for holding it.

Abbé Gorret, who has just died at a ripe age, was a veteran Alpinist whose name figures in most of the records of early mountain climbs. He was concerned with Jean-Jacques and Jean-Antoine Carrel in the first attempt on the Matterhorn, in 1857. The party reached the Tête du Lion, but could get no further; and on their return they were freely told that they were madmen, and that the Matterhorn was "only for the English." It was, in fact, an English party, led by Mr. Whymper, that accomplished the first ascent, starting from Zermatt; but it was a neck-to-neck race, and the first ascent by Italians from Breuil was achieved immediately afterwards. Abbé Gorret was a member of that party, too, but he did not get quite to the summit.

The preservation of the field of Waterloo is at present under the serious consideration of the Belgian Government, at the instance of several deputies in the Chamber, but it appears that a railway will be made to run through it.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

The award of the Nobel prize for literature to Rudyard Kipling has caused some disappointment to the committee's English counselors, who are said to have cast a unanimous vote for Swinburne. Mark Twain has been mentioned in the same connection, but the committee evidently has a keener appreciation for the spectacular in literature than for those permanent dignities represented by either Swinburne or Mark Twain.

The decision is an unfortunate one, because it seems to show that the Nobel committee is actuated more by the strength of popular applause than by intrinsic value, that it admires the cataract more than it does the ocean. If this award may be taken as the expression of an opinion that Kipling is the greatest literary figure of the day, it will be received with respectful surprise by those who still cling to the highest literary traditions of the English-speaking world.

Darwinism of Today, by Vernon L. Kellogg. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$2.

The sub-title describes this work as "a discussion of present-day scientific criticism of the Darwinian selection theories, together with a brief account of the principal other proposed auxiliary and alternative theories of species-forming." The need of such a work as this is defended on the ground that destructive criticism and new theories have been carried forward with such energy that the scientific layman who is not actually in the working ranks may lose his orientation as to the trend of evolutionary advance. The author, whose work at Stanford University is well known throughout the world, has therefore given us a complete review of the situation as it now is. He devotes a careful chapter to Darwinism and evolution defined and distinguished, making it clear that the terms are not synonymous, but that Darwinism represents only certain theories of evolution, prominent among them being evolution by natural selection and sexual evolution. The descent of man from the lower animals may also be properly classed as Darwinism, since it was Darwin who pointed out the wide application of the general principle of descent. Then follow three chapters on "Darwinism Attacked," with a caustic and ample reference of some few lines to the theological assault by the "scientifically ignorant, angry, incautious, and dogmatic Bishop Wilberforces." The theory of sexual selection, now somewhat weakened under examination, is ably discussed, and two chapters are devoted to a careful defense of Darwinism. The author is, perhaps, a little too prone to unwarranted precision when stating the causes of variation, but this is amply atoned for by the unflinching readiness with which he admits the limitations of our present knowledge. Let us, he says, begin our motto with *Ignoramus*, but never follow it with *Ignorabimus*. "We are ignorant; terribly, immensely ignorant. And our work is to learn, to question life by new methods, from new angles, on closer terms, under more precise conditions of control; this is the requirement and the opportunity of the biologist of today."

The author is certainly to be congratulated on the production of a book that includes so much, that so clearly marks the high water of present attainment, and that can yet be read with interest and profit by the layman. It has a high value and is a fine complement to "Evolution and Animal Life," under the joint authorship of Professor Kellogg and President Jordan.

Letters from the Raven, Lafcadio Hearn. Published by Brentano's, New York; \$1.50.

When Hearn lived in Cincinnati he became acquainted with Henry Watkin, a printer, of that city. The two became intimate, and a long correspondence ensued, Watkin being the "Old Man" or "Dad," while Hearn was "The Raven," because of "his dark hair and coloring, the gloomy cast of his thoughts, and his deep love for Poe." With the exception of a few letters from Japan, this correspondence deals exclusively with Hearn's life in America. It is useful as showing how strongly he was ruled by the *wanderlust*, a passion that would surely have taken him from Japan as it took him there.

In addition to the Watkin correspondence there is also a collection of letters written by Hearn while a reporter in Cincinnati to a lady whose identity is not revealed. The letters were returned to the writer, while the lady's letters have disappeared. The present publication is a useful one as throwing a light upon Hearn's character that would otherwise be lacking.

The Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century, by William Morton Payne, LL. D. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$2.

This volume is based upon a course of lectures given at various universities. The poets selected are Keats, Shelley, Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Landor, Browning, Tennyson, Arnold, Rossetti, Morris, and Swinburne. The work is done with such enthusiasm and shows so graceful an appreciation that we shall hope

to see an extension of the list at some future time.

Doctor Payne's object is not so much to discuss the work of these twelve men as poetic artists, but rather to consider their contributions to the world of thought and their influence upon the human action of their day. How far poetry ought to be measured by its effect upon conduct, by its impress upon the world around us, is perhaps a moot point, but there can be no doubt of its interest and importance to those who would like to look upon poetry as one of the regenerative agencies of society.

Who, for instance, can question the immense purpose that animated William Morris or, indeed, the achievement of that purpose? The early mission of Swinburne was no less evident, and if the fashionables of his day were thrilled with new ideas of liberty his work must be classed among the active and aggressive forces of his day. These things are worthy of recognition—none more so—and in their examination the author has shown not only a fine poetic discrimination, but an enviable knowledge of contemporary affairs and the influences that made them what they were.

Out of Chaos, by Prince Michael Troubetskoi, translated by Edith Livermore. Published by Edward Arnold, London.

A book translated by Miss Livermore will be received with favor in San Francisco, and especially a book that has so great an inherent value as this one. The work of translation has been well done. The language is concise and clear, while the spirit of the original seems to have been skillfully preserved.

Prince Troubetskoi is well known to students of the Russian struggle. He attempts no elaborate exposition of Russian affairs, contenting himself with one of those personal narratives, unaffected and unadorned, that give the truest picture of such a situation as this. His zeal for reform was aroused when he was fourteen years of age, and he emerges from the troublous period covered by this book with enthusiasm unchilled and with the old determination to "march shoulder to shoulder with the brothers in our cause; to join the struggle—and perhaps to die."

He has certainly written an eminently sane book. There is no accentuation of horrors, no magnification of personalities, and no exaggeration. He selects his illustrations not with a view to getting upon our nerves, but as an unostentatious picture of things as they are and as they occurred to him during some eventful years of patriotic effort.

Words to the Wise and Others, by Ellen Burns Sherman. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Miss Sherman seems to be a little apprehensive of the reviewer. In her preface she defends her right to be as varied as she pleases, while elsewhere she italicizes the fact that only one of these essays has appeared previously. She has no need of such defense. The variety of her writings is among their charms, and so long as we are allowed to have her essays in volume form their previous appearance is of no concern at all.

There are eleven of these essays, social and literary, and they are all of them as bright and sparkling as the most captious critic could desire. Before reading Miss Sherman's essay on the subject we did not know that serendipity is the art of finding things for which one is not looking. It seems that there is also the more useful art of finding things for which one is looking, and we shall apply the author's dainty and yet profound philosophy to the saving of much good time. Equally delightful are the essays on "Ruskin," and "Where the Veil Is Thin." In fact, they are all delightful and comparisons are odorous.

Beyond Good and Evil, by Friedrich Nietzsche, translated by Helen Zimmern. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

The philosophy of Nietzsche has gained a certain popularity because it seems to be new and revolutionary. It also seems to subvert the Ten Commandments, and this commends it to modern taste. Nietzsche holds that ordinary morality was a mere convention of slaves to prevent their subjection by superior types, and this is so doughty a blow at conscience that it is naturally welcomed by those who have no conscience or who wish that they had none. There is, of course, nothing new in such a theory. It was already old when Shakespeare wrote:

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe.

But Shakespeare put the heresy into the mouth of a sickly king. Nietzsche conveys it and calls it his own in all its naked and unashamed falsehood.

Miss Zimmern has done her work of translation well, while the book itself is of pleasing appearance and convenient form.

Walled In, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

This is a story of a college professor who meets with an accident and becomes an apparently hopeless invalid. His pretty, worthless wife neglects him in favor of various male

acquaintances, while the professor himself falls in love with his step-sister, who comes to nurse him. It is a difficult situation, but the novelist can always rely upon death as an ally, and in this instance the dark angel gathers in the human superfluity in the most accommodating way for the survivors.

Miss Phelps is to be congratulated on having written with moderation and restraint. There are many situations in her book that might have tempted her to descriptive excesses and even to hysteria, but she has resisted and gained in strength accordingly.

The Affair at Pine Court, by Nelson Rust Gilbert. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

In spite of a somewhat dubious opening, the book develops into a really fine story of the Adirondacks. There is a house party at Mr. William Carr's place in the wilderness and we are introduced to a lot of nice people and also to the German savant Chenberger-Vogel, who is not at all a nice person. Chenberger-Vogel, in addition to a certain laxity in the matter of alcoholic beverages, is the owner of a marvelous lens which can reveal even the minutest flaws in precious stones. News of this lens, supposed to be a diamond, reaches the camps of lawless and desperate squatters in the vicinity who are already enraged by their dispossession, and the result is an organized siege of the mansion and its defense by the guests. The author is at his best—and a very good best—when he is describing action. The many incidents of the prolonged fight are told with admirable skill, and he is also successful with his male characters, who are vigorously individualized. With his women he is not quite so happy, but the book is one to be read not only for its strong human interest, but for its picture of life in the Adirondacks.

The Jessop Bequest, by Anna Roheson Burr. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

This is a very ingenious story, involving a State senator, a clergyman, a brilliant young journalist, and a beautiful girl who lives in an ideal world of art and rectitude. A will is falsified through the connivance of the clergyman and the active aid of the senator, and the girl, innocently enough, becomes wealthy through these devious means. The original offense is almost justifiable, and is caused rather by a good-natured weakness than by criminality, but its effects gradually accumulate to the point of moral ruin and depravity. The picture of the clergyman, whose knavery is quite consistent with a rigid orthodoxy, is well drawn, as also is that of the girl, who insists upon restitution as soon as her eyes are opened. Although none of the characters succeed in winning our positive affection, the story is a pleasing and a wholesome one.

The Lonely House, from the German of Adolf Streckfuss. Translated by Mrs. A. L. Wister. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

This is a story of the Carpathians and a useful picture of the national sentiments that sway the populace of Eastern Europe. Professor Dollnitz of Berlin visits Ukraine on an entomological and hotanical quest, and much against his will he becomes involved first in anti-German disputes and secondly in a brutal murder that startles the sleepy countryside. There is a beautiful girl who loves the man arrested on suspicion, and it is the professor himself who finally supplies the clues that bring home the crime to the criminal and incidentally set the marriage bells a-ringing. It is a charming little story in spite of its grim incidents.

My Merry Rockhurst, by Agnes and Egerton Castle. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

The period of the English restoration, when Charles II came to the throne of his father was prolific of incidents that lend themselves readily to the task of the story teller. Lord Rockhurst, "Rakehell Rockhurst," or "My Merry Rockhurst," as the king called him, had shared with his monarch the adventures of exile and returned with him to place and power. The authors have written a number of charming stories of my lord Rockhurst, all of them vivacious and historically accurate. Nothing better of its kind has been done.

Holland Sketches, by Edward Penfield. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

This is a book to be treasured by those who have visited the land of windmills, and those who have not had that delight should get the book as the next best thing. Mr. Penfield writes with a bright appreciation, while the thirty detached and colored illustrations are an artistic delight. Print of luxurious size upon paper of luxurious quality combine to make a delightful volume.

Admiral's Light, by Henry Milner Rideout. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; \$1.50.

This is a charming romance of New Brunswick and Maine. Every character is clear cut, from the scholarly recluse who keeps the

lighthouse to the little maiden whom we first know as a gypsy child and who becomes the bewildering and delightful heroine. The author has the happy faculty of combining dainty sentiment and vigorous adventure.

Morning, by James Whitcomb Riley. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; \$1.25.

Mr. Riley needs no introduction and his present volume is certain of a cordial welcome throughout the English-speaking world. His verse is not poetry in its highest form, but he never fails of success in his appeal to human sympathies in their best aspect. The larger part of Mr. Riley's volume is devoted to serious subjects, but he never departs from the genial sentiment that makes him universally welcome and that is not without a certain kindly power of inspiration.

An Encore, by Margaret Deland. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

This charming little story is in the author's best style. When Alfred Price eloped with Letty Morris their plans were frustrated by the treachery of the clergyman and the watchfulness of their parents. For the romance that befell them in later life and the encore that came with silvery hair the reader is referred to the story itself.

Gypsy Verses, by Helen Hay Whitney. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.25.

Mrs. Whitney's verses have distinct merit, although they are sometimes incorrect in form and without striking originality. None the less, they have a certain bold diction and vigorous sentiment that lift them to a conspicuous place. They are worth reading.

Mortmain, by Arthur Train. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is a collection of eight short stories, all of them readable and most of them distinctly clever. In the first story, from which the book takes its name, the author makes the mistake of having his plot upon a so far impossible surgical operation, a literary expedient that has had its best day.

When Things Were Doing, by C. A. Steere. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

William Tempest goes to sleep in his cozy "den" and sees a vision of the world under a socialist régime. He wakes and finds that it was only a dream, as better men than he have done. But the habit of telling one's dreams should be discouraged.

Rob the Ranger, by Herbert Strang. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

This is a story of the fight for Canada, interesting to adults and with enough of the strenuous frontier life to satisfy the most exacting hoy.

New Publications.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, have published a "Text Book in Physics," by William N. Mumper, Ph. D. Price, \$1.20.

"The Creed of Jesus" is a collection of sermons by the Reverend Henry Sloane Coffin of New York. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.

"Little Me Too," by Julia Dalrymple, is a story of "real boys" and will be interesting to real boys of tender years. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; 75 cents.

Elmer James Bailey has written a study of "The Novels of George Meredith" with some useful biographical details. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.25.

The Century Company, New York, have published the third of the series of fairy stories by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. It is entitled "The Cozy Lion," and is illustrated in colors. Price, 60 cents.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, have published a little book by Annie Payson Call entitled "The Heart of Good Health." The author lays her chief stress upon deep and regular breathing. Price, 30 cents.

"How to Keep Well," by Doctor Andrew Wilson, is a little book of practical hygiene written in the simplest possible language, as though for children. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, in the New Handy Information Series; 40 cents.

Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, have published "A Child's Book of Ahridged Wisdom," by Childe Harold. The rhymed advice is uniformly good, while the illustrations are surprising. No child under six years of age should be without this book. Price, 75 cents.

"The Value of Sincerity of Character," edited by Mary M. Barrows, with an introduction by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, seems to contain well nigh everything that the wise men of the world have said upon this subject. The book is attractively ornamented. Published by the H. M. Caldwell Company, New York and Boston.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Ever since the publication of "Coniston," nearly two years ago, Mr. Churchill has been at work on a novel. The title and subject have not yet been divulged, and his publishers, the Macmillan Company, now announce that it will appear in the course of the first half of the current year.

In the Italian Chamber of Deputies a bill has been introduced appropriating the sum of two million lire (\$400,000) for a monument to Dante, to be erected in Rome.

In two years the Funk & Wagnalls Company has printed 95,000 sets—950,000 volumes in all—of "The World's Famous Orations," edited by William Jennings Bryan.

The fifth edition is announced by Henry Holt & Co. of that anonymous hook, "As The Hague Ordains," the journal of a Russian prisoner's wife in Japan.

Le Temps of Paris has a story to the effect that 90 per cent of the English contingent whose business it is to recommend suitable recipients for the Nobel prize were in favor of giving it to Mr. Swinburne, while only a few voted for Mr. Kipling. The committee which made the award therefore overrode the opinion of the majority of the English advisory body. The *Academy* says on this subject: "Nobility will be inclined to grudge Mr. Kipling the honor which has been conferred on him, but it can not be denied that the highest form of English literature would have been more honored by its bestowal on our greatest living poet."

In one of the letters of De Quincey he speaks of money received for a novel, and recent efforts have been made to settle upon his name the authorship of "The Stranger's Grave," a mournful tale of little merit which was published anonymously by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green in London in 1823. It was asserted by the late Mortimer Collins, in an article in *Belgravia* for October, 1870, that De Quincey wrote the story at Wetheral, on the banks of the River Eden.

John Morley, British Secretary for India, has just celebrated the seventieth anniversary of his birthday. He published his first book, a study of Edmund Burke, forty years ago.

Doctor S. Weir Mitchell's new novel, "The Red City," begins in the January *Century Magazine* and will run through the volume. A young Huguenot émigré is the hero, and the scenes are set in Philadelphia in the time of Washington's second presidency.

The new six-volume edition of Tennyson is edited by the poet's son, the present Lord Tennyson, and the notes include a number of Tennyson's own notes appended to the poems at different times and giving interesting facts concerning their origin. These volumes will contain a number of poems never before printed or printed in the poet's early life and immediately suppressed. There are also early versions which afterward became famous in a revised form and some interesting metrical experiments.

A take-off on Mrs. Glyn's notorious book will be brought out by the Life Publishing Company under the title "A Few Months Later." It is intended to be "a satirical rebuke" as well as a hurlesque.

Owen Kildare's "My Mamie Rose" is to be staged, with Arnold Daly as the hero of the story. This book, published several years ago, has run through many editions and continues to be a large seller. The story was published in England under the title "Up from the Slums," from the fact of the hero's having emancipated himself from the thralldom of the Bowery to a respected position as a New York newspaper man.

The January *Atlantic Monthly* is introduced by Bliss Perry's editorial entitled "Turning the New Leaves," which fairly launches the magazine on its fifty-first year.

Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi has had poems during the past year in *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Century*, and other magazines, and to the surprise of her many friends she has written a novel, which will appear in February. The title of it is "A Modern Prometheus." The scene of the plot is laid in Europe, but the principal characters are American. The publishers are Duffield & Co.

Joseph M. Roger, lately managing editor of *McClure's Magazine*, begins in the March *Lippincott's Magazine* a series of four articles on preparatory school education in the United States.

In a review of Walter Jerrold's recent volume on Thomas Hood, the critic of the *London Chronicle* says:

Nobody, surely, can read Hood's early poems and not feel that there was here the making of a true poet. "Lycus the Centaur" and "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" are not, perhaps, infallibly in the "grand manner"—to borrow Arnold's much-abused but expressive phrase; but on a level just a little below the highest they are full of the essential spirit of poetry. If Hood had had the leisure to go on steadily in this line, he must have compelled the public attention, and secured encouragement, and with these impulses to back it, his genius must inevitably have blossomed to more fruitful uses. But he had not the leisure, and be-

had not the opportunity for doing any work that could not be immediately turned into current coin. What he wrote today must provide for tomorrow; and so, finding his ready wit a vendible commodity, he came to rely upon it more and more, and kept it in perpetual activity, to the gradual silencing of all his higher poetic impulses. This sort of sacrifice is common enough, but when it affects a genius like Hood's the pathos of it becomes almost intolerable. Nowhere, in the history of art, can laughter and tears lie closer to one another.

Thomas Chatterton, the extraordinary hoy poet whose career and premature death belong to the tragedies of literature, has his first American biographer in Charles Edward Russell. The book will soon be issued by Moffat, Yard & Co.

Westminster Abbey was dedicated in Christmas week, 1065; the year following saw the first royal coronation there, that of William I. Matthew Arnold, Thackeray, Gray, each with anniversaries in Christmas week, are commemorated in the abbey. And Lord Macaulay, W. E. Gladstone, Sir Isaac Newton, each again with Yule-mass anniversaries, are buried in the national shrine. To the latter goodly company must now be added the name of William Thomson, Lord Kelvin.

Miss M. E. Braddon, whose first novel was published in 1860, has lived for many years at Lichfield House at Richmond, where she has gathered about her a delightful circle of literary and artistic friends and has entertained them in genial and hospitable fashion. Lichfield House is so called because it was formerly occupied by the Bishop of Lichfield, and among its many interesting curios is the little table on which the Duke of Wellington wrote his dispatches after the battle of Waterloo.

Helen Keller's forthcoming book, which will bear the same title as that once popular story by Mrs. Austen, "Sense and Sensibility," will include her first poem and many eloquent descriptions of the world in which she dwells, bereft of sight and hearing.

Writing on the characteristics of the yet-to-arrive great American novelist, the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* says, editorially, that our storytellers "do not see the contrasts of character as Dickens saw them, or the sadness of fate as George Eliot saw it. Yet there was but one Dickens and one George Eliot in a British century, and our fiction period is really not much past its fiftieth year. Hawthorne, John P. Kennedy, and Charles Brockden Brown were another story."

The King of Siam is publishing a book on his recent European tour under the title of "Letters to My Daughter."

The Baroness von Hutten, the author of "Pam" and "Our Lady of the Beeches," was born in America, where she passed her childhood. She went while still a young girl to travel in Europe with her parents and to study singing and music in Rome and Florence. It was in Florence that she met the late Hubert Crackenthorpe, who inspired her with a desire to write. It was also then that she met the young Bavarian baron, who courted her in French, because he knew little English and she knew less German. She is described in the *Bookman* as doing her work in her husband's ancestral castle of Steinbach, with gray stone turrets and time-worn walls. Once started on a novel she writes for hours every day in a white heat of enthusiasm, not allowing herself to be disturbed until her allotted task is finished.

Colette, the Daughter of Dumas.

Colette, the elder daughter of Alexandre Dumas the younger, recently died in Paris. She was the wife of Doctor Matza. The event has brought into print various recollections of her childhood, when it was the fashion to prophesy that the literary mantle of her father and grandfather would descend upon her.

One story goes back to her sixth year, when Charles Narrey, one of a group of newspaper men and dramatists who used the Dumas dining table almost as their own, died. His legacy to Dumas was a handsome portrait in oil of himself, and when it arrived the whole family held a somewhat tearful discussion as to where it should be hung, which Colette cut short by exclaiming: "Why, hang it in the dining-room, of course. Where else?"

When Emile de Girardin was framing the plot for his play, "Le Supplice d'une Femme," he was greatly worried as to how he should work out a child part which was of vital importance. One day he confided his troubles to Dumas, who instantly replied, "I'll get you the solution at once," and then gave orders that Colette, who was seven or eight, he sent to him.

On her arrival he put on a very solemn air, and taking her in his arms told her that he and her mother were going to separate and it was up to her to choose which parent she would remain with. The little victim of the cruel experiment wept bitterly and pleaded against the separation, but when her father assured her it was inevitable, she thought a minute in silence and then sobbed: "Well, papa, I'll stay with whichever of you remains here at home."

Girardin had the solution of his problem.

One day the painter Meissonier found Colette crying bitterly over a book. He took her in his arms to comfort her and inci-

dentally took a glance at the book. It was the "Memorial of Saint Helena." When he questioned her about her tears she could only wail in reply: "Oh, the poor emperor, the poor, poor emperor!"

Three months after a package was delivered at the Dumas house directed to Colette. It contained a picture of Napoleon I by Meissonier, done in his very best style.

Dumas hurried around to the painter's studio.

"My child," he exclaimed, "can not receive such a gift as this. Why, it is princely."

"No, imperial," answered Meissonier, "and yet I am still her debtor. Her tears were one of the greatest joys of my life."

CURRENT VERSE.

To One Who Went to Carcassonne.

I can scarce believe the tale
Borne to me on every gale!
You have been to Carcassonne?
Looked its stately towers upon?
Trod its streets where, blithe and gay,
Knights and dames in bright array
Loitered in the evening glow,
Doffed their hats, or courtied low,
When "two Generals," proud as they,
Gave "the Bishop" right of way?

You have been to Carcassonne.
Then for you the goal is won;
You have grasped the unattained;
What we long for, you have gained.
All men go to Aready—
Dear, dream-baunted Aready;
Soon or late, they breathe its air,
Learn its language, pray its prayer,
Linger there till dreams are done—
Yet—few go to Carcassonne.
—Julia C. R. Dorr, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

The Artist.

I looked into his face and saw
The dream-clouds come and go,
The summer calm, the winds of snow,
And understood how no man's law
Controlled, or could control
The genius of a master soul
Expressing only what he saw—
Not with the eyes of common men,
But with the eyes that, now and then,
God gives to those He makes to draw
From His created things the thought
Embodied in what He has wrought—
The things themselves. And these he saw.
—William J. Lampton, in *The Bohemian*.

Age.

Blindness, and women sailing on white seas,
Seas where no placid sails have ever been.
Dreams like wan demons on waste marshes seen
Through dulling fevered eyes. The dregs and lees
Of wine long spilt to dead divinities.
Gray, empty days when Spring is never green,
Can the heart answer what these riddles mean—
Can the life hold such hopelessness as these?

Love lying low in the long pleasant grass,
Youth with his eager face against the sun,
They may not guess the hours when these shall pass,
In what drear coin such lovely dreams are paid,
At what grim cost their flowery days are won,
When man is old and lonely and afraid.
—Helcu Hay Whitney, in "Gypsy Verses."

The Old Pole Star.

Before the eclepsdra had bound the days
Man tethered Change to his fixed star, and said:
"The elder races, that long since are dead,
Marched by that light; it swerves not from its base
Though all the worlds about it wax and fade."

When Egypt saw it, fast in reeling spheres,
Her Pyramids shaft-centred on its ray
She reared and said: "Long as this star holds sway
In uninvaded ether, shall the years
Reverer my monuments—" and went her way.

The Pyramids abide; but through the shaft
That held the polar pivot, eye to eye,
Look now—blank nothingness! As though Change
Laughed
At man's presumption and his puny craft,
The star has slipped its leash and roams the sky.

Yet could the immemorial piles he swung
A skyey bair's shaft-centred from their rooted base,
Back to the central aneborage of space,
Ah, then again, as when the race was young,
Should they behold the beacon of the race!

Of old men said: "The Truth is there: we rear
Our faith full-centred on it. It was known
Thus of the elders who foreran us here,
Mapped out its circuit in the shifting sphere,
And found it, 'mid mutation, fixed alone."

Change laughs again, again the sky is cold,
And down that fissure now no star-beam glides.
Yet they whose sweep of vision grows not old
Still at the central point of space behold
Another pole-star: for the Truth abides.
—Edith Wharton, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

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TOLSTOY'S "RESURRECTION."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"Resurrection" in dramatic form is inadequate to convey the true significance of Tolstoy's thoughtful, sombre, and deeply moving novel. Those who have read the book have a key for interpreting the meaning and moral of those sordid scenes which depict the terrible swiftness of a soul's descent into hell. Those who have not have but a slight clue to the spiritual significance underlying and overspreading the tragic and mournful chronicle, and might even consider "Resurrection," the play, as a conventional Russian melodrama.

Not wholly so, however, for it is not a stereotyped play. The trial scene alone prevents that. In this brief but terrible epitome of the misfortunes that inevitably stick to the skirts of a woman stained, one recognizes the source of the impulse that urges such wretched, unprotected waifs as Maslova to self-murder. Following the trial comes Maslova's interview with the prince in the prison. Here, also, the original power and searching truth of Tolstoy penetrate the conventional dramatic garb. He forces upon the understanding a recognition of the awfulness of the violation which had entailed the smirching of such a white soul and the hardening of such a tender heart. The poor little Russian Marguerite of the prologue, stained by a decade of sin, and inured to vice, cherishes in her frozen heart a horror and hatred of the repentant man who seeks to expiate his fault.

From this point on the play more nearly approaches the depressing Russian-prison atmosphere, with which we have become familiarized, and melodrama uprears its head. Still, the early impression remains, and I find that it is not easy to shake off the recollection of Thais Lawton's Maslova, sitting in the dock with prison-pallid face, or, with that strange, ashamed, hardened, conscious smile, raising her eyes to those of the president of the court when he asks her to name her occupation.

The play gives Thais Lawton an opportunity to show not only her emotional power, but the instinctive working of her artist's instinct, when she meets the challenge of a character not built on ordinary lines. There are plenty of actresses who know how to weep and rejoice conventionally in conventional roles, but who are utterly adrift when it comes to depicting scenes and emotions out of the ordinary.

A little thing will illustrate the astonishing artificiality of treatment with which players in the rank and file are wont to meet everyday, untaxing situations on the stage. The sight of Prince Nekhludoff has recalled to Maslova her young innocence, her early happiness. She turns upon him, shrieks out her hatred, and falls to the floor weeping and writhing in the throes of anguished memory. The female prisoners, her companions, remain uninterestedly stolid, apparently deaf, dumb, and blind to the transports of agony of their prison-mate. Then, some one's cue comes, and they suddenly emerge from a state of coma, and begin to take notice.

In her greenest days Thais Lawton, I am convinced, never would have been so lacking. I am still puzzled as to why in the world they kept her so long at the Central Theatre, in the time preceding her leading-ladyship at Los Angeles. There her fine talents went to waste. At the New Alcazar Theatre, in a stock company, ever and anon there comes to her as leading lady such an opportunity as is afforded her in "Resurrection."

Bertram Lytell has no such opportunity. The educated Russians are a strange people. In their curious, complex natures is a perpetual conflict between the impulses of the primitive Tartar and the strivings of his intellectualized successor. The result brings into being such natures as Nekhludoff who, from conscientious conviction, deeded his lands to the peasants, and, in the grasp of a fixed idea of atonement, dedicated his life to the lowly serving-maid he had ruined. In a book such a character is evolved slowly, gradually, thoughtfully. In a play it is either a freak or a convention. I don't exactly know which it was in "Resurrection," but I know that it just shaved being a hore, and was nearly over the edge of the—I won't say ridiculous, but the humorous. The prince referred to his repentance so often and so heavily that it became nearly as tangible as plum pudding. All that can be said of Mr. Lytell is that he did his conscientious best with a very ungrateful part.

The numerical strength of the company was heavily taxed in the performance of this many-charactered play. "Resurrection" contains five acts, and about six times as many

characters. The court scene was very well done. Messrs. Wesner and Hickman, for a second time within a short space of time, figured ably as lawyers on opposite sides. It is rather interesting to compare the two pictures of a court of law even by writers of such differing methods and unequal fame as Tolstoy and Broadhurst. The American trial scene in "The Mills of the Gods" had no such venal features to hold up to view as Broadhurst exhibited in "The Man of the Hour," but Tolstoy relentlessly exposes the corruptibility of officials who are capable of filching from a thief and of selling justice to feather their own nests. And his picture of the miserable creature acting as head of the court, who refuses from base motives to rectify the frightful error that condemns a fellow-creature to fifteen years undeserved servitude in Siberia, constitutes a terrible arraignment.

In this court scene John Maher and Adah Sherman gave excellent portrayals of the pair of frightful, sin-sodden beings who falsely cast the stigma of their own crime upon Maslova. The remaining characters are but slightly developed, as the dramatist—who is Charles W. Chase—found he had a pretty stiff task in dramatizing such a lengthy, minutely detailed work as "Resurrection," which was, besides, never meant to be dramatized. In consequence, the later acts show the hurried movement resulting from concentrating a long Tolstoy novel into the narrower limits of a play. Generally speaking, however, the performance is meritorious, and, quite aside from Miss Lawton's remarkable work, is worthy of the attention of theatre-goers who are interested in legitimate drama.

* * * *

That angry London theatre-goer who threatens to disconcert any determined wearer of large hats by mounting a larger one should borrow one of Fougere's. Really, when one thinks of the French music-hall singer, her hat looms up almost as prominently in the memory as herself. "Exquisite" they describe her on the bill, but there is nothing fine or delicate in her art to warrant the term, if art it can be called. She is coarse, almost clumping. A handsome, showy brunette, albeit a little matronly in type, with a very good figure, lavishly displayed, and a voice without music, Fougere would do excellently as the peacock in "Woodland." With her gorgeous plumage, her music-hall voice, and her habit of rotating slowly in order to display her showy charms to the best advantage, she seems to bear a natural affinity to the fowl that is the symbol of vanity in birdland.

The French singer converses in a jargon which is a mixture of guttural French and continental English. An instance of her delicately epigrammatic wit may be observed in her query, "Is my hat big enough?" Considering that her hat is the size of a grown-up parasol, it seems as if the humor of its abnormal size is in no need of being driven in. Fougere imitates tourists (English ones, probably because she is in America) who are passing through the Bois de Boulogne. The imitation is a burlesque, and as comparatively few of the Orpheumites are familiar with the aspect of British tourists exhibiting their insular eccentricities to the Parisian public, the burlesque falls rather flat. In fact, Fougere herself, as an entirety, falls flat, and gallops off the stage with the most perfunctory of applause following her exit.

There could not well be a more marked contrast than is made by Lilian Burkhardt, who follows directly after. Miss Burkhardt is refined, and is not at all showy. She made a great mistake, though, when she once confided to a newspaper interviewer that she had started the absorbing occupation of raising babies. One finds one's self speculating as to whether those same engrossing babies are not responsible for the somewhat worn look on her face, or the tired crack in her pretty, plaintive voice. There is no crack in her work, however, and it is fortunate for the fate of her piece that it is so, as her assistant in the playlet is not a histrionic genius. A young man whose conception of acting includes an act of sorrowful renunciation one moment and a broad grin the next, is deficient in intelligence.

Miss Burkhardt conducts the telephone interview very neatly. It is rather an amusing incident. So is the fall, when the astonished girl finds her pretended faint unnoticed by her absorbed lover on 'Change, who rushes to read the ticker. You will recognize immediately, of course, that the incident is borrowed from "The Henrietta."

Gus Edwards' "school boys and girls" catch the favor of the house in their lively skit, which is full of singing, action, conundrums, and the art of rough and tumble generally. Herman Timberg, the principal performer, has an agreeable voice, and an equally agreeable personality, united to a talent for cheerful buffoonery, and the girls are "cute" and pretty.

A very good act is that of the Mullen and Corelli pair, who apparently upset all the laws of gravity, and smash the rules of balance into small bits. George Mullen, the clown of the pair, accomplishes the physically taxing feat of simultaneously perpetrating quantities of amusing nonsense, and looking absolutely imperturbable, while repeatedly hearing the violent impact of the hony structure of his fellow-tumbler's body against the softest spots in his own, or turning somersaults astride of a chair, arriving right side up with the chair in the place a chair was made to be in, and a joke

neatly springing to life on his lips. His quizzing of his partner during the hesitations (whether mock or real, we could not tell) preceding the latter's trick of picking up his handkerchief in his teeth during a somersault was immensely funny.

I can not say as much for George Wilson, the monologist, who is very black, very unctuous, and very mirthful. Of course, in one way, it is good business for a man whose occupation in life is to inspire laughter to arouse it by the force of imitation. Not that the monologist is obliged to depend on that aid alone, for he is a humorist, and says funny things funnily. But as most successful humorists are as grave as undertakers, it follows that there must be some flaw in Mr. Wilson's theory. And not the only one either. He evidently believes in the humor of vulgarity, for, although he has evidently been partially suppressed, he keeps his audience—or some of them—on the uncomfortable *qui vive*, waiting for the innuendo whose imminence they feel in the air. Some people, of course, like this sort of thing, but even they often prefer it to be relegated to shady corners and congenial surroundings, while others are acutely uncomfortable when they perceive the coming of allusions which are habitually harried in the presence of the sexes. Mr. Wilson concludes with a speech that is a triumph of Henry Jamesiana, but—another fault in his logic—it is too long.

Ralph Johnstone's trick cycling almost reduces even the tried and seasoned Orpheum audience to a state of breathlessness. The cyclist rides his wheel upside down, hindside before; almost inside out. He climbs all over the thing without upsetting it, almost plays polo with it, and finally climbs, or rather jumps, step by step, up a flight of stairs, still astride of his steel steed. His closing and most brilliant feat is to leap from a sheer descent while on his wheel. We did some figuring as to how he was going to reach the ground without smashing himself and his machine, but he neatly solved the problem and broke his fall by turning a somersault—he and the bicycle together—in mid air, and alighting head up, heels down, and perfectly calm and comfortable.

The Josef Hofmann Concerts.

Josef Hofmann, the young Polish pianist whose name and fame have been known to music lovers since the brilliant artist attained his sixth year, will be the first of the great pianists to appear here this season.

Hofmann is now thirty years of age and at the very zenith of his career. Critics in the East write of the wonderful development in his playing during the past three years, and say he is one of the most important pianists the world has known. At his concerts this season he has created a furor, and at Carnegie Hall, New York, he was compelled to play five encores at the end of the concert.

Hofmann will give three concerts in this city, at Christian Science Hall, the dates being Sunday afternoon, January 26, Thursday evening, January 30, and Sunday afternoon, February 2. Manager Greenbaum promises three of the most interesting programmes ever offered in this city, including many novelties of the Russian school by Scriabine, Balakireff, Stojowski, Liapounoff, and others.

The nickelodeon in its demand for many and varied pictures has created in the five years of its existence a new class of actors and a new class of playwrights. Actors who never see a real stage, who are far from real footlights, and who never hear the plaudits of the millions they please by their art, play out in pantomime before the cameras the hundreds of little dramas that the moving-picture machines under their manifold names present to audiences all over the world; men who could not write a line of a play have become famous at making plots for the actors to interpret. The nickelodeons use the majority of the films so prepared, and talent and ingenuity are busy keeping up the supply.

The Countess of Yarmouth has applied to the divorce court in London for an annulment of her marriage with the Earl of Yarmouth. Soon after coming to the United States and prior to his marriage to Miss Alice Thaw, the Earl of Yarmouth appeared on the professional stage under the name of Eric Hope. He was featured by several managers. Previously he had appeared in society private theatricals at Newport. The Countess of Yarmouth is a sister of Harry Thaw.

There is no new book so urgently needed in the United States today as "The Ethics of Resignation," by Theodore Roosevelt, says the New York Sun. Every official in the government and every army and navy officer would buy a copy the instant it appeared.

Commander Harry H. Hosley, U. S. N., supervisor of the harbor of New York, commander of the towing expedition to Manila which took the great dry-dock *Dewey* across the ocean in 1906, died in New York last week.

The Cullinan diamond, recently presented to King Edward by the Transvaal government, will be cut in Amsterdam. The diamond-cutters will be engaged two years in the work.

AMUSEMENTS

KUBELIK VIOLINIST

This Sunday Afternoon at 2:30
VAN NESS THEATRE
 Prices: \$1, \$1.50, \$2. General admission, \$1
 Farewell concert next Wed. eve., Jan. 22, at
 "DREAMLAND"
 A Special New Programme
 Seats ready Monday at Sherman, Clay &
 Co.'s and Roncovieri's.
 Oakland concert next Tuesday eve., Jan 21
 YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE
 Same Prices. Magnificent Programme.

JOSEF HOFMANN

The Great Pianist
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HALL
 Sunday afternoon, Jan. 26, Thursday evening,
 Jan. 30, and Sunday afternoon, Feb. 2
 Prices: \$2, \$1.50, \$1
 Seats ready next Tuesday, Jan. 21, at both
 stores of Sherman, Clay & Co. and at Ronco-
 vieri's, Fillmore Street, above Eddy.
 Oakland concert, Friday afternoon, Jan. 31,
 at 3:30, YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE.

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NEAR FILLMORE

Absolutely Class A Theatre Building
 Week Beginning this (Sunday) Afternoon January 19
 Matinee Every Day
GREAT ANNIVERSARY BILL
 JOHN C. RICE and SALLY COHEN in "A
 Bachelor's Wife"; SYDNEY DEAN and com-
 pany, presenting "Christmas on Blackwell's
 Island"; ADOLPH ZINK; GEIGER and
 WALTERS; MULLEN and CORELLI; IM-
 MANS' DOGS; FOSTER and FOSTER; New
 Orpheum Motion Pictures, and last week of
 MANELLO-MARVITZ TROUPE.

Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c and 75c. Box
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 holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone WEST 6000.

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Forty-Fifth Week the New Alcazar Stock Co.
 Week Commencing Monday, Jan. 20
 First time in San Francisco of the military
 comedy

THE BOYS OF
COMPANY B

By the author of "Brown of Harvard."
 Prices: Evenings, 25c to \$1. Matinees, Satur-
 day and Sunday, 25c to 50c.

Monday, Jan. 27—"DOROTHY VERNON
 OF HADDON HALL."

VAN NESS THEATRE

Cor. Van Ness and Grove St.
 Phone Market 500

Two Weeks, Beginning Monday, January 20th
 Charles Dillingham presents
FRANK DANIELS
 In Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith's comic
 opera

The Tattooed Man

Matinees Saturdays Only
 Seats: \$2 to 50c.

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Steiner Sts.

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 Two Weeks, Beginning Monday, January 20th
 Matinees Saturdays Only
 The well-known favorite
JAMES T. POWERS
 In the international musical comedy hit
THE BLUE MOON
 Two Years in London. An Entire Season at
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 Elaborate Stage Effects. Great Cast.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The coming week will bring three comedy attractions new to San Francisco, and there is a fund of entertainment in each. Engagements of two weeks are now almost a matter of course with the traveling organizations, and the established home companies are no less trustful of the public. Through all changes of conditions the theatre-goers of the city retain their fondness for stage performances of every kind, and large audiences are the rule. There has been no offering of merit at any of the playhouses during the past two years that has not had liberal recognition.

Frank Daniels, whose reputation for eccentric fun-making in comic-opera rôles is firmly established, comes to the Van Ness Theatre next week, with a strong supporting company. "The Tattooed Man," which has been his successful offering for two seasons, is said to be one of the best of his many productions. The piece is by Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith, and it has Persian settings of stage magnificence and beauty. Several of the songs of the comic opera have made hits, and all of Herbert's music is in his brightest style. The star comes under the management of Charles Dillingham, who recently sent us Fritz Scheff in "Mlle. Modiste," and it may safely be assumed that there will be no evidences of inattention in the production.

The Cohan piece, "George Washington, Jr.," with Carter De Haven, Flora Parker, and Willis P. Sweetnam as ministers in chief of the musical, terpsichorean, and comedy departments, is in the last nights of its run of two weeks at the Novelty Theatre. Following will be "The Blue Moon," with James T. Powers, the comedian, in a rôle that he has made the important one of the piece. The company is one of numbers and excellence. The musical comedy itself is the work of many hands, being an English success Americanized, and now is calculated to win immediate favor. Its story is of a regiment of British soldiers in India and a Burmese girl whose poetical title gives the name for the play. The scenery and costumes are praised in the advance notices.

The New Alcazar Theatre will offer next week a lively comedy, "The Boys of Company B," written by Rida Johnson Young, author of "Brown of Harvard." Young Jack Barrymore is one of those who have appeared in the play in the East with flattering success, and it contains several good parts. The New Alcazar company should find it an agreeable change from the seriousness of "Resurrection," and may be depended on for a pleasing presentation.

The Orpheum will celebrate its first anniversary next week, and with an attractive bill. John C. Rice and Sally Cohen, artists whose finished excellence is notable among those who give "sketches" in vaudeville, will return in "A Bachelor's Wife." This couple appeared during the opening week of the Ellis-Street house, and their second visit is specially appropriate. Sydney Dean and company will be seen in "Christmas on Blackwell's Island," which may not be so bad as it sounds. Adolph Zink, the star of the original German Lilliputian Company, now a solo entertainer, will sing a song in character. Geiger and Walter, the former a gifted violinist and his companion no less talented, will give a musical novelty. It will be the closing week for Mullen and Corelli, W. Immans and his dogs, Foster and Foster, and the Manello-Marnitz acrobats.

Following Frank Daniels at the Van Ness Theatre will come another of George M. Cohan's concoctions, entitled "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway."

An elaborate production of "Antony and Cleopatra" will be given at the Novelty Theatre by Charles B. Hanford and company, following "The Blue Moon."

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, with her English company, will come in March and produce four plays.

The Milan Opera Company is now in New Orleans, and Mme. Padovani is credited with having scored a veritable triumph there in "Lucia."

Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon will soon return to San Francisco, and will appear in Alfred Suto's play, "The Walls of Jericho."

The gray-haired theatre-goer nowadays finds something of more than present interest in most play programmes. Usually the line that awakens long idle memories comes near the end in the "cast of characters." For instance, in the roster of the Frank Daniels company, to be seen at the Van Ness Theatre next week, appears the name of Louise Sylvester. There will surely be among those who read the list some whose remembrance will hark back more than a score of years to a comely young actress who pleased a host of admirers as the heroine of "A Mountain Pink." But where is that play now?

Judge Hough of the United States district court of New York has decided that Mrs. Leslie Carter-Payne, the actress, now in bank-

ruptcy, has a right to the possession of the property, costumes, etc., of the "Zaza" and "Du Barry" productions and to a contract entered into between the actress and Thomas R. Hart to play "Fedora" and "La Tosca." The receiver appointed by the court to take charge of Mrs. Carter-Payne's assets when she was adjudged a bankrupt on November 19 last, is ordered to relinquish whatever theatrical property of hers he holds.

Carlo Albani, a member of the San Carlo Opera Company, was arrested one night in Boston at the instigation of Oscar Hammerstein of New York. The arrest was made during the performance of "Il Trovatore" at the Majestic Theatre, and the audience enjoyed the spectacle of a big constable in a brown derby bat and a long overcoat following the tenor about the stage while he sang the part of Mariccio. The constable who thus made his debut in grand opera had a process calling for the arrest of Albani in order to secure the tenor's salary, to which Hammerstein laid claim by virtue of his alleged contract. Mr. Russell appeared behind the footlights and apologized to the audience for the ridiculous situation.

New York theatres have been active fields since Christmas day. A number of new plays have been produced, some of which have met with much success and others have fallen rather flat and may soon be expected in the country playhouses. Beyond a doubt "The Merry Widow" is the most popular piece now in New York, and it is next to impossible to get tickets to it less than three weeks in advance. Next to this comes John Mason in "The Witching Hour," a most unusual play by Augustus Thomas, and a close third is "The Thief." The burlesque of "The Merry Widow" produced at Weber's is a big hit, and Victor Moore in a Cohan show called "The Talk of New York" is drawing big crowds. To the surprise of many, "The Top o' th' World," a sort of "Wizard of Oz" affair, has turned out to be a great success because of its appeal to children, and Mabel Taliaferro has the makings of a big hit in "Polly of the Circus."

When you come to think of it, there is something more than a suggestion in this clipping from an article by Phyllis Dale in the New York Globe. There is one kind of ingenué or soubrette that is not numerous. This is what the quoted manager said after a session with applicants for a position:

"I've been looking for a week for a refined, demure girl to do a kind of Maud Adamsey part in a musical comedy. Sounds funny, doesn't it? But it's funnier how hard it is to find a person to fill the rôle. It's the kind of thing Edna May made a hit in—there was the long-headed girl for you—no brains, but a sweet face, and the kind of sense that knows how to make the most of a chance. She didn't get 'up stage' after her first success. She studied to be sweet and modest and demure to the end and she made a fortune and married a millionaire. But even with her brilliant example before them you can't get girls to be simple and demure. The bright ones are skittish, and the stupid ones are dull. That little girl that has just gone out gets the place, and it's a good one. I believe she'll make a hit. She's the real thing, naturally modest and demure. Did you notice her clothes? And she hasn't a 'cigarette voice,' and she doesn't wear rings on her thumbs. I always ask them to take off their gloves. Hands are a fad of mine. I tell you there's a big unfilled field on the stage for the demure girl who isn't namby-pamby. She doesn't even have to be pretty or have a figure. Eyes and a voice and a little intelligence and the stage manager'll do the rest."

A Great Actress as Critic.

Bernhardt, in her memoirs, sets down these opinions concerning some of her contemporaries:

Henry Irving was an admirable artist, but not a comedian.

Coquelin is an admirable comedian, but not an artist.

Mounet-Sully has genius which he sometimes places at the service of the artist, sometimes at the service of the comedian.

Rejane is the most comedian of comedians, and an artist when she wishes to be.

Novelli is a comedian of the old school, which did not trouble much about the artistic side. He is perfect in laughter and tears.

Beatrice Patrick Campbell is especially an artist, and her talent is that of charm and thought. She excels beaten paths.

M. Antoine, the Paris impressario, has again exhibited his genius as stage manager by producing at the Odeon a dramatization of Gustave Geffroy's novel, "The Apprentice." The piece is in two parts, each of which is divided into five short acts, and depicts with great realism the life of a Parisian workman's family during the '70s. The piece has little plot, but the emotional interest is powerful throughout. As scene after scene during the siege of Paris and the Commune times was presented, many old Parisians in the audience wept. It is said that Premier Clemenceau personally assisted Antoine in arranging the production.

The Coquette—Really, Mr. Bagg, I was so dreadfully bored that I simply had to yawn; but, of course, I hid my mouth with my hand. Mr. Bagg—No! You don't mean to say that such a dear, sweet, tiny little hand could hide such a—er such a great—that is, of course—lovely weather, isn't it?—Sketch.

Kubelik's Second Appearance.

The second concert by Kubelik will be given Sunday afternoon at the Van Ness Theatre, and the programme will include Spohr's concerto No. 8 ("Gesangscene"); "Havannaise," by Saint-Saëns; "Scherzo-Tarantelle," by Wieniawski; "Scene a la Csarda," Hubay; "Serenade Melancolique," Tchaikowsky; and "Campanella," by Paganini. Mlle. Berthe Roy's piano numbers will be a "Fuge and Variations," Bach-Liszt, and the first movement of the Saint-Saëns concert in g minor.

The third and positively last concert by Kubelik will be given next Wednesday night, January 22, at Dreamland Rink, when a specially interesting programme will be offered, including the "Trill of the Devil," with which this artist created such enthusiasm on his last visit.

The seats for this concert will be on sale Monday morning at all the box offices. For the Sunday concert the office at Roncovieri's will be open from 10 a. m. until 1 o'clock Sunday, and the box office at the Van Ness Theatre will also be open from 10 o'clock on.

Kubelik gives his only concert in Oakland next Tuesday night, January 21, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, where the sale of seats is now in progress.

Experimental Marriages.

It is a little saddening to be told that Justice Newburger of New York found the biggest divorce calendar he has ever known during the week before Christmas. There were sixty-one cases awaiting trial, even after the possible reconciliations had been postponed for further consideration. We have no cause to be proud of our two thousand divorce courts, nor of a laxity that makes it possible to try twenty-four cases in a single day. When some sensation-mongering professor dares to advocate the experimental marriages our scribes and pharisees rise up as one man and smite him hip and thigh and fulminations are hurled from a hundred pulpits, and all the time this same experimental marriage is actually one of the rooted institutions of the country.

The Austrian government, which owns practically the only known source of radium in Joachimsthal, in Bohemia, intends to set up a thermal establishment for the purpose of effecting cures through its agency. Offers which came from Carlsbad, England, and elsewhere to rent the place and establish such institutions have all been declined, the government intending itself to supervise the enterprise, which will be on a large scale.

"Do you think there are any great orators left?" "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "My observation is that great orators are nearly always left."—Washington Star.

The State Republican Committee will meet at the Hotel St. Francis Saturday, January 18.

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VANITY FAIR.

The financial stringency in America has cast a shadow of real sadness over the gay city of Paris. The Parisian shopkeeper feels somewhat like the schoolboy who has received the letter from home, but without the expected remittance. There are just as many Americans as ever, and they are haunting the marts with their old assiduity, but they are buying cheap things instead of dear ones, and counting the change with unusual accuracy. It is all very sad and very perplexing, because Paris has learned to look upon the traveling American as a kind of vested interest, and when the returns fall below the average Paris feels a positive sense of injury and of slight. Certainly the French capital could not get her living from herself. She could not imitate the people of one of the Orkney Isles, who are said to exist by taking in each other's washing. She must sell her pretty things to the foreigner or go supperless to bed.

Henri Rochefort, that fire-eater of the Commune and the barricades, voices the general consternation in the columns of the *Figaro*. He says:

France is anxious. She likes Americans. She awaits them as the student awaits the letter-carrier who ought to bring him funds from home. Every day jewelers, picture dealers, gamblers, and, let us confess it, fair ladies, consult the list of voyagers disembarking at Havre. Yesterday an American was finally perceived crossing Paris in an automobile. In his rapid rush he knocked over a pedestrian, but so glad were Parisians to see him that no one paid attention to this insignificant adventure. He immediately was surrounded by all the merchants in the neighborhood. Diamond merchants, antiquarians, automobile makers, tailors, and a host of others fought for this legitimate prey, which really has become too rare.

I can't swear that it is so, but I understand that the unique American's mail next morning was filled with perfumed notes declaring the affection of the correspondents.

Alas! Paris was doomed to disappointment. The supposed Yankee millionaire packed his valise next day and disappeared. It was not discovered till then he was merely a German traveling man.

It is the American purse that France likes. The owner of the purse she endures. During the war French sympathies came very much to the surface on behalf of her southern neighbors, and the only restraint that she knew was one of prudence.

It is well known that the German emperor has a power that is almost autocratic, but it might be supposed that there are limits even to the authority of an emperor. It seems not. During his recent visit to London his majesty proved both his power and his personal courage by purchasing a number of hats for the empress, and he did it without either wifely aid or, it is to be feared, wifely approval. The woman who buys cigars for her husband sins from pure ignorance, but there is no man—except the German emperor—who does not appreciate his own wormlike inferiority when confronted by the milliner. The things that we really want to know are nearly always secret until we don't want to know them any more, and it may be that the publication of some royal diary in five hundred years' time will enlighten an indifferent world as to what the empress said when these husband-bought hats were delivered. We all know—or can guess—what our own wives would say under such circumstances, although such food for the imagination is not welcome. Perhaps royal and imperial ladies have the same peculiarities as the more common variety, and in this case we are sorry for the German emperor.

Not but what the poor man did the best he could. Angels can do no more. He ordered specially a hat of rich purple satin with a profuse decoration of plumage intended to suit the whitening hair of the empress. He thought that would please her. It was a delicate attention. Then he bought a hat with a sweeping brim tilted in front, beneath an enormous cameo ornament set in blue and gold filagree, from which branched one brown and one "old blue" ostrich feather. Still another one contained eight splendid ostrich plumes. One black hat of immense proportions was trimmed simply with gold, with a "chou" (what is a "chou"?), of gold satin to hold the stems of the ostrich feathers. In almost every case stretched satin formed the covering of the shape. A white satin hat was draped round the rather high crown with a rouleau of skunk and in front, above the broad brim, white ostrich feathers were arranged. It is to be hoped that these descriptions are technically accurate, because they are important. The "rouleau of skunk" seemed a little suspicious, but no doubt it's all right.

It is interesting to note that the emperor would have nothing to do with osprey plumes. No matter how gorgeous the creation, it was spoiled to the imperial eye by the presence of one of these plumes. He would have none of them at any price. Most of the European courts now frown upon the osprey plume. The Queen of England, writing to the Society for the Protection of Birds, says: "Her majesty never wears osprey feathers herself, and will certainly do all she can to discourage the cruelty practiced on these beautiful birds." A report from Paris says that birds are not so much in fashion as formerly, and that osprey feathers are very little used. The imperial family of Austria show a decided distaste for osprey plumes, although the arch-

duchesses have never publicly given their reasons. America and Italy are practically the only countries so far indifferent to the claims of the osprey, who decks himself in his gorgeous feathers only at the mating season and for the most tender of reasons and so encounters the fatal and cruel covetousness of fashionable women.

The world of fashion may well pause for a moment to drop a tear upon the grave of Isidore Paquin, who died in Paris a few weeks ago. Paquin identified his name with all that expresses grace and beauty of coloring in feminine dress. No man labored more faithfully to make women beautiful—sadly against their will sometimes, it must be confessed. Paquin first became known by the costumes that he made for actresses. He made them intelligently, believing that the costume should contain some subtle indication of the part. Then came the fashionable world, also hoping to be dressed for their part, and Paquin again succeeded. He adopted the vogue of the first empire, the high waisted bodice, the classical draperies, the clinging skirts, and the short sleeves of the day when Napoleon and Josephine were the admired of all beholders. But his imagination was not controlled by a single period. He took what was best from the Directory and the second empire, impressing them always with the dignity of his own conceptions. Paquin was fortunate in his wife. Mme. Paquin was his worthy coadjutor, sharing his sympathy for beauty and his realization of the picturesque.

Paquin founded a great establishment in Paris and it will continue to be dominant in the world of fashion so long as it shall adhere to the ideas of its author.

The daughter of Professor Lombroso, herself a scientist of repute, contributes to *La Revue* an interesting article on "Feminine Coquetry." She says that the craving of women for elegance, luxury in dress, and extravagance in jewelry and ornamentation are merely an outcome of a desire to please man, to attract his attention, and to conquer him. To the man this is, of course, a mere truism, but there are some women who maintain that they would dress just as carefully on a desert island and for an audience of oysters and cocoanuts.

The gifted Italian lady seems somewhat to contradict her own theory by what she tells us of her researches among the female inmates of the Italian prisons. But she first tells us a good story, which is at least *ben trovato* if not true:

An American millionairess recently had the privilege of receiving at her castle a prince of royal blood.

She had ordered from the leading faiseur two gowns, one pink and the other white. She paid a thousand pounds for each. Both suited her beauty to perfection.

In pink she looked the ideal Eve; in white she had the scrappish grace of an angel. She hesitated, not knowing which to put on. How could she manage to appear in both gowns during the princely visit? She wore the pink dress, but during the dinner a servant, cleverly awkward, spilled some sauce on the magnificent costume. Of course, she retired precipitately, only to appear a few minutes later as a heavenly being in white.

This is the pretty coquetry of the woman with much money. The poor girl who lives for weeks on dry bread in order to buy a new dress is no less ardent.

But to return to the unfortunate sisters in

captivity. It seems that personal adornment is just as much a passion in prison as out of it, although there are no men to be captivated, unless we except a few officials, who are not usually of the melting variety. Thus we are told of several prisoners who found the means of powdering their faces. They licked the walls of their cells, masticated the whitewash, and so obtained a kind of paste with which they gave to their faces a desired pallor, although one would suppose that their hard fate would do this quite effectually. But they also had rouge, and this was a more difficult problem. It was quickly solved by the women, although it was a long time before the officials could penetrate the closely guarded secret. Then it was discovered that in the nightgowns worn by the unfortunates there were a few red threads. These were patiently extracted and soaked in water to obtain the coveted dye.

Another prisoner, irritated by the ugliness of the loose uniform, managed to make some stays out of wire netting taken from the window of the punishment cell. One morning she fainted during Mass owing to the tightness of her stays. The mystery of her thin waist was then solved. It was seen that in order to secure these bits of wire she had allowed herself to be punished an amazing number of times.

We are told that women in prison talk about nothing but the fashions. Crime and coquetry go hand in hand, and even when insanity has extinguished the last spark of womanliness there still persists coquetry and the passion for adornment, even with the most absurd ornaments, colored rags, and bits of tinsel. The miser's greed for gold is as nothing to it.

The love of the female prisoners for decoration has been usefully employed for purposes

of discipline. Women prisoners when first admitted are required to wear a coarse costume of a repulsive yellow hue. By good conduct they raise themselves to the second grade with its corresponding costume of plain blue and brown. Exemplary behavior, long continued, brings its reward in the shape of a simple, elegant tailor dress of gray wool. Never was there a more efficacious plan. Even the most turbulent were reduced to impeccable conduct by the dazzling prospect of a becoming dress, and the atmosphere of the prison would compare favorably with that of the average Sunday-school.

It is strange that coquette has become a term of disfavor. Men profess to avoid the coquette and women regard such a charge as an insult. And yet the only unpopular women are those who are not coquettes. Intellect and wit are only forms of a universal instinct and the man who denounces coquetry means nothing more than that certain forms of it are distasteful to him. There is no man who can not be captured by flattery, no man who is insensible to it, and coquetry is the art of applying it in such a way that it shall do its work undetected for what it is. One woman will do it by a smile and a glance and another by an ability to discuss the origin of coal or the conquests of Attila. The intention is the same.

"Ma wants a package of dye and she wants a fashionable color," said a little girl to a druggist. "A fashionable color?" echoed the pharmacist. "What does she want it for; eggs or clothes?" "Well," replied the girl, "the doctor says ma has stomach trouble and she ought to diet. And ma says if she has to dye it she might as well dye it a fashionable color."—*Boston Traveler*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

As the railroad train was stopping, an old lady, not accustomed to traveling, hailed the passing conductor and asked: "Conductor, what door shall I get out by?" "Either door, ma'am," graciously answered the conductor. "The car stops at both ends."

An American speeding over the continent of Europe in his automobile asked of his chauffeur: "Where are we?" "In Paris," shouted the man at the wheel, and the dust flew. "Oh, never mind the details," irritably screamed the American millionaire; "I mean what continent?"

Two women were strangers to each other at a reception. After a few moments' desultory talk the first said rather querulously: "I don't know what's the matter with that tall, blond gentleman over there. He was so attentive a while ago, but he won't look at me now." "Perhaps," said the other, "he saw me come in. He's my husband."

The kindly 'squire of the neighborhood was just leaving from a friendly social visit to Mrs. Maguire. "And your son, Mrs. Maguire?" said the 'squire as he reached for his hat. "I hope he is well. Busy, I suppose, getting ready for his wedding tonight?" "Well, not very busy this morn', 'squire," answered the beaming mother. "He's upstairs in bed while I'm washing out his trousers."

An elderly lady entered a shop and asked to be shown some tablecloths. The salesman brought a pile and showed them to her, but she had seen those elsewhere—nothing suited her. "Haven't you something new?" she asked. The man brought another pile and showed them to her. "These are the newest pattern," he said. "You will notice the edge runs right round the border and the centre is in the middle." "Dear me, yes. I will take half a dozen of those," said the lady.

At a country fair out in Kansas a man went up to a tent where some elk were on exhibition, and stared wistfully up at the sign. "I'd like to go in there," he said to the keeper, "but it would be mean to go in without my family, and I can not afford to pay for my wife and seventeen children." The keeper stared at him in astonishment. "Are all those your children?" he gasped. "Every one," said the man. "You wait a minute," said the keeper. "I'm going to bring the elk out and let them see you all."

A new settlement worker was going the rounds of her district one bright spring morning. In a crowded tenement some five or six little children gazed inquiringly at her as she entered. "Well, well, children," she said, "I never saw so many soiled faces in my life. Why don't you use some soap and water?" "We are waiting for de angel, mum," replied Tommy Tuff. "What angel?" asked the young woman. "Why, de lady dat come frue here last week and give one of de kids a nickel to wash his face."

The minister's wife was busily engaged one afternoon mending the family clothes when a neighbor called for a friendly chat. After a few moments of news and gossip the caller remarked, as she began to inspect a basket of miscellaneous buttons: "You seem to be unusually well supplied with buttons of all kinds. Why, there's one like my husband had on his last winter's suit." "Indeed," said the minister's wife with a slight smile. "Well, all these buttons were found in the contribution box, and I thought I might as well make some use of them. What—must you go? Well, good-bye. Come again soon."

On one of the Southern railroads there is a station building that is commonly known by travelers as the smallest railroad station in America. It is of this station that the story is told that an old farmer was expecting a chicken-house to arrive there, and he sent one of his hands, a newcomer, to fetch it. Arriving there, the man saw the house, loaded it on his wagon, and started for home. On the way he met a man in uniform, with the words "Station Agent" on his cap. "Say, hold on. What have you got on that wagon?" he asked. "My chicken-house, of course," was the reply. "Chicken-house be jiggered!" exploded the official. "That's the station!"

Attorney-General Moody was once riding on the platform of a Boston street car, standing next to the gate that protects passengers from cars coming on the other track. A Boston lady came to the door of the car, and, as it stopped, started toward the gate, which was hidden from her by the man standing before it. "Other side, please lady," said the conductor. He was ignored, as only a born-and-bred Bostonian can ignore a man. The lady took another step toward the gate. "You must get off the other side," said the conductor. "I wish to get off on this side," came the answer in tones that congealed that official into momentary silence. Before he could explain or expostulate Mr. Moody came

to his assistance. "Stand to one side, gentlemen," he remarked quietly. "The lady wishes to climb over the gate."

Noble Prentiss was a man of small stature, and the story goes that at the beginning of the Civil War when he sought to enlist as a soldier he was found to fall several inches short of the minimum height required by army regulations, and was ordered to step aside by the recruiting officer. Mr. Prentiss did so reluctantly, muttering as he went: "I suppose I'll have to let my country go to hell because I'm not eight feet tall." The recruiting officer overheard the remark and called him back, saying: "Young man, you'll do," and Prentiss was enlisted and mustered into the service.

A prominent pastor visited a certain school one day where Bible instruction was part of the daily course, and in order to test the children's knowledge, asked some questions. One class of little girls looked particularly bright, and he asked the tallest one: "What sin did Adam commit?" "He ate forbidden fruit." "Right. Who tempted Adam?" "Eve." "Not really Eve, but the serpent. And how was Adam punished?" The girl hesitated and looked confused. Behind her sat a little eight-year-old, who raised his hand and said: "Please, pastor, I know." "Well, tell us. How was Adam punished?" "He had to marry Eve."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Gone!

He drew his money from the bank,
Because he feared a crash.
The bank is where it always was;
Alas! where is his cash?
—Yonkers Statesman.

Two Toasts.

Here's to those who love us,
And here's to those who don't,
A smile for those who are willing to,
A tear for those who won't.

Here's to the lasses we've loved, my lad;
Here's to the lips we've pressed;
For kisses and lasses, like liquor in glasses,
The last is always the best.
—Anon.

While Mary's at the 'Phone.

When Mary Ann is at the 'phone
The family sits down below
With sighs and many an inward groan
While Mary joshes with her beau.
"You lobster! Where was you last night?
Sure thing I must be shown."
And father holds his paper tight
While Mary's at the 'phone.

"Where are you at?—I'll bet you ain't!—
The dance was on the fritz!—
That other guy? Well, I should faint—
Oh, him and Mame is quits!—
Who's with you now?—That Nagel guy?
I'll bet it ain't Malone!"
And mother heaves a heavy sigh
While Mary's at the 'phone.

"He did, eh?—Jimmie, what luck!—
The skatin' rink?—You bet!—
I'm there just like a rubber duck!—
No, she ain't fired me yet!—
Nix-nix! You've got that all doped wrong!—
What?—Well, go raise a loan!—
And the circle murmurs, "Lord, how long?"
While Mary's at the 'phone.
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The South Is Going Dry.

Lay the jest about the julep in the camphor balls
at last,
For the miracle has happened and the olden days
are past;
That which makes Milwaukee famous doesn't foam
in Tennessee,
And the lid in old Missouri is as tight locked as
can be,
Oh, the comic paper Colonel and his cronies well
may sigh,
For the mint is waving gayly, and the South is
going dry.

By the stillside on the hillside in Kentucky all
is still,
For the only damp refreshment must be dipped
up from the rill;
No'th Ca'lina's stately ruler gives his soda glass
a shove,
And discusses local option with the South Ca'lina
Gov.;
It is useless at the fountain to be winkful of the
eye,
For the cocktail glass is dusty and the South is
going dry.
—Washington Post.

William H. Crane, the actor, tells of two impecunious players who, during a period of enforced "liberty," were compelled to dine at cheap table d'hôte restaurants on the East Side. One evening, during each course of such a dinner, one of the actors kept saying: "Honest, Frank, isn't this a good dinner? Isn't it good? Did you ever eat a better dinner in your life for 35 cents?" Frank was silent until the end of the fifth course, when his friend repeated his formula. Then, with a commendable affectation of enthusiasm, Frank answered: "A splendid dinner, old man! A splendid dinner! Let's have another."

A. Hirschman.

At the old location, Much enlarged. 1641 and 1643 Van Ness Avenue.

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The complete equipment of this bank for commercial banking, and the strength of its capital and surplus in comparison with its deposit liabilities, make it a particularly desirable depository for small depositors who expect to become bigger ones.

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California Street, near Montgomery
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San Francisco, Cal.

Authorized Capital - \$1,000,000.00
Paid-up Capital - 500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits 313,000.00

4% Interest Per Annum

Interest at the Rate of 4 per cent. per annum was paid on Deposits for Six Months ending Dec. 31, 1907

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WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY TORONTO

U. S. Assets.....\$2,493,154
Surplus.....483,989
PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
1004 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE
SAN FRANCISCO
J. J. KENNY, Manager W. L. W. MILLER, Assistant Manager

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery St., corner Sutter, has declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1907, at the rate of three and eight-tenths (3 8/10) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1908. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal.
EDWIN BONNELL, Cashier.

The Anglo-Californian Bank, Ltd.

Established 1873
Head Office—London
Main Office—Pine and Sansome Streets, San Francisco
Branches—1030 Van Ness Avenue, 2049 Mission Street, San Francisco
Managers: I. Steinbart, P. N. Lilienthal
Capital paid in.....\$1,500,000
Surplus and undivided profits.....1,362,895
A General Banking Business Conducted. Accounts of Corporations, Firms, and Individuals.
Safe Deposit Vaults at Van Ness Avenue and Mission Street Branches.

The German Savings and Loan Society 526 California St., San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 29, 1907.....38,156,931.28
OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, Emil Rohte; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tournay; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.
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Connecticut Fire Insurance Company

Established 1850 OF HARTFORD
Total Assets.....\$5,721,433.00
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,282,186.00
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

There is hardly the social activity that might be expected, and it is very much to be feared that this will be known as one of the dull seasons in San Francisco's social life. There are many reasons for this, which are too obvious to need enumerating, and the principal of these is the financial one. There are several dances yet to come and next week will take place the second of the Greenway dances, which will be preceded by a number of dinners.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jeanette Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright, to Mr. Edward Torney, son of Colonel George H. Torney, U. S. A.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edna Middleton, daughter of Mr. John Middleton, to Doctor Gerald F. Buckley, Jr. Their wedding will be an event of the early summer.

The engagement is announced of Miss Georgie Spieker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph J. Spieker, to Mr. John S. Drum. Their wedding will be celebrated in the early spring.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alice Spencer, daughter of Doctor and Mrs. John Spencer of Palo Alto, to Mr. Claude S. Downing, also of Palo Alto.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude Sonnenfeld to Mr. Irving Charles Ackerman. The date for the wedding has not been set.

It is announced that the marriage of Miss Ruth Adams, sister of Mrs. John P. Jackson, to Mr. Frank Godfrey of Riverside will be celebrated on March 4 at Mrs. Jackson's home at Burlingame.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Rachel Frances Josephi, daughter of Doctor and Mrs. Simeon Edward Josephi, to Captain George Willis Helms, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., will take place at St. David's Church, Portland, Oregon, on Tuesday, January 21, at half-past 8 o'clock. Captain Helms and his bride will make their home for the present at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri.

The marriage of Miss Elisabeth Sperry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George B. Sperry, to Mr. Arno Dosch took place on Thursday of last week at the home of the bride, on Larkin and Lombard Streets. The ceremony was celebrated by the Reverend William Bours of St. Peter's Church at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. There were no attendants of either bride or bridegroom and only the members of the immediate families were present. Mr. and Mrs. Dosch have gone to Southern California on their wedding journey, and on their return will occupy an apartment on Sacramento Street, near Jones.

The captain and officers of the U. S. S. St. Louis will entertain this (Saturday) afternoon at a matinee dance on board the ship, which is at present at Mare Island.

Mrs. Russell Wilson will entertain at a dinner on Wednesday next in honor of Miss Marion Newhall and Miss Elizabeth Newhall.

Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel will be the hostess at a bridge party on Wednesday afternoon next.

The Gayety Club dance took place on Wednesday evening at Century Hall, Miss Lydia Hopkins being the hostess.

The captain and officers of the U. S. S. Milwaukee entertained at a matinee dance on board the ship on Saturday last at Mare Island.

Mrs. William Ingraham Kip was the hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday of last week in Berkeley in honor of General Greely, U. S. A., and Mrs. Greely.

Miss Lucille Wilkins was the hostess at a luncheon on Saturday last at the Fairmont. Her guests were: Miss Martha Calhoun, Julia Langhorne, Miss Elizabeth Boyd, Miss Leslie Boyd, Miss Marion Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Dorcas Van Sicklen, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Helen Baker, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Helen Du Bois, Miss Hannah Du Bois, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Miss Dolly Cushing, Miss Dolly MacGavin, and Miss Erna St. Goar.

Mrs. John Harold Philip was the hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week. Her guests were: Mrs. Selden S. Wright, Mrs. Henry Du Bois, Mrs. Edwin W. Newhall, Mrs. C. Elwood Brown, Mrs. E. M. Jones, Mrs. Harvey Darneal, and Mrs. William A. Brewer.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week in honor of Mrs. C. August Spreckels. Their guests were: Mrs. Spreckels, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. James Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hohart, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. William Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Doctor and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tohin, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. Lansing Mizner, Mr. Harry Stetson, and Mr. James D. Phelan.

Miss Dolly MacGavin was the hostess at a dinner on Tuesday of last week in honor of her brother, Mr. Drummond MacGavin, at the

home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter MacGavin, on California Street. Those present were: Miss Helen Baker, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Dolly Cushing, Miss Louise Boyd, Mr. Eyre Pinckard, Mr. Richard Girvin, Mr. Herbert Baker, and Mr. Ralston Curtis.

Mrs. H. T. Scott gave a luncheon in the cafe of the Hotel St. Francis last Friday. The guests were: Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Hohart, Mrs. Crockett, Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mrs. Peter Martin, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Newhall, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Mrs. Irwin, Mrs. Oelrichs, and Mrs. Carolan.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bancroft entertained at a dinner on Monday of last week at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Walton Tully. Their guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sedgwick Aiken, Mrs. B. F. Norris, Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Lucy Bancroft, Mr. Charles K. Field, Mr. Arno Dosch, and Mr. Lawrence Rising.

Medical Director and Mrs. Remus C. Persons, U. S. N., entertained at a dinner on Tuesday evening of last week at their home at Mare Island in honor of Commander Nathaniel L. Usher, U. S. N., of the St. Louis, and Mrs. Usher. Their guests were: Lieutenant-Commander Benjamin F. Hutchinson, U. S. N., of the St. Louis, and Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Persons, Miss Pauline Persons, Captain James E. Fox, U. S. N., and Lieutenant-Commander Herman O. Stickney, U. S. N.

Miss Helen Du Bois entertained at an informal dinner on Friday evening of last week, her guests afterwards attending the Friday Evening dance.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin entertained at a dinner on Monday evening of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page entertained at a supper party on Monday evening last, after the meeting of the skating club.

Miss Louise Boyd was the hostess at an informal tea on Wednesday of last week at her home on California Street in honor of Miss Dolly Cushing and Miss Louisiana Foster. Assisting in receiving were: Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Gertrude Ballard, Miss Anna Foster, and Miss Elizabeth Livermore.

Commander and Mrs. Clarence A. Carr entertained last week at a bridge party at Mare Island in honor of their guest, Mrs. Wilson of Seattle.

Mrs. L. A. Kelley was the hostess at a bridge party on Friday afternoon of last week at which Mrs. Vincendon L. Cottman, the wife of Captain Cottman, U. S. N., was the guest of honor.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Miss Jean Reid are in San Francisco for an extended visit.

Mrs. C. August Spreckels will leave very shortly for Paris, where she has taken an apartment.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCreery are spending this month at the Fairmont.

Miss Marguerite Barron has returned from a brief visit at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, who are spending the winter at San Mateo, were in town recently for a brief stay.

Mrs. Walter Dean left for New York recently and has joined her daughter, Miss Helen Dean, at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Mrs. William Ingraham Kip has returned to her home in Berkeley, after a visit to her daughters, Mrs. Guy Edie, in Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Ernest Robinson, in Kansas City.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood is at present sojourning in the East.

Bishop da Silva sailed last week on the

Manchuria for a stay of several weeks in Honolulu.

Miss Ethel Dean, who has been a guest recently at the Fairmont, returned a few days since to Santa Barbara, where she is spending the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy (formerly Miss Lurline Spreckels) are now in the south of France and will not go out to Buenos Ayres until the summer.

Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick and Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick expect to leave for Europe early in April, to be absent for some months.

Miss Cornelia Kempff spent last week in town as the guest of relatives, returning several days since to Burlingame, where she is spending the winter.

Mr. Barbour Lathrop and Mr. Drummond MacGavin left last week for Florida, where they will spend several weeks, going later possibly abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper spent the New Year season as the guests of Baron and Baroness von Schroeder at the ranch of the latter in San Luis Obispo County.

Miss Helen Wolcott-Thomas is visiting Mrs. Franklin Wakefield in San Diego for some weeks.

Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler and Miss Olive Wheeler left last week for Europe, where they will spend some months, and where they will be joined by Mr. Wheeler in the spring.

Mrs. John Tallant has returned from a stay of several months in Europe and the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland have returned to town, after spending the holidays at Del Monte.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker, who has been East for several weeks, will return early next month to San Francisco.

Miss Maude Younger has returned from a visit to Baroness von Schroeder at Eagle Rest, the Von Schroeder ranch.

Miss Christine Judah has left for Fort Crook, Nebraska, where she will be the guest of Lieutenant and Mrs. Daniel Shean (formerly Miss Ursula Stone).

Miss Jennie Lathrop has taken an apartment at the St. Xavier for the winter.

Mrs. Lewis Hohart of San Mateo has been visiting in Sacramento as the guest of her mother, Mrs. Deming.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer King and daughter are at the Hotel Potter at Santa Barbara for a few weeks.

Doctor and Mrs. Albert Abrams, who have been in Europe for the last year, will return to San Francisco soon.

Mrs. Asa R. Wells leaves next Monday for the East, and will visit in Baltimore, Washington, and Philadelphia, later going to New York City to be with her brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Purnell Selby.

The Gordon Blandings of Belvedere are at the Fairmont for the winter.

Mrs. Veronica C. Baird has returned from Paris with her sons and has taken apartments at the Fairmont.

The J. Parker Curriers are staying at the Fairmont for the winter. Mrs. Currier gave an elaborate luncheon Thursday in honor of Mrs. E. Walton Hedges.

Ex-Senator Felton, accompanied by C. N. Felton, Jr., Doctor W. S. Thorne, and Mr. A. Yenoff, were at the Hotel del Coronado last week.



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of greens seen through
avenues of dark oak and
dull gold, give a rare
tone sympathy to a quiet
luncheon in the Cafe.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Rear-Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich, U. S. N., commandant of the New York Navy Yard, arrived in San Diego last week and delivered an address at the dedication of the monument erected to the sailors and marines killed by the explosion of the gunboat *Bennington* July 21, 1905.

Commander A. C. Almy, U. S. N., has arrived in San Diego and assumed charge of naval construction work there.

Colonel Joseph N. Duncan, U. S. A., chief of staff, Department of California, has been announced by General Leonard Wood, U. S. A., as having distinguished himself in action by his skill and care in conducting the operations in the engagement against hostile Moros at Bull Dajo, Island of Jolo, March 6 to 8, 1906, where he was in immediate command of the troops engaged.

Colonel John B. Bellinger, U. S. A., left last week for a few days' stay in Santa Barbara, where Mrs. Bellinger and their family are spending the winter.

Colonel Daniel M. Appel, U. S. A., left last week for a brief visit to Santa Barbara.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert K. Evans, General Staff, U. S. A., is designated as director of the War College, Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Biddle, chief engineer officer, Department of California, left last week for a brief trip to Sacramento on official business.

Major Eugene T. Wilson, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has reported at Fort Totten, New York, for duty.

Major George F. Downey, paymaster, U. S. A., upon being relieved from duty with the Army of Cuban Pacification, will proceed to Washington, D. C., and report in person to the paymaster-general of the army for duty as his assistant.

Captain Clark D. Dudley, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., is relieved from further duty in connection with progressive map work in the Department of Colorado, and will proceed to join his troop at Boise Barracks, Idaho.

Captain Richard C. Croxton, Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., is detailed for service and to fill a vacancy in the Quartermaster Department.

Captain James E. Bell, Second Infantry, U. S. A., returned early last week from Los Angeles, where he has been on temporary recruiting duty.

Lieutenant Henry J. McKenney, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., is ordered to proceed to Fort Riley, Kansas, for observation and treatment by the surgeon at that post.

Lieutenant Murray B. Rush, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at Boise Barracks, Idaho, and ordered to join his proper station, Fort Walla Walla, Washington.

Lieutenant Guy B. G. Hanna, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty with the Ninety-Ninth Company, and placed on the unassigned list. He is ordered to report to the commanding officer of the Artillery District of Mobile for assignment to duty on the staff.

Lieutenant Robert J. Arnold, Field Artillery, U. S. A., is ordered to report in person to Colonel M. M. Macomb, Sixth Field Artillery, U. S. A., at Fort Riley, Kansas, at such time as he may be required, for reexamination to determine his fitness for promotion.

Lieutenant James W. Everington, Third Infantry, U. S. A., is relieved from treatment at the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, and will proceed to join his regiment.

Lieutenant Calhoun Ancrum, U. S. M. C., is detached from the U. S. S. *West Virginia* and ordered to the Marine Barracks, Mare Island Navy Yard, when discharged from the hospital.

Past Assistant Paymaster Arthur J. Pippin, U. S. N., has been undergoing examination for promotion at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Doctor Munson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Munson (formerly Miss Katharine Glass) sailed on the transport *Sherman* last week for the Orient.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were: Mrs. S. Blum, Miss Lichenthal, Mr. William Wolff, Mr. J. E. O'Brien, Mr. T. H. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stevens Kiersted, Mr. C. C. Hillis, Mr. E. N. Solm, Mr. G. A. Knoche, Mr. H. C. Maxton, Mr. William L. Goodwin, Mr. B. C. Holst, Mr. E. M. Scribner, Mr. R. W. Van Valkenburgh, Mr. E. W. Ballard, Mr. W. A. Landry, Mr. John R. Cole, Mr. A. E. Drendell, Mr. C. E. Winchell, Mr. Henry F. Froesch, Mr. E. K. Pruston, Mr. N. A. Ekberg, Mr. D. L. Dougherty, Mr. Garnett Young, Mr. F. E. Corwin, Mr. D. Pierce, Mrs. Henry Meyer, Mr. A. C. Bradley, Mr. E. C. Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Raisch, Mrs. L. H. Bryan, Miss Linda Bryan, Mr. Hamilton Bryan, Miss Mahelle Toy, Mr. Erle J. Osborne, Mr. Robert R. Rathhorn.

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were: Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Stafford, Mr. Daniel A. Ryan, Mr. M. A. Mackay, Mr. A. F. Zipf, Doctor Robert Cress, Mr. A. A. Brown, Mr. C. Dudley Dean, Mr. W. M. Brady, Mr. Louis T. Samuels, Doctor George H. Evans, of San Francisco.

American Homes of Foreign Diplomats.

The desire to build for their own use has spread very much among the diplomatic body, that charming feature of Washington social life, and many of the embassies and even legations own their own homes, says a writer in the *Van Norden Magazine*. The pioneer was the British Embassy, which years ago owned its own lodgment in the now old-fashioned "British Legation" building on Connecticut Avenue, which, by the way, has during the past summer been extensively renovated and modernized to meet latter-day social needs. Kaiser William, who always narrowly watches the British lead, soon decided that Germany must own her diplomatic home in the capital of the great republic, and so arose the comfortable embassy building on the Highlands of Massachusetts Avenue, one of the most select and aristocratic sections of the city. The French government has followed in turn, as have many of the legations, and even China has built a beautiful home on Washington Heights.

Of the building of these diplomatic homes it may be proper to state that most of them have had their inception since the year 1898, at the conclusion of the war with Spain, when it suddenly dawned upon Europe that a new power of the first order had arisen in the firmament. And the change in the character of the diplomatic homes in Washington was simultaneous with a marked evolution in the type of diplomatic representatives sent to the capital of the republic. The fact is, that in years gone by Washington was looked upon as a sort of Botany Bay, diplomatically speaking; it was a place in which to train beginners in the study of international relations, of course, but was also largely a refuge for impoverished aristocrats who lacked the means to make a decent appearance socially in the great European capitals, and in even larger degree was it selected as a good place to send young or refractory scions of nobility as attaches to be disciplined and chastened by temporary exile from the desirable posts.

That is all changed now, for Washington has come into its own and has become worthy of the aspiration of the greatest of diplomats. It is true that it lacks much of the charm of Paris and London and Berlin and Rome for the men of exquisite taste and lovers of art and luxury, though even in these points the new world capital is making steady and satisfactory growth, with its magnificent public buildings, increasing in number every year; with its vast mines of wealth in the shape of the peerless Library of Congress and its scientific museums and laboratories to attract the student, and the universities of all sects that are springing up all around to offer the highest academic instruction. But the capital has become known as a good place to make a diplomatic reputation for the beginner in the science of international relations, as well as for its opportunities to build upon reputations already well founded.

Persia's Reform Monarch.

In his detestation of all forms of extravagance, the Shah has reduced the splendors of his court to something next door to shabbiness. His father liked occasionally to dazzle distinguished Europeans by divesting himself of the tweed trousers and pea jacket in which he lounged about his gardens of a morning, and donning the high Kajar crown and golden robe comprising the regalia of the audience hall. Innumerable dignitaries stood or stalked about the anterooms through which the visitor was handed and escorted amid profound obeisances, while every now and then a file of sentries sprang with one accord from the benches whereon they sat and saluted with much clicking of spurs. This ceremonial minuteness is reserved today only for ambassadors. Mohammed Ali Mirza stands on a rug with his hands in his pockets to receive those who have the good fortune to gain access to him. He grants no audiences to mere curiosity seekers. Every person admitted to his presence is warned beforehand to employ no set phrases, and to refrain from all obeisances, genuflections, and manual salutes. Any phraseology of compliment disgusts the Shah and he manifests this disgust in his face. It is very hard form to set foot on the rug in the centre of which the Shah has stationed himself. His attitude is described as furtive, his glance as sidelong, and his most elaborate gesture is simply the extraction of one of his immense hands from the pockets in which they are very likely to be thrust.

Women autocar drivers will be seen no more in Berlin. The only woman who was licensed to drive an automobile retired because she did not possess sufficient endurance to withstand the arduous duties of the calling. Twenty women who for some months past have been learning to drive failed to satisfy the police requirements for the granting of licenses. The car companies show no disposition to engage any more women.

The San Francisco Amateur Dramatic Association is rehearsing "Trelawney of the Wells" every Tuesday evening in the green room of the Hotel St. Francis. The play will be put on at one of the theatres very soon, and the proceeds will be devoted to charity.

There is a letter at the *Argonaut* office for J. M. Baltimore.

The Butterfly Ball.

James W. Paul, Jr., of Philadelphia, denies the story of the live butterflies being loosed at the ball which he gave in Horticultural Hall during the holidays. The story, which appeared first in Philadelphia and later in papers throughout the country, has occasioned not only amusement, but indignation in the Quaker City.

"It is absurd to think of such a thing being done," continued Mr. Paul, "for if butterflies had been sent from such distant parts as those ridiculous stories had it they would have been transformed into larvae and caterpillars before their arrival here. It is all absolutely untrue."

Word came echoing back from New York that "15,000 educated butterflies had blazed the way for Miss Mary Astor Paul's entrance to society, and the entire hall cost \$100,000."

Another account had it that "the piece de resistance came when at the height of the festivities 500 beautiful butterflies, gathered from all corners of the earth, were released over the heads of the magnificently gowned and jeweled women and the bravely dressed men who had gathered as Mr. Paul's guests."

The fact of the matter was that several dozen paper butterflies were poised by means of almost invisible wires over the larger of the blooms in the general decorations, a detail hardly noticeable to many of the guests.

A Changing View.

When Napoleon I left Elba, the *Moniteur*, the official organ of the restoration, marked his progress across France with the following amusing remarks:

The cannibal has left his den.
The ogre of Corsica has just sailed.
The tiger has arrived at Gap.
The monster slept at Grenoble.
The tyrant has crossed Lyons.
The usurper has been seen at Dijon.
Bonaparte is advancing quickly on Paris, but he will never enter the city.
The emperor has arrived at Fontainebleau.
His imperial majesty made a triumphal entry into the castle of the Tuilleries, in the midst of his faithful subjects.

The memorial monument to the *Bennington* dead was unveiled January 7 at the national cemetery on top of Point Loma, San Diego, in the presence of thousands of persons. The plain shaft stands within the plot where are buried most of those who lost their lives in the explosion on the gunboat *Bennington*, July 21, 1905, and is composed of seventy-four slabs of San Diego County granite roughly dressed, and towering sixty feet above the concrete base, capped by a pyramid of polished granite.

The tower of the Metropolitan Life Insurance building, at Madison Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street, New York City, will rise to a height of 658 feet above the sidewalk, making it the tallest building in the world.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Color photography is never going to appeal very strongly to the man who has a red nose.—*Washington Post*.

"Is it true that heat ascends?" "Oh, yes; that is why so many hot-headed men get cold feet."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

It looks as if people had been unjust to John L. Sullivan all these years. He says he never smoked a cigarette.—*Somerville Journal*.

Mrs. Newed—My husband never speaks a cross word to me. Mrs. Oldwed—Indeed! How long have you been living apart?—*Chicago News*.

"I hear you have been hunting. Any luck?" "Yes. Only one man mistook me for a rabbit, and he was a poor shot."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

The Boatblack—In ordeh teh avoid any unpleasanties atfeh de shine, suh, I wants teh tell yo' right now dat I can't change no clearin' house subhtificates!—*Puck*.

"I see you're still using the old automobile jokes," remarked the first humorist. "What of it?" snarled the second humorist. "Don't you know the 1908 models are out?"—*Washington Herald*.

Passenger—Are you goin' to hang about here all day, or what? Busman—If yer don't like it, yer can git off an' walk. Passenger—Oh, that's all right. I'm not in such a hurry as all that.—*Punch*.

First Visitor—Most interesting country round about here. Have you seen the ruins? Second Visitor (who has just paid his bill)—Yes; I suppose you mean the guests leaving this hotel.—*London Tit-Bits*.

"Don't you find that living out there in the suburbs is a drawback to your business?" "On the contrary, I find that my business is a drawback to my living out there in the suburbs."—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer*.

It is asserted that a severe winter is in prospect because the fur on the foxes is thicker than usual. The hide on the coal man and the plumber, we presume, is also a reliable sign.—*Washington Post*.

Miss Elderleigh—Doctor, do you believe that bleaching the hair leads to softening of the brain? Doctor—No; but I believe that softening of the brain sometimes leads to bleaching of the hair.—*Chicago News*.

Bobby—Sister's got a heau all right! Tommy—What makes you think so? Bobby—She used to say: "Bobby, see who's calling," when the 'phone rang. Now she runs to it herself, instead of telling me.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"I met Dunkey today for the first time in years. He hasn't changed much." "Oh, he hasn't changed at all, but he doesn't seem to realize it." "How do you mean?" "Oh, he's forever talking about 'what a fool he used to be.'"—*Philadelphia Press*.

Judge (to prisoner just condemned to death)—You have the legal right to express a last wish, and if it is possible it will be granted. Prisoner (a barber)—I should like just once more to be allowed to shave the district attorney.—*Boston Globe*.

The Lady—So you are an old soldier? How thrilling! Tell me what is the narrowest escape you ever had? The Swatly—Well, mum, once I was transferred from a regiment just two days before it wuz ordered to the Fillerpeens.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Nervous Lady Passenger (to deck hand)—Have you ever seen any worse weather than this, Mister Sailor? Deck Hand—Take a word from an old salt, mum. The weather's never very bad while there's any females on deck a-making inquiries about it.—*Sketch*.

The Assyrian was scratching some hieroglyphics on a brick. "What you writing?" asked his chum. "Hanged if I know," responded the engraver, "but I guess some of those Assyriologists of the twentieth century can translate it all right."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

Third-Floor Tenant—See here! I'm one of a committee of men in this apartment, and I've called to ask you to sell your flute. Second-Floor Tenant—Delighted to see you. I'm one of another committee, and was about to go up and ask you if you'd sell your hahy.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

Mrs. Turtle—I see by the papers here that an automobile ran down a twenty-foot embankment and turned turtle. Now, Henry, what I want you to do is to run up a twenty-foot embankment and turn into an automobile. You know I've wanted one this long while.—*Circle Magazine*.

A suburban minister during his discourse one Sabbath morning said: "In each blade of grass there is a sermon." The following day one of his flock discovered the good man pushing a lawn mower about his garden and paused to say: "Well, parson, I'm glad to see you engaged in cutting your sermon's short."—*The Standard*.

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One Week's Developments.

The week has added an extraordinary chapter—perhaps we would better say a series of chapters—to the long-drawn-out and complicated story of the anti-graft procedure in San Francisco. At the time of our last writing the prosecution, having suffered something very like a knock-out in the nullification of its early convictions of Eugene Schmitz and Abraham Ruef, was engaged in an anxious negotiation with Ruef to the end of reënlistering his services as a prosecuting witness. This dicker in the days of last week which preceded its failure, presented to the public a spectacle truly amazing. The prosecuting attorney and his chief evidence-getter, after several practically open sessions of bargaining with Ruef, arranged a definite scheme of immunity to be given to the arch criminal—to one over whose head they hold one hundred and twenty-three indictments for gross crimes—in payment for "evidence" tending to conviction in other cases. Just what "evidence" Ruef was prepared to give under this new arrangement, in addition to that which he has already declared to be the whole truth, the public has not been advised, since the deal came to nothing before its true and full inwardness was developed. As mat-

ters stood under the law, it was necessary that Judge Dunne of the superior court should become a party to the arrangement; this requirement being regarded by Prosecutor Langdon, very naturally under all the circumstances, as a casual detail calling for nothing more than a summons to Judge Dunne to write his name. Having been so obliging in other matters, his complacency in this arrangement was reckoned as a matter of course. But Judge Dunne has gained experience and caution in connection with recent events, and when Mr. Langdon's new contract of immunity for Ruef was presented to him he refused peremptorily to have anything to do with it. Neither pleadings nor bluster would move him. And so the whole scheme fell through; and with this failure Abraham Ruef ceased to be the friend, associate, and helper of the prosecution, but just a plain scoundrel under one hundred and twenty-three indictments, subject to whatever revenges the prosecution might be able to take out of his hide in return for Judge Dunne's embarrassing change of attitude. Thus, let it be remarked tearfully, again does innocence suffer for the fault of others. For if Judge Dunne had consented to continue to play the game, Ruef would undoubtedly have continued in the pleasing rôle of friend, supporter, and co-conspirator with Langdon, Spreckels, and the rest of them. Thus endeth the first chapter.

We come now to the second striking development of the week, one which may be characterized as a most extraordinary show-down on the part of the prosecution concerning matters long suspected but persistently denied. When the proposed new deal with Ruef fell through as the result of Judge Dunne's failure to join in it, Mr. Langdon, after taking a day to get over his astonishment and recover his breath, announced that no further attempt would be made to deal with Ruef to the end of securing his aid as a prosecuting witness; and, inspired by what motives and to what ends nobody has been able to understand, he then gave out for publication a copy of a contract of immunity entered into by the prosecution in May of last year. This document is drawn in legal form and contains six specific stipulations. In these several clauses it is agreed that the prosecution "will grant and obtain for said A. Ruef full and complete immunity from prosecution or punishment for any and all of said offenses and crimes involved in said so-called graft prosecutions and investigations and will not prosecute him for any thereof." This assurance is repeated in detail in legal language in every possible form; and connected with it is the outline of a specific plan under which Ruef was to be indicted upon various charges in connection with others against whom he was to appear as a witness. It is further specified that "any and all such indictments or charges . . . shall be dismissed . . . and said Ruef discharged on or before December 1, 1907." It is, however, expressly agreed that a certain indictment, No. 305, then pending against Ruef—the same being that indictment for extortion to which he later pleaded guilty—shall not be included in the general grant of immunity. At the same time it is agreed that in the event of a conviction on account of any crime the prosecution "will use all legitimate influence and power to secure a pardon." All this was to be in consideration of Ruef's giving testimony in connection with the graft prosecutions, making "full and fair disclosure of all crimes and offenses known to him and all of the facts and circumstances in, about, and surrounding the same, . . . whenever called upon before any court," etc. This agreement, it will be seen, promised complete immunity for "the truth and nothing but the truth" as related to everything excepting indictment No. 305—the extortion case already referred to. As to the arrangement with respect to this case (indictment 305) the public has in a statement made by Rabbi Nieto on Sunday last and printed in Monday's papers, information as follows:

At a conference held at the Temple Sherith Israel on April 28 of last year, at which I was present, Mr. Heney said to

Judge Dunne: "We want Ruef to plead guilty to indictment No. 305. We will subsequently ask that the plea be withdrawn, the plea of not guilty substituted, and the charge dismissed." To this Judge Dunne replied: "I have absolute confidence in the prosecution, and will do anything they ask."

The formal contract, which bears the signatures of William H. Langdon and Francis J. Heney, supplemented by Rabbi Nieto's statement, covers the case completely. Under an agreement entered into May 8, Ruef was to have complete immunity. At the time this agreement was made Ruef was on trial upon indictment 305. The case dragged along until, on the 14th of May, a full jury was impaneled. On the next day, May 15, Ruef pleaded guilty, thus ending one phase of the procedure.

The theory upon which Prosecuting Attorney Langdon has now made this agreement public is that it exposes Ruef's perfidy in not keeping his contract by giving evidence tending to convict other defendants in the graft cases—the so-called higher-ups. Ruef maintains that he has kept his part of the contract, that when called into court he testified to the truth and the whole truth. But since his testimony was not of the kind tending to conviction, the agents of the prosecution charge that he has not completely unbosomed himself—in other words, that he has not kept his contract. Not only Ruef himself, but his spiritual counsellors, Rabbis Nieto and Kaplan, insist that Ruef's testimony has been everything that the contract required, in that it was the truth and the whole truth. The breach came over this question of fact.

Now, it is interesting to look into the situation in which Ruef found himself as a witness. He had his contract of complete immunity in his pocket; all that he needed to do to gain freedom with release from all charges, and incidentally to keep the colossal fortune gained by his unnumbered crimes and infamies was, in the chaste language of the prosecution, to "come through" with satisfactory testimony. What the prosecution wanted was testimony that would convict certain persons, business rivals and private enemies of Messrs. Spreckels and Phelan, upon whom the moral resentments of the prosecuting agents had centred themselves. In addition to the reward of liberty and the assurance of fortune held out to this poor wretch, the prosecution held suspended over him the record of conviction with the assurance, according to Rabbi Nieto's statement, that Judge Dunne would "do anything they asked." And, as a persistent reminder of the powers of the prosecution under the personally declared complaisance of Judge Dunne, Ruef has every two weeks this eight months past been haled into Judge Dunne's court, where his sentence has been set back for another two weeks. Really, when the magnitude of the bribe combined with the terror of the threat are considered, it appears truly amazing that the cowering wretch did not indeed "come through" in the sense of "strengthening" his testimony in accordance with the demands of this fine group of moral conspirators. An explanation given to the Argonaut by one who firmly believes that Ruef did indeed testify to the truth and the whole truth, is that under the system of the Jewish religion the bearer of false witness against another in a very special sense "perjures his soul." Ruef, he declares, while a man of many crimes, is not willing to perjure his soul. It is not easy to credit a man of Abraham Ruef's character and history with religious or other conscientious scruples; none the less the explanation is interesting as a psychological suggestion if in no other respect.

Now, let us look into the attitude of the graft prosecution during the time intervening between May 8, when the immunity contract was signed, and the 18th instant, when Mr. Langdon, by way of illustrating the high moral purposes and methods of the prosecution, gave it out to the public. The contract is dated May 8. Between that date and the 14th instant, Judge Dunne, who, according to Rabbi Nieto's statement, ap-

appears as a consenting party to the transaction, gravely sat on the bench while a wretched farce—a false and fraudulent procedure—went on before him. Mr. Heney at the same time gravely played his part in this extraordinary spectacle. Mr. Spreckels contributed not merely his moral and financial backing, but his famous smile as a sort of grace to the whole transaction. In the meantime Abraham Ruef was housed and attended like a prince at a cost per day sufficient to maintain the household of many an honest man for a whole month in respectability and comfort, under the pretense that it was necessary for the safety of his person, whereas it is now developed that this generous treatment at the public cost was under an agreement that Ruef should not suffer the humiliation of confinement "in any prison." At a time when it was being solemnly declared by the prosecution that Ruef had not been and would not be granted immunity, he was already receiving immunity under secret engagement with the prosecution.

Coming further down the record, who that has followed the development of events does not recall the fact that when, in June, Ruef was on the witness stand testifying in the Schmitz case before Judge Dunne, he gave certain testimony which was practically a denial that complete immunity had been granted him and to the effect that his only agreement was for indefinite leniency. This testimony was given in the presence of Judge Dunne, who, according to the statement of Rabbi Nieto, must have known that it was not true, and of Mr. Heney and Mr. Langdon, who had signed a contract on May 8 for "full and complete immunity from prosecution or punishment." This false testimony was given in the presence of officers of the court, who knew it to be false, for the purpose of affecting the jury, and presumably it did have that effect.

Coming further down the record, who among us does not recall the vehement and persistent denials made by Heney, Langdon, and others who have spoken for the prosecution in season and out of season during the past eight months, that no immunity had been or would be granted to Abraham Ruef? It is only a few weeks ago that Mr. Heney was going up and down the city, addressing public meetings of voters, begging for the reelection of Langdon on the ground that it was essential to the punishment of those who had debauched the city. In the course of this furious campaign Mr. Heney was broadly quoted as saying that when Ruef asked him for immunity he, Heney, told him with fine melodramatic spirit to "go to hell." And it is only a month or six weeks back since Mr. Heney was again widely quoted as declaring that if, out of all the offenders against the integrity of San Francisco, only one could be punished, that one should be Abraham Ruef.

Now, Heney's own contract for immunity with Ruef covering all charges excepting that of indictment No. 305, was made on May 8 last. The understanding as to indictment No. 305, according to the statement of Rabbi Nieto, was reached ten days previously, on April 28. The two things taken together, the formal contract of immunity with the understanding in the presence of Judge Dunne, attested by Nieto, made an engagement of complete immunity. Heney and Langdon knew this. Beyond a reasonable doubt Mr. Spreckels knew it. Presumably Judge Dunne knew it. And yet, in the face of these facts and of this knowledge, the wretched farce of Ruef's trial was carried forward by these very people. And with these facts and this knowledge in mind, Messrs. Heney, Langdon, *et al.* have gone up and down the streets and through the city declaring to sympathizer and critic alike that come what might Ruef would surely be punished. Langdon's election was gained under this fraudulent pretense, for who can believe that he would have received the thousands of votes which carried his name to the head of the poll if it had been known that months before he had joined in a project for immunity and that his name had officially been signed to a formal contract to that end? It would be easy to multiply phrases of denunciation and contempt for a course so insincere, so reeking with hypocrisy, so shameless in its mendacity. But the record speaks for itself, and among other things, let us add, it abundantly justifies and commends the distrust which filled the mind of the *Argonaut* months ago and which led it to question a procedure which could no longer command its confidence and respect.

Even as matters stand today we can not feel certain that the developments of the week do not constitute a carefully arranged scheme of deception, planned possibly by Ruef in conjunction with Langdon and Burns with the consent of Mr. Spreckels. When we

recall the mock remorse seasoned by melodramatic accompaniments of humility and tears, with which Abe Ruef pleaded guilty before Judge Dunne, when we recall his false testimony as to his immunity arrangements given in the Schmitz case, it is difficult to put confidence in the genuineness of his present pose. And when we recall the deceptions persistently supported by downright and emphatic falsehoods, practiced by the prosecution during the past eight months, it is not easy to believe in the present sincerity and integrity of its conduct. Even, when we recall Rabbi Nieto's statement of the arrangement of April 28, it is possible to feel that Judge Dunne's position may not be quite all that he would have the public believe. There rises in every mind the painful suggestion that possibly this latest development in the case, including the new threats of Langdon against Ruef, including the dramatic personal encounter of Monday between Ruef and Burns, is all a stage play out of which may come some pre-arranged denouement.

Upon the face of things, Ruef and the prosecution are at outs. By the prosecution, which assumes to be the arbiter of its own case, Ruef is condemned for not keeping his contract; and upon this theory the prosecution has gone back on its own contract with him. When as between the prosecution and Ruef this new breach was bridged over, Judge Dunne would not play the part in the game assigned to him. And now apparently because of the defection of Judge Dunne, the prosecution swings back into an attitude of animosity to Ruef and will proceed against him under one of its many indictments. It is an astounding maze of things anomalous and contradictory. Who can be so confident as to have any faith in any aspect of a situation so confounded by moral doubts, so suggestive in every aspect of fraud and chicanery?

Months ago, and again and again, while still the prosecution held a certain positive credit with the public, the *Argonaut* counseled Messrs. Spreckels, Heney, *et al.*, to dismiss their whimsical and ridiculous theories, to abandon their wretched projects of wholesale immunity, to devote themselves in sincerity and integrity to the business of detecting and punishing criminality in places high and in places low, without fear or favor. In the changed and degenerate condition of affairs now before us, we can do nothing better than to repeat this counsel. Conditions indeed have changed; the opportunity is not what it was. But today the duty of the prosecution is precisely what it was a year ago, and whatever is left to it of opportunity is in the line of that duty. Again we say to the prosecution: Put aside your hatreds and revenges; abandon your wretched schemes of deception, discrimination, and immunity; seek out criminality in places high and in places low without malice, without fear, without favor. There may yet remain for you a chance to redeem yourselves by such a course. There is no other way—from the beginning there has been no other way.

Journalism in America and England.

The change in the ownership of the London *Times*, a change which must immediately affect the methods of that newspaper and which must ultimately revolutionize its character, is suggestive of interesting differences between American and English journalism. The journalism of the two countries has been made what it is not so much by the character of the men engaged in journalistic work as by the conditions under which the work has been carried on. Let us glance first at conditions as they have up to now affected newspaper activity in England. First of all, the geography of the country is relatively small—if that word will do—and the means of transportation are manifold, direct, and swift. A newspaper printed at London at 3 o'clock in the morning may be carried and distributed to its readers near the northern limits of Scotland by noon of the same day. It can likewise be carried and distributed to its readers in any city in England on the day of publication. Thus it will be seen that the London morning newspaper may appeal directly to the patronage of the entire United Kingdom. The rule in this country is that the field of any particular newspaper must be estimated to include the whole range of distances which may be so covered that the sheet in question can reach subscribers in time to be read on the day of issue. Other factors enter into the matter, but any paper may hope for at least some business in the whole range coverable by the immediate day's delivery.

A circumstance of prodigious importance as related to the business of newspaper making is the fact that in England there is but one social and political centre.

Whatever is of interest, socially or politically, to London is of interest all over England, for Parliament legislates for the whole country, and London society—by which term we include the great mass of interests, educational, sporting, personal, etc.—is representative of the entire kingdom. Therefore, whatever may develop in London in the shape of matters we call local is as interesting at the edges of the kingdom as at its centre. Furthermore, everybody who is anybody in England is personally familiar with London, the important county families throughout the kingdom commonly maintaining houses there and being more or less closely identified with the life of the city. The relation of this circumstance to the newspaper business in England is illustrated by the fact that whereas each provincial city has its own press—and not uncommonly a very able press it is—the people of most intelligence and importance all "take in," as they put it, "the *Times*, don't you know." Or if not the *Times*, some other London paper.

Another important condition related to the newspaper business is the existence of the parcels-post system, which enables the remotest provincial to order whatever he may wish to buy from a London store on one day and receive it the next at a cost for carriage so small—like the postage on a letter—as to be hardly calculable. It is almost needless to point out that this fact is a very important one in the stimulant which it affords to the London advertiser, since it literally compels him to patronize the newspapers to reach what we would call outside custom all over the kingdom.

Still another very important fact in connection with the English newspaper business is the intense traditional conservatism of the people. Change is a thing of discredit in England, a thing out of the ordinary and demanding justification. The universal propensity is to follow the line of tradition and habit, to do this year what you did last year because you did it last year or because your fathers did it half a century ago. Habit, everywhere a profound motive in life, is five times more potent in England than elsewhere.

Now let us turn to America: Here we have a geography so vast as to separate the two sides of the country five days' time from each other. Our national capital is one hundred and twenty hours, as the mails go, from San Francisco; it is more than twenty-four hours from the centre of population, which, we believe, is somewhere in Ohio. A paper published at Washington or New York could not possibly reach more than one-tenth of the local communities of the country on the day of publication. The distances being so great, a relatively small proportion of the people of the country ever go to the chief centres or ever get any intimate knowledge or interest in their life and affairs. There is with us no fixed caste which in a personal way represents our separated communities with the larger centres. Again, under our system of separated State governments, the more active interests of any particular community rest either at the State capital or at the nearest commercial city. San Francisco stands for more of direct interest to the average Californian than either Washington City or New York; and by the same token New Orleans, St. Paul, St. Louis, Denver, and Seattle stand in closer relations to the people of certain States and sectional divisions than Washington City, New York, or Chicago. With our divided political life, under our less closely knit system of social life, we have many State or sectional centres, with absolutely no one centre in which the interests of all the country are consciously represented.

England, as we have already said, has a parcels-post system connecting every community by a few hours' time with London, and making it possible at infinitesimal cost for out-of-town folks to "trade" at the great centre; but with us distances being long, time of transit is slow, and express charges are onerous. The so-called mail-order business with us is a limited thing, and merchants who make a specialty of this kind of trade must exploit their wares by circulars and catalogues, since we have no newspapers which cover the whole country in any way approaching thoroughness.

With our people the spirit of change is so strong as almost to overbear the tendencies of habit. Outside of New England and some parts of the South, our people love change for its own sake. In unnumbered instances people who subscribed for one paper last year will turn to another this year "for the sake of a change." Comparatively few journals—and those mostly weekly or monthly—are taken year after year and so attain character as old friends. Nobody takes a daily paper after he has left the place of its immediate publication. With our people, for the most part, the newspaper nearest at

hand which carries reports of current events is alone sought after. Unless one has some special interest with which he wishes to keep in close touch, the local newspaper usually suffices.

Another broad distinction between American and English journalism in times past has rested upon their differing standpoints. American journalism addresses the multitude and it caters especially to what we may call the "popular" elements of society, because it is precisely these elements that patronize the bargain counter, the hand-me-down clothing shop, and the patent-medicine bottle. Whoever else he may wish to reach and please, the average American publisher wishes first to circulate his paper among those who habitually buy advertised merchandise—that is, among the mechanical and wage-earning elements. He is less eager at the point of reaching what we may call the higher elements of a community because, having larger resources and fixed credits, they do not seek in advertising columns advice as to where they shall buy ribbons, corsets, overcoats, and patent nostrums.

English journalism, on the other hand, has until very recently been addressed exclusively to the educated and property class. Your English editor is a conservative by instinct, because his readers are among the conservative classes of society. It is only within a relatively short time that the masses of English people have read the newspapers at all. English journalism, therefore, has missed that stimulant to sensationalism which has so tended to degrade the journalism of America. And, curiously enough, due to the parcels-post system already referred to, combined with the fact that great numbers of well-to-do people live out of town, the chief English buyers of advertised merchandise are what they there call the "better classes." This fact goes to explain why it is that costly goods are largely advertised in England, while with us the bargain-counter trade is the largest patronizer of the advertising column.

The sale of the *Times* to a publisher of the "popular" type is indicative of a change which has been coming on this ten years past in England. The tendency, political and social, is towards democracy, and with it there has come to the business of journalism a broadening of its field and a lowering of its standards. This is why the journalism of John Walter and John Delane has given way before the journalism of Arthur Pearson and Alfred Harmsworth.

The Courts and Morality.

The decision of the appellate court in the Schmitz-Ruef case has evoked a storm of denunciation, which, from the press and pulpit of San Francisco, has swept far afield. The appellate judges who are not only publicly denounced but threatened with private vengeance, were known in their profession as most honorable practitioners, and in their previous service on the bench as learned and upright judges. None of them owed his nomination to the influence of the San Francisco grafters, who were potent in the politics of this city. Judge Hall came from the Pardee wing of the Republican party and was nominated by it. Judge Cooper, who wrote the decision, is a Democrat, and was nominated by the State convention of his party. Judge Kerrigan, a Republican, was opposed for the nomination by Ruef, who wanted the place for Gallagher, one of the grafting supervisors and a lawyer of some pretensions and experience. This plain statement of facts shames the pulpit and press, which has made bold assertions to the contrary which were untrue and immoral.

Now, what is the decision that has been so widely denounced? In its legal essence it is, simply, that even a guilty man must be legally convicted in order that an innocent man may not be illegally convicted. We have heard no impeachment of the soundness of this decision from any lawyer except those interested in the prosecution and the trial judge who was reversed. Many who denounced it had not read it, and many who read and denounced it had no knowledge of the principles of legal construction to equip them for criticism. No intelligent person, capable of judgment and uninfluenced by clamor, cowardice, or self-interest, has yet impeached this decision as contrary to the law. Therefore, it is not contrary to morality.

John Marshall, as a member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention, declared that the greatest curse with which an angry God could afflict a people is a cowardly, weak, or corrupt judiciary. A clear knowledge of the law as a science is not the full equipment of a judge. He must have that judicial courage which can brave misunderstanding, ignorance, prejudice, and passion. The appellate court had that quality. Instead of favoring the guilty in the case at bar, it was pre-

serving unbroken the legal defense and safeguards of the innocent.

The denunciation of the court is an unfortunate episode for San Francisco. Abroad it is taken as justified, and adds to the handicap upon this city of which its commercial rivals are making the most. If we are to continue denouncing judges who insist that the guarantees of the law shall be preserved in their integrity, and to praise judges who disregard that integrity from a greed for applause and votes, the disintegration of society is not far off.

Reuter Dahl and the Navy.

Public opinion, as represented by the press, has not taken very definite form toward Mr. Reuter Dahl's statements in regard to the supposed deficiencies of the American navy. On the one hand we find that the opinions of this expert are dismissed with a lofty superiority as the mere outcome of a sensational alarmism, while on the other hand they are received with all the gravity due to proved and acknowledged fact. Now, they ought not to be dismissed as fancy nor ought they to be received as fact without some authoritative statement that will be accepted as emanating neither from a routine officialism nor from a desire to be conspicuous. They are either true or false. Admiral Goodrich is reported as saying that they are true. Other naval men of high rank are suspected of saying the same thing, and it is commonly asserted that Mr. Reuter Dahl was specially coached for his task by those too near the whip of official discipline to allow of much liberty of speech. All this makes a situation that can not be dissipated by an airy wave of the official or the editorial hand.

Mr. Reuter Dahl makes many charges against our ships, and some few of them stand out conspicuously and well within the layman's comprehension. He says, for instance, that the armor-belt is under the water and that the disastrous mistake that sealed the fate of the Russian fleet at Tsushima has been duplicated in the case of the American navy. We have not a single battleship showing her armor more than six inches above the water when fully equipped and ready for sea.

The second serious charge is that the gunports are so close to the level of the water that the guns would have to be fired through the waves caused by an ordinarily rough sea or raised by the ship's own passage through the water. All other countries, we are told, have avoided an error in which we alone persist and which must of course be fatal to marksmanship and general efficiency. Mr. Reuter Dahl says that from this cause alone one-third of the guns would be useless in a seaway.

The third accusation is that of the open shaft to the magazine, and we are told that this is the only violation to be found anywhere in the world of an established principle in warship construction. The open shaft leads directly down into the hull of the ship. At the top of this shaft are the heavy guns. At the bottom is the ammunition, and the connection between the two is something like the shaft of an elevator. Whatever falls into the upper end—sparks, burning powder grains, or hostile projectiles—falls by the simple law of gravity into the ammunition magazine. There are other points of exposure in the magazines, but this is the worst, and it is to be found nowhere but on our ships. Mr. Reuter Dahl says "three times already, by a miracle, American ships have been saved from explosion of their magazines because of this kind of accident."

Mr. Reuter Dahl has plenty more to say, but we can let him go here. No one pretends that he is a sensation monger. He is an associate of the United States Naval Institute, and an editor of "Fighting Ships." Moreover, there is good reason to believe that he has behind him a great deal of otherwise inarticulate opinion of high practical value. The public does not want to be waded on one side. It wants to know the facts, and if officers of rank are to be penalized for indiscretion the public would like to know whether the indiscretions were those of inaccuracy or of injudiciousness. There is a difference between the two.

Modern battleships are, of course, an unknown quantity. No one knows quite what they will do in emergencies. Their construction is largely experimental, but there are certain points that appeal obviously to common sense, such as that of the open direct shaft to the magazines. The self-righteousness of officialism is notorious and only to be disturbed by a mutter from the public. Precedent and habit have all the sanction of divine commands, and it may be necessary once in a while to shake up official inertia and complacency. There is, of course, no need to be alarmed. About once

a month England is assured by some pseudo expert that the whole of her navy is fit for the scrap heap, and other sea powers are similarly trounced by well-meaning persons who know it all. But such incidents have their value. Public interest, even uninformed interest, is a marvelous aid to efficiency, and if Mr. Reuter Dahl has even approached the truth in any of the statements the matter is serious enough to deserve attention.

Government by Fear.

Under our form of government all the rights of person and property are safeguarded by the judiciary. Jurisprudence brings to this most important function of government a combination of judge and jury. Our judicial system is such that its administration, on the law side of the docket, restricts the bench to judgment in what pertains to the law, simply. The jury is left free to judge of the facts. The jury is drawn from the body of the community, and represents its composite structure as to occupation, education, intelligence, condition of fortune, prejudice, and courage. In most of the States the juror's oath requires him to try the case and render verdict according to the facts, "without fear or favor."

To the final judgment of court and jury go the great and overmastering issues which lie at the foundation of life and fortune and of civilization itself. That judgment is the very essence of government. If it be corrupted by favor or influenced by fear, government fails in its essentials and there is projected into society a horror the most appalling that can beset man. In this country such a condition means anarchy, and worse. It is a complete dissolution of the social bond, with nothing to replace it but corruption or fear. Of these, corruption is the lesser evil. It is an influence that may be tracked, its existence established by legal proof and its agents may be punished. Not so with fear. That influence is more subtle, its operation more sinister. It is a spectre that grins and frowns in the vast field of psychology. It may possess the mind and dominate it, even though not cognized by the intellect. It is the most awful of all the influences which may dictate the motives and the actions of men. It can not overthrow governments on the battlefield more surely, nor as sadly and completely, as in the jury room.

An American citizen may well be appalled by the appearance of this master of men in the inter-mountain States, which have been the battlefield of the Western Federation of Miners. That organization defied all the rights of person and property, to protect which the judicial courts exist. With it murder became a habit, destruction a pastime, extirpation of civil liberty a policy. Checked in Idaho by a courageous governor, it camped on his path and murdered him. On the trial of the first conspirator in this crime the evidence was so conclusive that jurors admitted that when they were charged and retired they expected a unanimous verdict for conviction. But they returned a unanimous verdict of acquittal!

Not the evidence, not the charge of the court, did this. It was the work of fear. The leading counsel for the accused understood perfectly the psychology of his case, and in his remarkable address magnified the solidarity in reckless violence of the organization represented by his client. The jurors were rural people. Their families live in the isolation and vast, impressive space of a new land. They had heard the story of the governor's murder, had seen how easily life is taken. They had listened to the counsel's description of the far-reaching and red hand of the organization that thirsted for his blood. No wonder that before the vision of each jurymen stood that house, sheltering his wife and children, isolated, undefended, exposed in the dark of every night to the vengeance of banded and experienced murderers. Manhood yielded. What were the law and the facts in the presence of the awful apparition conjured out of the night by fear!

After that verdict, that delivered one conspirator, another remained to be tried. The country's outraged sense of justice was expressed. Men in far States voiced their protest. There were signs of rising courage. The artists in slaughter felt that the safety of the conspirator yet to be tried required another example. So the ex-sheriff was murdered at Baker City by the same means that had destroyed the ex-governor and for the same offense, his zeal and dexterity in pursuing and trying to punish these conspirators against life and property and government. His body was blown into shreds at the door of his home. The lesson was effective. The second conspirator went to trial. The jury deliberated fourteen hours. The evidence, oral and documentary, was not obscure or inviolable.

Result, acquittal, and the installation of government by fear. The men of the plains and mountains are no longer free. By day and by night an iron jailer walks by them. What to them are the constitutional guarantees of life, liberty, property! An awful power that, like a pestilence, walketh in darkness, has replaced government, and the red hand dominates the plains and the mountains.

These conditions in some form are coiling like reptiles around society, far from the scene of the two crimes which are their expression. Wise men, and men of courage, must soon take counsel together, or bow their necks, and live under government by fear.

Concerning Integrity of the Law.

President Wheeler of Berkeley is quoted as saying, with reference to the action of the appellate court in the matter of the Schmitz appeal, that "there can not be any decision of a court that is right if the moral consideration is left out of account." This expression is curiously vague and nebulous, but it has been widely and noisily exploited as marking Dr. Wheeler's dissent from the decision and as illustrating his sympathy with those who decry it—and this without protest. Now, if by this remark Dr. Wheeler means to criticize the appellate judges for limiting themselves to law points as distinct from "moral considerations," we think he has spoken inconsiderately. Surely Dr. Wheeler would not consent that judges under oath to regard the law and the law alone should assume license to wander out into the uncharted field of "moral considerations," implying the right of every judge to substitute the whimsies of his private conscience for the mandates of the law. We think Dr. Wheeler would be the last to consent that in view of "moral considerations" a court should have the right to adjudge a man guilty of one crime because he has been proved guilty of another. We suspect that what Dr. Wheeler really meant in the expression above quoted was to declare his individual disappointment with respect to an adjudication whose immediate effect is favorable to certain odious criminals; and we may add that this disappointment is one in which all decent men share. If there be anybody to rejoice because of the advantage which the decision of the appellate court gives to Schmitz and Ruef, we have yet to hear of it. But a man of Dr. Wheeler's character and position ought not, we think, to permit himself to be so quoted as in the public mind to array his name and authority on the side of those who would discredit the very foundations of organized society in respect of undefined and loosely reasoned moral considerations. Dr. Wheeler as a scholar and as a man of practical observation must know that the surest guaranty for the control of moral considerations in the affairs of men is respect for and obedience to the law in definite and impersonal interpretations. He ought to know that to grant to courts the privilege of adding moral considerations to the logic of the law would be to introduce into the sphere of legal adjudication an element of uncertainty and insecurity tending to complete destruction of everything that rests upon integrity of law.

A Lovely Bucolic Idea.

We note among other suggested details for the forthcoming reception of the fleet a bevy of "beautiful girls" to walk at the head of each division of the procession scattering flowers over the cobblestones. This is not wholly a new idea, and in central Indiana, where it was practiced on the Fourth of July and other patriotic occasions forty years ago, it was thought a very pretty one. Even in this day of higher social refinement it is not wholly out of place in rural communities like Vacaville and Livermore, where everybody knows everybody else, and where very simple things are both appropriate and charming. In communities like these, it is perhaps not out of place to maintain old fashions of patriotic demonstration, under which the prettiest girl in town personates the Goddess of Liberty, and under which all the snub-noses for miles around ride through the streets in a decorated hay wagon, each waving a flag inscribed with the name of a sovereign State. All this, we repeat, will do well enough for isolated and essentially domestic communities. But for San Francisco, one of the world's greatest cities, claiming a special character for cosmopolitanism and for social advancement, this sort of thing is something worse than ridiculous. Can anybody imagine such a spectacle in New York or London or anywhere else, unless perhaps it may be in the bucolic Middle West? By all means let femininity under its own initiative and in its own charming ways grace the reception of the fleet, but let us not as

a community make ourselves ridiculous by practices in better keeping with a county pumpkin show than with an important historical event in one of the world's great cities.

The "Private Prison" Arrangement.

Elisor Biggy, according to current gossip, has presented Abraham Ruef with a bill for seven hundred dollars, this being the expense of maintaining the famous Fillmore-Street private prison for eight days. It will be remembered that after the Fillmore-Street house had been maintained several months, Judge Dunne, no doubt shamed by public criticism, ordered the expense cut off. It was at this crisis that a "private friend" came to the relief of Ruef, engaging to pay the cost of his maintenance in private though less expensive quarters. But there was some little delay in making the change, and Ruef, to cover the interim, agreed with Biggy to bear the expense of the Fillmore-Street establishment so long as it should be necessary to stay there. The public responsibility under Judge Dunne's order ceased eight days before a change was made. The Fillmore-Street house, therefore, was occupied by Ruef on his own account for eight days at a cost of seven hundred dollars, or *eighty-seven dollars and fifty cents per day*.

This incident pleasingly reminds us of what the taxpayers of San Francisco paid month in and month out last year for the luxurious entertainment of this wretched criminal. Eighty-seven and a half dollars a day means *two thousand six hundred and twenty-five dollars per month*; and this was not all, for there were automobiles and other costly details that must have run the bill up to prodigious figures. The claim was that the private prison was necessary as a means of safeguarding Ruef because the then sheriff was a personal and political friend of his, one in whose custody his person would not be safe—this in spite of the fact that Schmitz, who stood in similar relations with the sheriff, was thought safe enough in the county jail. In the opinion of the general public, Ruef was held in the private prison for the purposes of the prosecution. It was thought that the prosecution wished to placate Ruef by making him comfortable and to save him the "disgrace" of going to jail; and at the same time to hold him subject to such pressure or such cajolements as that notorious sweater of witnesses, Mr. Burns, might see fit to apply.

Within the week, new light has been shed on this whole matter. We know now, not only from the evidence of Ruef, but from Mr. Langdon, that the "private prison" arrangement was part of a bribe paid to Ruef by the prosecution—or rather by a deceived public through the prosecution—in the hope of getting from him "evidence" tending to the conviction of the business rivals and private enemies of Rudolph Spreckels.

Editorial Notes.

We have again to congratulate the President upon the wisdom of sober second thought—perhaps in this case we had better say extra-sober third thought. The latest assurance is to the effect that the troops will remain at Goldfield as long as it may be necessary to assure maintenance of the peace. This is all anybody has ever asked or wished. And all along, we have imagined that President Roosevelt, who has found a way to maintain an army in Cuba these many months past, would somehow manage to evade the "Constitutional limitations" which have so troubled his conscience in connection with the maintenance of a military force at Goldfield.

It should surprise nobody that many newspapers in the East and elsewhere misconceive and misinterpret the decision of the appellate court in the Schmitz case, for if there had been a conspiracy to misrepresent the facts, the job could not have been done more completely or thoroughly. Telegraphic reports of the decision as we find them printed in various outside newspapers grossly misstate and misinterpret the decision, making the court say what it did not say and giving it to be understood that by the decision Schmitz and Ruef were "set free." Whether or not the Associated Press is responsible for a wrong statement of the matter we can not say; but it is certainly due either to this agency or to some other that the East has gotten a false idea with respect to this decision—a mistaken statement of the decision itself with an equally mistaken notion of effects to follow upon it. It goes without saying that criticism based upon misinformation is valueless or something very much worse. Unhappily, there seems no way to correct the false general impression by which as a community we are so greatly injured. This new form of injury seems to be another

of the penalties we must pay for the complication of crimes and blunders with which as a community we have been accursed this past year.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Case of Mixed Identities.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CAL., Jan. 17, 1908.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Your editorial in the present issue entitled "Professor Burgess Again" is a notable example of editorial carefulness. A glance at "Who's Who" or any other convenient work of reference would have informed you that Professor Burgess was born at Conersville, Tennessee, August 26, 1844. He was graduated at Amherst College in 1867, and after serving at Knox and Amherst colleges he has been a professor at Columbia University since 1873. But granted that you confused Professor Burgess, of Columbia, with Professor Schofield, of Harvard, your statement in the latter case is not correct.

Very truly yours,

PAYSON J. TREAT.

This appears to be a case of mixed identities in which the *Argonaut*, quite without intent, has done the mixing. Of course, we are glad to set the matter to rights. Incidentally, it is perhaps not out of keeping that we should point to the letter above as a notable example of one style of professorial courtesy. Perhaps we should add that from another source—from President Wheeler of the State University—we have a statement identical at points of fact with that above given, the only difference being at the point of manners.

The Point of Law.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 20, 1908.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: In your issue of January 18 you attempt to explain the recent decision of the District Court of Appeals in the Schmitz case holding that the indictment charged no crime. In the course of your analysis of this part of the opinion you say: "Stripped of legal phraseology, the declaration of the court is that to oppose the granting of a liquor license is not legally a crime." As it is most desirable that the public should, if possible, be enabled to fully understand the court's position in this matter, you will perhaps permit me to call your attention that the words I have quoted are not an adequate statement of the reason given by the court itself for the decision. The defendant had demurred to an indictment charging him with the crime of extortion on the ground that the facts set forth in the indictment did not constitute that particular offense. It thus became necessary for the court to compare the allegations of the indictment with the definition of extortion in the Penal Code, in order to determine whether they amounted to that crime as so defined.

In your discussion of the opinion you make no mention of the Penal Code, and so lose sight of the precise point of law which was before the court. The statute defines extortion as the obtaining of property from another, with his consent, induced by a threat to do an unlawful injury to his property. The threat, which is an essential element of the offense, must be a threat to do an *unlawful* injury, not an injury merely, not a criminal injury as you have stated it, but an injury which is contrary to our laws, either civil or criminal.

The cold question of law, therefore, was whether the defendant had, according to the indictment, threatened to do any unlawful act, any act forbidden by or punishable under the penal law of the State, or any act which a civil court would have prevented, on the ground of its illegality, or for which it would have held him liable in damages for the same reason.

Turning then to the indictment, the court found that it charged the defendant with having threatened to prevent certain restaurant-keepers from obtaining a liquor license and to prevent them from carrying on the business of selling wines and liquors at retail in their restaurant.

The court treated this allegation as one to the effect, not that the defendant threatened generally to prevent the restaurant-keepers from carrying on their business, but that the defendant threatened specifically to prevent their obtaining a license and so to prevent their carrying on their business.

Thus regarded, the question was narrowed down to whether a threat to prevent the obtaining of a liquor license is a threat to do an unlawful thing; in other words, whether it is unlawful to prevent a man from obtaining such a license. And as to this, the court held that there is nothing inherently or essentially unlawful in an attempt to prevent the issuance of a liquor license. In some cases it may be a most laudable act from the standpoint of the public welfare to prevent the issuance of such a permit, in other cases it may be quite within the rights of a private individual from the standpoint of his own interests to seek to prevent the issuance of the permit. And even if a man should, from base or corrupt motives, work against and prevent the granting of a license to sell liquor, he will not have committed a crime, or done anything for which he can be held liable in damages, or from the doing of which he might have been enjoined by a court.

This is the course of reasoning—which led the District Court of Appeals to the conclusion that the defendant had not, taking the allegations of the indictment as true, threatened to do any unlawful act, and that therefore the indictment charged him with no crime defined by our statutes.

This reasoning may be sound, or it may be unsound. If the latter, it can be corrected by the Supreme Court. Until so corrected, and even if it should not be followed by the higher tribunal, the court which adopted it, and its members, are entitled to the presumption of having considered the delicate question of law involved wholly on its legal merits, without regard to the consequences, either public or private, to flow from their decision. For these consequences the law, the form and scope of our statutes, should be held responsible, not the judges whose sole duty was to declare and apply the law as they found it.

SIDNEY V. SMITH.

THE LATE LORD KELVIN.

The Leading Scientist of the Age, and His Services to Humanity.

The death of Lord Kelvin, better known for many years as Sir William Thomson, on December 17, warns us that we are nearly at the end of the great men who have distinguished the nineteenth as the "wonderful century." He leaves no peer among his scientific contemporaries, nor indeed any one who could be placed in serious competition with him.

A chorus of eulogy from all parts of the world has followed the close of this distinguished career. From the scientific, the inventive, and the social points of view we have endless reminiscences of the things that he did and the manner of man that he was. As an inventor there is only one living man, Edison, who has placed the world under so great a debt of obligation. The London *Chronicle* enumerates "a few of the inventions that made him famous":

Thomson mariner's compass. This was a great improvement on all existing maritime compasses.

Many electrometers, volt-meters, ammeters, and wat-meters. These are instruments used for measuring the force of the electric current.

The mirror galvanometer and syphon recorder. These are two delicate instruments used in submarine telegraphy for receiving signals.

Graded galvanometers. These are for detecting an electric current and measuring its strength.

Machines for predicting the level of tides.

A depth recorder.

A tide gauge.

An air condenser.

An astronomical clock.

A water tap.

Lord Kelvin's house in Glasgow was the first in Great Britain to be lit by electricity, and scarcely one of his inventions has been superseded. The New York *Sun* reminds us of Lord Kelvin's share in the laying of the first Atlantic cables:

He was electrician for the Atlantic cable when the abortive attempt was made to lay it in 1857-58 and again in 1865-66. He also acted as electrician for the French line in 1869, for the Brazilian and River Platte in 1873, the West Indian in 1875, and the Commercial in 1879. After his early work on the cables he became acknowledged as England's greatest electrician, and for a long time every important electrical proposition that came up was referred to him for an opinion. He was the designer of one of the earliest practical alternating current dynamos, and when there was first talk of utilizing the water power of Niagara for the development of electrical energy it was Sir William Thomson who was made chairman of the advisory board that took the matter under consideration.

And in the same connection the London *Chronicle* says:

One recalls with astonishment—so much is Lord Kelvin a man of our own time—that King Edward in 1870 was entertained at the first exhibition of the magical powers of the submarine cable. The exhibition was made in a tent in the garden of Sir John Pender (Lord Kelvin's commercial genius), in Arlington Street. Wires led from the garden to cables communicating with India. Towards midnight Lady Mayo sent a message to her husband, then Viceroy. Half an hour later, to the amazement of the distinguished gathering, came the reply, assuring her that Lord Mayo was then, at 5 o'clock of the Indian morning, in perfect health. Test matches have in these days made such a miracle a commonplace.

But it is over Lord Kelvin as the man rather than as the scientist that the popular imagination will most love to linger. Surely never before was so profound a learning associated with a disposition so amiable, so intensely human, and so lovable. The London *Daily Express* reminds us of the charming incident that preceded his marriage:

He was on his yacht with a party of guests in West Indian waters, and was demonstrating an improved system of signaling at sea. The guests seemed bored, and only one of the party, a young lady, appeared to understand it. Professor Thomson, as he then was, asked her if she thought she could receive and reply to a message, and she declared that she could. She went to another vessel, received the message "Will you marry me?" and signaled the answer "Yes."

Lord Kelvin had a charming way with his students, who loved him for his unaffected comradeship and the quaint and homely fashion of his teaching. One of his old pupils, writing in the London *Chronicle*, says:

Lecturing on the nature of a gas one day, Lord Kelvin thus delivered himself: "Imagine," he said, "a thousand million students rushing with incredible velocity in one direction, and a thousand million students rushing with the same velocity in the opposite direction, and meeting. That is a gas." Doubtless; but the homely simile compelled laughter, and at the same time left us both mystified and enlightened.

On another occasion Lord Kelvin was, in his usual delightfully inconsequent way, rambling along and letting his great mind slowly unfold its great thoughts. One of the many subjects on which he touched was the transmission of light from distant worlds. "Here," he said, "I have a calf-top jelly made by Lady Thomson. Observe the wobbly motion of the jelly (here suiting the word by action). Gentlemen, for aught we know to the contrary, interstellar space may be one vast calf-top jelly."

His humor never failed him, and in spite of his habitual abstraction, it often took the form of repartee. When the famous Doctor Joule came into his room and asked the meaning of the coils of pianoforte wire that were lying about the floor, adding the purely flippanant question, "What note do they strike?" Lord Kelvin, who had been experimenting with cables, replied at once, "The deep C."

Nowhere did Lord Kelvin better show his eminence than by his modesty. The London *Daily Mail* illustrates this trait by an appropriate anecdote.

As he was once being conducted over some workshops by an electrical engineer, ignorant of his visitor's identity, the man, in the way of guides, explained everything with great sufficiency and completeness. When it was over Lord Kelvin turned and asked him one question: "What, then, is electricity?" When the man, not without shame, confessed his inability to answer, Lord Kelvin said kindly: "Well, well, that

is the only thing about electricity which you and I do not know."

But more striking still is his own statement at Glasgow in 1896, a statement that might cause some salutary reflection on the part of certain young scientists of today, who are all too prone to believe that effrontery and self-display can take the place of merit:

"One word characterizes the most strenuous of the efforts for the advancement of science that I have made perseveringly in the last fifty-five years, that word is failure. I know no more of electrical or magnetic force, or of the relation between ether, electricity, and ponderable matter, or of chemical affinity, than I knew and tried to teach to my students fifty years ago in my first session as professor."

It is pleasant to think that Lord Kelvin died full of years and honor and in the midst of the bountiful harvest of his temperament, his character, and his genius.

OLD FAVORITES.

Tranquillity.

Tranquillity! thou better name
Than all the family of Fame!
Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age
To low intrigue, or factious rage;
For oh! dear child of thoughtful Truth,
To thee I gave my early youth,
And left the bark, and hlest the steadfast shore,
Ere yet the Tempest rose and scared me with its roar.

Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine,
On him hut seldom, Power divine,
Thy spirit rests!—Satiety
And Sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,
Mock thee the tired worldling. Idle Hope
And dire Remembrance interlope,
To vex the feverish slumbers of the mind:
The hubble floats before, the spectre stalks behind.

But me thy gentle hand will lead
At morning through the accustomed mead;
And in the sultry summer's heat
Will build me up a mossy seat;
And when the gust of Autumn crowds,
And breaks the hazy moonlight clouds,
Thou hest the thought canst raise, the heart attune,
Light as the hazy clouds, calm as the gliding Moon.

The feeling heart, the searching soul,
To thee I dedicate the whole!
And while within myself I trace
The greatness of some future race,
Aloof with hermit-eye I scan
The present works of present man—
A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile.
Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile!

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Youth and Age.

Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!

When I was young?—Ah, woful When!
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flashed along!
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide—
Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in't together!

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree:
O! the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!

Ere I was old? Ah woful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known, that Thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It can not be that Thou art gone!
Thy vesper-hell hath not yet tolled:—
And thou wert aye a master hold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe, that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size:
But Spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
And Tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is hut Thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, Life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old:
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismissed;
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

To the River Otter.

Dear native Brook! wild Streamlet of the West!
How many various-fated years have past,
What happy and what mournful hours, since last
I skim'd the smooth thin stone along thy breast,
Numbering its light leaps! yet so deep impressed
Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine eyes
I never shut amid the sunny ray,
But straight with all their tints thy waters rise,
Thy crossing plank, thy marge with willows gray,
And hedded sand that veind with various dyes,
Gleam'd through thy bright transparency! On my way,
Visions of Childhood! oft have ye heguild
Lone manhood's cares, oft waking fondest sighs:
Ah! that once more I were a careless child!

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

French roads are generally recognized as the best and most complete in the world. The highways of France are good not because of any special talent for road-building, but because of the constant, intelligent supervision of the department having charge of them.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Richard A. Ballinger, commissioner of the general land office, has tendered his resignation of that office to President Roosevelt, and it has been accepted to take effect March 4. Fred Dennett, assistant commissioner, has been appointed commissioner.

Representative Smith of Michigan professes to have discovered that Secretary Loeb is to be head of a merger of street-car companies in the District of Columbia which will provide universal transfers and 3-cent fares. Secretary Loeb did not deny the report. He intimated that the time had not come for him to make an announcement.

Senator La Follette has resigned from the committee on military affairs. The Senate gave its consent, although no reason was advanced by the senator for his action. Senator La Follette has not been satisfied with his committee assignments. When senators were asked at the beginning of the session to name their preferences he chose the finance and interstate commerce committees. He was placed on neither.

Judge Austin L. Crothers of Elkton has been inaugurated as governor of Maryland. In his address Governor Crothers urged the enactment of anti-bribery and corrupt-practices legislation, and the selection of candidates for elective offices, including the United States senatorship, by the direct primary method. Upon the question of a suffrage amendment, he called for a measure which will eliminate the negro voter as a political factor and an element of power within the State.

It has been learned that Speaker Cannon during his recent visit to St. Louis was in conference with leading Republicans of Illinois and Missouri, and acquaintances of those with whom he conferred say that the presidency was the subject discussed. "Uncle Joe" is more than a "receptive" candidate. Although the Republican State committee has endorsed Taft, it was against some opposition, and it is likely that several will kick over the traces.

Victor H. Metcalf, Secretary of the Navy, when asked if he would give for publication the letter of Rear-Admiral Brownson resigning the position of chief of the Bureau of Navigation, said: "I could not give it to you even if I wished to do so. You will have to inquire at the White House. There is not even a copy of Admiral Brownson's letter in the Navy Department." Secretary Loeb was asked if he would give out the letter. He replied, "No." "Why not?" he was asked. He merely smiled and made no answer.

Friends and supporters of Governor Hughes in New York are said to suspect that the sudden clamor of several old machine leaders in the State in favor of Hughes as President is merely a plan to get control of the delegates and turn them over to Cannon or Cortelyou. One of the foremost Republican leaders is quoted as saying: "When they have got the delegates and they get to the convention it will be another story. There is very little real sentiment for Governor Hughes for President. What sentiment there is for him is of the newspaper-made kind. It is not very deep or very lasting."

J. Martin Miller, who until recently was United States consul at Rheims, France, makes the assertion that President Roosevelt has issued to all consular officers an executive order which nullifies three sections of the revised statutes of the United States regarding the certification of invoices, and has left consuls obeying the order liable to a fine of \$10,000 and imprisonment for a term of not more than three years. Mr. Miller said that this and other things had induced him to resign from the consular service. His resignation took effect the last of December. He arrived in France in November.

Senator William B. Allison of Iowa, chairman of the committee on appropriations, favors action by Congress looking to the care and support of ex-Presidents of the United States. In an interview he referred to the recent utterances of former President Grover Cleveland on the subject, and agreed with him that some provision should be made in this direction. The matter deserved consideration at the hands of Congress, he said, and undoubtedly would receive it. In the case of Thomas Jefferson, who died poor, Mr. Allison said the government would have done well to pay his debts. At present Mrs. Garfield is receiving an allowance from the government, and he said that to make provision for each ex-President would cause no considerable drain on the treasury, as rarely have there been two of them alive at the same time.

Judge James H. Reed, close friend and former law partner of Senator Knox, created a sensation at the annual dinner of the officials of the Carnegie Steel Company when, as toastmaster, in introducing W. E. Corey, president of the steel corporation, he said: "We have had enough of financial difficulties, enough of worry, and enough of Rooseveltism for some time to come." President Corey came right back with a defense of the President when he said: "The stringency in the money market can not be laid at the door of any one man or any group of men. By the middle of next summer the stringency will have completely passed away and the increased business will be enormous. It is impossible that the condition of affairs should become otherwise when we take into consideration the greatness of this country of ours and the immense number of brainy and progressive men who are at work at the present time."

SIESTA.

The Spell of the Strange Player.

In one of the most elegant bachelor apartments in the Rue Castiglione a hilarious dinner party had just reached the dessert. Signor Jose Francisco de Silvis was a squat, coal-black Portuguese of the type of men that we are accustomed to see hailing from Brazil, bringing incredible riches, living an incredible life in Paris, and especially distinguishing themselves by an incredible circle of acquaintances. In the little party there was scarcely one who knew his neighbor, except in the case of those who had arrived in couples. The host himself they knew from some ball or table d'hôte or perhaps from the street.

Signor de Silvis laughed and talked loudly wherever he came, as rich strangers do, and as he could not reach up to the level of the Jockey Club, he gathered up whatever he could find. He always asked the address of any new acquaintance, and the next day he sent an invitation to a little dinner. He spoke all languages, even German, and it was evident that he was not a little proud when he called out across the table: "Mein lieber Herr Doctor, wie geht's Ihnen?"

There was actually a real German doctor present, overgrown with a light red beard and wearing the smile of Sedan which Germans wear in Paris.

The temperature of the party rose with the champagne; fluent French and broken French mingled with Spanish and Portuguese; the ladies were leaning back in their chairs laughing; the acquaintance had progressed so rapidly that there was no embarrassment; jokes and witticisms flew across the table from mouth to mouth; only "der liebe doctor" was disputing seriously with his neighbor, a French journalist with a red ribbon in his button-hole.

There was one other who was not carried away by the general hilarity. He sat at the right hand of Mlle. Adele; at her left was her new lover, the fat Anatole, who had eaten too many truffles. During the dinner Mlle. Adele had tried by many little innocent arts to thaw her neighbor to the right, but he had remained impassive, had replied courteously but briefly and in a low voice.

At first she thought he was a Pole, one of the tireless people who go about parading their banishment. But she soon perceived that she was mistaken, and the perception piqued Mlle. Adele. The ability to label instantly the foreigners she met was one of her numerous specialties, and she was in the habit of declaring that she could tell a man's nationality when she had exchanged ten words with him. But the taciturn stranger puzzled her. If he had been blond she would have set him down as an Englishman, for he spoke like one, but he had black hair, a thick black moustache, and a slight figure. His fingers were unusually long, and he had a peculiar manner of picking at the bread and playing with his dessert fork.

"He is a musician," whispered Mlle. Adele to her fat friend.

"Ah," said M. Anatole, "I am afraid I have eaten too many truffles."

Mademoiselle whispered a bit of good advice in his ear, whereat he laughed and looked amorous. At the same time she could not give up the interesting stranger. When she had persuaded him to drink several glasses of champagne, he thawed slightly and talked more.

"Ah," she cried suddenly, "I can hear it in your accent; you are an Englishman, after all."

The stranger's whole face reddened as he replied quickly, "No, madame."

Mlle. Adele laughed. "I beg your pardon; I know the Americans are angry when they are taken for Englishmen."

"I am not an American either," said the stranger.

This was too much for Mlle. Adele. She bent over her plate and looked cross, for she noticed that Mlle. Louison from across the table had seen her discomfiture and rejoiced in it.

The stranger noticed it, too, and added in a low voice, "I am an Irishman, madame."

"Ah," said mademoiselle with a grateful smile, for she was easily mollified. "Anatole. Irishman, what's that?" she whispered.

"It is the poor people in England," he whispered in reply.

"Oh," Mlle. Adele lifted her eyebrows and cast a furtive glance at her neighbor on the right; he had suddenly lost interest.

De Silvis's dinners were excellent. The meal had lasted a long time, and when M. Anatole thought of the oysters with which he had begun, they seemed to him a beautiful dream. The truffles, however, were still a reality. The real feeding was over. Once in a while a hand reached for a glass or picked at the fruit or the small cakes.

Mlle. Louison, blond and sentimental, fell into a reverie over a grape which she had dropped into a glass of champagne. Tiny bright air-bubbles had fastened themselves round about the skin, and when it was entirely covered by the little white pearls, they lifted the heavy grape through the wine to the surface.

"See," said Mlle. Louison, turning her large, swimming eyes on the journalist, "see how white angels carry a sinner to heaven."

"Ah, *charmant*, mademoiselle, what a sublime thought," cried the journalist enthusiastically.

Mlle. Louison's sublime thought went the round of the table and was received with delight. But the frivolous Adele whispered to her fat lover: "I am afraid it would take a lot of angels to carry you, Anatole."

The journalist, however, seized the moment and knew how to hold the general attention. He was glad to escape from a laborious political discussion with the German, and his red ribbon and journalistic tone of superiority made everybody listen to him. He developed the thought of small powers which when united are able to lift great burdens, and from this he went over to the theme of the day: the great collections taken up by the newspapers for the aid of the sufferers by flood in Spain and for the poor in Paris. He had a great deal to say on this subject, and he referred to the press continually as "we," talking himself warm as he spoke of "these millions which we have gathered together with so much self-sacrifice."

Then the others all remembered and told of countless small instances of self-sacrifice that smacked of charity observed during these days crowded with amusement. Mlle. Louison's best friend, an insignificant lady seated near the foot of the table, told, in spite of Louison's protest, of how the lady had taken three sempstresses up to her own apartment and kept them there sewing all night before the Hippodrome. She had given the poor girls food and coffee besides their wages. Mlle. Louison suddenly became a very important person at the table, and the journalist began to show her a particular attention.

All these traits of altruism combined with the swimming eyes of Louison to put the whole company in a contented and peacefully benevolent frame of mind, well suited to the fatigue following on the arduous meal. This feeling of well-being rose still another degree or two when the diners were comfortably settled in the soft chairs in the cool salon.

There was no light except the flames in the fireplace. The red glow passed over the English carpet, followed the golden stripes in the wallpaper, shone on a gilded picture frame and on the piano standing opposite, and bringing out here and there a face from the deeper darkness beyond. Otherwise, there was nothing to be seen but the red points of cigars and cigarettes.

Conversation died away, but here and there was heard a whisper or the sound of a coffee-cup being put away. All seemed disposed to enjoy the calm pleasures of digestion and their benevolent mood. Even M. Anatole forgot his truffles as he leaned back in a low chair near the sofa where Mlle. Adele had seated herself.

"Won't somebody give us some music?" asked Signor de Silvis from his chair. "Mlle. Adele—you are always so kind."

"Oh, no," cried Mlle. Adele; "I have had too much dinner," and she leaned back in the sofa, lifting her little feet and folding her hands across her silken dress.

But the stranger, the Irishman, rose from his corner and approached the instrument.

"Ah, you will play for us. A thousand thanks, Monsieur—hm—" Signor de Silvis had forgotten the name, as he often did forget the names of his guests.

"There you see, he is a musician," said Mlle. Adele to her friend. Anatole grunted admiringly.

This was clear to all, however, only from the manner in which the stranger seated himself and without any preparation struck a few chords as if to wake the instrument to life. Then he began to play, lightly, caressingly, frivolously, as the occasion called it out. The songs of the day were whirled in among bits of waltzes and ballads, all the trifles that Paris hums for a week were blended in a brilliant rhythmic flow.

The ladies cried out in admiration, sang a few measures and beat time with their little feet. The whole party followed with rapt attention; he had struck their mood and caught them all up with him in the very beginning. Only "der liebe doctor" listened with his smile of Sedan; these things were too light for him.

But soon there came something for the German. A bit of Chopin rose to the surface, blending wonderfully with the atmosphere, the pungent fragrance that filled the air, the light women, these people so frank and careless, all strangers to one another, hidden in the half-darkened salon, each pursuing his most secret thoughts, borne on by the mysterious, half-veiled music, while the light of the fire rose and fell, calling forth everything golden like glints in the darkness.

There was more and more for the doctor. Sometimes he turned on De Silvis and signaled him, when there were reminiscences of "our Schumann," "our Beethoven," or even of "our famous Richard."

Meanwhile the stranger played on and on, evenly and without any effort, bending lightly to the left to gain power in the bass. It seemed that he must have twenty fingers and all of steel; he gathered up the crowding notes and made the instrument give out one whole grand wave of sound. Without pause, without marking transitions, he brought ever new surprises, allusions, startling combinations, riveting the attention of even the least musical of his listeners.

But imperceptibly the music changed color. The artist played farther and farther down, bending more to the left, and there was a strange unrest in the bass. Baptists from "The Prophet" came treading heavily; a rider from "Damnation de Faust" came clattering from deep down in a despairing, limping gallop of hell.

There were rumblings and ever more ominous rumblings in the depths, and M. Anatole began to feel the truffles again. Mlle. Adele half rose; the music would not let her rest. Here and there the firelight shone on a pair of black eyes staring at the player. He had lured them to follow, and now they could not escape; farther and farther down he carried them, always down to where there were murmurings as of dull and muffled threats and groans.

"He plays a splendid left hand," said the doctor.

But De Silvis did not hear him; he was like all the others, caught in breathless attention.

A clammy terror went out from the music and laid its grip on all of them. The artist seemed to be tying with his left hand a knot that would never be untied, while the right flew up and down in the treble like a throwing of flames. It seemed as though something terrible were being plotted down below, while above there was feasting and merriment.

There was a sigh, almost a scream from one of the ladies, who felt ill, but no one noticed it. The artist was way down in the bass now, working there with both hands, and the tireless fingers whirled the notes together, until they seemed to creep coldly up and down the backs of the listeners. But in the threatening, growling sound deep down there began an upward movement. The notes ran together, ran over and past one another, upward, always upward without ever getting anywhere. There was a wild fight to get up; a crowding of little black creatures, tearing and pulling; a passionate eagerness, a feverish haste, crawling, clutching with hands and teeth, kicking one another, cursing, shrieks, prayers, and all the time his hands were gliding upward, but with, oh—such agonizing slowness.

"Anatole," whispered Mlle. Adele, pale as death, "he is playing poverty."

"Oh, my truffles," groaned Anatole.

Suddenly there was light in the salon. Two servants with lamps and chandeliers appeared between the portieres, and just then the strange musician ceased his playing, chopping it off as he threw his steel fingers with all their strength into a discord, so impossible, so hideous that the whole party started up.

"Take out the lamps," cried De Silvis.

"No, no," screamed Adele, bring the lights; I don't dare to be in the dark. Oh, the terrible creature!"

Who was he? Who could he be? Involuntarily they all gathered around their host, and no one noticed that the stranger had slipped out behind the servants. De Silvis tried to laugh. "I think it must have been the devil himself. Come, let us go to the opera."

"To the opera! Not for anything in the world," cried Louison. "I don't want to hear music for two weeks, and think of the crowds on the stairs of the opera-house!"

"Oh, my truffles," groaned Anatole.

The party dissolved. All felt suddenly that they were strangers in a strange place, and each wanted to go home to himself.

When the journalist escorted Mlle. Louison to her carriage, he said: "This is what comes of allowing yourself to be persuaded to visit these half-barbarians; you never know whom you will meet."

"Ah, no; he quite spoiled my lovely mood," said Louison sadly, and turned her swimming eyes upon him. "Will you go with me to La Trinité? I know there is a low mass said there at twelve."

The journalist bowed and entered the carriage.

But when Mlle. Adele and M. Anatole drove past the English drug-store in Rue de la Paix, he ordered the driver to stop and said, "I think I must get off and get something for those truffles. You don't mind? You see, that music—"

"Not at all, my friend. To tell the truth, I think we are neither of us ourselves tonight. Good night, till tomorrow then." She leaned back in her carriage, relieved to be alone, and the light creature wept as though she had been whipped, while she drove to her home. Anatole felt better when he saw the carriage disappear. Since the time they made each other's acquaintance they had never been so well satisfied with each other as in the moment when they parted.

The one who had stood it best was the doctor, who, as a German, was hardened to music. Yet he decided to take a long walk to the Brasserie Muller in Rue Richelieu to get a good honest German pot of beer and perhaps a slice of ham on top of it all.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the Norwegian of Alexander Kieland by Hanna Astrup Larsen.*

Christmas has a dual significance in Spain; it is a season of rejoicing in more senses than one, for the drawing of the great state organized Christmas lottery takes place in Madrid during the holidays. It is an event to which the Spaniards of all classes look forward with the brightest hopes. This Christmas Barcelona had phenomenal luck, for the inhabitants of that city secured no fewer than 123 prizes, including "el gordo," or the chief prize, the third prize, and 121 minor ones, totaling nearly two million dollars. The money was spread over some 400 families.

Cable lines look straight enough as seen on the maps, but they are anything but straight as they lie on the ocean floor. Dr. Klotz of Canada said in a recent lecture that the great Pacific cable, 8000 miles long, between Vancouver and New Zealand, was time and again deflected from a straight line between the island stations at which it touched in order to avoid towering submarine mountains or craters or ground that was hard or otherwise undesirable as a resting place for the cable.

The city of Paris owns 87,000 trees, or one to every thirty-two inhabitants, without counting the trees in some 300 acres of parks. The horse chestnut is the commonest tree planted by the municipality; after it comes the plane tree. In some of the more distant and secluded avenues limes and acacias are found, but variety must not be sought outside the gardens and parks which belong to the state. There one may find almost every tree that may be grown in the Paris climate.

WITH SHIAHS, PARSEES AND TURKS.

Some of the Problems, Prejudices, and Poetry of Persian Life.

Travelers seldom linger in Persia, even when tempted to make the long détour from the Red Sea highway, for there are other difficulties beside the reversion to primitive methods of progress. In the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly* there is an interesting article on salient features of life in the Land of the Lion and the Sun, entitled "Notes from a Persian Diary," and signed "Diplomatist," which brings out distinctly some little understated traits of character. The odd and fascinating things to be observed are thus listed in an opening paragraph:

While the traveler may enter Persia by various routes, he can do so in only one frame of mind. He must rid himself of all memories of Lalla Rookh, rose gardens, nightingales, and houris. He must be able to find compensation for the loss of the ordinary comforts of life in his love of freedom and wide horizons. He must often be content with the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and able at all times to rejoice in his nearness to nature, animate and inanimate. If he is dependent upon the fictitious, or is of the temper of one whom I heard lamenting that there was no Ritz in Toledo, it were better not to invade the kingdom of the Shah. But if he loves the early start at sunrise, when horses are saddled and packs strapped, if the rushing waters at the ford are music to his ears, if he can forget the limbs stiff with yesterday's fatigues in the glorious views from the passes of the mountain ranges which traverse the Iranian plateau like the teeth of gigantic saws, and welcome at nightfall as a haven of rest the crowded caravanserai with its seething turmoil and babel of noises of man and beast; and can say with L'Estrange as he sinks in slumber, "We have a horror for uncouth monsters, but, upon experience, all these bugs grow easy and familiar to us," then Persia will prove a joy, as one of the last strongholds of untrammelled out-of-doors life in the unadulterated Orient.

Another picturesque phrase is added by the traveler in Persia to his collection of distance measures:

Before the completion of the carriage road, travelers unencumbered by baggage made the journey of some two hundred and forty miles to Teheran in the saddle, covering two or even more stages of twenty-five miles each per day, and putting up with such shelter, food and horses as the post-houses or villages afforded. But more commonly, and especially with ladies, it was customary to travel "caravan," that is, with one's own animals, the necessary impedimenta of folding-beds, tables, chairs, rugs, curtains, and cooking utensils, permitting of only one stage a day. The length of a stage varies throughout Persia, depending on the character of the country, and is reckoned in *farsaks*, the old Greek *parasang*. The *farsak* is a most elastic and uncertain measure, and as animals are paid for per *farsak*, as many as the credulity of the traveler will allow are crowded into each stage. "How far," I once asked an old Kurdish muleteer, "is a *farsak*?" "As far as one can distinguish a gray from a brown camel," was the discreet answer. They average about four miles, and the stage about six *farsaks*, or twenty-five miles.

Where honesty is a breach of manners and theft the custom, new forms of eternal vigilance are devised:

Stealing the fodder and grain of animals is a universal Persian habit. An English official told me that during his many years of residence in Persia either he, his wife, or the government had never failed to be present at the feeding hour. Coachman and stableboy invariably steal all they dare of each day's allowance, to sell it for a pittance in the bazaar, and on several occasions I had my own horses fall under me from weakness, although apparently in good condition, they having missed a day or two's food.

"Diplomatist" found one notable exception among the varying sects of the realm:

Many of the gardeners of Teheran are from the Parsee population. This remnant of the ancient race of fireworshippers is in general a superior class in point of morals and honesty, although they do not appear to possess the ambition and energy of their Indian brethren—a difference, however, which may be accounted for by the more favorable conditions of English rule. Persecuted by the Mohammedan Persian, the Parsee looks down upon his persecutor. When endeavoring to purchase a small Christmas tree from the Parsee gardener of a Persian villa, whose master was absent, I suggested that from so many trees one surely would not be missed. "Am I a Persian dog that I should do this thing?" was the reply. A few *kranis* would have sufficed for the ordinary Persian gardener. Teheran is more tolerant of the Parsees than other Persian cities, where, as in Yazd and Kerman, they are obliged to wear a dress which distinguishes them from Moslems.

There can be found no stranger mixture of races and inherited prejudices:

We are just beginning in America to understand race hatred as a deep-seated fact of human nature which can not be exorcised by meetings in Faneuil Hall or eradicated by abstract theorizations. Its fierce intensity appalls the traveler in the Balkans and the East. Jewish merchants are permitted to show their wares in Teheran harems, for they say a Jew is not a man. The Armenians are scorned not only as Christians, but as a cowardly, womanish race. Persians are themselves of two races, and as the Ionian Greek despised his ruder neighbor of Dorian blood, so the fanatical descendant of the Turkish tribes in the north, whose earlier home lies east of the Caspian, is despised by his clever, light-hearted brother in the south, of Aryan stock, who avers that the ass once complained to God, asking, "Why hast Thou created me, seeing Thou hast already created the Turk?" To which answer was made, "Verily, we created the Turk in order that the excellence of thine understanding might be apparent."

Even the followers of the Prophet do not dwell together in brotherly love:

The hatred existing between the Persian and the Turk is intensified by their religious differences, the former belonging to the Shiahs and the latter to the Sunnis, these being the two great rival sects of Islam. The sufferings and martyrdom of Hussein, the son of Ali, whom the Shiah regard as the legitimate successor of the Prophet, are the theme of religious ceremonies at which women wail and weep as at a burial, and men work themselves into a frenzy of religious fervor. The Persian curse, directed at the first three caliphs and recited like the Catholic "Hail Mary" as an act of virtue, voices the intensity of Shiah bitterness: "O God, curse Omar; then Abu Bekr and Omar; then Othman and Omar; then Omar, then Omar."

And with all the ignorance, intolerance, and inertia of the country, there still remain the poetry, mystic

philosophy, and romance that have charmed the outer barbarians for centuries:

In no other land do the problems and mysteries of life which we relegate to the schoolroom form so absorbing a theme for every-day conversation, and this characteristic brings one at once into intimate contact with the thought and heart of the people. A desire for discussion, an eagerness to probe the reasons for your own beliefs, and a wide familiarity with the mystic poetry and literature of their own past, constitute a distinctive charm of Persian society. It is as if every Persian heard the words of Hafiz:

They are calling to thee from the pinnacles of the throne of God—I know not what hath befallen thee in this dust-heap.

When dining once with an English professor of Oriental literature, the latter quoted a line from Saadi. The quotation was immediately taken up by the host and then in turn by each of his Persian guests, till, when the circle of the table had been made, the entire poem had been recited.

At present there is in Persia a political movement under way which promises some advantage to the people and ultimate victory over the Kajar dynasty and the priesthood which is the real opponent of reform.

Paraffine was at first a useless by-product of the oil refineries, but has now a thousand uses. Besides the use of paraffine for candles, 2,000,000 blocks of refined paraffine are sold every year for an infinity of purposes. A liberal arrangement with a chewing-gum maker of Cleveland gave him the foundation for a million-dollar fortune, and paraffine also made possible the great success of a widely advertised biscuit. A big advertising campaign had been mapped out, but it was held up pending the discovery of a water-tight paper to protect the crackers from the effects of damp weather and moist climates. The manufacturers solved the problem by immersing the paper in paraffine. It is stated as a fact that a cargo of the biscuit has been taken unharmed from a sunken vessel. Paraffine was applied to Cleopatra's needle in Central Park when the surface of the obelisk began to scale off, and it stopped it. Stone fronts of houses are protected the same way, an application every three or four years being sufficient to prevent disintegration. Paraffine is made into colored crayons, which will stick on glass as well as paper. Paraffine is used in laundries to whiten the clothes and in polishing the surface of starched pieces. It is used for sealing canned fruits or anything put up in bottles by home folks, manufacturers, druggists, or chemists. It is used generally as a substitute for beeswax, tallow, and sealing wax, and for insulating wires, and bright young men are suggesting some new use nearly all the time for this now exceedingly useful but some time wholly rejected article.

All that is known today about the Etruscans, a people who gave Rome her civilization and refinement, her arts and sciences, many if not all of her political, religious, and social institutions and the weapons and appliances of war which enabled her to conquer the world, has been gathered from the mighty cemeteries of Etruria, and it has been said that "sepulchres revealed what history ignored." In very early times the power of Etruria is said to have extended all over Italy, but gradually the Gauls and the Sabines, the Greek colonists, and later the Romans succeeded in diminishing this widespread dominion and reduced it to the limits of the central region or mother country, which is known as Etruria Proper and which was bounded by the Apennines on the north, by the Tiber on the east, and by the Mediterranean on the west and south.

The last vestige of the famous old palace of St. Cloud has been removed by the pulling down of the railway station reserved for distinguished and royal visitors to the Emperor Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie when in residence in St. Cloud. As will be remembered by many a tourist, the little station was thickly overgrown with grass and weeds. Birds had built their nests in the imperial waiting-room, and lusty young trees had grown up in the reserved space around the station. No train had stopped at it for thirty-seven years! A Paris correspondent writes that the last occasion on which the station was used was on the day of the French declaration of war on Germany, when the officers of the imperial guards were conveyed by special train to lunch with the emperor.

The name of Claridge's is well known to every visitor to London. The famous hotel in which princes and millionaires are, so to speak, "three a penny," is about to celebrate its centenary. When it was opened, early in 1808, it was known as Mivart's, after the name of its founder, M. Mivart, a celebrated chef of the period. Mivart has one great claim to fame which no visitor to London should deny. He was the first hotel proprietor to provide his patrons with a bathroom, a fact which he advertised extensively. In 1850 Mivart sold the business to Mr. and Mrs. Claridge, a butler and housekeeper in a ducal family. It is now run by a company.

The Mont Cenis route, the oldest of the Alpine through lines, is to follow the lead of the St. Gothard and Simplon routes and employ electric traction on its mountain division. Under the stress of the competition of the more recent lines, the French government has also double-tracked the approach to the tunnel on its side of the mountain, and the Italian government will carry this double-tracking to Turin.

The advantages of Denver as a convention city in July are at once demonstrated by the offer of one of the railroads to deliver a carload of snow each day at the convention hall.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

M. Alexandre Ular, foreign editor of *Le Petit Journal* of Paris, who is now visiting America, has pessimistic and striking views on the subject of our relations with Japan.

Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, who, by the death of King Oscar, has become crown prince, is an ardent sportsman, and loses no opportunity to further the interest of the ancient Norse athletic games.

Mrs. Leslie Cotton, an American artist, has just completed her portrait of King Edward, which she began last August in Marienbad, the king visiting her studio for more than one sitting. He is soon to pose for another portrait.

Vladimar Poulsen, the Danish inventor, who is only thirty-eight years old, is the son of a judge in the high criminal court of Copenhagen. He has succeeded in making wireless telephonic connection between Lyngby and Weisensee, a distance of 250 miles.

The Countess of Stradbroke is the latest member of the English aristocracy to join the ranks of the playwrights. The countess has lately written a little comedy, which was produced before a society audience at her home, Henham Hall, Suffolk, with the countess in the leading rôle.

Professor Paul Milyukoff, leader of the Constitutional Democrats in the Russian Douma, arrived last week from Europe. He made the long journey for the single purpose of delivering an address before the Civic Forum in New York, but also visited Washington. Professor Milyukoff says he looks for a longer life for the third Douma than any of its predecessors.

To the influence of Ambassador Jusserand, the French Minister at Washington, is ascribed the sudden reversal in the expression of editorial opinion by the Paris newspapers. Almost in a single day, the tone of the entire Paris press underwent a complete change in regard to American-Japanese relations and the warlike motive given to the dispatch of the American fleet to the Pacific.

Warren E. Rollins, an artist who has given much study to the Grand Cañon and Arizona Indian types, has designed a new seal for the Territory of Arizona. The old seal contained what purported to be a representation of the San Francisco Mountains, a pine tree, a cactus, and a deer. These features are included in the new seal also, but they are more lifelike and more true to nature.

General Mario Menocal, one of the three prominent candidates for President of Cuba, was educated in the United States, and two of his relatives served as officers in the American navy. He is about forty years old, and at the present time is manager of a big sugar estate at Chaparra, owned by American interests. He acted as mediator, but without success, in the uprising against the Palma government.

John A. Roebling, the son of the famous engineer of the Brooklyn bridge, has stopped the work on his \$500,000 country house near Asheville, North Carolina, and has headed the entire estate to the home mission board of the Northern Presbyterian Church. Mr. Roebling takes the decision of Asheville on the "dry" question much more seriously than the other wealthy northern residents, who are prepared to worry along somehow under prohibition.

The Honorable Cy Sulloway of New Hampshire still retains his place as the biggest man in the House of Representatives, and so far no one has appeared that may claim honor to second place ahead of Ollie James of Kentucky. Congressman Sulloway is something more than six and a half feet tall and weighs but a pound less than 350. His breadth is proportionate with his height, and he towers above his colleague, Frank D. Currier, as he does above most all the members of the House.

Maurice Donnay, the latest addition to the membership of the French Academy, has written only plays, but they are excellent acting plays and near allied to literature. Many of his dramas have won immediate success at the Théâtre Français. Among the best known of his works, titles of which are household words in Paris, are "Lysistrata," "Pension de Famille," "Amant," "La Douloureuse," "L'Affranchie," "Georgette Lemeunier," "Education de Prince," "Le Torrent," "L'Autre Danger," "Le Retour de Jerusalem," "L'Escalade," and "Paraitre." While M. Donnay is at his best interpreting the life of Paris, he himself prefers the calm of rural life, and occupies a villa in a forest overlooking the Mediterranean at Agay, near St. Raphael.

Captain John Elliott Pillsbury, who succeeded Rear-Admiral Willard H. Brownson as chief of the Naval Bureau of Navigation, is now head of the most important executive office in the naval administration. Captain Pillsbury is sixty-one years old and will reach the retiring age on December 15 of this year. He was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1867. His standing in the service is very high. He is regarded as a man of positive views, a good organizer, and an excellent executive officer. While he has never commanded a modern battleship, he was for two years chief of staff to Rear-Admiral Evans when Evans received his first command as commander-in-chief of the Atlantic fleet. In the Spanish war he commanded the dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius*. In 1902 Captain Pillsbury commanded the "hostile" squadron which participated in the war games off the New England coast.

LINCOLN AND THE FREEDMEN.

Doctor Eaton Writes Personal Reminiscences of Men and Affairs.

By his volume of Civil War reminiscences Doctor John Eaton has rendered an important historical service, and he has done it discerningly and unobtrusively. Disclaiming any intention of writing in a general sense of the military career of Grant or the political life of Lincoln, he distinctly helps us to understand the character of both soldier and statesman. He was superintendent of freedmen for the Department of Tennessee and State of Arkansas under the direct authority of General Grant and in close personal touch with the President. The work that he did was of the highest importance, from the humanitarian as well as the political point of view, and his opportunities for observation were numerous. Doctor Eaton is to be congratulated upon the fidelity with which he tells his story and the element of precision that he gives to that particular chapter of the conflict with which he deals.

At the time of his appointment, the negro problem was a serious one. Large numbers of blacks, liberated by the events of the war, were thrown upon the hands of the Union army and their disposition and employment became matters of urgent necessity. This was the problem to which Doctor Eaton addressed himself and which brought him into relationship with Grant and Lincoln. Of the negro himself he tells many amusing and pathetic stories, and one of these may be quoted; although it is not quite unknown:

The number of colored preachers and exhorters who were to be found in the community was amazing. How far their services were of value to the negroes it would be difficult to state, but they figured in some very picturesque and amusing scenes. My assistant, Chaplain Fiske, and I were returning into the city one night, after having located the site and prepared for the building of some cabins outside of Memphis, when we came upon a group of negroes—new arrivals—conducting a burial service. The minister was praying fervently for the survivors, and according to the universal custom in the South, a prayer was offered for Jefferson Davis. Evidently the preacher felt that since his arrival upon Yankee territory a little more license was permissible in the form which the prayer should take. Accordingly this was the prayer which we overheard: "O Lord, shake Jeff. Davis ober de mouf oh hell, but O Lord, doan' drap him in!"

Here, too, is another story that is as well known as any incident of the war, but it will easily bear repetition by a first-hand witness. During one of Doctor Eaton's visits to the President he was severely questioned as to the details of his work and such campaign points as had come under his immediate notice. He suddenly interrupted his inquiries to ask if Grant had told him of the raid made upon him—the President—in Washington:

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "you know a raid in Washington is different from what you military men mean by a raid. With you it is an attack by the enemy—the capture of soldiers and supplies; with us it is an attack by our friends in Congress seeking to influence a change in policy. A company of congressmen came to me to protest that Grant ought not to be retained as a commander of American citizens. I asked what was the trouble. They said he was not fit to command such men. I asked why, and they said he sometimes drank too much and was unfit for such a position. I then began to ask them if they knew what he drank, what brand of whisky he used, telling them most seriously that I wished they would find out. They conferred with each other and concluded they could not tell what brand he used. I urged them to ascertain and let me know, for if it made fighting generals like Grant, I should like to get some of it for distribution."

Doctor Eaton feels strongly on the subject of the accusations against the character of Grant that were at one time bandied about with unjustifiable frequency. Needless to say, he disbelieved them absolutely and entirely. He says he never saw wine at Grant's headquarters, while at banquets the general's glasses remained inverted. He tells us of an incident that followed the banquet at Memphis, illustrating another and a well-known aspect of Grant's character:

After the banquet I was separated from the other guests for a short time while I attended to getting my baggage on board, for we were to leave for Vicksburg early the next morning. Somewhat late, as I passed through the cabin to my stateroom, I found General Grant sitting by the table, smoking. He spoke to me, and I lingered a few moments in conversation. As we were chatting together, other officers came in, among them an older man of high rank, who proceeded to regale the general—young as he was—with a somewhat unsavory anecdote intended to amuse him. As the character of the story became evident, Grant grew plainly uneasy, and before it had reached the conclusion he blushed to his hair, although in deference to the age and rank of the speaker he did not permit himself to make any comment. The offending officer, however, seeing the effect of his story, withdrew as quickly as he could. It is safe to say he never again tried to experiment in Grant's presence.

Doctor Eaton's recollections of Lincoln are equally personal and interesting. He tells us of the enthusiasm of Frederick Douglass for a President who "treated me as a man; he did not let me feel for one moment that there was any difference in the color of our skins." He speaks of the difficulties with which Lincoln had to contend, difficulties into which the author sometimes had a close insight:

Yet another illustration occurs to me of the

complications with which Mr. Lincoln had to deal—not infrequently among members of his own Cabinet. He was sitting one day in his easy-chair with a large quantity of commissions spread out before him awaiting his signature. As we talked, he signed the papers, occasionally referring by name to the recipient of the commission. "One man whom he mentioned I knew to be hostile to the President's interests," and called his attention to the fact. "I suppose," said Mr. Lincoln, imperturbably signing the paper, "that I am constantly giving appointments to men in that attitude."

Here, too, is a glance at Seward and his relations with his "master":

In my enthusiasm for another member of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet I exclaimed, "Mr. President, you meet with no such difficulties from your premier." I had originally looked upon the failure to nominate Mr. Seward for the presidency as a great defeat of Republican principles, and had expected everything of him as the head of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet. My amazement, therefore, could hardly be expressed when the President, who was leaning back in his arm-chair, his great length stretched out at ease, his head thrown back, suddenly raised himself and swung the large effective head forward until his chin rested on his bosom, exclaiming, "Seward knows that I am his master!" He then went on to tell me how he had pushed the prompt surrender of Mason and Slidell as an act of justice toward England, realizing that in the light of international law the Trent affair might justly have given ground for reprisal. Seward would have temporized, and so risked a most unwelcome complication with England.

Doctor Eaton gives us a vivid picture of a presidential reception, a scene, he says, that will never be effaced from his memory:

He had a thoroughly characteristic word for each one who accosted him—no small test of personality in itself—and in dealing with men who offered excuses for not serving in the army there was no lack of witty repartee. It was difficult to impose on Mr. Lincoln, in spite of his kind heart. He made short work of frauds of any description, and kept his rectitude of judgment and freedom from sentimentality in the face of all appeals to the sentiment of which he had so much. I well remember a lady who came to ask her husband's release from prison. Mr. Lincoln's quick, penetrating question soon brought to light the fact that the husband had taken up arms against the Union, and being captured by our forces had been sent to one of the military prisons. The President's manner lost no particle of its kindness, but it was full of decision, and calculated to appeal to every sense of womanhood and dignity the applicant possessed. Had not her husband gone out to destroy the Union? Had it not been necessary for the government to defend itself against such as he, by calling the husbands all over the land from their homes? While he was in prison he was powerless to harm the Union, and his cause was so much weakened. The woman soon realized the unfitness of her request, and ceased to importune him. Lincoln's reception of the soldiers who were among the crowd could not have been more impressive. Small wonder the army adored him. The stream of visitors passed by. In the front-line of those who surrounded the open space before the President, waiting their turn, was a little lad who evidently hesitated to approach him, but the kindly motion of Mr. Lincoln's hand brought the child at once to the good man's side. The President bent his great height, and the little boy confided to him his request. I did not hear what was said—so confidential was the interview between the small boy and the President—but there was no doubt he had got what he wanted, for he ran off presently with no attempt to disguise his delight.

Upon one occasion Doctor Eaton was sent by Lincoln on a political mission. The President asked him "what General Grant thinks of the effort now making to nominate him (Grant) for the presidency." Lincoln had, of course, no sense of personal rivalry, but he feared to see his "fighting general" relinquish a military task that was but half finished. The author went down to Grant's camp, and while on the train he overheard a conversation on the very subject of his mission:

I repeated this conversation now to the general. "The question is," said I, "not whether you wish to run, but whether you could be compelled to run in answer to the demand of the people for a candidate who should save the Union." We had been talking very quietly, but Grant's reply came in an instant and with a violence for which I was not prepared. He brought his clenched fists down hard on the strap arms of his camp-chair. "They can't do it! They can't compel me to do it!"

Emphatic gesture was not a strong point with Grant, and what I had just witnessed showed me that he had been stirred profoundly.

"Have you said this to the President?" I asked. "No," said Grant, "I have not thought it worth while to assure the President of my opinion. I consider it as important for the cause that he should be elected as that the army should be successful in the field."

Early the next morning we parted, and he sent me to Norfolk on the headquarters boat. From thence I went as quickly as possible to Washington. When I again entered Mr. Lincoln's room, he greeted me with an eager question:

"Well," said he, "what did you find?" "You were right," I said, and repeated the emphatic answer Grant had made to the proposition. The President fairly glowed with satisfaction. "I told you," said he, "they could not get him to run until he had closed out the rebellion."

Doctor Eaton's book is full of the intimate life of the camp and the capital, and as important from this point of view as for the light that it throws upon the colored problem presented by the war, a problem that the author went far to solve by his devotion, his humanitarianism, and his executive ability.

"Grant, Lincoln, and the Freedmen," by Brigadier-General John Eaton, Ph. D., LL. D. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; \$2.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Who would suppose that Mr. Howells was capable of exercising a "secret tyranny" so coercive as to restrain the imaginative flights of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton and other American authors? Such, however, is Mrs. Atherton's complaint, and to this cause she attributes to the writers of today a certain lack of "virility, originality, elemental fire." It may be permitted to say that Mrs. Atherton, at least, shows no signs of such a bondage.

Mrs. Atherton speaks feelingly of "the literary supremacy of Mr. Howells" that has produced what she calls "the Howells cult" and "the Howells canon." It is a standard imposed upon American authorship, a ready-made ideal to which all must conform or fail, and which stifles originality and is "repressive of the fire of genius."

It is always interesting to know what Mrs. Atherton thinks about literature, politics, and the two hemispheres, but we are a little doubtful if even the genius of Mr. Howells can impose its yoke upon anything but mediocrity. The "fire of genius" that allows itself to be repressed has not much to boast of in the way of credentials and the authorship that is imitative has not missed its true sphere by very far.

A Critical Examination of Socialism, by W. H. Mallock. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$2.

It is always an intellectual treat to read anything written by Mr. Mallock, but it may be doubted if this particular book will have to answer on the day of judgment for many changed convictions. The average American who goes to Mr. Mallock, as to a mental treasure chest, for anti-Socialist arguments will find them coupled with a hearty denunciation of many of the ideas that lie at the base of American institutions. Socialism, for Mr. Mallock, is but a branch of the heretical army of democracy, an aspect of the new and detestable thought which denies to caste and aristocracy its divine right to lead and to rule over men. Mr. Mallock seems to think that society should consist of a few aristocrats with unrepresentative powers and a vast army of the proletariat with no representation at all and no particular duty except obedience. He deprecates even universal education as tending to interfere with caste rule. Mr. Mallock is therefore as little in sympathy with conservative Americans as he is with radical Englishmen, and he can hardly be accepted here as a champion of sanity in government while he is so ill disposed toward the ideas held by all Americans, irrespective of parties. His criticisms, of course, are trenchant and his style is incisive and mordant. As a gladiatorial display nothing could be finer, but Mr. Mallock would do more good if he were more persuasive, more aware that this is the twentieth century and not the tenth, more tolerant of those who are not necessarily wrong-headed because they are wrong-headed. He will convince those who are convinced already, but it is to be feared that he will only irritate the others.

Sadie, by Karl Edward Harriman. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is a comfortable and satisfying story and one to be recommended to those whose view of human nature is of the sombre variety. Sadie is a waitress of Kansas City and attached to the "Carter system of dinin'cars and eating-houses." She is sent out to Bagdad on the desert, where it is "a hundred and eighteen in the shade, if there was any shade—which there ain't." She finds the usual population of a frontier town, good and bad men and women, with the had in slight but effective majority. There is Billy Thompson, the superintendent, and Skinny McGregor, the little consumptive who attends to the roulette wheel but is still a gentleman by law of his being, and there is Allie, the poor little painted, bedraggled girl who is the sport of the base element and who is rescued by Sadie, not by preaching, but by strength of a splendid sympathy and companionship.

The author is to be congratulated on something like a creation in the character of Sadie. A true girl of the people, with no more religion than necessarily belongs to a real woman, she exercises an unconscious influence over Bagdad for which many a missionary would give his right hand. She is breezy, intensely sympathetic, and vividly human, a character to be remembered long after the incidents of the story have been forgotten. The author has the happy faculty of painting a complete and wholly satisfying woman, and that is so exceptional as to be noteworthy.

The Woman in the Rain, and Other Poems, by Arthur Stringer. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.25.

Mr. Stringer is better known as a teller of stories—and good stories—than as a maker of verses. He has published plays and portions of plays from time to time, and his shorter poems are no strangers to magazine readers, but the publication of the present volume marks a stage that may well lead him to further efforts. His poems have a distinct merit. His conception is nearly always good, his expression is vigorous and musical, while

the machinery is well out of sight and sound. He shows that he has the power of strong feeling and this is seldom inarticulate.

A certain sombreness of tone, an inclination for the darker and drearier sides of life, is perhaps hardly fair matter for criticism. Poets write as the spirit moves them, and the spirit of the day is not a hopeful one. Half of the present volume is occupied by "Sappho in Leucadia," first published in shorter form some four years ago, and received at that time with applause. Its republication at ampler length gives an opportunity to appreciate Mr. Stringer's dramatic powers at their best.

Narratives of Early Virginia, edited by Lyon Gardiner Tyler, LL. D. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$3.

Students of early American history will welcome a volume so comprehensive and prepared with so much careful industry. It contains nothing that is actually new, but a great deal that has been nearly inaccessible to the average student, who will delight in a collection of authoritative documents intelligently edited and with introductions that might have been longer without taxing patience or interest. The editor has given us Captain Smith's "True Relation" and his "Generall Historie of Virginia," as well as the "Description of Virginia and Proceedings of the Colonie." The shorter sections are devoted to "The Relation of the Lord De-La-Ware," "Observations by Master George Percy," "Letter of Don Diego de Molina," "Letter of Father Pierre Biard," "Letter of John Rolfe," "Proceedings of the Virginia Assembly," "Letter of John Pory," "The Virginia Planters' Answer to Captain Butler," "The Tragical Relation of the Virginia Assembly," and "The Discourse of the Old Company." The whole volume makes a treasure house of Virginia history, and it would be hard to say too much in praise of an impressive work of rare historical value and of a comfortable and dignified form.

The Doom of Dogma and the Dawn of Truth, by Henry Frank. Published by the Progressive Literature Company, New York; \$1.50.

It may be doubted if even such eloquence and erudition as are here displayed can inflict a heavier blow at religious dogma than has already been struck by popular rejection. None the less, the book is a welcome one, though it do no more than slay the slain. The author's conclusions are those generally reached by students who combine a knowledge of comparative religion with the power of unbiased and critical judgment. He finds that Christianity contains nothing distinguishable, save in local coloring, from the religions that preceded it, and that all religion, as all thought, is kindred. It must not be supposed, however, that the author is iconoclastic. He believes, and rightly, that Christianity has everything to gain and nothing to lose from such association, and that he is rendering it a great constructive service by showing that it is an integral part of a human aspiration at all times co-extensive with the race. The book is reverential in tone and is a valued contribution to current controversy.

Under the Crust, by Thomas Nelson Page. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

This is a collection of seven short stories. Mr. Page's work has for so long been a delight to lovers of fiction that formal commendation is almost out of place. But it may perhaps be said that if writers of short stories would but take Mr. Page as an example we should be spared a great deal of literary verbiage that is used only to conceal an attenuated incident and a paucity of ideas. Mr. Page gives the pleasant impression of having a story to tell and of telling it with direct force. With him the story comes first and the graceful style follows naturally.

Syllogisms: A Book of Reasons for Every Day, composed by Lee Washington. Published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco; \$2.

This handsome volume ought to find a welcome amongst those who like to associate each day with a worthy and inspiring thought. The selections have been made with discrimination and taste. Many of them are in antique type, while the nine illustrations of devotional subjects are finely executed.

Character Portraits from Dickens, selected and arranged by Charles Welsh. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

The author has selected about 150 characters from Dickens, presenting them to us by means of extracts from the novels themselves. The value of such a work is, perhaps, a little problematical, but it has at least been done with care and thoroughness.

Counterpoint Simplified, by Francis L. York, M. A. Published by the Oliver Ditson Company, Boston; \$1.25.

Without laying claim to the discovery of new principles, the author has succeeded in putting the well-known principles of strict counterpoint in a convenient and concise form.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A new hook by Josephine Daskam Bacon is to be a feature of the month. It has been entitled "Ten to Seventeen," further explained by the phrase, "A Boarding-School Diary." The narrative is devised to read like a growing girl's intensely artless confidings about herself, the other girls in the school, and various grown-ups who belong within its borderland. The volume will be brought out by Harper & Brothers.

"Donald and Dorothy," one of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge's earliest works, was taken over by its present publishers from the firm originally publishing it in September, 1893, ten years after issue; it has been reprinted sixteen times in the fourteen years since, with every indication that the present yearly sale of two thousand or more copies will continue indefinitely.

The J. B. Lippincott Company issues a new and beautiful edition of an old favorite among fairy-tales, "The Magic Mirror." This hit of fancy was first published in 1865, and was written by the late William Gilbert, father of Sir William S. Gilbert, the collaborator of Sir Arthur Sullivan. In the new holiday edition there are twenty large full-page pictures in color.

All Germany is mourning the death of a great humorist and artist, Wilhelm Busch, who died in the first week of the new year, aged seventy-five. For nearly fifty years he had given joy to the youth of Germany. It would be hard to find a home where there is any education whatever, in which the children have not revelled in "Max and Moritz" and "Hans Hucklein." Jack the Giant-Killer is no more a classic for English-speaking children than are these two books for German. Busch was for many years one of the chief contributors to *Fliegende Blätter*, indeed, his earliest pictures, in 1859, laid the foundations of prosperity for that humorous publication.

Mrs. A. L. Wister has laid down her pen. She announces that "The Lonely House," which she has just translated from the German of Adolf Streckfuss, is her last. Pleasant memories of "Gold Elsie" and "Old Mam'selle's Secret" will induce many an older to take up with pleasure this delightful story of the adventures of a German scientist in the Ukraine. Three generations have read Mrs. Wister's books, and even the first of her translations is still popular.

The production of "Rosmersholm" by Mrs. Fiske in New York has stimulated the reading of this play amazingly. The publishers of Ibsen's works have prominently advertised a special edition of "Rosmersholm," and the newspapers announce that in the New York Public Library the calls for this work at this time are more numerous than for any other.

Mrs. Stannard ("John Strange Winter") sought change of occupation as a relief from novel-writing and accepted a position as adjudicator in the "limerick contest" of a popular English paper, but found the labor of choosing prize efforts from among thousands of mediocre productions "simply appalling."

From William Morton Payne's recent work, "Greater English Poems of the Nineteenth Century," published by Henry Holt & Co., the second part of his translation of Björnsterne Björnson's mediæval Norse trilogy, "Sigurd Slemhe," has been announced for production in Chicago. Commenting on this a leading Chicago paper says Mr. Payne "is the recognized Björnson authority of America." He is one of the editors of *The Dial*, and some suggestive criticism of the drama as literature appears in his little volumes entitled "Editorial Echoes" and "Little Leaders."

Mme. Sarah Grand, the well-known novelist, who recently expressed the opinion that, given equal opportunity and cultivation, women would be equal in intelligence to men, was born in Ireland of English parents, and some of her ancestors were Quakers. When quite a little child she used to write stories, and all through her girlhood was ambitious to become an author. For a long time she was not very successful; even her famous "Heavenly Twins" was sent to nearly every publisher of note before it was accepted; but when at last it did appear, her fame was instantaneous. Mme. Grand is one of the best-read women of the day and has confessed her favorite authors to be Emerson and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Anent the criticism of the "Howells canon" and its effect on American novelists, the following is quoted from an interview with Mrs. Gertrude Atherton:

"The *Harper's Bazar* is getting up a composite novel, an undertaking originating with Mr. Howells, to be completed in twelve parts. Each of the parts is to be written by a different author, whose name is not signed to the particular thing that he or she writes. Among these authors, according to the list already published, are Mr. Howells, Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman, John Kendrick Bangs, Henry Van Dyke, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. I was asked to contribute a part, and for this purpose I was sent the first five or six installments that had been written. I read them over. Absolutely, I could not distinguish one style from another, they were so beautifully alike, such faultless specimens of our American magazine school. Who the authors were I could not imagine, since

their work appeared to be all from one hand. And so, as I never could make a good showing with this magazine school, and feared to be a discordant note, I thought it would be safer for me to decline to contribute to the development of 'The Whole Family,' as this composite novel is called."

New Publications.

"A Handy Book of Synonyms" has been published in the New Handy Information Series by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price, 40 cents.

"Sonnets of a Budding Bard," by Nixon Waterman, with drawings in color by John A. Williams, has been published by Forbes & Co., Chicago. Price, 75 cents.

"J. Archibald McKackney, Collector of Whiskers," by Ralph D. Paine, has been published in volume form by the Outing Publishing Company, New York. Price \$1.25.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, have published "Little Redskins," by M. M. Jamieson, Jr., in the Little Mother Series, with a colored illustration upon every page. Price, 50 cents.

Henry Holt & Co., New York, have published a convenient edition of "Das Fräulein von Scuderi," by E. T. A. Hoffman, with introduction and notes by Professor Gustav Gruener.

Mitchell Kennerley, New York, has published "Love, and All About It," by Frank Richardson. Price, 75 cents. Perhaps a useful hook for those who wish an anticipatory initiation.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, have published a little volume of humorous verse with illustrations, entitled "The Hook, Its Application to Others and to Ourselves," by L. J. Bridgman.

The socially inclined will welcome a little volume of "Toasts and After-Dinner Stories," published by Brewer, Barse & Co., Chicago. The collection contains much original matter. Price, 60 cents.

A valuable hook from the hygienic point of view is "The Production and Handling of Clean Milk," by Kenelm Winslow, M. D., M. D. V.; B. A. C. (Harv.) Published by William R. Jenkins & Co., New York; \$2.50.

"The Stork Book," by Newton Newkirk, with illustrations by Wallace Goldsmith, will appear humorous or tragic, according to the point of view of the reader. Published by the H. M. Caldwell Company, Boston; \$1.

The Bohhs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, has published an attractive volume of dialect verse by James Whitcomb Riley, entitled "The Boys of the Old Glee Club." The hook itself is a work of art, while the illustrations are beyond praise.

"Childhood," written in verse by Githa Sowerby and illustrated by Millicent Sowerby, is a charming hook for young children, printed in colors and with pictures of unusual excellence. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Those who wish to read the "Manifesto of the Communist Party," by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, in the Esperanto language with English translation, can now do so. The volume is published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. *Laboristoj de ĉiuj landoj, unuigu.*

"The Good Neighbor in the Modern City," by Mary E. Richmond, is a needed piece of practical and homely advice for those who are willing to apply the Golden Rule all the time, on week days as well as Sundays. To be a good neighbor is the high-water mark of civic virtue, and those who aspire to this eminence should not fail to read a little hook of practical excellence. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; 60 cents.

San Francisco Public Library Report.

The annual report of the San Francisco Public Library for the year ending June 30, 1907, has been issued. Of the entire system, numbering April 1, 1906, 166,344 volumes, there were left after the fire only 27,976 volumes. The destruction of the central library was complete, every volume and every record disappearing in the flames, except the secretary's ledger and minute book, which happened to be in his private safe. Of the six branches, two were completely destroyed, and two others severely injured. The work of restoration began with the two injured branches, which were soon put in condition for active service, so that for the greater part of the year four branches were in operation. Work was immediately commenced on a temporary structure for the central library, and this building will be ready for occupancy some time this present month. During the past year 22,377 were added to the library, and 5802 were withdrawn or lost, making a net gain of 16,575 volumes. These, with the remnant left by the fire, made a present total of 44,551 volumes. For the next five years, at least, it is proposed to spend \$23,000 a year for new books. The circulation for the year was 349,646 volumes, which compares with a circulation of 830,225 volumes for the year ending July, 1905, the last complete year before the fire. The registry of borrowers now shows 19,822 card holders, somewhat less than half the number registered before the fire.

CURRENT VERSE.

For Whom?

For whom those color-beams we can not see—
The under-red—the over-violet?
For whom the tones that none hath listened yet,
No player yet enthralled in melody?

Those unheard waves of sweetness wander free,
They rise round strings that muted are, to them!
Those beams of color, mute in flower or gem—
They cross our path, on unseen errantry!

The teasing fancy vainly makes her plea,
The eager Sense no clue to these may trace.
Shut with the treasures of mysterious space,
They are not for such mortal men as we.

For whom? Who, then, shall turn, at length, the key,
And wander into Beauty we forego?
I dream, those tones shall sound, those colors glow,
For men of subtler sense—men yet to be!
—Edith M. Thomas, in *Smart Set*.

La Belle Marie.

The maid looked out on the wind-swept sea
Where the spooindrill drove on the breath of the gale.

Oh, fair as a dusk red rose was she,
As she sought her lover's sail;
For she was the pride of the Norman Coast,
The flower of Normandie,
Who watched for the absent fisher host!
Alas, La Belle Marie!

La Belle Marie, La Belle Marie, there are many prayers in the litany:
There's one for the wedded and one for the free,
and one for the brave men lost at sea.
Oh! gray are your eyes as the storm-swept lea, but where are your roses, Belle Marie!

Three nights wore on and three dawns broke dun,
And the maid still watched for a sign of the fleet.

Alas for the wedding gown begun
And the girl-dreams, fair and sweet!
Alas for homes of the Norman Coast,
Alas for Normandie,
Alas for the absent fisher host,
Alas, La Belle Marie!

La Belle Marie, La Belle Marie, there are many beads in your rosary:
There's one for the wedded and one for the free,
and one for the brave men lost at sea.
Oh! gray are your eyes as the storm-swept lea, but where is your lover, Belle Marie!

The fourth day broke in a sob of rain,
And a ship came in on the turn of the tide.
The heart of the maid beat warm again
As a boat's crew left the side;
For she was the pride of the Norman Coast,
The flower of Normandie,
The ship of the man she loved the most,
The tattered Belle Marie!

La Belle Marie, La Belle Marie, there are many beads in your rosary:
There's one for the wedded and one for the free,
and one for the brave men lost at sea.
Oh! gray are your eyes as the storm-swept lea, and here is your lover, Belle Marie!

They laid him down at her feet stark dead,
And the maiden gave no a sob nor a groan,
But into her lap she took his head,
And she sat as turned to stone.
Alas for the flower of the Norman Coast,
Alas for Normandie,
Alas for the man she loved the most,
Alas, La Belle Marie!

La Belle Marie, La Belle Marie, you shall hear the prayers in the litany:
There's one for the wedded and one for the free,
and one for the brave men lost at sea!
And hark! Thro' the roar of the storm-racked lea,
the spades in the church-yard, Belle Marie!
—Frederick Truesdell, in *Appleton's Magazine*.

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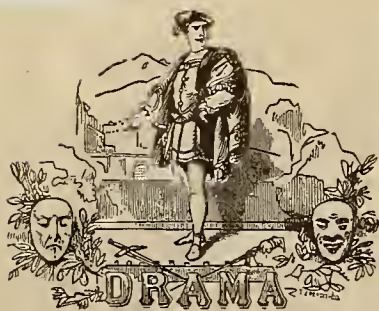
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"THE BLUE MOON."

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To hold the floor, and hold it undisputed; with no interruptions, no rivalry of interest, during that brief moment of supremacy when the speaker of the moment makes his witty, or trenchant, or convincing, or fateful remark—it may be only the announcement that the carriage waits or that the duke is in the field; it may be the one moment of the evening in which the speaker speaks; but the moment is his; all eyes are his, all ears are his, universal attention is his. And in that lies one of the great charms of the acting profession.

All our lives we are—socially—contending for that brief moment of supremacy which the player enjoys nightly. The talker ever yearns for a larger audience. He throws his glance around the drawing-room or the dinner-table, trying to draw more listeners within his net. A rival talker, with a louder voice perhaps, charms away from him one or more of his prized audience. He makes no sign, but he resents the defection. Unlike the most insignificant histrion, he may not hope to hold the floor undisputed.

Or, perhaps, he is a famous conversationalist, a second Coleridge, monopolizing the talk to the exclusion of others. None say him nay, none dispute his supremacy, but there are rebels who yawn. Terrible sight to a professional conversationalist! When the attention of his audience is gone, his occupation is gone.

Then there is the attention of deference paid to the one whose position as superior demands it. It is a perpetual incense to which he grows accustomed, almost believing in time that it is sincere. The moment of disillusion comes when chance shows him the group of deferential courtiers off guard, in the enjoyment of free, unrestrained camaraderie during his absence. How ready and sincere is the goodfellowship, how quick the jest, how spontaneous the interchange of thought and comment! Realization comes to him in a flash. It is because he, always bathed in the social limelight, is absent. Each one now stands on his own bottom. No adventitious aids give him a false importance in the social freemasonry, and what he says or does receives only the attention it merits; no more.

But there is no faded petal in the flower of contentment that blooms each night for the mummer. He lives for his little hour, his little moment of monopoly, and having enjoyed it, possesses his soul in patience until it comes again another night.

These meandering reflections are apropos of nothing in the dramatic horizon, perhaps because there is nothing in the dramatic horizon. At present the condition of things theatrical in San Francisco recalls the famous quip: "What is matter? Never mind? What is mind? No matter." There is neither mind nor matter on the boards this week, but a light, shifting vapor of musical comedyism where drama is wont to be. "The Tattooed Man" at the Van Ness Theatre, "The Blue Moon" at the Novelty Theatre, and each following on the heels of predecessors of similar class. There seems to be a preconceived spread of the musical-comedy wave, which I think is mistaken policy. If you steer a starving man past a bread-and-beef restaurant to a temple of confectionery, and feast him on lemonade, water ice, sugar kisses, "nut sundaes," and similar delights, he will promptly convert himself into a sugar-and-cream-lined receptacle for lack of better things but that isn't to say that he wouldn't prefer the homelier bread and beef. So at present we are tucking away the gilded sweets of "The Tattooed Man" and "The Blue Moon."

There is no doubt, however, that a large percentage of theatre-goers take most enthusiastically to the bubble and froth of this class of entertainment. On Monday night the heavens opened and the floods descended. Fillmore Street looked as if it had been swept clear of humans with a large broom. But the rain did not dampen the ardor of theatre-goers and the cars were full. So was the Novelty Theatre, and I do not doubt that the Van Ness had its green curtain moved backward to accommodate numerous devotees of Frank Daniels even to the rear seats.

It is something of a coincidence that two such popular comedians as James Powers and Frank Daniels are here at the same time. Probably neither one is particularly pleased, but their business will not suffer. Probably their rival claims will give rise to many an argument as to which is the most successful comedian, and disputants will hasten to either shrine to satisfy themselves. Personally, I think James Powers the funnier of the two. In

my opinion he is more of a natural comedian. Although he has a quantity of clever business in "The Blue Moon," he can be amusing by merely fixing his gaze on space. He bears a weird resemblance to Mrs. Fiske, due to a similar outline of the jaw and lips. I wonder if he has cultivated it, or if it is merely chance that he has her trick of rapidly blinking his eyes, of turning a curly tongue up to the north-east corner of the mouth, of plunging into Ibsenian reflection. There is even something about his smile that suggests the famous actress.

The comedian has a very distinctive style of speech, and contrives, oddly enough, to mingle a sort of hollowness of tone with a hot-potato enunciation. His great card is the play of expression upon a countenance that was built for comedy. He can remain perfectly silent and motionless, and by the humorous manipulation of his Fiskean features keep his audience in a state of extreme mirth.

There is plenty to keep him busy in "The Blue Moon," a composition which is the joint effort of five creators. It is an English musical comedy, the book by Harold Ellis, the music by Howard Talbot and Paul and A. N. Rubens. Besides these four, Percy Greenbank had a hand in the lyrics. So numerously authored a work ought to be clever, and it is clever. Its English origin, however, has not been instrumental in lending it novelty of treatment. It might easily have emanated from the brains of our American composers and writers. The traditions of musical comedy are strictly observed. The subsidiary comedian takes his turn with the comedian-in-chief, the second-class charmer alternates with the first. There is quite the usual business—dialogue leading up to song and dance. The comedian kisses the soubrette. There is a galvanic start, a crash of music, a flare of skirts, an upward flash of silk stockings, a violent eruption of kicks, a whirling display of lingerie, enraptured attention on the part of the audience, insistent recalls.

For some reason it is a high crime and misdemeanor to allow a pause in pieces of this class; perhaps because it would give us time to reflect. A feverish rapidity pervades both speech and action. A retort begins before the preliminary remark is finished. An entrance and an exit look each other in the face.

There was some rather clever dialogue in spots in "The Blue Moon," and it wouldn't he a bad idea to give it a chance to sink in. Nor would it be inapt to employ a little art some time when the material is there.

For instance, why could not those extremely American looking Orientals have been made up to look as much as possible like Hindoo girls, to copy their gait and motions? Such an effect was sought in the make-up of the Hindoo prince, and in consequence Robert Broderick was quite the most striking figure on the stage, in spite of his songful delivery, and his tiresome, melodramatic laugh.

Nanon Jaques is not a good choice for Chandra Nil, the singing girl, who should be of a more seductive type. Besides, Miss Jaques is only a mediocre singer, and is so deficient in natural expression that she conveys it by ungraceful head-noddings, being also self-conscious, and rather self-complacent. These latter qualities were satisfyingly absent from Clara Palmer, who was kept very busy as Millicent, the maid, and who was so pretty, attractive, and intelligent as to please her audience by being much in evidence.

Frank Farrington's Major and the marriage broker of Phil H. Ryley were an appreciable element in the evening's mirth, and Leslie Leigh gave a not bad representation of a prettily idiotic girl whose *métier* is to charm the heart of man. Harry Griffith and Edwin Earl complete the list of principals, and a crowd of singers and dancers in appropriate costume kept the small stage of the Novelty animated and colorful.

The music is pretty. Indeed, what musical comedy has not pretty music? The flood of tuneful and charming music in pieces of this class seems endless.

It can not be said that the chorus singers of "The Blue Moon" company are up to the usual standard. We are used to superior choral work, such as we heard in "Woodland," even in the lightest of these pieces, and the chorus in "The Blue Moon" shrieked and shrilled. There are, however, so many novelties in the way of pretty, spectacular, and amusing effects employed to eke out the entertainment afforded by the choruses that the audience was kept in high good humor.

And there was always James Powers, figuring as a doughty Nimrod, telling fish stories of tall game he didn't hunt, posing as an assertively modest hero of heroics he didn't commit, or allowing a procession of variegated expressions to chase themselves over his iridescent countenance, as he inquired in his broken-hearted voice, "Wouldn't that give you wrinkles?" when Charlie's sweetheart rebuffed him for fickleness he was only guilty of in his resentful imagination.

It is said that of the Americans met in South Africa more than 60 per cent are Westerners, mostly from the Pacific Coast. There are some twenty graduates of the University of California employed in the Rand mines, and Californians have penetrated into the little known lands north of the Transvaal.

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Josef Hofmann's Piano Recitals.

The eminent young Polish artist, Josef Hofmann, whose playing at his previous concerts in this city created enthusiasm, is the first great pianist to visit San Francisco this season. He is now thirty years of age, and his art is broad and thoroughly matured. The press of the Eastern cities where he has been playing this season is most lavish in his praise, and his programmes are full of interest and include many seldom heard numbers.

All of his concerts here will be given at Christian Science Hall, corner of Sacramento and Scott Streets, and at the first, this Sunday afternoon at 2:30, his programme will include Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue, in e minor, and Scherzo; Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata; Rachmaninoff's Barcarolle and Prelude, in g minor; Balakrefff's "Au Jardin"; Chopin's Sonata in b minor; and Liszt's "Legende," "Liebestraum," and "Campanella."

On Thursday evening he will play Beethoven's Sonata op. III; Sgambatti's Vecchio Minuetto; Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso; Tschaiakowsky's Berceuse; Stojowski's Orientale; Scriabine's Poeme; and "Tampete," by Liapounoff, in addition to a Chopin group, consisting of the Ballade, a flat major, Fantasie Impromptu, Mazurka, b flat minor, Valse, a flat major, and the Scherzo in b flat minor.

For the positively last recital, Sunday afternoon, February 2, the principal numbers will be the Moonlight Sonata of Beethoven, Schubmann's Fantasie in c major, and Feuerzauber and Winterstürme from "Die Walküre," and the overture to "Tannhäuser," by Wagner.

The programme of Thursday evening will be repeated at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, Friday afternoon, January 31, at 3:30, an hour selected for the convenience of students.

Seats for the San Francisco concerts are on sale at both stores of Sherman, Clay & Co., Van Ness Avenue, above California, and at Kearny and Sutter Streets, and Konoivier's, Fillmore Street, above Eddy.

The first play written by an American produced in this country, according to the Philadelphia Public Ledger, was the tragedy, "The Prince of Parthia," by Thomas Godfrey, which was brought out at the Southwark Theatre in the Quaker City in April, 1767, by Lewis Hallam's company, the first organization of players to visit Philadelphia. Godfrey was an ambitious young poet, who died at an early age. His play was above mediocrity, and an important part of the volume of his works published in 1765.

A Paris dispatch declares that continental sleeping cars will soon have a strong rival in the "vaudeville" car, of which the chief feature will be an all-night continual performance. French capitalists, who make frequent trips between Paris and the Riviera, have formed a company which will launch the enterprise. Half a dozen such cars will be built. They will resemble the ordinary chair car, with a small stage at one end, with a piano.

The new organ recently installed in St. Dominic's Church will be formally dedicated on Wednesday evening, January 29. Following the ceremony of dedication there will be a musical programme, under the direction of the organist, Dr. H. J. Stewart. The organ is the largest and finest on the Pacific Coast.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

At the New Alcazar Theatre this week the stock company is pleasing large audiences with the humor of "The Boys of Company B." Next week "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" will be the offering, and the romantic drama should be especially acceptable to the loyal clientele of the playhouse. Bertram Lytell will be the dashing Sir John, Thais Lawton will be the name part, and Will Walling, John B. Maher, Adele Belgarde, and Louise Brownell have good opportunities for striking character work.

"The Tattooed Man" is twelve years younger than "The Wizard of the Nile," but there is a strong family resemblance, as is only natural when it is remembered that Victor Herbert wrote both comic operas for Frank Daniels. In both of them the comedian found success, but the merit was only partly with the work of the composer. Since the days of "Little Puck" no comic-opera star whose charms were not based on pulchritude has had a following more devoted than that of Frank Daniels. Every one in the circle knows just what to expect when the comedian appears, but there is variety in his familiar methods and an irresistible appeal in his repetitions. He always surrounds himself with attractive settings and a lively company of chorus people, and the title or even the story of the piece is of the slightest consequence. This week the usual crowded houses have attended his appearances, and as he continues another week at the Van Ness Theatre there is little reason to doubt that the present order will persist.

In another column "The Blue Moon" and its chief fun-maker, James T. Powers, are discussed at length. The musical comedy and the comedian will hold the stage and fill the auditorium at the Novelty Theatre all next week.

Hilda Spong, well remembered as the star of "Lady Huntworth's Experience" when the play came to the old Columbia Theatre, is to appear next week at the Orpheum. The comedienne will be seen in a sketch of Western life entitled "Kit," and her supporting company will give efficient aid. Other newcomers on the bill are the Four Parros, sensational wire-walkers and weight-throwers. John C. Rice and Sallie Cohen will continue, with a change to their sketch, "All the World Loves a Lover." Shean and Warren, the comedians, will appear for a return engagement, as will Bailey and Austin's American Beauties. It will be the last week of Geiger and Walters, Adolph Zink, and of Sydney Deane and company.

Charles B. Hanford in Shakespearean repertoire will follow "The Blue Moon" at the Novelty Theatre.

"Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," another of the George M. Cohan shows, comes to the Van Ness Theatre on Monday, February 3.

Frank Worthing, the talented leading man who made a reputation in this city in the days of the Fawley Company at the old Columbia Theatre, is the chief support in the company that will surround Grace George when she appears here next month at the Van Ness Theatre in "Divorçons."

Puccini, the composer of "Madame Butterfly," has completed the musical version of Belasco's "Girl of the Golden West." The title is "La Fanciulla del West." It will probably have its first presentation in Europe next spring, but will not reach New York until next fall.

Ned Weiburn, who is known all over the United States as an actor, theatrical manager, stage manager, writer of vaudeville sketches, and teacher of actors, has filed a petition in bankruptcy in New York, with large liabilities and small assets.

Charles Frohman, who has effected a change in the plans of Miss Ethel Barrymore that will result in cancelling much of her road tour. Miss Barrymore will remain at the Hudson Theatre in New York, in "Her Sister" until February, and then make a tour of only a few principal cities. She will sail for London on June 2.

A new musical comedy called "Funabashi," written by Irvin Cobb, a newspaper humorist, produced in New York last week at the Casino, is said to be based on Secretary Taft's recent world tour.

Opera and concerts in Dresden are within the reach of all. The most expensive seats in the house cost about \$2, and there are others from which one can hear perfectly, but not see the stage, which cost about 15 cents. The English and American residents, students, etc., frequent the fourth gallery, says the *Travel Magazine*. The acoustics are perfect and very many people consider seats here the more desirable. The opera season begins about September 10 and lasts throughout the year, with a holiday of six weeks in summer, and presents the most artistic performance in all Germany. Besides the frequent performance of opera two series

of symphony concerts are given during the winter in the opera-house. It is often difficult to secure tickets for these concerts, but the rehearsals are public and the price of seats small.

A controversy, in which there is some heat shown, is raging in London over the manner in which Sir Henry Irving shall be presented in his statue, which is soon to be erected near the National Portrait Gallery in Charing Cross Road. At a meeting held by the heads of the theatrical profession, at which Sir John Hare presided, the question was raised as to whether the great actor-manager should be represented in character or in modern dress. The subject was sharply debated. Several prominent actors considered that modern dress was too ugly.

The Minetti Quartet Concerts.

The Minetti String Quartet, now in its fifteenth successful season, is to give a series of four chamber concerts at the Century Club Hall, corner of Franklin and Sutter Streets. The members of this organization, Giulio Minetti, than whom no better first violinist is known in this vicinity; Hans Koenig, the sterling second violinist; Andre Verdier, the admirable viola player; and Arthur Weiss, the incomparable cellist, have played together for such a length of time that they understand each other perfectly and their ensemble work is as near perfection as is possible.

At the first concert, to be given next Friday afternoon, at 3:15, Mrs. Alice Bacon Washington, the well-known pianist, will assist, and the programme will include Mozart's quartet in G, Rubinstein's Sonata in a major for 'cello and piano, and the quartet in a major, by Schumann. Reserved seats for single concerts will be \$1, while for the series of four but \$3 will be charged. General admission will be 50 cents, and seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, 1625 Van Ness Avenue, commencing next Thursday morning.

The motor-car mascot, which, likely enough, had its beginning in an innocent whim, is now as prevalent in Paris as the charms against the evil eye are in Italy. It is usually a little figure of Mercury, the messenger of the gods, carried in the front of the car. Another mascot of growing popularity is a little statue of St. Christopher, the patron saint of travelers, accompanied with the following motto: "He that looketh upon the image of St. Christopher this day shall neither faint nor fall." Images of Mercury or St. Christopher, which first made their appearance in the novelty stores, are now actually on hand at automobile outfitters, and can be purchased for forty or fifty francs. The same images, artistically molded in silver for more wealthy motorists, can also be obtained. One big motor firm has found the craze gaining such a hold that it has specially manufactured in bronze a miniature sergeant de ville, or gendarme, complete in every particular, but with a bandage over his eyes.

Those patient playgoers who are to be seen stretched in the long parallel columns outside every place of entertainment in London, stolidly awaiting the opening of the doors, have cause to envy their fellow amusement seekers in Bournemouth, which, in addition to its famous invalids' walk and fragrant pine-laden breezes, now boasts of the first attempt on the part of the impresario to provide adequately for the comfort of those of his patrons who can not afford to reserve their seats. A hall has been built on to the theatre in which people can wait, and to which the audience is requested to retire between the acts to permit the theatre to be thoroughly ventilated. Tea is served in the hall and an orchestra plays there during the intervals.

Members of English nobility are easily interested in journalism. Among the subscribers for the \$1,000,000 capital stock of the London Times, which recently became the property of C. Arthur Pearson, are Lord Brassey, Lord Rothschild, Lord Strathcona, and Mount Royal, high commissioner for Canada, Viscount Iveagh, and Sir Alexander Henderson, chairman of the Great Central Railway. Sir Alexander brings the largest contribution.

The decrease in the number of American students at all the German universities is this year more marked than ever. According to the registration statistics of Berlin University, which has been the most popular of all the German universities with Americans, there are now only ninety-five students from this country—sixty-eight men and twenty-seven women—enrolled. Three years ago there were 203 and ten years ago over 400.

The Queen of Siam is the possessor of the most costly dress owned by any woman in the world, according to a writer in a Berlin newspaper. It is a silken robe of state in which the fabric is entirely hidden under an embroidery of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires. A rough estimate of the value of the garment is about \$5,000,000.

They paused before a Madonna of the golden age of painting. "Hum! Loaned by Smith," said he, consulting the catalogue. "Smith has a catholic taste." "It would seem so," said she. "And yet his people have been Presbyterians for generations."—Puck.

TETRAZZINI'S NEW YORK TRIUMPH.

Two of Hammerstein's Manhattan Successes—Charpentier's Opera "Louise."

The long expected and much discussed has happened and Mme. Tetrazzini's appearance at the Manhattan Opera House under the direction of Oscar Hammerstein takes its place in the history of American music. There is no need to comment on the diplomacy—to use a graceful word—by which Mr. Hammerstein triumphs over Mr. Conried, or to discuss that already over-discussed contract that the prima donna is said to have given Mr. Conried after her triumph in San Francisco. The public is not greatly concerned with the rivalry of impresarios, which is largely competition of figures. Mme. Tetrazzini herself smiles when the dispute is mentioned to her and anticipates no embarrassment, and the public also is willing to smile at anything, so long as it may hear the Tetrazzini sing.

The opera selected for last night's performance at the Manhattan was Verdi's "La Traviata," with Tetrazzini as Violetta. Public interest reached a point perhaps never before attained. Over five thousand people were in the house and other thousands were wending their disappointed way homewards. New York society was present en masse, and it was society predisposed to favor a singer already acclaimed by London. The house itself represented \$13,000, a comfortable income for one night and an income that will surely be repeated again and again after a general verdict of approval that lacked nothing in emphasis or sincerity. New York was a little skeptical of the judgment of San Francisco, but was quite ready to confirm the applause of London and to add her own plaudits to those that have been so audible from the other side of the Atlantic.

The great singer may well have been pardoned had she shown any of the nervousness that must be inseparable from such an ordeal. But she showed no nervousness whatever. She was not at all in doubt of her power over the concourse of people, who received her with every evidence of an infinite curiosity, but quite without an applause that would have been unmeaning at such a stage. She wore a modern gown that was well in keeping with her comfortable and confident appearance, and it almost seemed as though she coquetted with her audience with an almost indifferent assurance that she could give them their heart's desire. And they certainly had it. Passing from the restraint that marked her opening notes she allowed her voice to use its utmost compass before the curtain fell upon the first act, and if there had been any possible doubt of her success it was dispelled by the tempest of applause that broke out from every part of the house amid a scene of wild enthusiasm of which mere noise was the least conspicuous part. Women stripped the flowers from their costumes and rained them upon the stage, and it almost seemed as though the footlights themselves would be an insufficient barrier to the testimonials of delight in which the immense crowd was unanimous. The singer herself showed an almost childish delight. She laughed aloud and tried with a bewitching confusion to gather up the flowers that strewed the stage while at the same time kissing her hands to every part of the theatre. It was an ovation that might have been envied by any singer the world has ever known. The Manhattan has never seen anything more tumultuously emphatic.

Some of the critics have, of course, found weak points. That is what musical critics are for. Mr. Meltzer of the New York *American* recalls the great singers whom he has heard in days gone by, and he is disposed to be mildly and gently censorious. He says that Tetrazzini's voice was uneven and in the medium register rather dull. Her *parlando* voice was sometimes incongruous with the subject and "alas, she lacked style." But Mr. Meltzer relents toward the end. The "Sempere Libera" made him understand the enthusiasm of London and San Francisco, and toward the conclusion of the opera the applause he says, "was largely, very largely, merited." In the death scene her voice "gained curiously in volume and sweetness. It seemed admirably round and true, and at times it had in it a note of pathos which we had missed in the earlier episodes."

Mr. de Koven in the *World* is not quite so outspoken, but we can discern a slight note of disappointment in his comments. He, too, refers to the dullness of certain notes, but he praises the acting, and he even says that in this respect she excels any of her predecessors. Mr. de Koven says that her voice has "the crystalline quality of Melba's with an added warmth and color which gives to it more of emotional expression." He gives her the high praise of saying that she justified the expectations that had been created by London applause. While he was in no way led astray by the enthusiasm of the moment he "most unhesitatingly record for Mme. Tetrazzini an unqualified success, amounting to a triumph."

Mr. Hammerstein himself must not be overlooked in the general jubilation. It was certainly a great occasion for the impresario. Tetrazzini herself was called before the curtain ten times, and upon the first two occasions she brought Hammerstein with her, much, it must be confessed, to his consternation, but the plaudits were generous enough in quality and quantity for impresario and

singer alike. And certainly Hammerstein deserved all that came to him by his own enterprise and tenacity. He has deserved well of the New York public and is entitled to his triumph.

There has been something almost like an embarrassment of riches of the musical kind in New York during the last few weeks. If "La Traviata" is its culmination, its worthy introduction, on January 3, was Charpentier's "Louise" and the appearance therein of Miss Mary Garden. Hammerstein has shown his appreciation of the popular taste by his inclination to French opera. He began with "Thais," continued with "The Tales of Hoffman," and has now added "Louise." He certainly has no cause to question his own judgment, nor his enterprise in introducing Miss Garden to the New York public and so enabling this gifted singer to enrich a reputation so successfully established in Europe.

"Louise" is a French opera of the most pronounced kind and it deals with the living, moving Paris of today, the Paris of the third estate, the Paris of Montmartre and of the teeming proletariat. Charpentier is a philanthropist in his way. The desire of his life is to ameliorate the condition of those who toil that others may be rich, who sow that others may reap, and who make what others wear. In writing "Louise" he wrote direct from his heart. His opera is a part of a life-long benevolence.

Louise is a working girl in a dressmaking establishment living with her parents and loving the young poet Julien. It is only these same obtuse and worldly-wise parents who forbid a match which seems to have nothing but sentiment to sustain itself upon. Julien lives in convenient proximity just across the road, and after a hidden tête-à-tête between the young people, we see a stormy scene with the mother, who hates the "starving," and an interruption from the father, who has had a letter from Julien and is more favorably disposed to make further inquiry into his precedents and prospects. There endeth the first act.

The second act shows us Montmartre in the high tide of its daily activity. Julien appears and makes it known that he intends to elope with the girl of his heart. Then comes Louise, to whom he makes his appeal and fails. She enters the workroom among the chattering girls and does her task as usual, while the disconsolate Julien seeks the shelter of the courtyard and sings a serenade. Its influence upon Louise becomes more and more marked until she finally pleads a headache and retires from the room. Then her companions, watching from the window, see her join her lover and go away with him.

The third scene shows the lovers living in a little house on the outskirts of the city. Their garden has been decorated by admiring friends and all trouble seems to have been banished forever. The festivities dear to the heart of the Parisian upon such occasions are in full swing when the mother enters to tell Louise that her father is dying and anxious to see his daughter before the end. Under the urgings of her mother Louise returns, after exacting a promise that she shall be free to come and go as she pleases, but she finds that she is practically imprisoned and allowed to hold no communication with Julien. At last, in a fit of rage and wearied by her importunities, her father sends her away and we see him shaking his fist at the city to which he attributes his daughter's desertion.

The moral of the opera is, of course, obvious to those who know French life. It is a protest against a law which gives to such young lovers the hard alternative of separation or irregular union, because without the consent of the parents there can be no marriage. If there was any doubt of American appreciation of such a theme it was removed by the enthusiasm of the Manhattan audience.

As Louise, Miss Garden was triumphant, even more so than in "Thais." Her voice has improved and become purer and softer. She rendered the love scenes in a way that left no loophole for criticism. Her singing of "Paris, splendeur de mes desirs" was the very perfection of art, and every opportunity for a fine display of passion was seized to the utmost. Mary Garden proved that she was an artist of no mean order and abundantly justified the laurels that she has brought with her from Europe.

Miss Garden was, of course, peculiarly fortunate in her support. Mme. Bressler-Gianoli and MM. Dalmores and Gilbert were faultless in their parts, as also were those who took the minor rôles, among whom may be mentioned Mmes. Zepplini, Trentini, Sigrist, and MM. Mugnoz, Crabbe, and Daddi.

The scenery of "Louise" is peculiarly effective, and especially in the third act. The background is a realistic picture of Paris, finely illuminated and with the sky ablaze with rockets. The crowd in front of the cottage watching the city is well composed and picturesque, while the procession and the dances would satisfy the most fastidious realism. The music of the opera shows the composer at his best. It is always entertaining and with no lack of melody. The processional music is particularly fine and skillfully adapted to the text, while the orchestration is so brilliant as to add substantially to the value of the opera. Mr. Hammerstein has certainly placed New York in his debt by his presentation of "Louise."

FLAHEUR.
New York, January 16, 1908.

VANITY FAIR.

Society times are surely out of joint. There is weeping, wailing, and lamentation from all four quarters of a gilded civilization. Preachers, philosophers, and the serious press are banded together in a league of reproof for the frivolous, and need it be said that the frivolous are always of the sex commonly known as gentle. It is the old cry of "O Lord, the woman thou gavest me" but in this general turmoil of reprobation it is the woman alone who is calm and unheeding. She goes lightly and unrepenting upon her way of pleasure and she deviates neither because of the philosopher's scorn nor the admonition of the preacher.

Here, for instance, is Doctor Quackenbos. When the worthy doctor finds that time is hanging somewhat heavily upon his hands, he fills in his spare moments by benevolent denunciations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Of course, this unholy trinity takes no manner of notice, but the doctor himself gets into the Sunday supplement and is therefore able to wash his hands and to feel that he has done his whole duty to a sinful generation.

Doctor Quackenbos says that society women drink. He says nothing about society men, so we may assume that they do not drink at all. Neither does he say anything about men and women who are not "society," so that they also are, for the moment, immune. Why Doctor Quackenbos should concern himself about women who are not his patients it is not easy to understand, and the less a physician says about his patients the better. He says he had a lady patient whose weekly bill for champagne was \$100, that school misses and college girls are among the throng of women drinkers, that the tendency of the average woman is to go to extremes, and, still worse, that in many cases the patient "deep down in her heart" did not want to be cured of the habit and that "this fact is especially true of the rich society woman."

Now, we wish to speak respectfully of the medical profession whenever it is possible to do so, and this is not always. But we must confess to a deep distrust of the medical testimony that is exploited through the Sunday supplement. What should we think of the priest who arraigned society on the strength of his experiences in the confessional, or who related the admissions that had been made to him under the seal of such a confidence? What should we think of the priest who used his vocation as some doctors with the disease of *cacōthes scribendi* use theirs?

Doctor Quackenbos means well. There is no manner of doubt about it, but he has the mental obliquity of the expert. It is quite enough to say that the majority of people are weak willed and unable to resist a temptation that it is in their power to gratify. Weak-willed people who are also rich naturally take advantage of opportunities that do not present themselves to others who are equally weak willed, but not equally rich. That is the whole situation in a nutshell, but we may make the further concession of admitting that women who have lacked the tonic of the world's adversities and conflicts have a less well-defined sense of that enlightened self-interest that teaches a man the safe and the unsafe direction of self-indulgence. But to talk as though society today were acting differently from society at other times is pure moonshine. The world has always been fairly full of foolish, vicious, and vain people who follow their inclinations according to their abilities. These people are acting now as they have always acted and always will act, but they have no power to bring the world to an end, to wreck civilization, or to impair seriously the value of those other persons, rich and poor, who know that individual strength comes only from self-restraint.

A somewhat similar complaint comes from London, but this time it is emitted by a woman. Lady Violet Greville says that London women are "drifting toward the condition of affairs in New York, where the men work all day and the women meantime amuse themselves." This dire suggestion is caused by the way in which women are flocking to bazaars, concerts, and matinees. Lady Greville does not say that they are drinking, but perhaps she reserves that for some subsequent tirade.

"In former days," says this social chronicler, "women went to the theatres with their husbands, or brothers, or sons. Now women are seen going to the theatre every day, either alone or with other women. Apparently they have nothing to do and always have plenty of money. How do their husbands like the new arrangement, and how is the money provided for these outings?"

That women should do things now that they used not to do is no doubt very shocking to the prim and conservative soul of Lady Greville, but after all, the indictment does not seem a very shocking one, and if the husbands of these ladies object to "the new arrangement" they can be intrusted to say so during those opportunities for domestic confidences that are still left to us from the good old days.

Going still further afield for evidences of human degeneracy, we find two letters in the London *Daily Mail*, and we are tempted to ask, "Can such things be?" One of the let-

ters is from Monte Carlo and it suggests that the words "Politeness and Civility Cost Nothing" should be affixed to all railway cars and omnibuses. This letter is in reply to another correspondent who asks for the public display of the words "Be Polite to Women." Are these admonitions really necessary in Monte Carlo?

The second letter is from a woman in Paris. She seems to suggest that so far as discourtesy is concerned, it was the women who began it. She says that women for whose comfort a place on a car is vacated do not take the trouble even to say "Merci." We have heard that story before, both from France and from England. Failure on the part of men to surrender their seats to women is much on the increase all over the world, and it is a poor excuse to say that women are ousting men from their employments in the busy world and that they must take their full share of work-a-day troubles. But the woman who does receive the courtesy due to her and who fails to reward it by an acknowledgment simply shows that manners were not on her school curriculum. Women may constantly be seen standing in the San Francisco cars, and it is an unpleasant commentary on the mode of the day, but when a seat is vacated for them it is rarely indeed that they fall in the correct return.

The gift season must be a perplexing one for the multimillionaire. It is puzzling enough for less favored mortals who need only select from a hundred needs and desires while heedfully observing the financial situation, with its stringencies, past, present, and to come. But the child of the millionaire already has everything that heart can desire. There can be none of the delight that comes from the stealthy discovery of what the little one wants, none of the keener joys of anticipation and of realization. The great joys of life come from gratified desires, and when desire has been gluttoned joy also must be dulled. We are just beginning to learn what the millionaires gave to their children at Christmas time. We read of pearl dominoes at fabulous prices, animal toys running into the hundreds, and dolls' houses into the thousands. But what comparison can there be between the delight of the child who already has a five-hundred-dollar doll's house and now gets one worth a thousand and the other "common or garden child" who never had a doll's house at all, never imagined that fate could ever have such a bewilderment in store, and who yet gets a ten-dollar one. Truly, the millionaire misses a lot.

And what about the presents to adults, to wives, sisters, and other millionaire friends? Jewelry? Already they have more than they can use or boast of. Automobiles? Furs? Pianos? Houses? Drugs on the market, all of them. Already they have more of these things than they know what to do with. They can have no desires, because they would have been already gratified at the moment of formation. What, then, can the wretched multimillionaire do for his wife or sister? He rarely has the simple sense to give her a bunch of violets and a kiss, and so he must go to the other extreme and show his devotion by a mere prodigal expenditure of money which has to satisfy by its bulk and not by its object.

In this connection we read of a multimillionaire in the East who asked the pro-

prietor of a novelty house for his advice as to a Christmas present for his wife. The lady herself had rejected the usual automobiles, jewels, gowns, furs, and pianos, and had stipulated only that whatever form the present might take it must be new and made especially for her. The result of the collaboration with the novelty-house proprietor was a "collapsible dressing table," and the description of this remarkable *table de luxe* is as follows:

A collapsible dressing table with sunken settings for every conceivable toilet article, and clasps to prevent their loosening, the folding table stocked with cut glass and silver, is a gift which a chateau of Fifth Avenue, Tuxedo, and Newport homes will carry with her on her next tour of Europe. The table will be folded and packed in a crate, and carried to her stateroom on the transatlantic steamship. When she is ready to make her toilet a leaf of the table is folded back, pneumatically, and every article, even to her perfume, is intact. For the tops of the bottles have the newly monogrammed silver security clasps, which screw so tightly upon the tops as to prevent the slightest leak. When the voyage is ended the table is shipped ahead each day of the automobile journey and awaits her at the hotel where the party will spend the night.

Of course, this sounds very nice, but did it carry with it any real delight, any of the joy that the less wealthy experience when they have to stint themselves just a little in order to give something that will be prized and that will remain as a life-long treasure? It is, after all, a poor exchange to gain the whole world and to lose our power of expectancy, of desiring something that a benevolent fate may perhaps give to us.

It is said that Queen Alexandra wears imitation rubies and that the Duchess of Roxburgh, who was Miss May Goelet of New York, does the same. The duchess was the first offender. She bought some of the shin-

ing frauds from a foreign peddler and showed them to the queen, who also bought some, and the two ladies not only wear them openly, but freely admit their unreality to any one who admires them.

And why not? Rubies and precious stones in general should be worn because they are beautiful, and not because they are valuable. If rubies were to be found by the ton they would be just as beautiful as ever and women of good taste would admire them just as much. If these ladies like the appearance of these imitation rubies—and it is said that only an expert can detect their nature—they do right to wear them. The jewelry that is worn as an evidence of wealth is a hideous vulgarity. The making of artificial stones has now become a fine art, and there is no reason why they should not be generally used. If you are rich every one will believe that your jewels are genuine. If you are poor every one will believe that they are imitation, whether they are or not, so what is the difference?

Who would suppose that there was any connection between bridge-playing and the trade of the manicure, but the connection is a real one, according to a correspondent of the *Times-Democrat*. Bridge-playing requires a display of the hands, which have therefore become objects of tender solicitude to their owners. Of course, it is overdone. There is a happy medium, and vulgarity lies close upon either side. Ill-kept finger nails are distressing enough, but finger nails that have been manicured until they glitter are still more intolerable and much less justifiable.

Nell—Mrs. Henpeckke boasts that she reigns supreme in her own home. *Belle—Reigns?* She positively storms.—*Philadelphia Record*.

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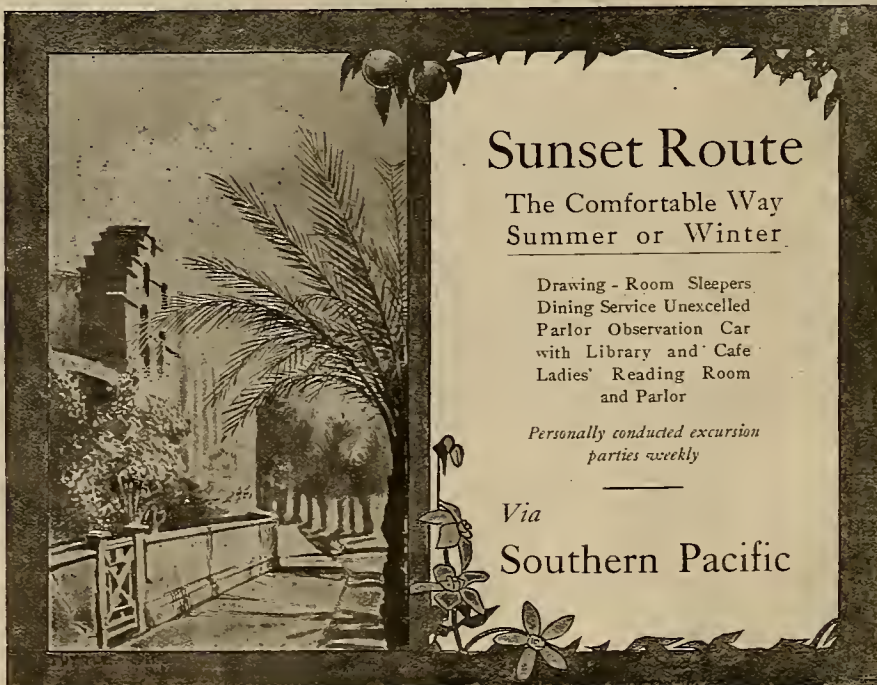
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

There is much to fill the social calendar during this month, and the six weeks before Lent begins promises to be quite up to the usual standard as to gaiety. There are many important affairs, weddings and dances and other formal affairs, as well as scores of such events as bridge, dinners, and teas. The debutantes have particularly heavy responsibilities upon them this year as, strangely enough, many of them are addicted to bridge, and an afternoon filled by the popular game is by no means an uncommon thing with the huds of this and last season.

The engagement is announced of Miss Evelyn Norwood, daughter of Mrs. William E. Norwood, to Mr. William Breeze. No date is announced for the wedding.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Eleanor Jones of San Rafael to Mr. Robert Hind of Honolulu. Their wedding will be celebrated at St. Paul's Church, San Rafael, on Wednesday, February 12, and Mr. Hind and his bride will go afterwards to Honolulu to make their home.

It is announced that the marriage of Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith, daughter of Mrs. Eleanor Hyde-Smith, to Mr. Harold Dillingham of Honolulu will be celebrated on Monday evening, February 24, at 9 o'clock at the home of the bride, on Fillmore Street. Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith, the bride's sister, will be the maid of honor and the bridesmaids will be Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Mary Keeney, and Miss Marion Newhall. Mr. Walter Dillingham, the bridegroom's brother, will be the best man. There will be no ushers.

The wedding of Miss Katharine Woolsey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Woolsey, to Lieutenant Robert Burns Parker, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., was celebrated on Tuesday last at Trinity Church, Tacoma, Washington. Lieutenant and Mrs. Parker will make their home for the present at Fort Bliss, Texas.

The second of the Greenway dances for the season took place last night (Friday) at the Fairmont.

Mrs. William Ashe entertained at luncheon on Thursday of last week at the Fairmont in honor of her mother, Mrs. J. D. Peters of Stockton. Her guests were: Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mrs. George Gardiner, Mrs. Ynez Shorh White, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Mrs. Charles Weller, Mrs. Gros, Miss Marguerite Butters, Miss Marie Butters, Miss Ethel Shorh, Miss Sue Nicol, and Miss Anna Peters.

Miss Anita Davis entertained at a luncheon on Tuesday last at her home on Washington Street in honor of Miss Helen Baker. Those present were: Mrs. Roy Somers, Miss Dolly Cushing, Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Dolly MacGavin, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Frances Martin, Miss Ruth Casey, Miss Louise Boyd, and Miss Helen Wilson.

Miss Jeanette Hooper entertained at a luncheon on Tuesday last in honor of Miss Dorothy Woods. Her guests were: Miss Jeanette Wright, Miss Marion Wright, Miss Marion Lally, Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen, Miss Marjorie Brown, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Miss Betty Angus, and Miss Maude Payne.

Mrs. J. Parker Currier gave a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel this week in honor of Mrs. E. Walton Hedges. There were twenty guests.

Miss Maude Howard was hostess at a luncheon party at the Fairmont Hotel this week.

Mrs. George Martin gave a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of her sister, Miss Alexandra Hamilton. Later the party of sixteen joined in the Greenway dance in the ballroom.

Mrs. Roy Somers was the hostess at an informal tea on Wednesday of last week in honor of Miss Ruth Casey. Assisting in receiving were: Miss Floride Hunt, Miss Natalie Hunt, and Miss Marion Marvin.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor was the hostess at a bridge party on Tuesday afternoon last at the home of her mother, Mrs. N. G. Kittle, in this city. Several tables of guests were entertained and an informal tea followed.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hellmann entertained at a bridge party on Thursday evening of last week at their home on Gough Street.

Mrs. Sterling Adams was the hostess at a bridge party on Thursday of last week at her home at the Presidio, at which her sister, Miss Clements, was the guest of honor.

Miss Maude Payne was the hostess at an informal bridge party on Friday afternoon of last week at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. William Carrigan entertained at a private view of his collection of paintings on Friday afternoon of last week at the galleries of Vickery, Atkins & Torrey. Tea was poured by Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Mrs. Clarence Carrigan, Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, and Mrs. Joha B. Casserly.

Honorable Benito Lagarda and Honorable Tomas Ocampo, the delegates from the Philippines to Congress, and their party, and Honorable James Phelan, were entertained at a luncheon given last Sunday in the café of the Hotel S. Francis by Colonel J. H. Murphy. Captain Reginald F. Nicholson acted as host

and Mrs. Nicholson as hostess for a party of children on the battleship *Nebraska* Saturday afternoon. The entertainment was given in honor of Mrs. Nicholson's nieces, Miss Aileen Octavia Code, daughter of Mrs. James A. Code, and Miss Enid Peel, daughter of Mrs. Jonathan Peel. The young people were welcomed by the captain and officers and escorted to the lower deck, which had been draped with flags and converted into a military hall room. The *Nebraska's* band furnished dance music. Those present were: Helen Keeney, Ethel Rawles, Helen Weaver, Emily Huntington, Eugenia Masten, Ruth Turner, Enid Peel, Katherine Nevin, Elizabeth Nevin, Marion Jordan, Loraine Jordan, Susette Newton, Lucille Johns, Margaret Sutton, Elizabeth Keating, Eleanor Cehrian, Philip Newton, Cesar Daniels, Thomas Huntington, Stewart Mosshead, Arthur Code, Will Johnson, Arthur Dunn, Robert Underhill, Percy Smith, Albion Jordan, Fisher Buckingham, Stewart Masten, Kendall Masten, Philip Finnell, Lester Kilgariff, Anita McCarty, and George Bonner.

General and Mrs. Greely and Miss Greely, who have been sojourning in Southern California for the past two weeks, were entertained at dinner on Tuesday evening last by Major and Mrs. B. C. Truman at their home in Los Angeles.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond, who are spending the winter at the Potter in Santa Barbara, have been on a brief trip recently to Los Angeles and Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Casserly have been the guests recently of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan at Burlingame for a brief visit.

Mrs. George Eldridge (formerly Miss Jessie Newlands) has been the guest recently of Mrs. William Denman.

Mrs. Walter L. Dean left on Saturday last for New York, where she will spend some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tohin have taken an apartment at the Madrid, on California Street, for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding have returned from a trip to Santa Barbara and are at the Fairmont.

Mrs. C. August Spreckels left on Tuesday for Paris, where she has an apartment for the rest of the season.

Miss Dolly Cushing has recently been staying at Vallejo as the guest of Commander and Mrs. Charles A. Gove.

Bishop Nichols and Mrs. Nichols have taken apartments at the Fairmont Hotel for the winter.

Mr. Walter Dillingham and Mr. Harold Dillingham are expected to arrive here from Honolulu on February 6.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope will leave in March for a European trip of several months' duration.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs returned last week to her home in New York, after a brief stay here.

Mr. James W. Byrne, who has been living at Del Monte for some months past, has come to town for a stay and is at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Reginald Brooke of London has recently been the guest of Miss Frances Jolliffe in Paris.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard will leave shortly for a trip to Southern California.

Mr. Peter Martin and Mr. Walter Martin are spending a fortnight in Oregon on a business trip.

Miss Jeannette von Schroeder is spending a few weeks as the guest of Miss Louise Boyd.

Miss Flood went down last week to Santa Barbara for a sojourn.

Miss Dolly MacGavin has been the guest of Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen at the latter's home in Alameda.

Miss Cornelia Kempff has recently been the guest of friends at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Miss Maude Howard has taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter.

Miss Marian Huntington has returned to town, after a fortnight's stay in Southern California as the guest of relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Casey and Miss Ruth Casey have returned to their San Rafael home.

Mr. and Mrs. Arpo Dosth (formerly Miss Elsie Sperry) have returned from their wedding journey to Southern California and are at their new home on Sacramento Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden have gone to New York to spend several weeks. The Misses Angela, Fanny, and Winifred Morrison, of San Jose, have been spending some days in town recently.

Mrs. Veronica Baird has returned from Paris and has taken apartments at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Julius Reis has returned from a trip to New York.

Lieutenant Samuel W. Bryant, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bryant (formerly Miss Carolina Merry) are rejoicing in the advent of a small son in their home recently. Lieutenant Bryant is stationed at Annapolis.

The Pollard Lilliputian Opera Company was in Manila during December.

Happiness of Royalty.

The London *Spectator*, inflamed by the sight of some half-dozen kings and queens in London, has been reading the royal visitors a lesson on the duties of royalty and the opportunities now offered by the so-called enlightenment of the twentieth century. The *Spectator* wants these royal worthies to "forego without regret some of the social pretensions which even now provoke the thinkers to ask 'who are these, and why do a thousand children throng to see whether the little heir of Norway is other than themselves?'" The *Spectator* thinks that the modern king and queen should be less pretentious and secretive. They might throw off some of their mystery without danger:

The kings are in front just now. They have been gaining on the statesmen in the popular imagination. Thrones have their uses in the future of Europe; their occupants need not be anxious; the people are not ready to do without them, or the institution would not have survived so many cataclysmic changes. After all, physical power has always been in the hands of the masses, and the fact that they have used it so little is proof of one of two things—either the thrones fill a place which can not be supplied otherwise, or else Providence does protect an arrangement which human reason has smiled at for centuries and for which it fails to make a reasonable defense.

It may be doubted if royalty in Europe is quite so secure as the *Spectator* imagines. The Emperor of Russia, at least, does not feel so very secure, while the King of Portugal must need all his habitual placidity just at the present time. Kings and queens and emperors are not valued so much for themselves as because there happens to be nothing very much better in sight, and because the nations are beginning to recognize that popular freedom is not a matter of external forms so much as of internal resolve.

The *Spectator* goes on to wonder what kings and queens really think of themselves "in moods of reflection and self-communion." It suspects that most of them believe in the old doctrine of divine right, although "they tell us very little about that." It asks "whether they are happy. But that secret is kept as perfectly as their innermost counsels for action. The heart of the king is as inscrutable as in ancient days."

The German emperor at least believes in his divine right and is quite frank in saying so. And who can question that there is a divine right attaching to every office that is faithfully carried out, whether it be that of a king or a street sweeper. Nor need we wonder much whether kings and queens are happy. The laws of happiness are clear enough and universal enough to answer all such questions. Dante said wisely that there is no greater sorrow than the recollection of happier days, and there can be no greater happiness than in honorable effort and a tranquil acceptance of events. The laws of happiness do not turn aside for rank or wealth.

Edward Hanlon, ex-champion oarsman of the world, died on January 4 at his home in Toronto, Canada. Born in Toronto in 1855, Hanlon came first into more than local notice when he won the singles at the Centennial regatta at Philadelphia, in 1876. From that time until 1884 he was all but invincible.

The newly completed portion of the Shanghai-Nankin Railway is 194 miles in length, and the trip is made from Shanghai to Nankin in six hours instead of twenty-four hours, as now by steamer.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel George L. Anderson, inspector-general, U. S. A., returned last week on the *Mongolia* from Honolulu, where he has been on a tour of inspection.

Colonel John Biddle, U. S. A., chief engineer officer, Department of California, went last week to Portland, Oregon, on a brief trip.

Major Abner Pickering, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., arrived this week with a detachment of recruits from Columbus Barracks, Ohio, for the Twenty-Second Infantry.

Major Francis J. Ives, surgeon, U. S. A., having been found by an army retiring board incapacitated for active service on account of disability incident thereto, is ordered retired from active duty, to take effect on April 22, 1908, and is granted leave of absence to and including April 22.

Lieutenant-Commander C. B. Barnes, U. S. N., has been detached from the U. S. training ship *Pensacola*, at Yerba Buena Island, and ordered to the *Dakota* as ordnance officer.

Captain Lewis M. Koehler, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., now on sick leave of absence, will proceed to Hot Springs, Arkansas, and report to the commanding officer of the Army and Navy General Hospital for treatment.

Captain William T. Littlehrant, Twelfth Cavalry, U. S. A., arrived here this week from Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, with a detachment of recruits for the Twenty-Second Infantry.

Captain Edward M. Lewis, adjutant, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, is granted leave of absence for two months, to take effect January 27.

Captain William F. Creary, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., is ordered to report in person to the general superintendent, Army Transport Service, at San Francisco, for temporary duty as quartermaster and commissary of the transport *Buford*, with station at San Francisco, relieving Lieutenant Charles B. Moore, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., who upon being thus relieved will proceed to join his regiment.

Captain Joel R. Lee, U. S. A., is transferred from the Twenty-Second Infantry to the Twenty-Third Infantry.

Captain Frank Halstead, U. S. A., is transferred from the Twenty-Third Infantry to the Twenty-Second Infantry.

Captain John H. Parker, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in Cuba, and will proceed without delay to the Presidio of Monterey and report in person to the commanding officer of that post for duty pertaining to the organization of a provisional machine-gun company.

Captain Clifton C. Kenney, Twenty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., is relieved from further duty with the Ninth Infantry, and will proceed without delay to San Francisco and report in person to the commanding general, Department of California, for duty pending the departure of the transport upon which he may secure accommodations, and will then sail for the Philippines to join his regiment.

Captain Chauncey B. Humphrey, U. S. A., is ordered transferred from the Twenty-Second Infantry to the Twenty-First Infantry.

Captain Ferdinand W. Kobbe, U. S. A., is ordered transferred from the Twenty-First Infantry to the Twenty-Second Infantry, and is by his own request relieved from duty at the Army School of Line, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and ordered to join his regiment.

Captain Edward R. Schreiner, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., is ordered upon his arrival in San Francisco to report to the commanding general, Department of California, for assignment to duty at the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco.

Captain Percy Ashburn, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., who is on leave of absence, has recently been the guest of his brother, Captain Thomas Quincey Ashburn, U. S. A., at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Surgeon John Evelyn Page, U. S. N., and Mrs. Page have been visiting at Mare Island as the guests of Medical Director Remus C. Persons, U. S. N., and Mrs. Persons.

Lieutenant Russell V. Venable, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., is ordered to proceed to the Presidio of San Francisco to act as a witness in the case of an enlisted man.

Lieutenant Leighton Powell, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., is ordered to proceed to the Presidio of Monterey and report in person to the commanding officer of that post for duty with the provisional machine-gun company.

Lieutenant Thomas W. Brown, Twenty-Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., is ordered to proceed to the Presidio of Monterey and report in person to the commanding officer of that post for duty with the provisional machine-gun company.

Lieutenant Samuel A. Price, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., is relieved from treatment at the General Hospital, Washington Barracks, D. C., and ordered to return to his proper station.

Lieutenant Howard H. Bailey, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., Fort Myer, Virginia, has been ordered to proceed to Columbus Barracks, Ohio, to accompany a detachment of recruits to Fort McDowell, Angel Island, California.

Midshipman H. A. McClure, U. S. N., is detached from duty with the torpedo boats,

Mare Island Navy Yard, and ordered to the U. S. *Dakota*.

The Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., Colonel Philip Reade, U. S. A., commanding, will sail for Manila on the transport leaving this port on February 5, and on arrival there will report to the commanding general, Philippines Division, for duty.

The Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., Colonel Alfred Reynolds, U. S. A., commanding, will sail in July for Alaska.

The Sunday "Pop" Concerts to be Resumed.

Manager Will Greenbaum announces that he will shortly resume the Lyric Hall Sunday "Pop" concerts, which were so successful at the old Lyric Hall, when the splendid Kopta Quartet was the main feature.

As before, chamber music will be the attraction, although there will be soloists and perhaps an orchestral event. A splendid string quartet has been rehearsing for several months with this end in view, and Mr. Greenbaum promises a thoroughly trained and capable organization. The members include Señor Severi, a young Italian violinist who came here two years ago as concertmaster of the Lombardi Opera Company; Herr Dolan, a Russian violinist who is a Sevcik pupil; Mr. Firestone, a native son who is a splendid performer on the viola; and Señor Villapando, violinist, formerly soloist with the Washington Symphony Orchestra under Reginald de Koven.

The first concert will be invitational, as Manager Greenbaum wants the music lovers to hear his organization and judge it before he asks for patronage, and any one interested in this class of music will receive an invitation to the first concert by writing to Mr. Greenbaum at Lyric Hall, corner of Larkin and Turk Streets. There will positively be no tickets sold for this event, which will take place Sunday afternoon, February 23. After that a series of three or four affairs will be given, for which season tickets will be sold at a very low rate, as these artists are desirous of stimulating the interest in music of this class and enjoy playing it, and financial considerations in this case are secondary.

Polo at Coronado.

Four of the five polo organizations who last year competed for the John D. Spreckels cup have already signified their intention of competing again this year in the polo tournament at Coronado Beach. These are Riverside, Los Angeles, Santa Monica, and Burlingame. Riverside, Los Angeles, and Burlingame, it is said, will each enter two teams under different names, each team competing as a separate organization. According to polo prognosticators, the fight for the challenge trophy this year lies between Burlingame and Los Angeles, as it did last year. It is thought, however, that Los Angeles will give the San Francisco poloists a much harder run than last March. If Burlingame wins the trophy again this year it becomes the final property of the San Francisco club. A Canadian polo organization has now definitely decided to attend the polo tournaments at Coronado. If one other polo team outside of California enters there will be a contest for the All American Polo trophy, the \$4000 cup put up this year for the first time for international and interstate polo prowess. It is thought that a team from Honolulu will be present at Coronado.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were: Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. B. Schlessinger, Mr. T. S. Cross, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Davis, Rev. S. J. Lee, Mrs. S. J. Lee, Miss L. Nagle, Mr. Charles Pennell, Mr. and Mrs. Sol. Wagenheim, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Roos, Mr. R. Johnson, Mr. B. C. Basford, Mr. C. G. Bell, Mr. S. R. Wood, Mr. Carl Grady, Mr. C. E. Kelsey, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Levitt, of San Francisco.

Recent arrivals at Hotel Del Coronado were: Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hammond, Dr. George Frink, Mrs. Frink and children, Mr. W. E. Osborne, Mrs. M. A. Taylor, Mr. R. Morehead, Mr. and Mrs. Hunchbaum, Mr. W. J. Higginbotham, Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Davis, Mr. Stanley P. de Arce, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were: Mr. F. A. O'Neill, Mrs. Katherine Agee, Mr. W. R. Mackay, Rev. P. J. Lynch, Rev. J. Harnett, Mr. J. F. Welding, of San Francisco.

The classic "navaja," without which no romance of Spanish life is conceivable and which, according to tradition, all the fair sisters of Carmen carry as well as their brethren, is doomed to disappear. The Spanish minister of the interior, Señor Lacierva, has just issued a decree forbidding the sale or the use of any pointed knife, dagger, or stiletto having a blade longer than six inches.

The Paris Museum of Decorative Arts has just received as a present from an official of the Chamber of Deputies the throne which was made for Napoleon's use at the opening of the chambers, and which was afterward changed a little in the time of the restoration and subsequently served for Louis XVIII and Charles X on similar occasions.

Lieutenant Nelson Goss, U. S. N., and Mrs. Goss (formerly Miss Gladys McClung) are re-joining in the advent of a little daughter in their home recently.

From "Abe Martin's Almanack."

Parents that name their daughters "Goldie" will have t' take th' consequences.

Th' photograf art has reached such perfection that it's purty hard t' tell anybuddy from ther pictures these days unless they've got a funny nose er whiskers.

In these days when folks come a stragglin' in th' the-ater at all hours it's purty hard t' git yur money's worth unless you play in the orchestra.

What has become o' th' ole fashioned family doctor with th' long whiskers, that allus wanted t' be cuttin' somebuddy's leg off?

After the city council of Barnesville, Oregon, has tried for two years to keep a tin cup on the town pump it has finally given it up and has plugged the well.

You can't buy nothin' in Noblesville, Indiana, on th' Sabbath but Sunday newspapers an' ther hain't nothin' in them after you hlow th' froth off.

Times er so good that it'll be purty hard t' git anybuddy to lay off long enough t' run fer President on the Dimmycratic ticket.

The now almost universal custom of moving on the first day of May was first noticeable at Fremont, Ohio, on May first, 1822, and spread rapidly east and then south along what is known as the Cincinnati range of hills. It is due principally to our restless American spirit and poor janitor service. It is getting to be a popular fad among flat owners to insist on tenants signing leases. People have been known to live in the same flat one year, thinking that a lease held them. If a tenant owes seven or eight months' rent and desires to move into a more select neighborhood, a lease will not detain him. In such cases, however, it is well to have the furniture in your wife's name.

Young Lufe Bud says his wife spent a hundred an' eighty dollars last year practisin' on newspaper recipes.

While talkin' 'bout ortomobiles th' other day, Ez Pash remarked that he'd like t' see that Taft machine in Ohio.

Th' popularity o' round steaks an' liver wuz greater in 1907 than in all other years combined.

If the newspapers of this country would refuse to print football fatalities and pictures of the players the game would not last as long as a circus concert.

You don't often run against anything as silly as a young widower.

Mrs. Tilford Moots' nephew from Ohio is visitin' her. He's quite a feller an' makes twenty-one dollars a week when he's not strikin'.

A mollicoddle is a fellow who washes dishes while his wife plays golf.

Ther's been a noticeable fallin' off o' editors at Niagry Falls this year on account o' th' anti-pass laws.

Miss Germ Williams says they have nine kittens at her home—literally speakin'.

Tilford Moots wuz held up in his own doorway last night at 8 o'clock an' robbed of a dollar an' thirty cents. Th' robbers fired at him nine times, but his family, that wuz in th' front room readin' th' Thaw trial, didn't hear th' shots.

Uncle Ez Pash asked Pinky Kerr what States he went through when he wuz with a circus an' Pinky said, "How'd I know? We traveled at night."

An architect is a fellow that talks you into going in debt three or four thousand dollars more.

"It doesn't cost anything to be courteous," is an old saying, but if somebody asks you what time it is on a dark, hack street, guess at it.

Young Lufe Bud says he'd hate t' be in charge o' th' wing counter when some women git t' heaven.

If you contemplate building a home, make it very clear to your architect that the furnace room must be equipped with all modern conveniences, making it as attractive and inviting as possible. You will spend much of your time there.—Kin Hubbard.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Book Agent—Good morning! Are you the lady of the house? Bridget—I'm wan o' thim.—*Life*.

Church—Did that detective you engaged discover anything? Gotham—Yes; that I had money.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Every year the Higgs have Mrs. Jones up to their country home for a long visit." "Fond of her, are they?" "No—of him."—*Harper's Bozoor*.

He—The hoys say I'm getting to be a regular bear. She—Indeed? It—Say, Sis, ask him whether he growls or hugs.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

Bill—Do you find it hard to dodge that hill collector now? Jill—Sure; harder than ever. He goes about in an automobile, you know.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Hear a fellow mention me today in connection with the presidency." "No?" "Fact. Said no duh of my type would do."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Dyett Funker—But I do not think I deserve an absolute zero. Professor—Neither do I, hut that is the lowest mark I am allowed to give.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

"Doc," said the man who was trying to get a free prescription, "what's the best thing for a cold?" "Competent medical advice, my friend."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Wigg—What errors these novelists make! Here the author of this book speaks of his heroine as being unmanned. Wagg—Maybe she was divorced.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Constable—Come along; you've got to have a bath. Tromp—A bath! What, with water? Constable—Yes, of course. Tromp—Couldn't you manage it with one o' them vacuum cleaners?—*New York Globe*.

The religious editor was struggling with the query, "Is it a sin to play poker?" After much prayerful consideration, he wrote the following reply: "Yes, the way some people play it."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Benevolent Lody—But, my poor man, if you have been looking for work all these years, why is it that you have never found it? Tromp (confidentially)—It's luck, mum—just sheer good luck.—*Boston Globe*.

"You never change your mind about anything, do you?" "What's the use?" rejoined the egotist. "I found years ago that I was just as liable to be wrong the second time as I was the first."—*Washington Star*.

"You should never take anything that doesn't agree with you," the physician told Mr. Marks. "If I had always followed that rule, Maria," he remarked to his wife, "where would you be?"—*Boston Trolver*.

Muriel—When you eloped with George, did you leave a note telling your people where you had gone? Gabrielle—Why, of course. If I hadn't, how would papa have known where to send us any money?—*Illustrated Bits*.

Mrs. Subbs—If you'll shovel the snow off all the walks I'll give you something to eat and some money besides. The Hobo (after a survey of the premises)—Dat looks good ter me, lady; hut where am I ter sleep nights?—*Puck*.

"How did your husband get out of the building after he had located the gas leak?" asked the reporter. "As nearly as he could remember it afterward," said the woman, "he went out through the roof."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Mrs. Highmus—I suppose at some time in your life you struggled with the Nihilungenlied? Mrs. Goswell—Oh yes; I had an awful siege of that in '93. I had to take all kinds of nasty medicines before I got it out of my system.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Mr. Subbs—Do you expect any visitors tonight, my dear? Mrs. Subbs—Well, considering that Bridget's going to leave, Willie's got the measles, the cellar is flooded, and the grocer hasn't called for two days—yes, I do.—*Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday*.

"Some of the greatest classical composers did not make any money," said the guest at the musical. "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox, "that thought is about the only thing that gives me any comfort when I listen to the things they made up."—*Washington Star*.

The Officeholder—But why shouldn't I work in the City Hall? The Citizen—I am told that it is in an unsanitary condition, and it will ruin your health. The Officeholder—Well, where did you get the idea that I was in the City Hall for my health?—*Cleveland Leader*.

"You're wasting your own time and mine," said the busy merchant, impatiently. "I should think you'd see that." "Why so?" demanded the insurance man. "I told you some time ago that I was insured to the limit." "I know you did, but a man will say most anything to get rid of an insurance agent."—*Philadelphia Press*.

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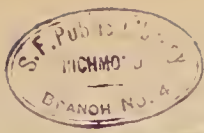
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Rabbi Nieto's Statement.

Up to Wednesday morning we had hoped to send the *Argonaut* to its readers for once unburdened by anything relative to the so-called anti-graft procedure. But the fates would not have it so, for there has come a development so important and striking as to demand attention. Rabbi Nieto has given out a public statement which sheds even a clearer light upon the immunity bargain between Ruef and the prosecution than that afforded by that extraordinary document, the immunity contract itself, given out ten days ago by Mr. Langdon by way of forestalling exposure through other channels. Nieto's statement is in written form and evidently very carefully considered. He relates that at a meeting in Temple Israel on the night of April 29 at which were present Messrs. Spreckels, Heney, Langdon, and himself, it was made clear that the prosecution had no special wish to urge its charges against Ruef, but preferred to use Ruef's testimony as a means of convicting others against whom the energies of the prosecution were especially directed. Nieto attended this conference and others on behalf of Ruef, and as he was about to depart for a trip to Europe, he brought

Rabbi Kaplan into council, likewise in the interest of Ruef.

It was agreed between all parties that if Ruef would plead guilty to indictment 305 all other charges against him should be dismissed and that ultimately his plea of guilty under indictment 305 might be withdrawn, the plea of not guilty substituted, and the charge thereafter dismissed. In return for these favors Ruef was to tell all he knew about graft matters. Upon the assurances of Messrs. Spreckels, Heney, Langdon, and Burns, Rabbis Nieto and Kaplan counseled Ruef to make this bargain. At Ruef's suggestion Rabbis Nieto and Kaplan then went with Mr. Heney to see both Judges Dunne and Lawlor for the purpose of binding them by specific promises to carry out the plan as arranged in the bargain above defined. Judge Lawlor's reply was: "*I do not wish to know any particulars. It has been the practice of this court so long as this court had confidence in the district attorney's office to act on all recommendations and suggestions that the district attorney's office might make in the interests of justice, such recommendations being made by motion in open court.*" This was accepted as absolute assurance, so far as Judge Lawlor was concerned. Later the matter was put before Judge Dunne, who replied to Mr. Heney: "*I have confidence in the district attorney's office and will do what you ask.*" As he was leaving the room Dr. Kaplan, who wished to be assured beyond a doubt, asked: "*Judge, do you really mean that you will allow the plea to be withdrawn and dismiss the case?*" And the judge answered "*Certainly.*"

There can be no doubt that here at last we have the truth and the whole truth concerning this immunity bargain. In spite of ten thousand denials made publicly and privately during the last eight months, it was a cut-and-dried arrangement for complete and absolute immunity participated in by two judges who in the intervening months have sat gravely on the bench in knowledge that certain procedures were preadjudicated by secret bargain and therefore farcical and fraudulent. We have the extraordinary spectacle of two judges not merely accepting the "programme" of the prosecution, but under formal and solemn pledge to do this many weeks in advance of proceedings in court.

Rabbi Nieto's statement touches lightly but significantly upon the failure of the prosecution to keep the contract thus entered into with Ruef. He points out that Ruef's course was entirely "satisfactory" up to the period of the Ford case, in which he (Ruef) was not called upon to testify. After his return from Europe—after the Schmitz conviction—"Mr. Heney assured me," says Rabbi Nieto, "that the word of the prosecution given to me *in re* 305 would be kept and the agreement in accordance with the terms of that document." We quote from Rabbi Nieto's statement:

During all this period and up to the time of the first Ford trial no suggestion was ever made that Ruef was not telling the truth or that he was concealing any material details. Even on the day when the prosecution closed without calling Ruef as witness in the said first Ford trial Mr. Langdon assured me that the word of the prosecution would be kept, and as late as January 10 Mr. Burns called at my residence and further assured me that the prosecution would keep its word to me, by which I understood that "305" would be dismissed, that alone remaining in the category of verbal promise.

A community so stunned by successive explosions and exposures may find it difficult to take in the full significance of this statement. In the most charitable view it is a thing so extraordinary as under close moral analysis to rank the doers of it along with the worst of those against whom their energies have nominally been directed. Whatever the law may say as to the character and quality of this whole procedure we do not know; but in the court of moral judgment there can be but one verdict. By this verdict those who have been implicated in this gross business must stand convicted of conspiracy, falsehood, and fraud in a hundred forms. And in relation to Abraham Ruef, they must stand further convicted of a most extraordi-

nary breach of faith. And these, be it remembered, are the men who have assumed here in San Francisco to re-write the laws of moral responsibility, to declare among persons charged with crimes who is the more and who the less guilty, to assume as persons of profounder moral sense the right to translate by hook or by crook their private judgments into legal adjudications. And again, these are the men who have not scrupled in public and in private to charge against all who have had the hardihood to question their judgments and to deny their mandate, wicked and sinister motives, and alliance with criminality.

The New York "Fight."

In the recent political history of the country we have had nothing more interesting or, indeed, more seriously important, than the struggle now in progress in the State of New York. On its face it is a fight over the delegation to represent New York in the coming Republican National Convention. The names of Taft and Hughes appear conspicuously in this fight, as representing its concrete purposes; but the real meaning of the struggle is far more serious than the interest which either party to it feels for any particular personality. The Taft boosters are by no means as eager in their partisanship for Mr. Taft as they are to build up and solidify an organization, a State machine so to speak, in the interest of Mr. Roosevelt and subject to his domination, not only at this time but after he shall have given over the presidential office. Nor are the Hughes boosters half so eager respecting the personal and political fortunes of Mr. Hughes as in regaining for themselves that control in party affairs in New York which was lost with the political and moral eclipse of ex-Governor Odell.

Another aspect of this contention is scarcely of more interest in New York than to the country at large. President Roosevelt, whose hand is not even disguised, has undertaken to bring the State of New York to support of his personal candidate for the presidency. He is trying to do what no other President has succeeded in doing in a half a century or more, namely, to designate his own successor. To this end he is pursuing in New York a system of direct politics the like of which has not been attempted since the day of Jackson—not even then, indeed, since the science of practical politics has attained a degree of perfection which Jackson knew not of. The charge is made by so conservative a journal as the *New York Evening Post*, that in his efforts to enforce the selection of a Taft delegation, the President is pursuing "Tammany methods" or something worse; and this charge appears not without justification in the development of political events in New York. What is there called the "Federal Brigade"—that considerable body of New Yorkers connected in one way or another with the national service—was never before more active in political affairs than at this time. Not even prior to the day of the civil service reform agitation, nor before the famous presidential order to national office-holders to avoid partisan activity, was there ever a more concerted or strenuous movement on the part of office-holding politicians to carry forward a factional programme. The work of opposition to Hughes is being done in the President's own spirit and with a thoroughness which even the political experts of Tammany Hall must vastly admire. It is not content to assert its opposition to Hughes in ordinary and formal ways, but takes the form of suppressing all friendly mention of Governor Hughes at public meetings. The names of Hughes, uttered anywhere, is the signal for such a carnival of hootings, groanings, yellings, and cat-calls as New York has not heard in many a day. In this delectable work the federal officials everywhere are conspicuous as leaders, while their underlings and supporters act with the promptness of a drilled and disciplined claque. It is understood that the President wants the Hughes movement beaten out and overwhelmed, and that any

method by which this purpose may be achieved has his full and cordial sanction.

The movement for Hughes, in its more active manifestations, is hardly more to be commended than the activities we have just noted. The breakdown of the Odell political organization is, of course, recent history; and it is a matter concerning which nobody outside the lines of political professionalism has ever had or can have the least regret. But Odell and his cabinet, men whose political insight—whatever their character otherwise—is keen as the keenest, have discovered in the Hughes candidacy a possible means of regaining ascendancy in New York State. Between Hughes and the Odell faction there is not the slightest natural affinity, and, it needs hardly to be added, no possible political understanding. Nevertheless, we see the Hughes movement eagerly espoused by the Odellites, carried forward in a practical sense from one stage to another by men who are literally not fit for a man like Hughes to wipe his shoes on. Odell, Black, Aldridge—these men are in no sense representative of Hughes, since he has had no dealings with them and since he has no sympathy with their kind of politics; none the less they are doing mighty service for him in a sphere—that of practical organization, campaign promotion, and ward intrigue—where Hughes himself could not enter if he would and would not if he could.

It is conceded in New York that at all the points of skill in the political game, Odell and his coterie are vastly more capable than Woodruff and his lieutenants, who represent Roosevelt. Odell lost his hold in State politics because his methods had degenerated to a degree which lost him the support of the better elements of the State. Woodruff, as the representative of Rooseveltism, had in his favor, besides the power of rewarding service with Federal appointments, the weight of the President's "moral issues," and it was with the help of these forces in State politics that his recent ascendancy was attained. Now, by a curious twist of affairs, the tables have been completely turned. The moral advantage so recently with Woodruff and his following has abandoned them and lies, strangely enough, with the Odellites. The explanation is easy; Woodruff and his crowd are attempting to enforce in the politics of New York the arbitrary will of the President, in the matter of choosing delegates to the national convention. The methods employed to this end, as we have already noted, are calculated to arouse resentment and disgust, not indeed in the ranks of politicalism, for New York politicalism is used to any and every thing, but among those with whom moral ideas hold sway. Now, in view of this situation, the Woodruff wing of the party appears in the bad light of playing an arbitrary and desperate game by arbitrary and desperate means. On the other hand, the Odellites, so recently discredited by questionable political practices, appear as defenders of the right of the New York Republicans to select delegates to the national convention without interference at the hands of the President. The course of Mr. Woodruff, carried forward at the President's suggestion and with his full approval, has had the effect of giving to Odell and his followers a moral issue without which they could not have hoped to regain their lost prestige with active authority in the political affairs of the State.

While the fight has been actively in progress under the general conditions above set forth during the past three or four weeks, both Mr. Hughes and Mr. Taft have stood aloof from it. Mr. Hughes has, indeed, made his position entirely plain. He will not lift a hand in his own behalf; he will not scheme or plan for support in the convention; he will not allow any influence, under his hand as Governor of New York, to be turned to his advantage as a presidential candidate; he will make no "arrangements" with anybody, not even to the extent of holding conferences with Odell or anybody else. Nobody suspects him of having any part in the fight which Odell has been putting up, avowedly for the purpose of electing Hughes delegates to Chicago. At the same time Mr. Hughes has said that if his State wishes to present his name in the national convention he will be deeply appreciative of the honor. In other words, if the people want Mr. Hughes, and will make him their nominee, he will be duly appreciative of their preference and will willingly serve as a candidate. But he will not plan, or intrigue, or fight for political promotion—even for a promotion so great as that involved in election to the presidency.

To what degree, if at all, Mr. Taft has been involved personally in the fight so far as it has gone in New

York, nobody knows, because he has not until just now uttered one word with respect to it. Presumably he has all along felt some delicacy in putting his oar into a situation where the President has been so deeply concerned. He has, however, spoken at last, and in time to safeguard his credit as a candidate even in the face of practical defeat in the preliminary fight. Under date of 26th of January, Mr. Taft addressed a letter to Chairman Parsons of the New York State Committee, expressing the wish that no forced effort be made to make up a Taft delegation in New York. The meaning of this is plain enough. The President's fight has practically been lost and Mr. Taft wishes to save from the wreck as much as possible. He does not wish the fight to be permitted to engender a spirit so bitter as, first, to make it impossible for the New York delegation to come to him as a second choice; and, second, to weaken him before the people of New York in the event of his ultimate nomination. This is good sense and good politics. It is a sign that Mr. Taft has, among other merits, the grace of political tact.

It remains to be seen what effect this olive-branch will have upon the pending controversy. Passion has run high on both sides, and it is quite possible that those who have been fighting for Hughes will decline to accept, in the shape of a free-will offering from Mr. Taft, what they feel they have fairly earned by strenuous endeavor. Certainly Governor Odell is not likely to abandon his fight for State control because Mr. Taft has written a conciliatory letter. Having practically won out he will probably wish with his own hand to gather the spoils of victory. The suggestion of the Taft letter, literally translated, is that the lion and the lamb shall lie down together—that the Republicanism of New York, all factions acting in concert, shall select Hughes delegates. Chairman Parsons, recently chief of the Taft boosters, has taken the cue gracefully and is now openly for Hughes. But Governor Odell will probably insist that the delegation shall be selected and marshaled, not by a fusion of Hughesites and Taftites but by those who from the beginning have been favorable to Hughes and who are friendly to him upon grounds of predisposition and sentiment, rather than upon the basis of mere political suggestion on the part of Mr. Taft. In other words, Governor Odell will probably insist that Hughes delegates shall be selected by his own faction. And as the situation stands in New York it is not easy to see how this demand can be resisted.

The recent activities of the President in New York have attracted wide attention and brought forth a good deal of sharp criticism, even from those ordinarily friendly to the administration. The spectacle of the President of the United States seeking by the methods of rank politicalism to enforce his personal will upon the country is not a pleasing one. It stirs the gorge of even so devoted an admirer and friend of Mr. Roosevelt as the Portland *Oregonian*, from whose issue of January 22 we take the following excerpts:

The administration has set itself to the work of forcing the nomination of Taft. The work is being done with the President's customary energy and intrepidity; for the office-holders and other administration forces understand that they have the President's sanction, as well as his example, for the "thorough" method. . . . The people are unwilling to have a candidate forced on them by the official powers. Such methods will cause many votes to be withheld from Taft in the election, should he get the nomination; especially in New York, whose electoral vote is vital to Republican success. . . . Hughes has made a record for independence of this influence which others have not yet had opportunity to make; and he would be much more likely to carry the State of New York than Taft would be. Besides, it is extremely disagreeable to many persons to find the administration trying to force the nomination of a candidate.

The Brooklyn *Eagle*, another paper in cordial relations with the administration, though Democratic in its general proclivities, deprecates the part taken by the President in New York. Mr. Hughes, it points out, has the confidence of the people of New York. The effort to suppress him and his friends, declares the *Eagle* (writing ten days ago and before Mr. Taft's personal surrender of the State to Hughes), if persisted in, will make a first-class row:

Organization for Hughes is being pushed in all parts of the State by those who like him, and have confidence in him; secondly, by those who don't like sundry others who are being forced on them and toward them, and, thirdly, by still others who believe that the party can more easily control necessary States with his name than with that of any other Republican at this time.

The theory that the Hughes movement has been gotten up by E. H. Harriman finds small favor any-

where. The Portland *Oregonian*, from which we have already quoted, says, with reference to this aspect of the matter:

The story that comes from New York, that the demonstrations in favor of Hughes at public meetings in that city are the work of claqueurs drummed up by orders from Harriman and paid for by Wall Street, bears every appearance of being itself a product of spurious manufacture. Nothing could be more shabby than the story that Hughes's active supporters are in the pay of Harriman and the Wall-Street gang.

The New York *Evening Post*, equally positive, and with a spirit not we fear wholly untouched by venom, says:

That overworked "Conspiracy" is again being flogged to hard labor in order to help the Taft boom. From Albany and Washington come simultaneous and startling discoveries that the Hughes movement is merely a blind, and that Harriman and the \$5,000,000 pool are the only real factors in opposition to the will of the President that New York declare for Taft. Boss Barnes of Albany County is sure of it. He acquits Hughes of guilty knowledge of the way in which he is being used by the wicked conspirators, but of their machinations there can be no doubt. Washington correspondents report the President of the same mind. Mr. Roosevelt thinks pityingly well of the governor, but, of course, if it is a question of confounding the knavish tricks of Harriman, he will not hesitate to use the Federal patronage for all it is worth. He knows how potent the Harriman money may be in New York politics, for four years ago he was seeking it in his own behalf, and got it, too, to the tune of \$200,000. But at that time, of course, Harriman was a distinguished and patriotic "practical man," and a welcome guest at the White House. You do not become a conspirator until you cease conspiring with the President.

Looking at the situation in New York by and large, it may fairly be summarized as one in which the President has put up a strenuous and at the same time an ineffective fight. The State is lost to Taft in the national convention; at the same time the President's machine in New York has been beaten under circumstances which may give political control to the Odell faction, which, among other things, bitterly hates the President and all his ways. Incidentally the fight waged by the President in New York has developed the fact that the best sentiment of the country resents on the part of the national administration the kind of activity that has marked this contest.

The Movement into the Pacific.

In the honors bestowed upon the American fleet at Rio Janeiro we have a suggestion of the impression made upon South America and inferentially upon the rest of the world by this extraordinary movement. Rio is familiar with American warships; they are continually in and out of her harbor, where at all times they are courteously received. The visit of an American ship ordinarily creates no greater stir than that caused by an English, a German, or a French ship in San Francisco harbor. But on the arrival of the Evans fleet the town turned itself inside out, cannons roared from morning till night, gorgeous decorations and illuminations marked the occasion, hospitality to officers and jackies alike was universal. The President of Brazil let off his enthusiasm in the form of a congratulatory cable message to the President of the United States, which it is hardly necessary to say, was as cordially responded to.

There is no mistaking the meaning of this incident, nor of the regret expressed at Buenos Ayres and other South American ports that the fleet is to make few calls on its way around South America. The South American States are duly impressed with the spectacle as a mere demonstration of power; but they have a deeper sense with respect to it, nothing less than a feeling that it marks the determination of the great northern republic to assert the dignities and to maintain the rights of "All America." The tone of the South American press is one of pride in this fleet as in a certain and definite way giving new expression and positive sanction to the Monroe Doctrine, which in its integrity implies more for South America than for us.

The enthusiasm engendered in the South Americans would of itself exhibit the statecraft of this great movement, even if we had not the modified attitude of Japan to remind us of its practical effectiveness. The whole world sees quite as clearly as do our own people that the advance of this fleet into the Pacific Ocean implies a definite assertion of national purpose in these waters and in the countries that lie about them. In a general way, of course, it has long been understood that the United States must play second fiddle to nobody in Pacific Ocean affairs; hitherto this has been implied only through suggestions more or less vague. But the movement of the fleet speaks a language which all the world understands and in a tone which commands both respect and deference. Whatever doubts or questions

may have suggested themselves in the past, there is none now. America is to be the dominating power in the Pacific Ocean. Her policies there are to rest not upon persuasion and complacency, but upon such solid materialities of power as unflinching command respect.

In the opinion of the *Argonaut* history will accord to this movement an importance and a dignity attaching probably to no other incident in President Roosevelt's administration. Not even the Panama Canal, important fact as it is in its relations to the world's commerce, approaches this possessory demonstration in its international significance. The importance of it, indeed, grows as the movement advances—assuming, we fancy, even larger proportions than even the government itself anticipated. And if, at the beginning, it was intended that the fleet should merely run around to the Pacific and back again, there must be an enlargement of the plan. Whatever may have been the intention, it is impossible now that this fleet shall return as a unit whence it came. Individual ships may come and go as in times past, but from now henceforth there will always be in Pacific waters a fleet worthy of the name and of the nation. The world expects it, and what the world expects is a law which even the greatest nations do not venture to disregard.

Two great national interests are bound to be influenced largely by the movement of the fleet into Pacific waters. It brings the navy as an arm of national power and as an object of national pride prominently to the fore; and the meaning of this is unmistakable, namely, more and bigger ships, heavier armaments, increased national power on the sea. And then the canal; as the fleet takes its slow and costly course around the continent of South America, our people will be led to reflect anew upon the prodigious waste involved in a circuit which the canal will cut out. Some grumbling and some doubts have been heard of late with respect to this great work; and it does not need a critical eye to see that its cost will be vastly greater than any estimate that anybody in authority has dared publicly to make. But whatever the problems of the work and whatever its cost, it is bound to be put through, as promptly as unstinted resource may enforce accomplishment. This is among the many assurances afforded by the movement of the American fleet.

A Point Lost at Goldfield.

The Goldfield mine owners under pressure from the State Legislature, the State Legislature in turn being under pressure from public sentiment, have been compelled to recede from what is known as the "card system." The main point in the card system is that it requires from every man who goes to work in a mine that he shall among other things sign a statement that he is not affiliated with the Western Federation of Miners. Now, as its readers well know, the sympathies of the *Argonaut* in this controversy at Goldfield are with the mine owners as against the Western Federation of Miners; and yet we are bound in fairness to say that the card system is indefensible, either morally or practically, and that its abrogation, no matter under what circumstances, is an act of essential justice. If in this matter the mine owners at Goldfield have suffered a defeat, they have only themselves to blame for resorting to a principle which has not one leg of equity to stand on, which is in truth as radical in its way as are the extreme demands of labor union in another way.

Now let us for the hundredth time consider for a brief moment the basic principle which must control in any mutually just arrangement between those who labor and those who hire. The man who hires may in equity assert the right of fixing the terms under which his work may be done. The man who works may accept or decline the conditions under which he will work. Neither party has in law or in morals the right to enforce the other and neither has the moral right to fix onerous or whimsical conditions as against the other.

The mine owners have appealed to the public for sympathy and support on the basis of aggressive and onerous demands made by the mine workers. The grievance at many points is immediately related to the law, while at many other points it rests upon the broad basis of opinion and sentiment. The public has responded. It has compelled the general government, somewhat against its will, to send a body of troops to maintain the peace at Goldfield, and it is urging the State Legislature of Nevada, likewise against its predispositions, to take its fair share of responsibility in sustaining the laws as they relate to the rights of the mine owners and of non-union mine workmen. Public opinion and sympathy, overwhelmingly on the side of

the mine owners, has done or is doing everything they have the right to ask.

But now come the mine owners with a proposition scarcely less inequitable, morally considered, than the conditions against which they have been contending so bitterly. They have sought to meet aggression not with equity, but with another kind of aggression. As the mine workers have demanded that nobody but Federation men shall be employed in the mines, so the mine owners have insisted that no man connected with the Federation shall have work. Unionism has demanded a monopoly of mining work for unionism; the mine owners have insisted that such monopoly shall go to non-union men. Discrimination has been met not by justice but by discrimination in another form.

The true rule—the only equitable rule—is that of the open shop in which the only questions asked relate to character and efficiency, and in which union men and non-union men may work peaceably side by side. Unionism may legitimately afford certain advantages to the workmen, precisely as incorporation may afford advantages to capital. Each has a right to enjoy whatever advantages may come through association, provided such association does not impinge upon the legal or moral rights of the other party. Mere membership in a labor union need not affect the relation between employer and employee at Goldfield or anywhere else. If a miner does his work properly, respecting the rights of his employer, and fully maintaining his own part of the contract implied in his employment, the employer has no right to ask more. It is none of the employer's business whether he be a member of no union, of one union, or of twenty.

The *Argonaut* has said many times, and it may not improperly say again, that the right of capital to organize, in corporate and impersonal forms, implies the right of labor to do the same thing. Nothing could be more inconsistent than the demand of an employing corporation that those who engage in its service shall disavow all corporate association of labor. It is a case where the one right is as good as the other, since association of capital justifies association of labor, and, indeed, makes it necessary.

Nothing is to be gained for the cause of resistance to the aggressions of organized labor by "card systems" or any other projects which meet aggressive proposals in the spirit of reprisal. The mine owners at Goldfield have distinctly lost a point because they attempted too much; because, demanding equity, they have not themselves been willing to do equity. Public opinion, which first or last regulates these matters, is slow sometimes in doing its work, but it may commonly be depended upon to do it fairly. It will give to the Goldfield mine owners the social peace, the protection for property, with the right of regulating their own affairs; but it will not sustain them in schemes of discrimination, even against the Western Federation of Miners at points where the members of that order stand within the lines of their legal and moral rights.

Calhoun in Fighting Mood.

Within the week Patrick Calhoun has come back from New York. He comes apparently much stiffened up in spirit and with his Carolinian fighting blood at fever heat. Mr. Calhoun wants to be tried and tried right now. He backs up this demand with a striking argument. He has, he declares, been awaiting trial for many months only to be put off again and again. It was promised that he should be tried in December. Then for the convenience of the prosecution the matter was put over to January and again to February. February is here; he is ready and eager to meet the charges, and demands that there be no further delay. Mr. Calhoun intimates, too, that he is anxious for a chance in court to expose certain phases of conspiracy and malice against himself, calculated to stir even the jaded sensibilities of this sensation-weary town. Judge Lawler, before whom these considerations were heard, has declined to order the case to immediate trial, but Mr. Calhoun's lawyers intimate that there may be ways by which a reluctant court may be enforced in a matter so directly related to the legal rights of a citizen.

Viewing the matter from the outside, it is difficult to see any reason why the Ruef case should be forced in ahead of the Calhoun case. The prosecution ought to be ready now if ever to go on with this case as soon as Mr. Heney can get back to San Francisco. And here the question arises, why has Mr. Heney gone away from San Francisco? Having charged Mr. Calhoun and others with gross crimes, having fixed a date for trial, what right has Mr. Heney, legally or morally,

to leave these matters in the air, to go pothering with other matters whose capacity to wait indefinitely has already been demonstrated. Public opinion, we think, will support Mr. Calhoun's demand for prompt trial. Not only has he been charged with gross crimes, but he has been accused personally at home and abroad and from many platforms by the prosecuting agents. He is entitled morally at least to a chance to meet these charges and accusations without further delay.

Shaw, Bryan, and Some Others.

Ex-Secretary Shaw announces his retirement from the presidency of the Carnegie Trust Company of New York and in reply to inquiry as to his plans for the future has said: "I may shy my castor into the political ring." The possible significance of all this is a revival of Mr. Shaw's presidential projects which have been in something like total eclipse for a year or more.

Mr. Shaw is unquestionably a capable man, and one with a fine record of public service; nevertheless, he has not, in the opinion of the *Argonaut*, one chance in ten thousand to attain the presidency. His political identification is with a time and mood which the country has outgrown. Mr. Shaw's affiliation with what are called the "substantial interests" of the country not in any sense discreditable, would, none the less, be against him at a time when the popular mind is predisposed to distrust of business men and business methods. The immediate mood is ridiculous in many of its phases; none the less it rules the hour, and therefore must be taken into consideration in the making of political calculations.

A far more solid objection to Mr. Shaw as a presidential candidate is his position before the country as a rock-ribbed stand-patter on the tariff question. The country allows Mr. Roosevelt to play the stand-pat game, but it will, we think, hardly consent to let any other man do it without loss of prestige and standing. Roosevelt is a stand-patter not upon principle, but by policy, and there is a large element among his admirers and followers who give, even to his political arrangements, a certain sanctity and dignity while the same things in other men are denounced and called hard names. Mr. Shaw, a stand-patter on principle, must stand or fall by the principle, while Roosevelt, a stand-patter by policy, is able to appeal to the supporters of both sides of the issue—to play both ends against the middle, so to speak.

It is, we think, to be questioned if any man whose name and style do not smack of "reform" in one way or another can be safely named this year for the presidency by the Republican party. The party has undoubtedly many sins to account for, and it must name a man not so much on the basis of his party record as for his promises in the line of departure from traditional party practices. The country, including the membership of the Republican party, wants a man with something of the Roosevelt spirit in the presidential office, a man who may be depended upon to continue at least the better part of those policies with which the Roosevelt administration has become identified. A man of the McKinley type, or a man identified with the McKinley times, would today be regarded by the country as a reactionary. His record would tend rather to hurt than to help him before the country. This is perhaps the chief reason why Shaw is not an available figure; and by the same token it is the reason why Cannon, Fairbanks, and others of the same political breed, must be classed at this time as presidential impossibilities. The candidacy of any one of them would fall upon the country like a wet blanket. The times demand a figure identified with the newer fashions in political purpose and statecraft.

There must, too, on the part of the Republican party be some consideration of the man against whom the fight is to be made. To all practical intents and purposes Mr. Bryan is already the Democratic nominee. And it must be conceded that he fairly well fits the mood of the time. He belongs, even in opposition and in the eclipse of his party, to the reformer class. At the same time, in spite of some grumbling, he will, in the coming campaign, command the support of the conservative elements of his party—those apostles of the safe and sane school, of which Mr. Cleveland is the sage, and of which Mr. Olney and Judge Parker are the exponents. This element of the Democracy, in spite of its previous bitter opposition to Bryan, will in this campaign be with him. The only real opposition to Bryan is at the South, but it will not be sufficiently pronounced or active to cost him a single Southern State. Practically, Bryan will go into the campaign supported by every element of his party whose

is essential to the development at the polls of its full effective strength.

Nor is it to be overlooked that Mr. Bryan will be able to make strong appeal to certain powerful elements on the Republican side of the fence. He no longer appears as a creature of hoofs and horns whose very name is a menace of national disaster. As he now commands the support of the so-called conservative elements in his own party, so he is in the way of commanding the support of certain elements in the Republican party. There are many thousands of Republicans who, if their own party nominee should fail to fill the requirements of the progressive or reform idea, would without much of a strain turn to Bryan. One who mingles much with the great mass of plain people feels everywhere a kindlier sentiment for Bryan than at any former time.

Again, it is by no means impossible that Bryan may have the support of certain powerful elements which, either for cause or without it, stand savagely opposed to Roosevelt and all his ways. There are many suggestions that if Roosevelt shall have his way in the national convention, if he shall succeed in naming the Republican candidate and pledging him to the more aggressive phases of "my policy," there may develop something very like a wholesale and organized opposition on the part of forces which centre in New York City, and which while essentially selfish are at the same time tremendously powerful. These elements of opposition to Roosevelt would easily and naturally turn to Bryan, and beyond question could give effective aid to his campaign.

It should not be forgotten by those who are to define Republican policies this year, that the circumstances at many points are favorable to Mr. Bryan, nor that in spite of certain suggestions of weakness in his personal and political character, he is a man capable of making a powerful appeal to a public dissatisfied with the traditional ways of politics, and, as the career of Mr. Roosevelt proves, predisposed to admiration of a melodramatic personality.

A Benedict Mayor.

The announcement that Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor, mayor of San Francisco, is soon to be married is hardly a thing to be dismissed with the brief and conventional phrases sufficient in the case of persons less notable. Indeed, it is not certain that the municipality itself can afford to look upon a matter so fraught with possibilities with the same benevolent unconcern that it bestows upon like announcements relative to persons less highly placed. San Francisco has received great things from Dr. Taylor, and with that peculiar gratitude that has been defined as a lively sense of favors to come it may be said that San Francisco expects things that are still greater. Are we to fear that the auspicious occasion of which February is to be the witness will mean an access of responsibility upon the shoulders of our chief magistrate and perhaps a diversion from the prosaic and persistent duties of the city hall, or may we rejoice at such added evidences of an energy that already has done so much for our civic life? The city is disposed to be interested in this matter, and perhaps a little jealous of an enforced partition of activities that she reasonably, if selfishly, believed to be wholly her own. The marriage of a mayor ought to be subject to official control. There are regulations that govern his absence from the city; why not the far more serious engrossment of matrimony? This is a matter that should be looked to.

Under the circumstances there is, we are glad to believe, no real cause for uneasiness. At the first superficial glance we were somewhat in doubt as to whether such an obvious division of mayoralty interests could be permitted, but all perplexities vanished at the knowledge that the fortunate lady is a poetess and that the divine muse is hospitably received at her doors. Nothing could be more appropriate. Dr. Taylor is himself a poet of distinction whose verses are known wherever the language is spoken, having actually been quoted throughout the English-speaking world within a few hours of his nomination to the mayoralty. There was no surprise that Dr. Taylor should be a poet. That was well known, but there was great surprise that a poet, a litterateur, should be mayor of San Francisco. But what will the world say now, when it knows that the poet-mayor has, so to speak, been reinforced and that the poetic afflatus has been doubled by a singularly congruous marriage? What may we not expect in the future? To what further volumes of doubly inspiring verse may we not look forward?

Browning owed much to a poetic wife. He says so

himself and we may well believe it. But Browning does not make it clear whether his debt to his gifted companion was for an indiscriminating praise that sometimes marks the earlier stages of married life, or whether it was for a fidelity of criticism, salutary although painful, into which wifely counsel is apt to merge toward the wane of the ecstatic period. The municipality may well take heed of these succeeding phases in a romantic period that is not usually a subject for civic care. Much may depend thereon. Under the stimulus of a lavish approbation that is sure to mark the initial weeks of married life, Dr. Taylor may give such new devotion to the muse as to blind him to the sordid needs of the city. He can not, we fear, keep his eye upon the lonely and splendid heights of Parnassus and at the same time give the necessary care to the sewer problem or the police commission. Then again, when comes the inevitable waning of the fervid period, Dr. Taylor may find himself confronted with something like discouragement. Like most authors, probably he has no love for the literary reviewer, whom he regards as his natural enemy and scourge. Has he realized that he is about to live with one, and an expert reviewer at that, one whose justice will be quite untinged by the mercy that the newspaper possesses but gets no credit for? Does he know that he must presently meet a faithful candor of comment that the professional reviewer never permits himself, that may be stimulating, but that will certainly be unpalatable, and that will have the keen edge of actual experience, if not of rivalry? Does he realize that he is about to see his poems as others see them, faithfully reflected without fear or favor? Is Dr. Taylor prepared to receive for the first time in his life an accomplished and entirely faithful literary criticism, one that will be quite unawed by the dignity of the mayoralty, one that will be administered for his own good alone and at any and every time? Can he do this in a becoming spirit of chastened humility and in silence? Can he learn the unvarnished literary truth without losing all interest in mundane affairs? If he can view such a prospect with equanimity, if he can survive the experience that awaits him, then indeed he will have shown a spirit worthy of San Francisco and have justified the confidence of his fellow-citizens. But we have our doubts.

There is good prospect of the saving of Crosby Hall, the remarkable relic of the days of York and Lancaster, whose destruction is threatened by commercial interests. It is probable that by aid of the funds now subscribed or offered the London county council can buy the ancient house where Richard III once lived, and many other interesting occupants, and then that it can be rented to the board of trade, for the housing of its excellent library, now kept in vaults under the foreign office. This is the proposition of the board of trade, and not a mere speculative notion from outside. The practical value of the suggestion is what will gain support when historic sentiment could not prevail.

In various Mexican States the sombrero, that picturesque adjunct of the Mexican, is to be placed under a heavy tax, in hope, it is said, to abolish it entirely. It is said that this hat, often six feet wide from brim to brim, often costs so much that the average workman spends a year's wages for it. The tax takes the form of a license, with a number affixed, and there will be thus induced an aristocracy of the peon who wears the sombrero, as compared with the peon who gives it up.

When England in 1890 gave Germany Heligoland in return for concessions in Africa, Admiral Colomb and other naval critics thought it doubtful whether this little rocky isle in the North Sea could be effectively fortified, and expressed the belief that Germany had sacrificed strategy to sentiment. The present plan of Germany to spend \$7,500,000 on fortifications suggests that strategic considerations may have had a place also.

A dispatch from London relates that while the notorious suffragette, Mrs. Pankhurst, was conducting a meeting at Newton Abbot, Devonshire, a farmer in the audience stood up and publicly offered to marry her. Mrs. Pankhurst replied freely that she was not there to answer personal questions. The farmer rejoined that he thought as she was a widow a husband would be useful to her as a voter.

A Frenchman named Leviril has left all his fortune to his native village, on condition that a banquet be given annually in memory of him, no one to be admitted but men who have exercised their right of suffrage at every opportunity during the previous year. In France, as in America, all sorts of inducements have to be offered to men to get them to vote.

The vicar of the parish church at Wellingborough, England, has been forced to announce that there will be no more watch-night services because of the presence of so many men and women in a state unfit for the solemn occasion, the harm done by them being greater than the good to others.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Precedent Considered.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 28, 1908.
EDITOR ARGONAUT: A well-known case, that of The People against Hughes, has been cited as one affording a precedent which our Court of Appeal should have followed in the Schmitz case, and which would have led to a different conclusion. In that case the defendant was convicted of the crime of extortion. On his behalf it was argued in the Appellate Court that what he threatened and did was not an unlawful act. In considering this argument the New York court pursued precisely the same course as that which was followed by the District Court of Appeal, taking up the acts which were proved to have been committed by the defendant, and comparing them with the New York Penal Code, which is similar to our own, and considering whether the defendant's acts amounted to a threat to do an unlawful injury. It was proved in the case that Hughes, to use the language of the court, "availing himself of his position as the head of a labor organization, with branches in almost all sections of the country, he first threatened and then put into operation a scheme for lessening and damaging and to some extent destroying the business of a firm of clothing manufacturers because they did not at once obey his commands in respect to the number of apprentices they should employ, and when they submitted to his dictation and apologized for seeking to do their own business in their own way instead of his, extorted money from the firm as the price of forgiveness. Setting in motion the enormous power which the organization, evidently misjudging the man, had suffered to fall into his hands, he extorted from the firm something over a thousand dollars as the price of ending the mischief. He called this process 'soaking' the manufacturers."

In other words, Hughes threatened to boycott the firm and obtained money under that threat. The New York Court of Appeals held that a boycott of the kind threatened was unlawful. It was unlawful not in the sense that it would be a criminal offense, but because it could be enjoined by a court of equity, and was such an injury as would render an individual instigating it liable in damages. And precisely because the injury threatened was an unlawful one, the New York court affirmed the judgment of conviction.

It is perfectly clear from the opinion in the case that, if the court had found that the threatened act was not unlawful, the judgment of conviction would not have been upheld, even although, as a result of the threats, Hughes had obtained money to which he was not entitled and in an extortionate manner, using that word in its colloquial sense.

One may readily believe that this decision of the New York Court of Appeals was received by union laborism with a howl of indignant protest, because it was opposed to its views and purposes; a howl as loud as those "trumpet tones" anent the decision in the Schmitz case, which we have lately heard proceeding from an unbridled press and some hysterical pulpiters.
SIDNEY V. SMITH.

The advent in London of the taximeter motor cab with its reduced charges and increased speed has seriously affected the horse cab. A few years back persons desirous of quick transit across the metropolis had no alternative but to travel by horse cab, but now there are electric underground trains, electric trams, and motor buses, all of which cost considerably less than a hansom cab. The biggest blow to the latter vehicle, however, was the placing of 2000 motor taxicabs on the streets. Their fares are two-thirds those charged by the horse cab, and the taximeter affixed to each automatically registers the fare and safeguards the passenger against being robbed. In the case of the horse cab a stranger is more or less at the mercy of the driver. With the New Year, by permission of the Home Secretary, 5000 horse cabs fitted with taximeters will ply for hire in London at a reduction of 50 per cent. Instead of a shilling for a ride of one mile, henceforth the charge will be sixpence, with threepence extra for every additional half-mile. As two persons can ride in a cab, it will be possible to journey a mile for threepence, a rate which not only hits severely the motor taxicab, but also competes in some cases with the fares of omnibuses. This reduction is the result of an agitation carried on by the horse-cab owners themselves, whose charges are fixed by the Home Secretary.

There is a very strict law against any British officer accepting any gift from a native prince in India. Even when a doctor may have performed some serious operation upon a rajah, who, being grateful, wishes to give—exclusive of a money fee, varying from £200 to £1000, according to the operation performed—a present of a shawl, golden cup or some similar valuable, the doctor must obtain special permission from the viceroy before he dare accept the present. If any officer accepts a gift of any value without such permission he may have to resign. This rule was made because, in the old days, when the East India Company governed India, an officer's pickings and the presents, often extorted from the rajah, were worth much more to him than his salary.

The production of gold in the United States fell off \$4,753,401 in 1907 as against 1906, whereas the amount of silver produced was increased by over 1,000,000 fine ounces. Alaska's gold production fell off a little more than \$3,000,000, according to the report of the director of the mint.

Senator Platt, with a keen eye to the public welfare, has introduced a bill to give better compensation to a large class of Federal employees in New York and at the same time to make their appointments dependent upon merit rather than upon pull.

Senator Frazier of Tennessee has introduced a bill providing for the removal of all duties upon articles of American manufacture that are sold abroad at lower prices than are obtained for the same products at home.

EDWIN DROOD STILL A MYSTERY.

Beerholm Tree Plays in Comyn Carr's Grand Melodrama at His Majesty's.

There is no reason to suppose that Charles Dickens ever laid a formal curse upon those who would dramatize his plays, but his wishes in the matter were so often and so vehemently expressed that they might have deterred Mr. Comyns Carr from an attempt to stage "Edwin Drood" and Mr. Beerholm Tree from the loan of his great powers to the same end. Dickens was familiar—to his cost—with the procedure followed at His Majesty's Theatre on January 4. Over and over again his works were put upon the stage while they were still unfinished and over and over again his intentions were forestalled and twisted hopelessly awry by a conscienceless dramatic greed. Of course, "Edwin Drood" stands apart from "The Old Curiosity Shop," "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Barnaby Rudge," and "Martin Chuzzlewit." All of these stories were dramatized and mutilated before their conclusion, whereas the legitimate finish of "Edwin Drood" we can never know. Perhaps Mr. Carr and Mr. Tree may plead extenuating circumstances, but the plea would be stronger had their attempt been more successful. Everything is excused by success, but failure accentuates reproach, and while Mr. Tree is a tower of strength upon the stage and his performance a delight to see, his audience had to draw a sharp mental line of demarcation between a fine piece of acting and what they knew of the literary and imaginative workmanship of Charles Dickens. Those who would enjoy "Edwin Drood" upon the stage of His Majesty's would do well to refrain from "Edwin Drood" the novel, with its melancholy inconclusion.

But it is an unfortunate part of this play that an acquaintance with the novel is assumed. The minor characters drift on the stage like old friends who have for a moment been lost to sight. They are just a piece of the machinery for the introduction of the opium, the wine, and the keys. We see the Lascars and the Chinamen, and the old beladme scolding her opium-eaters. Jasper—and this part, of course, is Mr. Tree's—is there, too, with black murder in his heart, scheming to get rid of his nephew Edwin, who stands between him and Rosa. We see the cathedral vault and all the hideous details for wiping out the traces of the crime, the quicklime which "with a little handy stirring" can be relied upon to digest even a man's bones. It is all well staged, while for a dramatic contrast we see through the window a stretch of the placid and unheeding Thames.

Mr. Carr, in writing the play, takes the view that Dickens never intended the murder of Edwin by Jasper. Where doctors disagree there is no need to be over-critical of an interpretation that has much in support and in contradiction. The play shows us Jasper and Edwin in the fatal bedroom, Edwin already drugged and unconscious and Jasper busy with his ghoulish work of taking from his victim his watch chain and jewels, that there might be nothing on the body ineffaceable by the quicklime. He puts these things into a drawer just as the opium hag enters with her narcotic temptation. Willing enough to postpone a crime from which his cowardly soul shrinks, Jasper succumbs to the drug, dreams that intention has become accomplished fact, and awakes under the horror of a fancied commission. In this portrayal Mr. Tree is really fine. As the terror-stricken opium debauchee, cowering in a corner of the room he is at his best, and well merits the unstinted applause that he receives. Then comes the gradual elaboration of the plot, based upon the psychological problem suggested by Dickens when Jasper says in the third chapter, "If I hide my watch when I am drunk, I must be drunk again before I remember where." Then we have the final scene, when Edwin visits his uncle in prison and receives Eva from his repentant hands. It is all well played and would be even better appreciated than it is but for an accumulating irritation at liberties with the text that force themselves upon the attention in proportion to the clearness with which the novel itself is remembered. However great may be our pleasure at the play, we must admit that the story is one told by Mr. Comyns Carr and not by Charles Dickens. The great intention of the novel is open to legitimate question, but this play trespasses far beyond the region of discussion, and it does so flagrantly and again and again.

Of course, the whole question of the novelist's intention has been brought once more very much to the front. We are reminded of Mr. Lang's elaborate theorizing, which is plausible enough although it contradicts some most respectable authority. Mr. Lang believes that Jasper carried out his intention, but did it so badly that Edwin came to life again in the vault and went for help to the lawyer, Grewgious, who recognizes the weakness of his story and counsels him to remain hidden. Mr. Lang's theory is probably the best, depending as it does upon a very minute analysis and the weighing of all available evidence, internal and external. Opposed to this is the testimony of Foster, to whom Dickens related the plot that he intended to elaborate. Foster says that Edwin was actually murdered, but that the criminal evaded detection until the very end, when the whole story is made clear by the discovery of a gold ring which has resisted the lime and so discloses not only the identity of the remains, but the place of the murder and the name of the murderer. Rosa was to marry Tartar, who was obviously introduced into the story for that purpose. In marrying Rosa to Edwin there is no doubt that Mr. Carr has made a mistake. About this there can be no doubt whatever. Whether

Edwin lived or died, he was not intended to marry Rosa.

The play of "Edwin Drood" is sustained by Mr. Tree and no one else. When he is off the stage everything is flat, stale, and unprofitable. His Jasper is a creation, but if the other parts are not strong, it is the fault of the parts and not of the players. Mr. Haviland as Grewgious is good, and so is Mr. Quartermaine as Neville. Miss Augarde as Rosa is effective, although over prone to mannerisms and to an obvious anxiety about the mood of the audience. Mrs. Wright as the opium-den hag deserved well, and there is, in fact, no poor acting at all. It is the fault of the play that it concentrates opportunity to a point.

LONDON, January 7, 1908.

PICCADILLY.

WE LET THE ARCHFIEND GO.

Ye know the ways of Satan, how he makes weak man his tool, Will use, corrupt, besmirch him, will leave him a fuddled fool; Will tempt and lure and drag him, then hand him to the law To hold, condemn, and punish. What else are weak men for? E'en so this city's Satan breathed sin till good men fell, Foul graft like a plague ran riot till the town was a living hell, Ye hold him at last. Will ye punish? He is Satan himself, ye know.

"Nay, we hunt for other villains. We let the archfiend go."

With bribes and graft and blackmail, with lies and wine and dice,

He engendered all human passion, he fomented all human vice, He filled to the full his coffers with filthy, bloodstained gold, Debauched and bled his city; her sacred rights he sold;

Waxed strong in the crime about him, waxed strong in the greed and lust; With cunning of sneak and miser built strong his plunder trust.

Ye hold him, this master of sinners. Will ye kill him now with a blow?

"Nay, we're after his venal companions. The archfiend we let go."

With his city crippled and fallen, with its flames like blood o'er the sky, Grants he mercy? Nay, greater extortion but answers her pitiful cry.

False to his State and city, false to his fellow-men, False to his bired minion, for a scratch of immunity's pen, This thief, contemptible villain, foul vermin from the slime,

Ye hold him, this Satan of sinners, this sovereign and king of crime, This breeder of city corruption. Will ye punish him now that ye know?

"Nay, only his silent partners. The archfiend we let go."

Bow down and beg his pardon. In luxury let him live. Yea, follow his worthy example: huy the man who has most to give.

For the law's but a snare for sparrows, the vulture and hawk break through. Come, welcome crime's eminent captain; to the yardarm with his crew!

Their crime is but one to his thousand. Are they then the more to blame Because they joined in the looting when he dictated terms of shame?

The pirate who captained the pillage, shall he escape us so? "We are going to jail his minions, and let the archfiend go."

H. S. S.

Charles Emory Smith, ex-Minister to Russia and ex-Postmaster-General under President McKinley, for many years editor-in-chief of the Philadelphia Press, died in Philadelphia, January 19, aged sixty-six. Mr. Smith had a long and varied public career, beginning his service in Albany in 1861 as secretary to General J. F. Rathbone. He became judge-advocate general with the rank of major and was engaged in military office work for two years, when he began editorial work on the Albany Express. He went to the Philadelphia Press afterward, and under his influence that paper became a power in Republican politics. He became famous as a political speaker while still a young man, and a few words spoken by him were the climax of a famous incident in the New York Republican Convention of 1876. The friends of Conkling were endeavoring to put that brilliant senator forward as the choice of New York for the presidency. George William Curtis had nearly set the convention against him by charging the friends of Conkling with a desire to strangle the voice of his faction. In response to a hurried message from Conkling and Platt, who sat on the platform, a young man who sat in the centre of the hall arose. "Mr. Chairman," he began, "we are here fighting over a mere shadow. There can be no issue of free speech in a free Republican convention." That man was Charles Emory Smith. Cheers followed this speech, and Conkling swept the convention. In all his long continued public service, Mr. Smith's career was marked by ability and courage.

A transportation question that has been agitated in Ceylon for a long while, and that is now being brought actively to the front again, is that of connecting Ceylon to India by a railroad across Adams Bridge and the shallow bodies of water lying between Rameswaram and Tallaimannar at the northern end of the island. The South Indian Railway Company are bringing their line to the extreme point of the small island of Rameswaram, so that only a small gap of water will intervene between the termini of the Indian and Ceylon railways. If the connection is made at all it will make Colombo the port for southern India, and will greatly benefit the tea and rubber industries by facilitating the transportation of laborers from India.

The island of Celebes, nearly half of which is still almost unknown, has now been connected by cable with the neighboring island of Borneo, and also with the American island of Guam, far to the north. It has thus been brought into close touch with the rest of the world, for it is joined to all parts of the Eastern Hemisphere through Borneo and to the Western Hemisphere through Guam and San Francisco.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

The White House permits it to be known that it considers Secretary Cortelyou's statement as equivalent to the complete withdrawal of the Cortelyou candidacy. On this basis the Secretary remains *persona grata*.

A conference of those friendly to Senator La Follette's presidential boom has been held in Chicago, when plans were laid for the coming Republican National Convention. Representatives of many States were present and their reports were uniformly favorable.

Former Senator Wilkinson (all of Florida has attacked the legality of the appointment of Senator W. J. Bryan of Florida, on the ground that the nomination prior to the election was by white primaries. Senator Bryan says that Mr. Call wanted the appointment himself.

George F. Roeth has been appointed as collector of customs for the Genesee, New York, district. An interesting feature of the nomination is the fact that neither Senator Platt nor Senator Depew was consulted and they knew nothing of it until the nomination reached the Senate.

In view of Secretary Taft's unwillingness to interfere with Governor Hughes's presidential chances in New York, it is interesting to note a report that the New York County Republican Committee will not endorse Governor Hughes. An informal line-up showed 422 to 267 against Hughes.

Washington Lee Capps, chief of the Naval Bureau of Construction and Repair, is to appear before the House Committee on Naval Affairs to answer questions at length as to the truth or falsity of the Reuter dahl charges. It is understood that Mr. Capps is busy preparing himself for the ordeal.

William Hoge, president of the Commercial Travelers' Anti-Trust League, which is booming Bryan, has received a letter from Richard Croker, in which he says: "I am going to Egypt, to be gone three months. It has been a wet season here, and I am glad to get off. Glad our old friend Bryan has a chance."

The result of a secret poll to determine the presidential preferences of the members of the James G. Blaine Republican Club of Manhattan has greatly interested the local politicians. Eighty-two members participated, with the following result: Cannon 32, Taft 24, Hughes 13, Fairbanks 7, Foraker 3, Cortelyou 2, La Follette 1.

William J. Bryan in an interview at Kansas City said that the trusts, the tariff, and railroad regulation would be the paramount issues in the campaign of 1908. It would be impossible to say now which would be supreme. Mr. Bryan added that sentiment in favor of the proposed Federal guarantee of bank deposits was growing rapidly.

President Roosevelt has promised to do his best to persuade Secretary Taft to pose for a series of moving pictures illustrative of the War Secretary's travels and achievements in various parts of the world. The ambitious artist believed that such a series would have a distinct campaign value and the President evidently agreed with him.

Senator Jeff Davis of Arkansas, having already introduced a bill intended to wipe all trusts, pools, and combinations from the face of the earth, has now presented another measure to abolish all forms of gambling on margins. His bill expressly prohibits any form of speculation connected with dealing in futures on crops of any kind.

A report from Washington says that there is every prospect that Frank H. Hitchcock, First Assistant Postmaster-General, will accept Secretary Taft's invitation to enlist in his cause and become his campaign general. The Secretary's invitation is an urgent one, and friends of Mr. Hitchcock say he is almost certain to take the post. He will be in command not only in the South and East, but throughout the country.

Representative Sabath of Illinois, who was born in Bohemia, has devoted his attention to international marriages and has now introduced into the House a bill providing for a tax of 25 per cent on all gifts, dowries, settlements of money or property made in consideration of marriage by any citizen of the United States to any person other than a subject or citizen. Mr. Sabath says that the fathers of American girls pay away too much real gold for "tinsel crowns," a total sum amounting now to some \$900,000,000 since the Astor family set a precedent for international weddings. Mr. Sabath is a bachelor.

A Washington correspondent describes an animated scene when Secretary Taft was informed of the presence of a moving picture artist who was anxious to immortalize the Secretary's foreign achievements: "Moving what?" said the Secretary. "Bring me those papers. Moving pictures? No, I'll be d—d! Where is that commission? I can't lay a thing down but somebody takes it away. Moving pictures, did you say? Tell him to go to ——. Is that you, general? This is the Secretary. I would like to see you right away. Did you say, Carpenter, that this man wants to take a moving picture? Say that I will see him in ——. Ah, Edwards, I was just sending for you. See if you can't rush this through, will you? What was I saying, Carpenter? Oh, about the moving pictures. Tell him I'm too busy." Marion will try again tomorrow.

THE WOMAN ENTERS.

By Katharine Lynch.

In the chaparral on the edge of the bluff Dick Matson lay flat on his stomach, his chin propped on one hand, while the other rested lightly on the shining barrel of a rifle. Below, on the further bank of the river, Escolante, the cattle-thief, strutted back and forth before the door of his cabin, his gun in his hands, his strident voice proclaiming to the air his disdain for all *gringos* in general, and for the white-livered, *chingado* Matson in particular.

Matson, unseen, and his presence only dimly apprehended by the strange animal instinct of the half-breed, could hear with sufficient plainness the gusts of wrath and oburgation which floated up from below; and when his own name was mingled with especially acrid vituperations, the rage to which he dared give no more audible vent expressed itself in tense and impotent mutterings.

"I'll get you yet, you damned old cattle-thief. O Lord, O Lord, to have to lie here and take such blasted impudence from a black-hearted Apache mongrel!" This when Escolante's remarks on the status and heredity of the *gringo* became particularly personal and historic. "Wish I wasn't a white man and I'd take a pot-shot at you for luck, just as you stand, you infernal, cattle-stealing, lying whelp. Cursed nonsense anyway, waiting for proof, and taking a man to the law, when I know darn well you've a steer of mine stowed away in the bushes somewhere. Wait till I find your *cache*, or catch you red-handed; and I'll make you sweat for this."

So each vocal volley from below, directed against the unseen foe that the half-breed apprehended to be lurking near, was answered by the hidden enemy with one no less heartfelt because of being, for strategic purposes, necessarily unheard.

As time passed Matson's limbs grew increasingly cramped and stiff. Decidedly, he reflected, Escolante had the best of the game. He cursed softly, and warily stretched himself into a new position. The hours slipped by; and still the half-breed, warned by his subtle instinct for danger, kept up his grotesque parade; and still the watching man was baffled of his clue.

The shadows lengthened on the river. A few crows, loudly cawing, shook themselves out of the branches of a tree near the cabin and winged themselves for the homeward flight. Dusk was all but fallen; and the watcher painfully stirred his limbs, preparing for a furtive retreat, when a new element entered the scene below.

The girl who stepped to the door of the cabin was slim and lithe as a willow from the stream. Her black hair fell sleek and straight on either side of her face, hanging in thick braids nearly to her knees. She raised one hand to her forehead, shading her eyes for a long look up the river, and the movement had the supple, untaught grace of a wild thing of the woods.

Matson drew his breath in something that came dangerously near to being a whistle. So this was Escolante's daughter—child of a Mexican mother and a half-breed father—who since her mother's death had been with the sisters at Santa Barbara. He vaguely recalled having heard of the girl's return. This could be none other than she; for what woman, young and beautiful, would foregather with that wicked old devil, Escolante.

He cautiously reached for his binoculars, with which he had so carefully scanned the landscape earlier in the day. The girl stood as if posed, straining her level gaze toward the sunset. The glass revealed her face, a warm brown oval, the curves as soft and perfect as a child's, yet with the fullness and richness of early womanhood. The heavy brows were arched. The thick lashes, fringing lids now wide-flung over soft fawn-like eyes, surely must shadow her cheek when the lids were lowered. The red, curving lips were slightly parted, disclosing white teeth, firm-set and regular.

The glass did its work well. The girl might have been standing close by: so close that if one reached out a hand one might touch the brown curve of the cheek, or part the silky masses of her hair. The man caught his breath sharply till it hissed between his teeth. The pain in his limbs was forgotten. The girl's face held him like a spell.

Suddenly the upraised hand fell to her side. Escolante's daughter turned, with a swift grace, and entered the rude cabin. The sun's red rim slipped below the horizon. Soon a light shone out in the cabin. The man on the bluff lay watching it till far into the night. But his head was sunk on his arms and his gun was unheeded at his side. When a black figure for an instant darkened the doorway his heart leaped up. Then the old gleam of hate sprang anew in his eyes. It was the half-breed.

The man in the chaparral softly raised himself. "By God, I'll settle you yet," he exulted. And in the dark he shook his clenched fist at the cattle-thief. Then he stealthily withdrew.

A month had passed and again it was the dark of the moon.

The time had dragged heavily for old Escolante, for with the accursed *gringos* so closely watching, even a practiced hand must move warily, and it was hard to go empty with fat cattle feeding at one's very door.

To Dick Matson time had flown on golden wings. Love and hate wax well together in a strong man's heart, and the red lips of Dolores were sweet.

To the girl the month had passed as a day. It is good to live when the blood is warm; and young love is daring and does not wait for the dark of the moon.

On this night Escolante ate his last meal of *frijoles* and *tortillas* without the customary sullen scorn. He even ventured a few coarse jests with Dolores, who was dear to him as the apple of his eye. A man may well jest whose knife is whetted for the killing, and who knows that on the morrow he will feed fat, voiding his hate and filling his stomach at one and the same time. Dolores met his badinage with easy response and well-simulated affection. It is easy to scatter careless affection from the lips when the heart is brimming over with love.

Without, men gathered quietly in a certain lonely glade. The night was heavy about them. In the silence each man could hear his own heart-beat and his straining breath. The little voices of the night shrilled loudly, and the sound of the cattle cropping the rich grass was like a thousand crunching engines in their ears.

The waiting had lengthened to hours before a fat steer coughed and fell under the knife. Then something whirled in the gloom; and then a lantern flared out. Escolante was caught red-handed. His ludicrous dismay when the deft-flung riata tightened round him drew a burst of rough mirth from the sheriff as he slipped on the half-breed's wrists the symbol of the law and its bondage. But when Dick Matson stepped from the darkness and reclaimed his riata the cattle-thief broke into fierce vituperations, for this was the most hated, and therefore the most preyed-upon of all the *gringos*.

"Save your wind, old man," laughed Dick Matson. "You'll need it for the blessing, for tomorrow I marry your daughter."

Escolante grew livid and his jaw dropped. Then he opened a fresh volley of imprecations, hurling the lie in the *gringo's* teeth.

Dick laughed a careless laugh. "Come here, Dolores," he said.

Like a shadow the girl slipped out of the blackness and stood beside him. Dick slid an arm about her and bending kissed her full on the mouth.

Then the half-breed went mad with rage, and spat and screamed out curses on the pair until it was horrid to hear him. The sheriff and his men had trouble to hold him.

Dolores trembled and shrank against her lover. But Dick Matson only laughed his easy laugh and tightened his arm around her. Then he turned and drew her with him into the forest.

No more cattle are stolen or killed within the range of the Cross Bar Y. The cattlemen sleep well of nights and Dick Matson grows rich off his profits. Several plump brown children play about his door; and of these he is inordinately proud, as is also Dolores, who sees in them adorable replicas of the man she worships. The two are very happy, for Dolores is still slim and beautiful; and Matson wants no better life than that of the range and his own fireside. There are moments, however, when the hair stiffens on the back of his neck, and a chill runs along his spine.

These are the moments when he reflects on the fact that the utmost that the courts could award to Escolante was a life sentence; and that there is always the chance that a prisoner may escape, or that a too-lenient governor may exercise the right of pardon.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1908.

The budget committee of the French Chamber of Deputies has been making an elaborate investigation as to the relative cost of living in different parts of the world, with a view to the equitable adjustment of consular salaries. According to a writer in *The Churchman*, the report made by the distinguished economist, Paul Deschanel, divides the world into six "zones of living expense." In the cheapest zone he places Belgium, Spain, Italy, Luxembourg, Portugal, and Switzerland. A fifth dearer are France, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Montenegro. In the third zone are Great Britain and Holland. Austria-Hungary, the Balkan states, Greece, Turkey, and Morocco. Dearest still is living in Egypt, Persia, and Russia, "where climate and manners oblige to particular and expensive conditions of life." In the fifth zone are Australia, British and Dutch India, Siam, China, Korea, and Japan. In the last zone, where living is dearest of all, he places all the countries of North, South, and Central America, the West Indies, and all except Turkish Africa. Here he finds the cost of living excessive—practically twice what it is in the first zone. The higher cost here than in other countries is due in part to higher rents, prices, and wages. In part it is due to a higher standard of living, in part to customs that involve extravagance and waste.

While the great international scheme for excavating Herculaneum has for the present failed, the Italian government now seems inclined to push this important work. The minister of public instruction, Mr. Rava, has appointed to supervise the excavation a commission composed of Commendatore Gattini, administrative director of the museum of Naples; Signor De Petra, professor of archaeology of the University of Naples; Professors Gabrieli and Dall'Osso, both of the Museum of Naples; Professor Sogliano, director of the excavations at Pompeii; Commendatore Avena, director of the technical office of the monuments of Naples, and of two civil engineers of the province of Naples. Reports will be published from time to time for the benefit of the learned world.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Fire-King.

It is recorded that during the struggles of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, a Knight Templar, called Saint-Alban, deserted to the Saracens and defeated the Christians in many combats, till he was finally routed and slain in a conflict with King Baldwin, under the walls of Jerusalem.

Bold knights and fair dames, to my harp give an ear,
Of love, and of war, and of wonder to hear;
And you haply may sigh, in the midst of your glee,
At the tale of Count Alhert and fair Rosalie.

Oh, see you that castle, so strong and so high?
And see you that lady, the tear in her eye?
And see you that palmer, from Palestine's land,
The shell on his hat, and the staff in his hand?
"Now, palmer, gray palmer, oh, tell unto me,
What news bring you home from the Holy Countrie?
And how goes the warfare by Galilee's strand?
And how fare our nobles, the flower of the land?"
"Oh, well goes the warfare by Galilee's wave,
For Gilead, and Nablous, and Ramah we have;
And well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon,
For the heathen have lost, and the Christians have won."
A fair chain of gold 'mid her ringlets there hung;
O'er the palmer's gray locks the fair chain has she flung;
"O palmer, gray palmer, this chain he thy fee,
For the news thou hast brought from the Holy Countrie.
And, palmer, good palmer, by Galilee's wave,
Oh, saw ye Count Alhert, the gentle and brave?
When the Crescent went back, and the Red-Cross rush'd on,
Oh, saw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon?"
"O lady, fair lady, the tree green it grows;
O lady, fair lady, the stream pure it flows;
Your castle stands strong, and your hopes soar on high;
But, lady, fair lady, all blossoms to die.
The green boughs they wither, the thunder-holt falls,
It leaves of your castle but levin-scorch'd walls;
The pure stream runs muddy; the gay hope is gone;
Count Alhert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon."
Oh, she's ta'en a horse, should he fleet at her speed;
And she's ta'en a sword, should he sharp at her need;
And she has ta'en shipping for Palestine's land,
To ransom Count Alhert from Soldanrie's hand.

Small thought had Count Alhert on fair Rosalie,
Small thought on his faith, or his knighthood, had he;
A featherish damsel his light heart had won,
The Soldan's fair daughter of Mount Lebanon.
"O Christian, brave Christian, my love wouldst thou he;
Three things must thou do ere I harken to thee;
Our laws and our worship on thee shalt thou take;
And this thou shalt first do for Zulema's sake.
And, next, in the cavern, where hurns evermore
The mystical flame which the Curdians adore,
Alone, and in silence, three nights shalt thou wake;
And this shalt thou next do for Zulema's sake.
And, last, thou shalt aid us with counsel and hand,
To drive the Frank rother from Palestine's land;
For my lord and my love then Count Alhert I'll take,
When all this is accomplished for Zulema's sake."
He has thrown by his helmet, and cross-handed sword,
Renouncing his knighthood, denying his Lord;
He has ta'en the green catan, and turban put on,
For the love of the maiden of fair Lebanon.
And in the dread cavern, deep, deep under ground,
Which fifty steel gates and steel portals surround,
He has watched until daybreak, hut sight saw he none,
Save the flame burning bright on its altar of stone.
Amazed was the princess, the Soldan amazed,
Sore murmured the priests as on Alhert they gazed;
They searched all his garments, and, under his weeds,
They found, and took from him, his rosary beads.
Again in the cavern, deep, deep under ground,
He watched the lone night, while the winds whistled round;
Far off was their murmur, it came not more nigh,
The flame burned unmoved, and naught else did he spy.
Loud murmured the priests, and amazed was the king,
While many dark spells of their witchcraft they sing;
They searched Alhert's body, and, lo! on his breast
Was the sign of the cross, by his father impressed.
The priests they erase it with care and with pain,
And the recreant returned to the cavern again;
But, as he descended, a whisper there fell:
It was his good angel, who bade him farewell!
High hristled his hair, his heart fluttered and beat,
And he turned him five steps, half resolved to retreat;
But his heart it was hardened, his purpose was gone,
When he thought of the maiden of fair Lebanon.
Scarce passed he the archway, the threshold scarce trode,
When the winds from the four points of heaven were abroad;
They made each steel portal to rattle and ring,
And, borne on the blast, came the dread Fire-King.
In his hand a broad falchion blue-glimmered through smoke,
And Mount Lebanon shook as the monarch he spoke:
"With this brand shalt thou conquer, thus long and no more,
Till thou hend to the Cross, and the Virgin adore."
The cloud-shrouded arm gives the weapon; and see!
The recreant receives the charmed gift on his knee.
The thunders growl distant, and faint gleam the fires,
As, borne on the whirlwind, the phantom retires.

Count Alhert has armed him the Paynim among,
Though his heart it was false, yet his arm it was strong;
And the Red-Cross waxed faint, and the Crescent came on,
From the day he commanded on Mount Lebanon.
And horsemen and horses Count Alhert o'erthrew
Till he pierced the thick tumult King Baldwin unto.
Against the charmed blade which Count Alhert did wield,
The fence had been vain of the king's Red-Cross shield;
But a page thrust him forward the monarch before
And cleft the proud turban the renegade wore.
So fell was the dint, that Count Alhert stooped low
Before the crossed shield, to his steel saddelbow;
And scarce had he hent to the Red-Cross his head,
"Bonne Grace, Notre Dame!" he unwittingly said.
Sore sighed the charmed sword, for its virtue was o'er,
It sprung from his grasp, and was never seen more.
He clenched his set teeth, and his gauntleted hand;
He stretched, with one huffet, that page on the strand;
As back from the stripling the broken casque rolled,
You might see the blue eyes, and the ringlets of gold.
Short time had Count Alhert in horror to stare
On those death-swimming eyeballs, and blood-clotted hair;
For down came the Templars, like Cedron in flood,
And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood.
The Saracens, Curdians, and Ishmaelites yield
To the scallop, the saltier, and crosslested shield;
And the eagles were gorged with the infidel dead,
From Bethesda's fountains to Naphthali's head.
The battle is over on Bethesda's plain.
Oh, who is yon Paynim lies stretched 'mid the slain?
And who is yon page lying cold at his knee?
Oh, who but Count Alhert and fair Rosalie!
The lady was hurried in Salem's blessed hound.
The count he was left to the vulture and hound;
Her soul to high mercy Our Lady did bring;
His went on the blast to the dread Fire-King.
Yet many a minstrel, in harping, can tell,
How the Red-Cross it conquered, the Crescent it fell;
And lords and gay ladies have sighed, 'mid their glee,
At the tale of Count Alhert and fair Rosalie.

—Sir Walter Scott.

"THE GREAT SECRET."

E. Phillips Oppenheim Writes a Fine Romance of International Politics.

In a novel of unusual interest Mr. Oppenheim elaborates a plot that has been used before, but never with such vigor and audacity. If Germany should ever resort to "ways that are dark" for the invasion of England she may find some valuable hints in "The Great Secret," while England may perhaps place herself in the position of those who are forearmed by the forewarning even of a story-teller.

Mr. Oppenheim unfolds his plot with marked originality and with great variety of character and incident. He introduces us first of all to Mr. Hardross Courage, a typical English country gentleman of sporting proclivities. Mr. Leslie Guest enters the story a little abruptly by way of Mr. Courage's bedroom in a London hotel, and in order to escape from the attentions of two men and a woman who are determined to assassinate him that they may silence his possible revelation of "The Great Secret." Guest is a political spy who has stumbled upon matters of mighty import that are not yet ripe for revelation and that will never be revealed until too late unless he can either save his own life from the knife and the poison of the assassin or pass on his knowledge to some one who will perfect it and use it. For the moment he is rescued, and in the seclusion of Courage's country house he tells some of his story. He had been in the diplomatic service and had failed:

"Diplomacy demanded a victim," he said, "and I never flinched. Two men knew the truth, and they are dead. My scheme was a bold one. If it had succeeded, it would have meant an alliance with Germany, an absolute, incontrovertible alliance, and an imperishable peace. France and Russia would have been powerless—the balance of strength, of accessible strength, must always have been with us. Every German statesman of note was with me. The falsehood, the vile egoistic ambition of one man, chock-full to the lips with personal jealousy, a madman posing as a genius, wrecked all my plans. My life's work went for nothing. We escaped disaster by a miracle and my name is written on the pages of history as a scheming spy—I who narrowly escaped the greatest diplomatic triumph of all ages. That is the epitome of my career. You believe me?"

"I must," I answered. "I was reported to have committed suicide," he continued. "Nothing was ever farther from my thoughts. I followed an ancient maxim. I sought safety in the shadow of an enemy. I went to Berlin."

"The man who foiled you—" I said slowly. "You know who it was," he interrupted. "The man who believes that he hears voices from heaven, that by the side of his divine wisdom his ministers are fools and children, crying for they know not what. I may not see it, but you most surely will see the pricking of the bubble of his reputation. His name may stand for little more than mine, when the book of fate is finally closed."

"But how could you in Berlin, alone, hope to accomplish this?" I asked. "I knew the ropes," he answered simply, "and I lived for nothing else. I saw him drive amongst his people every day, and I bowed with the rest, I who could have spat in his face, I who carried with me the secret of his miserable perfidy, who knew alone why his ministers regarded him as a spoilt and fretful child. But I waited. Gradually I wormed my way a little into the fringe of the German secret service. I took them scraps of information; but such scraps that they were always hungry for more. I posed as a Dutch South African. They even chaffed me about my hatred for England. All the time I progressed, until, by chance, I stumbled across one of the threads which led—to the Great Secret."

Conscious that he has been saved from violent murder only to die from a subtle poison Guest discloses the Great Secret to Courage and apparently dies, but only apparently. Here is a scene on the night following the spy's supposed demise:

I sat up suddenly in bed and turned on the light. It was barely 2 o'clock by my watch, but I felt sure that I had not been mistaken. Some one had knocked at my door.

In the act of springing out of bed the sound was repeated. This time there was certainly no mistake about it, and I heard my name called—

"Mr. Courage. Mr. Courage." I opened the door. The landing was dimly lit, and I could see little except the figure of the woman who stood there. With one hand she was leaning against the wall, her face was as white as a sheet; she wore a hastily thrown on dressing gown of dingy red. Her whole appearance was that of a person convulsed with fright.

"Who are you?" I asked. "What do you want?" Her lips parted. She seemed to have the intention of speaking, but no words came. Her teeth began to chatter.

"Come," I said brusquely, "you must—why you are the nurse Dr. Rust sent, aren't you?" I asked, suddenly recognizing her. "What is the matter with you? Are you ill?" All the time, although she was silent, her eyes, distended and terror-stricken, were fixed upon me. She nodded feebly.

"Something—is wrong," she faltered at last. "Come." She turned away, still with one hand holding on to the wall. She evidently wished me to follow her.

"One moment," I said. "Wait while I put something on." I turned back into my room and wrapped my dressing-gown around me. Then I followed her along the corridor.

She led the way to the room which had been occupied by Leslie Guest. Outside the door she hesitated. She turned and faced me abruptly. She was white to the lips. Her appearance was horrible.

"I dare not go in," she moaned. "I have been a nurse for fifteen years, and I have never known of anything like this." "Like what?" I asked, bewildered. "What is it that has happened?"

She shivered, but she did not answer me. I was beginning to feel impatient.

"Are you hysterical?" I asked. "I wish you would try and tell me what is the matter." "Go in," she answered; "go in and see—if you can see anything."

I opened the door and entered. The room was dimly lit by a lamp, placed on a table near the window. Upon the bed, covered by a sheet, his waxenlike face alone visible, was the body of the man who had been my guest. Beyond, with the connecting door wide open, was the anteroom where the nurse had been sleeping. Except for the ticking of a clock, there was no sound to be heard; there was no sign anywhere of any disturbance or disorder. I looked back at the nurse for an explanation.

"What is it that has upset you so?" I asked. "I can see nothing wrong."

She pointed to the bed. "His eyes," she murmured. "Go and look." I walked over to the bedside, and leaned reverently over the still figure. Suddenly I felt as though I were turned to stone. The blood in my veins ran cold, I staggered back. My gaze had been met with an upturned glassy stare from a pair of wide-opened, deep-set eyes.

"Good God," I cried, "his eyes are open." The nurse, who had gained a little courage, came to my side. "I closed them myself," she whispered. "I closed them carefully. I thought that I heard a noise and came in. I lit a lamp and I saw—what you can see. Fifteen years I have been a nurse, and I have watched by the dead more times than I can count. But I have never known that to happen."

Once more I approached the bedside. One arm was drawn up a little from under the clothes. I noticed its somewhat unnatural position and pointed it out to the nurse.

"Did you leave it like that?" I asked.

Her teeth chattered.

"No," she answered. "The arms were quite straight. Some one has been in the room or—or—"

"Or what?" I asked.

"He must have moved," she answered in an unnatural tone.

Guest is not only alive, but he recovers entirely, after his death certificate has been signed and registered. His enemies therefore believe him to be dead and he is left unhampered and with the cooperation of Courage to unravel the intricacies of the plot against England. The two partners go to America and are followed by their foes, although Guest's presence is, of course, unsuspected. Compelled to leave by the persistence of German secret emissaries, they secure the aid of a private detective who impersonates Courage, and goes to the Rocky Mountains. No sooner have Courage and Guest arrived in England than they learn that the body of a murdered man has been found near Mount Phoenix and that "from papers and other belongings found in his possession, the deceased gentleman appears to have been a Mr. Hardross Courage of England":

I think no man can read his own obituary notice without a shiver. For a moment I lost my nerve. I cursed the moment when I had met Guest, I felt an intense, sick hatred of my present occupation and everything connected with it. I felt myself guilty of this man's death. Guest listened to my incoherent words gravely. When I had finished he laid his hand upon mine.

"Gently, Courage," he said. "I knew that this must be a shock to you, but you must not lose your sense of proportion. Think of the men who have sacrificed their lives for just causes, remember that you and I today, and from today onward, can never be sure that each moment is not our last. Remember that we are working to save our country from ruin, to save Europe from a war in which not one life, but a hundred thousand might perish. Remember that you and I alone are struggling to frustrate the greatest, the most subtle, the most far-reaching plot which the mind of man ever conceived. That poor fellow who lies out on the Rockies, with a bullet in his heart, is only a tiny link in the great chain; you or I may share his fate at any moment. Be a man, Courage. We have no time for sentiment."

Thenceforward Courage also is dead to his enemies, and to that extent the work is facilitated. Gradually we are introduced to the details of "The Great Secret." The British fleet is to be decoyed to Kiel, the harbor will be sown behind the ships with a maze of mines, a trumped-up quarrel with an ultimatum will follow, and the tens of thousands of Germans in London are secretly armed for the purpose of making an internal diversion. In the meantime, Guest and Courage encounter an impenetrable obstacle of official stupidity. In spite of the evidences, in spite of independent reports from the secret service of strange activities in Germany, the fleet is allowed to sail and Guest and Courage are courteously repulsed from the Foreign Office as lunatics. At last, and in utter desperation, they make a successful appeal to the editor of one of the great London newspapers, who prints their story, but they have been followed to the newspaper office and a rioting crowd of Germans tries to prevent the issue of the story. The fight in the street, the sudden awakening of the government and the saving of the situation are well and graphically told:

The sudden roar of an explosion split the air. The floor seemed to heave under our feet, and the windows fell in with a crash, letting in the cold night air. We could hear distinctly now the shrieks and groans from below. It seemed to me that the roadway was suddenly strewn with the bodies of prostrate men. I sprang back into the room, we all looked at one another in horror. I think that for my part I expected to see the walls close in upon us.

"A bomb," said Staunton, calmly. "Listen."

He leaned a little forward in his chair, his pen still in his hand, his attitude one of strained and nervous attention. By degrees the tension in his face relaxed.

"It goes," he muttered. "Good."

He bent once more over his work. I looked at the man by my side in bewilderment.

"What does he mean?" I asked.

"The engine. The machinery is not damaged," was the prompt reply.

I looked below longingly, for my blood was up. It was no ordinary mob this. They were beginning to fire in volleys now, and leaders were springing up. As far as we could see there was a panorama of white faces. It was easy to understand what had happened. We had been followed, and our purpose guessed. Tomorrow's edition of the *Daily Oracle* was never meant to appear.

"The place will be at their mercy in another few minutes," Guest said gloomily. "Twenty-four hours ago who would have dared to predict a riot like this, in London of all places? Not all the police in Scotland Yard would be of any avail against this mob."

"They may stop the paper," I said; "but Staunton's word—and these events—should go for something with Polloch."

Guest looked at me and away out of the window. Adèle was behind us and out of hearing.

"Do you suppose," he said in a low voice, "that Staunton or any of us are meant to leave this place alive? I am afraid our friends below know too well what they are doing."

The door opened and Staunton himself appeared. He looked years older than the strong, debonair man to whom I had told my story a few hours ago, but in his face was none of the despair that I had feared. He was pale, and his eyes were shining with suppressed excitement, but he had by no means the air of a beaten man. He came over to where we were standing.

"It is finished," he said calmly. "I read your story in print."

"Magnificent," I murmured, "but look. Do you think that a single copy will ever leave this place?"

He stood looking downward with darkening face. For several moments he was silent.

"Look at them," he muttered. "At last. The tocsin has sounded, and the rats have come out of their holes. Half a million and more of scum eating their way into the entrails of this great city of ours. For years we have tried to make the government see the danger of it. It is our cursed British arrogance which has shut the ears and closed the eyes of the men who govern our destinies. Supposing your invasion should take place, who is going to keep them in check? The sack of London would be well on its way before ever a German soldier set foot upon our coast."

"The question for the moment," I remarked, "seems to be how long before the sack of this place takes place. Look, the police are falling back. The mob are closing in the street."

Staunton was unmoved.

"The soldiers are on their way," he answered. "We received a message just now by the private wire. The other has been cut. Look. My God, they've brought the guns. There are some men at headquarters who are not fools."

We pressed close to the windows, and indeed it was a wonderful sight. From the far end of the street, where the police had retreated, men were flying in all directions. We caught a gleam of scarlet and a vision of gray horses. There was no parley. The dead bodies of the police in all directions, and the crack of the rifles, were sufficient. We saw the gleam of fire, and we heard the most terrible of all sounds—the quick spit-spit of the maxims. I drew Adèle away from the window.

"Don't look, dear," I said, for already the ranks of the mob were riven. We saw the upflung hands, we heard their death cries. Leaders leaped up, shouting orders, only to go down like ninetails as the line of fire reached them. There was no hope for them or any salvation save flight. Before our eyes we saw that great concourse melt away, like snow before the midday sun. Staunton drew a great breath of relief.

"In half an hour," he said, turning abruptly to Adèle, "I will present you with a copy of the *Daily Oracle*."

The love-story of this stirring tale is well set forth. Adèle Van Hoyt begins as one of the conspirators. Believing that she had captivated Courage, she allows him to take Guest to his house in order that his dying deposition may be received only by one of whom she has already made sure. But it is Courage who captivates Adèle, weans her from her political associations and enlists her upon his side. It is all very ingenious and very convincing and often very amusing. It is so finely told, indeed, as almost to reconcile us to a kind of story that is open to depreciation for its influence upon popular imagination.

"The Great Secret," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50

From Rome comes the odd romance of a convict in the penal settlement on the island of Lampadusa, near Sicily, who has just been set free, nearly three years before his term for larceny expired, to enter into the enjoyment of the great fortune which he had inherited last spring from his aunt, besides a villa on the lake of Como and a city flat filled with costly and beautiful works of art. It was no doubt felt that it would be easy for him to be good with all the money he needed, and that he would be better off than in jail. He promptly married a widow whom he had engaged as housekeeper, and they spent their honeymoon at the convict settlement at Lampadusa. While a prisoner he had found the lack of any way of telling time a great trial, and he presented to his late companions a handsome clock to be placed in a tower where it can be heard striking the long hours.

Romance must retire before the progress of the age. The municipal government of Venice proposes to adopt an extensive system of illuminating the canals with powerful incandescent gas lamps. It is true that the old mode of lighting gave very inadequate results from a severely practical point of view, but it produced unrivaled light and shade effects, the beauties of which have ever been the joy of visitors. It is, therefore, hardly surprising that artists and other admirers of the lovely lagoon city are protesting against what they call an act of philistinism. The hard, cold glare of incandescent gas will, they say, rob Venice of one of its greatest charms, that mysterious twilight which produces the proper atmosphere for musing on the romance and past greatness of the noble palaces of the erstwhile rulers of the seas.

A great development in the use and manufacture of aluminum in England is being looked for, and the company which has a monopoly of the business is planning for a great enlargement in 1909. The price of the metal was reduced last October to \$500 a ton, and this has led to a demand for it in new fields, notably by telegraph and telephone companies. Aluminum, it may be noted, is used in the new explosive "ammonal," of which much is expected because it does not, like lyddite, detonate on contact, but will penetrate armor or earthworks before exploding.

A chamber well known to devotees of chess for a good many years is the "silent room" under Professor Isaac C. Rice's residence on Riverside Drive, Manhattan. It is hewn out of and under solid rock, and not a distracting sound can penetrate its quiet. Cable matches with England and tournaments between colleges and notable players have often been played there. Now the house has been bought by Solomon Schinas, but the new owner is a chess enthusiast himself, and the room will remain sacred to the king of games.

The completion of the Guatemala Railroad, which runs from the Gulf of Honduras on the east coast to Guatemala City, and thence to the Pacific, is an event that encourages the hope of more prosperous times, greater stability, and fewer revolutions in Central America. The effect of the competition of the Tehuantepec line farther north and of this one, upon the traffic of the Panama Canal may be considerable.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Ceryn.

H. G. Wells, equally well known as a novelist on both sides of the Atlantic, believes that literature is doomed and that journalism will be its substitute. And this, says Mr. Wells, is as it should be. Putting aside all standards of literary excellence he would have us follow modernism as a cult and acknowledge no virtue except in a literature that conforms to the current thought of the day. Let there be no worship of the greatness of the past. It is great only in its own environment and no longer admirable from a changed point of view or by the thought of other days.

Having thus poured a libation to the god of things as they are, Mr. Wells tries to persuade us that literature is not an "intellectual retreat or relaxation to which men and women can withdraw as to some decorated and scented garden." Literature, he says, is a vital element in the present; it must be "strong and compelling and terribly alive." But does he not perceive that the great literature of the past is great, not because it is dead, but because it is still so "terribly alive," and with such a "strong and compelling" hold, not upon the past, but upon the present? It is great because it still lays hold upon the imagination, still grips mind and heart as once it did. Mr. Wells should have made a better analysis of greatness, but in the meantime we thank him for a fine phrase and shall appreciate a literature that is an "intellectual retreat or relaxation to which men and women can withdraw as to some decorated and scented garden."

Literary Rambles in France, by Miss Betham-Edwards. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

When Miss Betham-Edwards wrote "Home Life in France" she set a formidable standard for her future work. Those who have the delight of reading the splendid book that now comes from her pen will recognize the same breadth and generosity of treatment, the same power to admire the admirable, and the same exquisite lucidity and graceful touch with which they are familiar. She has given us a notable book covering a wide field of French literature and with a charming banding of personal detail that sets us at once upon terms of easy familiarity with the great men of letters about whom she writes.

It is not easy to select points of excellence from such a uniformity of value. "Flaubert's Literary Workshop" helps us to appreciate Flaubert as a painter of real, every-day France. The story of the Marseillais has been told before, but never so vividly or with so fine a setting. "On the Track of Balzac" has a singular interest as the picture of an environment that saturated the work of Balzac with its subtle influences. Equally felicitous are the portions devoted to George Sand, and the very touching story of De Musset and his strange, volcanic passion for the novelist whom he thought he could absorb. Prosper Merimee, Emile Souvestre, Mme. de Sevigne, Brantome, many others, all are made the subject of the same tender and familiar treatment, they are all shown to us in domestic attire and we are helped to understand the relationship between the gold and the matrix. Certainly such a book demanded infinite research and that it was a labor of love is evident upon every page.

The form of the book is worthy of its contents. The workmanship is splendid all the way through, the illustrations are what they should be in such a volume, while the binding is substantial and dignified.

Yoland of Idle Isle, by Charles Van Norden. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The scene is laid in Bermuda, but the actors are Americans. There is a sprinkling of professors, a few women of literary and social circles, a young man who is supposed to be an escaping criminal and who is nothing of the kind, and the fair Yoland herself, who has lived in such seclusion upon Idle Isle that she talks as though she had stepped from the covers of the Faerie Queen. The love incident is mainly between the aforesaid young man and Yoland, and we are gratified to find that the heroine does not allow herself to be kissed by her accepted suitor until her guardian, who is one of the professors and who talks like Providence, has given his consent to the chaste salute. If the maidens of today would but shape their conduct upon that of Yoland what an idyllic and academic world it would be.

Journeys of Observation, by T. A. Rickard. Published by the Dewey Publishing Company, San Francisco: \$3.50.

The author of this impressive volume is the editor of the *Mining and Scientific Press* and is already responsible for a good many well-known works on mining in its various departments. He says that his present book is a record of observations made by a traveler who happens to be a mining engineer, and by this happy phrase he well describes a pleasant mingling of general description and technical information, in which the latter is not allowed to predominate unduly.

But the mining engineer who wishes to

know something of conditions in southwestern Colorado and Mexico is likely to find all that he needs in Mr. Rickard's book. And the general reader will find nothing to skip in a story of leisurely ramblings during which the mind of the engineer naturally gravitated toward its own special concerns. Certainly there is nothing in the book that is beyond the range of ordinary human interest or average intelligent comprehension.

The value of a book ought not to be enhanced by its form, but it unquestionably is, and Mr. Rickard's book is a comfortable one to read and a sumptuous one to own. The type is of imposing size, the margins are ample, and the hundred and more illustrations are beyond praise, and they are always helpful to the text. The descriptive matter is notable for its local coloring and vivacity of style. We have not only a picturesque account of the mining activities over a wide and fascinating area, but Mr. Rickard's general survey of industrial conditions is peculiarly valuable and free from limitations of prejudice and custom. He has certainly written a book that every mining man ought to possess and that should be equally acceptable to the student of human affairs in general.

The Rebirth of Religion, by Algernon Sidney Crapsey. Published by John Lane Company, New York: \$1.50 net.

In this book, so strongly marked by admirable sincerity of purpose, the author tries to show why the intellectual world has rejected and must continue to reject the dogmatic teaching of the churches. He writes from a sympathetic standpoint, and all the more strongly because he stands mourning and not rejoicing at the grave of buried creeds. He tries, too, to show us something of other dogmas—a hateful but a necessary word—that must eventually take the place of those that are gone.

Admitting and admiring the force that comes from moderation, we may at the same time wish that the author had laid a greater stress historically upon the many conspiracies between church and state to which the birth of creeds was so often due and which riveted the yoke of these creeds upon human necks. He might have attributed many and many a dogma to a subtle and unspiritual diplomacy rather than to a superstition that did wrong while wishing to do right. He might, too, have avoided a confusion between creeds and religions and given a fuller recognition to that persisting, unweakened, and perpetual religion which dictates man's behavior to his neighbor and to himself. Creeds and dogmas do not constitute religion. They are now, as they have always been, its enemy. Religion will not be reborn, because it has not died. It has simply moved away from the churches. The title of the book is therefore infelicitous.

But because the author is so restrained, because he speaks from within rather than from without, he will reach many whose spiritual stomachs are not yet vigorous enough for the stronger meats of history. If he can appeal to the small coteries that are still unaware of the new order of things and to whom the ordinary theological disputation has not yet become as a murmur from antiquity, he will do a valuable work. He is well fitted to such a task by a transparent honesty, a marked scholarship, and an enviable lucidity of diction.

The Automobilist Abroad, by Francis Milton. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston: \$3 net.

The author reminds us that automobile touring is still new and that annoyance and friction are the lot of the innovator. The automobilist who ventures into unbeaten paths of Europe will not find hostility, but he must expect an unpreparedness and a conservatism that make demands upon his tact and patience. Under such circumstances a more useful book could hardly be written. The author relates his own experiences in Touraine, Provence, the Pyrenees, in Flanders, on the Rhine, and throughout Europe. A glance at his book is enough to show its value as a *vade mecum* to those who wish for the delights of foreign touring and who would reduce its embarrassments to a minimum. The volume itself is a fine and tasteful piece of work, while the numerous spirited illustrations upon tinted paper are unique. It is a book that should be in wide demand.

Northwestern Fights and Fighters, by Cyrus Townsend Brady. Published by the McClure Company, New York: \$1.50.

The author explains that this work differs from its immediate predecessor, "Indian Fights and Fighters," in that he is not the author of all or most of it. Having announced his intention to write on the Modoc, Nez Percé, and other wars, he asked for aid from various participants and received immediate and adequate response. These contributions were of a value so high from the literary and historical standpoints that he decided to publish them as they stood. Doctor Brady has therefore written a general and comprehensive account, while leaving the actors to tell their own stories of the struggles in which they played a part so conspicuous.

The result is a book of no ordinary value. The author's own share, clear and concise as it is, receives the reinforcement of per-

sonal narratives based upon actual participation and with all the intimate detail and accurate perspective implied thereby. Among those who have thus contributed are Major-General O. O. Howard, Brigadier-Generals David Perry, H. C. Hasbrouck, Theodore F. Rodenbough, C. A. Coolidge, W. S. Edgerly, and E. S. Godfrey; Colonels John Green, James Jackson, W. R. Parnell, and D. L. Brainerd; Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. C. Bowen; Majors J. G. Trimble, James Biddle, F. A. Boutelle, and H. L. Bailey; and Captain R. H. Fletcher, all officers of the United States army. There is also the statement made by Chief Joseph, together with various contributions by civilians. The volume is therefore one of exceptional value, while too much praise can hardly be given to the modest, graphic, and spirited way in which the many stories are told.

The Salon, by Helen Clergue. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: \$3 net.

The French Salon is one of the fascinating perplexities of modern intellectual life, and one that it well repays us to study at a time when feminine influence is becoming strangely insistent but without the dominant graces that in the eighteenth century carried it easily to a commanding position in national affairs. The author of the present volume has chosen the best way to describe a phenomenon in French life that must command our attention, not only because of its modifying effects upon French thought, but also because of its curious incongruity with the general events of the day. She has selected four women as types, and we must remember that they are but types of a general movement, rather than subjects for individual analysis, if we would place our study upon a broad historical rather than a personal basis. Her choice is a good and a representative one. She has selected Mme. De Deffand, Mme. d'Epinau, Julie de Lespinasse, and Mme. Geoffrin. Remembering how many great names are necessarily omitted from the list, we may reasonably hope to have something more from the same pen and with the same intellectual comprehension and grace of diction.

These four sketches have a uniform excellence. That of Mme. Du Deffand has perhaps a special interest, because the marquise has been somewhat neglected by other chroniclers, who have preferred the softer charms of Julie de Lespinasse. None the less Julie owed much of her social success to the brilliant and accomplished lady to whose keen intellect and pitiless wit the author pays a full measure of justice. The quarrel between Julie and her former sponsor has left the world in its debt, because it called forth those rivalries that stimulated the salons to their most interesting work.

Twenty striking illustrations complete a delightful book of rare literary workmanship and historical value.

The Community and the Citizen, by Arthur William Dunn. Published by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

This book, intended for school use, has a well-defined and intelligent scope. The public school is intended to produce good citizens, but the aim of education is too often considered from the purely individualistic point of view, as a means of aiding the individual to get a living. But there ought to be a way of arousing in the pupil a consciousness of community life and his relations to it, of making him understand that he is a part of a whole and that every small circle of his own life interests the large circles of the national life. In this respect the book is well thought out. The arrangement is good and the style is lucid and convincing.

Between the Dark and the Daylight, by W. D. Howells. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York: \$1.50.

In these rather weird stories of psychic abnormalities it is not easy to determine whether the author is merely using some convenient literary material or whether they are based upon serious theory or experience. Nor, perhaps, does it very much matter. Mr. Howells has no use for the crude and vulgar ghost, but he handles intuitions, thought transference, dreams, and the like with a very deft touch, and manages to weave around them a very dainty web of romance.

Afield with the Seasons, by James Buckham. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York: \$1.25.

A nature book by a nature-lover. The author follows the year around and takes note of every wonderful and beautiful thing in the life of plant and bird. He has an enviable power of observation and can relate what he sees with a contagious enthusiasm. Those who want to know something of the inner side of nature things should hear what Mr. Buckham has to say with so much simplicity and sincerity.

Leon, Burgos, and Salamanca, by A. F. Calvert. Published by John Lane Company, New York: \$1.25 net.

The Spanish Series, already an imposing library, has now been enriched by this further and substantial addition. As with other volumes of the series, more than half the book is occupied by photographic illustrations, the pre-

ceding letter press of a descriptive and historical nature being admirably written and so condensed as to meet the end in view. The Spanish Series is unique in its way and is perhaps the only comprehensive attempt to unveil the artistic and architectural treasures of Spain. Even those who have some personal knowledge of Spain may be surprised to find from this series how extensive those treasures are and how worthy of careful attention.

The World and the Woman, by Ruth Kimball Gardiner. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York: \$1.50.

Mrs. Macross, an army pensioner and a woman of high character and refinement, gives up her comfortable country home and moves to Washington that her daughter may have the questionable advantages of a society life. Her income is wholly insufficient for such a purpose and she knows that she must deliberately adopt the career of an adventuress. The incongruity between the Mrs. Macross of the opening chapters and the Mrs. Macross who resorts to dishonest chicanery as though to the manner born is abrupt and inartistic, but the story is otherwise well told, with plenty of incident and a strong portrayal of society and official life.

Forget-Me-Nots from California, by Grace Hibbard. Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco: \$1.

This little volume of dainty poems should receive a warm welcome in California, not because so many of them are about California, but because they have real poetic merit and show a power of feeling and of melodious expression. There is hardly one of these poems without the imprint of a refined and cultured mind, there is hardly one of them without its note of hopefulness. These are virtues rare enough to justify appreciation and praise.

Essays Out of Hours, by Charles Sears Baldwin. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York: \$1.

Those who have been charmed by Mrs. Sears's literary causerie as it has appeared from time to time in the magazines will welcome its publication in volume form. We have here ten essays, lightly meditative and with the stamp of the reader and the scholar. The edition is well justified.

The Camp-Fire of Mad Anthony, by Everett T. Tomlinson. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston: \$1.50.

A story of how a few fearless boys of Greenwich, New Jersey, imitated the tea-destroying exploits of the Boston and Annapolis patriots, and of all the exciting events of the days that followed. A good historical story for boys.

Practical Farming, by W. F. Massey. Published by the Outing Publishing Company, New York: \$1.50.

This is a practical book for practical men. There are chapters on "The Soil," "The Plant," "Manures," "Tillage," "Protection of the Soil," "Crop Rotation," "Fruit Culture," etc. It is well and clearly written and should be valuable to farmers and to amateurs.

Tenants of the Trees, by Clarence Hawkes. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

Bird-lovers, and especially young bird-lovers, will delight in this fascinating book, with its intimate descriptions of life in the trees and air. The author writes with the enthusiasm of genuine affection, while the illustrations, colored and plain, are admirable.

Poe's "Raven" in an Elevator, and other tales, by Charles Battell Loomis. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

These nineteen humorous tales have appeared from time to time in magazine form and their present edition will be appreciated by those to whom the name of the author is an invariable attraction.

John o' Jamestown, by Vaughan Kester. Published by the McClure Company, New York: \$1.50.

This is a story of the early days of Jamestown. The well-known historical characters are introduced and the narrative goes forward with a lively swing and with irreproachable accuracy.

Thanksgiving, edited by Robert Haven Schaffer. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York: \$1.

A useful selection of prose and verse, describing the origin and celebration of the national holiday, by well-known writers. The editor's introduction is a valuable part of the book.

"The Sea-Charms of Venice," by Stopford A. Brooke, is written with all this well-known author's descriptive power, a fine piece of word painting. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York: \$1.

"Harry's Runaway and What Came of It," by Olive Thorne Miller, is a vivid book of adventure for young boys. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston: \$1.25.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Edmund Clarence Stedman, poet, critic, and essayist, died in New York January 18, aged seventy-four. Few American writers have won more lasting regard. Though all his life an artist and a student, he was not a recluse, but a man of the world with a wide acquaintance and many personal friends. As a journalist, a writer of finished verse, an editor of anthologies, a collaborator with fellow-critics, his work displayed the highest qualities of perception and judgment. For years he had been interested as banker and broker in financial affairs, some of magnitude, but his leisure was given to the world of literature, pictorial and dramatic art.

Mrs. Frances Hodson Burnett will make a play of her latest story, "The Shuttle," which the publishers state has reached a total sale already of nearly 120,000 copies, and is now in its fourth edition.

The new novel by William De Morgan, author of "Alice-for-Short," will soon be issued by Henry Holt & Co. The book bears the title, "Somehow Good."

Some of the difficulties of enforcing discipline among railway employes, and the complications added by the interference of the labor organizations with the legitimate working of the management, will be treated in the February number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It will be the second in a series of articles by an employe of a well-known railroad.

Louis Joseph Vance has matched his story of last season, "The Brass Bowl," with another entitled "The Black Bag."

The first of Helen Keller's unique essays will appear in the February *Century Magazine*. Miss Keller says that if she were told to choose between the sense of sight and that of touch, she would not give up "the contact of human hands or the wealth of form, the nobility and fullness" that press into her palms. But she has never seen or heard.

The title of Winston Churchill's new novel, which is to be published this spring, is "Mr. Crewe's Career."

It is evident that Indianapolis is in some particulars not a suitable home for a literary magazine. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, who publish a long line of popular books, established *The Reader* in full confidence that it would win a place for itself in the regard of the public, and incidentally serve their interests in the advertising department, but discovered, as so many publishers had discovered before them, that magazines thrive best in publishing centres. Authorship is indigenous in Indiana, but the native productions seek Boston, New York, or Philadelphia markets. Beginning with the issue for March, *The Reader* will be combined with *Putnam's Monthly*, of New York, taking second place in the double title, and the combination magazine will continue the unique features of each publication.

The story of Frederika Brion as told by Goethe in his "Dichtung und Wahrheit" has been extracted in the original German and edited for schools and colleges by Professor A. B. Nichols. It will be published by Henry Holt & Co. under the title "The Vicar of Sessenheim." Some poems by Goethe bearing on the episode have been included in the volume.

The year 1907 was notable among English publishers as the year of the reprint, which jumped from forty-seven in the previous year to 246. The paucity of good original work is doubtless responsible for this. Readers unable to find satisfaction in contemporary writers welcomed the appearance of old favorites in a new and cheaper form. This was the case with fiction, travel, and biography, cheap editions of which, excellently printed and adequately bound, have flooded the market.

William Livingston Alden, better known for his humorous sketches and his delightful stories for young folks than for his public service as consul-general to Rome, under President Cleveland, died at Buffalo, New York, January 14, aged seventy-one. Mr. Alden was a descendant of the old Massachusetts family.

Charles Scribner's Sons have brought out the final volume of their edition of Ibsen, translated by William Archer, and the "Life of Henrik Ibsen," by Edmund Gosse.

Harriet T. Comstock's new romance of the Long Island Coast, entitled "Janet of the Dunes," just published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, is perhaps the first work of fiction to call attention to the much-neglected Life-Saving Service, although this is but an incidental part of Mrs. Comstock's first modern novel.

The expiry of copyright on "Alice in Wonderland," and the immediate run of new editions upon the book, suggest the differing attitude on the copyright matter of English and American publishers. As a rule, the American publisher keeps hands off in such a case, in somewhat the manner that a man will avoid taking another's accustomed chair. In England, however, there is no such unwritten law. Some amusing instances are on record of the great haste in rushing into reprint. A

Scotch publishing house some years ago forfeited an edition of one of Darwin's works by such premature action; and very recently another house, also Scotch, having anticipated by a month the expiry of "Our Mutual Friend," was obliged to withdraw the entire edition.

"Ouida," the novelist, whose name was Louise de la Ramee, died near Florence, Italy, January 25. Her last days were passed in poverty and neglect. Ouida was the author of some forty volumes, tales, and short stories. In some respects she led all women writers of her age, and her ability was marked in every line of work that she attempted.

The real name of Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," was Daniel Foe. His father, a hatcher of Cripplegate, was James Foe. Both father and son were busy men amongst Dissenters about the year 1700, and the son, to distinguish him from the father, was always called Mr. "D." Foe. His letters to Lord Halifax, written in 1705, are signed in three different forms—"D. Foe," "De Foe," and "Daniel De Foe." He afterwards adopted De Foe or Defoe as his usual surname, and he has been known ever since as Daniel Defoe.

CURRENT VERSE.

Duna.

When I was a little lad
With folly on my lips,
Fain was I for journeying
All the seas in ships.
But now across the southern swell
Every dawn I hear
The little streams of Duna
Running clear.

When I was a young man
Before my beard was gray,
All to ships and sailormen
I gave my heart away.
But I'm weary of the sea-wind,
I'm weary of the foam,
And the little stars of Duna
Call me home.

—Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, in *Metropolitan Magazine*.

Lament for Marsyas.

Marsyas sleeps. Oh, never wait
Maidens, by the city gate,
Till he come to plunder gold
Of the daïdōils you hold.
Or your branches white with May;
He is whiter gone than they.
He will stattle you no more
When along the river shore
Damsels beat the linen clean;
Nor when maidens play at ball
Will he catch it where it fall:
Though ye wait for him and call,
He will answer not, I ween.

Happy Earth to hold him so,
Still and satisfied and low,
Giving him his will—ah, more
Than a woman could before!
Still forever holding up
To his parted lips the cup
Which hath eased him, when to hless
All who loved were powerless.
Ah! for that too-lovely head,
Low among the laureled dead,
Many a rose earth oweth yet;
Many a yellow jonquil brim,
Many a byzenth dewy-dim.
For the singing breath of him—
Sweeter than the violet.

Marsyas sleeps. Ah! well-a-day,
He was wise who did not stay
Until hands unworthy bore
Prizes that were his before.
Him the God hath put for long
With the elder choir of song—
They who turned them from the sun
Ere their singing days were done,
Or the lips of praise were chitt.
Whether summer come or go,
April had or winter blow,
He will never heed or know
Underneath the daffodil.

—Willis Sibert Cather, in *McClure's Magazine*.

Little House o' Dreams.

O little house with windows wide
A-looking toward the sea!
How have you come—why have you come
To mean so much to me?
Your walls within my heart are raised,
And, oh, how strange it seems.
My hopes but measure to your roof,
O little house o' dreams!

O little place where friends will come,
The tangled world to flee;
Brave little nook where peace will hide,
And hospitality!
Pray where's the magic wand I need
To touch your slender beams,
And change you to a home in truth,
O little house o' dreams?

—Claire Wallace Flynn, in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

The Sleeping City.

The city sleeps beneath night's crown of stars
Doting the dome like opening nuphars;
Yet is there heard the endless undertone
Of dead day's clamor, like the sea's faint moan
Or the wind plaining amid straining spars.

Not e'en in dreams the jostle and the jars
Find full oblivion; still some echo mars
The deep profundity, though, vast and prone,
The city sleeps.

Like some huge Titan brooding o'er old scars
Received where Ruin and Wrath were avatars
In the forefront of battle, lost and lone
In some far place, some outer realm unknown—
Until the sun the door of Dawn unbars,
The city sleeps.

—Clinton Scollard, in *New York Sun*.



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A NEW ALCAZAR COSTUME PLAY.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" naturally belongs to the same category as "When Knighthood Was in Flower," and, like the latter, might easily pass for the book of a musical comedy. The prime requisite in a musical-comedy plot, of course, is that there must be some ground for general gorgeousness or picturesqueness of costume. The next is that a motive must be provided for shifting the beautiful and aristocratic heroine out of the trailing splendor appropriate to her rank into either a short-skirted peasant costume or that of a youth in tights. In this the transition is made on the stage, in a dim light, with many muffled feminine ejaculations, as the kerchief and short skirt of the maid and the satin gown of the mistress recklessly change places.

There are also baronets, lords, earls, and even queens to shed a lustre on the dramatic landscape. Naturally, these gentry are habited with the utmost splendor. Adele Belgarde, as Queen Elizabeth, was all decked out with the pearls, as well as the red hair, of tradition and wreathed in stage ermine. Miss Belgarde made an immense effort to be queenly, and was, on the whole, quite melodramatically so. There is such a refreshingly personal atmosphere in the New Alcazar audiences that when the red-haired queen made her entry, excited giggles were distinctly audible, although there was no cause whatever for mirth. The actress herself, I fancy, was obliged to exert all her self-command in order to repress a conscious smile of response.

Louise Brownell, as Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, was precisely as she is in any other part. It is rather difficult for young and comparatively inexperienced players in the stock company of a popular-priced theatre to assume suddenly the tone and manner of royalty, even if it is only stage royalty. Miss Brownell scarcely attempted it until Queen Mary knighted the faithful jester, when the sentiment of the thing moved her to do this scene in rather good style.

The gentlemen were simply stiff with splendor, although I noted that the Earl of Rutland shoved himself through the doorway beside her royal highness, Mary, Queen of Scots, with a lack of polished courtesy unbecoming to one of his rank and sartorial sumptuousness.

As to the acting, well, there isn't any acting in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." True, there is a good deal of talking, and considerable action of a highly artificial character. People miraculously and instantaneously recover from wounds, miraculously burst open prison locks, miraculously cover leagues of distance in a miraculously short time. The heroine intrepidly engages in a duel of swords to defend herself from the knighted knave who pursues her. There are conspiracies, denunciations, flights, imprisonments, escapes.

If it weren't for these necessary activities one could easily imagine a set of puppets appropriately costumed going through the prescribed motions and carrying the play through to its completion. Or, if clothes could walk and talk, the costumes might undertake the job. Like Thackeray's portrait of Louis XIV, which, it will be remembered, simply consisted of the wig and costume of the Bourbon king, in conjunction with an impressive royal pose, the characters of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" might easily be represented in similar style. The Mary Stuart coif with neck ruff and black velvet robe for Scotland's queen; a jeweled red wig surmounting a be-pearled ruff, and the satin and velvet robe of royalty for Queen Elizabeth; the jester's cap and bells over a crooked-legged costume for Perkins, the jester; unimaginable finery for the lords and belted earls. Set these costumes, like Thackeray's portrait, in appropriate poses, and you almost see the picture. No flesh and blood is necessary. Sawdust is a perfectly satisfactory substitute.

Let us to the Orpheum then, to see handsome Hilda Spong in "Kit." What's the matter with Hilda Spong? She's all right—aint she? N-n-o, kind sir, not exactly. At least, not in "Kit" she aint. Well, what's the matter with you, then? Well, please sir, it's this way. I have a little prejudice in favor of nature in plays in conjunction with the artificial necessary to the dramatic art. I humbly admit it. Well, the trouble is that nature has gone gadding this week, and the dramatic dish not being properly blended with wholesome ingredients, I have a slight attack of dramatic indigestion, similar to a malady caused by a long spree on ice-cream soda.

I thought Hilda Spong might have a curative influence, but alas, it did not turn out so. "Kit" isn't bad; not at all so. It has a wild western atmosphere and is not badly played, Arthur Behrens as Bill Jessup, Kit's prospective bridegroom, was simple and manly in style, until he commenced to look for the wedding-ring, when his acting had the exaggerated quality of the models in moving pictures, and I really thought his eyes were in danger of popping out of his head. Walter Howe also fitted into the rude Western scene with an effect of naturalness. It was Miss Spong who jarred against realities. As Kit she is an ungrammatical and carelessly dressed girl of the plains, who lives forty miles from civilization and feels a healthy contempt for finery. Her accent is, or should be, of the plains, and her manners as well. Miss Spong did it all admirably. Even a person suffering from dramatic indigestion had to admire, and was obliged to admit that she used the right gestures, assumed the right attitudes, the right expression, almost the appropriate intonations. But the fact of the matter is that Hilda Spong is out of place as Kit. She ought to be in a stunning gown, acting the part of an ultra-fashionable and very much up-to-date woman who knows how to queen it over a New York set. Or a London one, if you will. I always remember her with much keen pleasure as she appeared in "Wheels Within Wheels," and in the less felicitously becoming but very sparkling play, "Lady Huntworth's Experiment."

As Kit she wasn't Kit at all, but merely Hilda Spong, a talented and fascinating actress whose technique enabled her to play the part well in all respects save that of sinking her identity in that of the character represented. Talented as she is, Miss Spong's range is comparatively limited, and it does not include, to the point of carrying conviction, that of impersonating Kit, the daughter of a desperado, whom her shrewd Western wit rescues from a predicament tight enough to noose him, and who says to her fleeing parent, "Run like hell!"

Of course, Miss Spong ranks about five thousand degrees higher than quantities of women we have seen in vaudeville, but it is as an actress of the first class we rate her, and as such, she fails to rise to the point of interesting us the appropriate ratio of times more than her humbler sisters in vaudeville.

Opera in America.

"Because the city of New York possesses two great opera-houses, and because there are throughout the country a number of pretentious musical organizations whose concerts are largely attended, we are prone to believe that our musical taste is up to date," is the critical observation of Mary Garden, the young singer and actress who has made a great success in "Thais" and "Louise" at the Manhattan Opera House in New York. She continues: "As a matter of fact, in my humble opinion, this is very far from the truth. Of the great modern school of music the American public knows as yet scarcely anything, and it is today quite content and happy with the operas of its grandmothers."

"America is still satisfied with 'tone,' as opposed to interpretation. This is shown by the great popularity of Melba and Sembrich, perhaps the last, and certainly the greatest, exponents of the colorature school, which charmed the world until near the close of the nineteenth century. Today we see the beginning of the great modern school, the music of which deals with and carries to the hearts of its audiences great human truths. This modern music aims not wholly at the senses, but also at the mind. It does not aim merely at providing a vehicle for the production of glorious tones. It goes deeper than tone. It strives for a musical interpretation of the impulses and motives of the human mind and heart and soul. It represents not persons, but passions."

"In France it no longer suffices for a fine large woman to walk more or less stiffly through the scenes of a long opera, until, at a signal from the conductor, she suddenly steps forward, squares herself toward the audience, and emits the few glorious tones of an aria. The top note may thrill and astonish an audience, may even gain the approval of the critics, but this is not art, it is mere vocal acrobatics. No thought is conveyed. No pure tone, nor even a whole flock of pure tones, can of themselves make an opera. Were it not for the actor's art, modern opera could not endure."

From a blind man came the most illuminating criticism of Irving's Shylock. The sensitive ear of the sightless hearer detected a fault in his method of delivering the opening line of his part: "Three thousand ducats—well!" "I hear no sound of the usurer in that," the blind man said, at the end of the performance. "It is said with the reflective air of a man to whom money means very little." The justice of the criticism appealed strongly to Irving. He revised his reading not only of the first line, but of many other lines in which he saw that he had not been enough of the money-lender.

Maude Adams is a winning figure in male costume in her new play, "The Jesters," but the piece itself is condemned by the critics. Sarah Bernhardt played the part in the French version, and had, perhaps, much to do with its success.

The Last Hofmann Piano Concert.

Josef Hofmann will bid "adieu" to his numerous San Francisco admirers at Christian Science Hall this Sunday afternoon, February 2, presenting a programme of works by the great masters, including "Prelude and Fugue" in g minor, Bach-Liszt; "Alceste," Gluck-Saint-Saëns; Beethoven's Sonata Op. 27 No. 2, popularly known as the "Moonlight Sonata"; a group of Chopin works; Schumann's "Fantasie" in c major; and three transcriptions of Wagnerian works, "The Magic Fire" and "Winterstorm" from "Die Walküre," and the overture to "Tannhäuser." Hofmann's playing of the last work is well remembered, and it is considered one of the most stupendous pieces of pianoforte playing the world has known. Seats are on sale at both of Sherman, Clay & Co.'s stores, and at Roncovieri's, on Fillmore Street just above Eddy.

It is not perhaps generally known under what circumstances the name of "Thunderer" was applied to the London Times, says a correspondent of the New York Herald. Two ladies of Kew were splashed with mud by an ill-behaved horseman, and the Times, taking the matter up, in a leading article vigorously denounced the rudeness of the rider, alleged to be the Duke of Cumberland. On the allegation proving false, another article appeared by way of apology, in which occurred the phrase "we thundered out." This grandiloquence caught the public fancy and the name "Thunderer" followed as a matter of course.

Invitations to the first concert by the newly organized "Lyric String Quartette" will be mailed to any who apply to Will L. Greenbaum at his address, Lyric Hall, San Francisco. Mr. Greenbaum expects to make this organization one of the permanent features of musical life here. The object of this concert is to introduce the players to the public, after which a series of concerts will be given.

An architectural exhibition of plans, photographs, and sketches opened at the Home Club in East Oakland, Friday, January 31, and will continue (excepting Sunday) to Wednesday, February 5. It is free to the public.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

It is becoming thoroughly understood that the Princess Theatre, with its productions of comic opera, ranks with the best of the play-houses and attractions of the city. In fact, for weeks the managers of the theatre have been offering playgoers better entertainment at popular prices than pretentious traveling organizations have presented at rates even higher than prevailed before the fire. Opened as a vaudeville theatre, the Princess was soon afterward given over to comic opera, and a company notable in many respects was engaged. George E. Lask, for years the stage manager at the Tivoli Opera House, and thoroughly capable and efficient, was made director of the productions offered, and Harry James, a leader of recognized ability, was put at the head of a good orchestra.

The star of the company undoubtedly is Cecelia Rhoda, a prima donna whose youth, beauty, grace, singing and speaking voice, dramatic inspiration, and refined methods combine to make her an attractive and satisfying figure in the leading parts. Edith Bradford, Zoe Barnett, and Maud Muller are prominent in her support, and in voice and in stage presence they rank far above the people usually presented in secondary rôles. Of the male members of the company, Harold Crane, George Leon Moore, and Oscar Apfel may be mentioned with appreciation for their singing and dramatic ability. The female chorus is by odds the most attractive personally and vocally of any the city has seen in a stock company.

Last week the Princess company finished a three-weeks' run of "The Belle of New York," and that somewhat hackneyed piece of musical comedy possibilities has rarely been better done. Monday evening of this week that perennial favorite, "Florodora," was produced, and the theatre was filled with an audience that applauded every number. Miss Rhoda as Dolores, Edith Bradford as Lady Holyrood, and Harold Crane as Lord Aherceod, were received with especial marks of appreciation, and the encores demanded and responded to lengthened the piece by a good half-hour. The still much favored and well-known sextette was repeated twice, and has seldom had a more satisfactory setting.

The Princess promises not only to renew the happy memories connected with that former home of light opera, the old Tivoli, but to make a new and even prouder record for itself. Its beginning is most auspicious.

Last Sunday night at the Van Ness Theatre, Frank Daniels, in "The Tattooed Man," began the second week of his engagement, and as counter attractions in the city there was comic opera at the American Theatre, comic opera at the Princess, musical comedy at the Novelty, comedy at the New Alcazar, and advanced vaudeville at the Orpheum. Theatre-goers with a taste for light music and mirthful topics could not go amiss in such a field of opportunities—assuming that it was a question of kind rather than of quality. Yet Daniels had his share of the amusement seekers; perhaps more than his share, and this proves that the San Francisco friends of the comic opera star are loyal. It is the personality of the comedian that counts, not the play, after all. What a jovial father and son Frank Daniels was in "Little Puck," ten, fifteen years ago. He seemed to fit the part better than the character Anstey drew in the hook from which the comedy was made. And the fact is, that jovial, fun-making and fun-enjoying, youthful old fellow, is the Frank Daniels that people go to see now. In his audiences the older generation laugh first and offendest. The star is the whole show to the old folks, but some of the younger ones notice the scenery and the assistant specialists, and the chorus.

By the way, everybody notices that little girl in the chorus with the blue-black hair and the intensely interested expression. There isn't another one in the company that does half as much acting or of half so good a sort as does this agile, attractive young person. She is not on the stage all the time, of course, but when she is there she is not easily overlooked.

Next Monday evening at the Van Ness Theatre George M. Cohan's "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway" begins a run of two weeks. Scott Welch is featured, appearing in a character part he has played from New York across the continent. Frances Gordon will be seen as "Plain Mary."

At the Novelty Theatre, for the week commencing Sunday night, February 2, Charles B. Hanford and his company will appear in elaborate productions of "Antony and Cleopatra," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "The Merchant of Venice." "Antony and Cleopatra" will be played the entire week, with the exception of Friday night and Saturday matinee. On Friday night "The Taming of the Shrew" will be presented, and the bill for Saturday matinee is "The Merchant of Venice." The presentation of "Antony and Cleopatra" should arouse no little interest, not only among habitual theatre-goers, but among those who only visit the playhouse when some attraction of extraordinary promise is presented. Mr. Hanford's training and triumphs have been distinctively and almost exclusively Shakespearean, and his impersonation of Marc Antony is described as one of the finest of his many achievements. The play also pre-

sents exceptional opportunities for his leading lady, Miss Alice Wilson.

"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," at the New Alcazar Theatre, is reviewed in another column. "Are You a Mason?" a farce, is to be next week's Alcazar offering. It is said to provoke more laughs than "Charley's Aunt," because its characters and its humor are American and its plot contains more ludicrous complications. The cast will include the full strength of the company in good parts. By their work in "The Boys of Company B" the Alcazar players showed how thoroughly they relish the spirit of comedy, and where they had one opportunity to provoke merriment in Mrs. Young's play they will have a dozen in "Are You a Mason?"

The Orpheum announces for the week beginning this Sunday matinee a programme of novelty and variety. Alice Norton, who will head it, is a young German chemist who for seven years was a student of the famous Professor Pictet at Zurich. She will in sight of the audience manufacture rubies and sapphires, not merely colored stones dignified with the name, but some which she claims may be put to the severest test an expert can devise. Miss Norton appears amidst a weird collection of crucibles and other scientific instruments. When the rubies and sapphires have cooled down they are distributed among the audience. Miss Norton's most recent European engagement was at the Hippodrome, London, where she created a sensation. The Melani Trio, who will make their first appearance, are musicians who furnish fifteen minutes of excellent melody. The Three Keatons, Joe, Myra, and Buster, with Jingles thrown in for good measure, will present an eccentric comedy act. Harry Allister, a versatile character impersonator, will introduce an act which is novel and entertaining. Another new attraction will be Mme. Czinka Panna, a German cymbal virtuoso. Next week will be the last of the Four Parros; Hilda Spong and company will also conclude their engagement, and John C. Rice and Sally Cohen will say farewell in an amusing sketch, entitled "The Kleptomaniac."

Alfred Sutro's great play, "The Walls of Jericho," will be played by Herbert Kecey and Effie Shannon at the Novelty Theatre for one week following the engagement of Charles B. Hanford.

Frank Daniels gives his final performance of "The Tattooed Man" at the Van Ness Theatre on Sunday night.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell will be seen at the Novelty Theatre early in March, and will present four of her greatest successes during the one week of her engagement.

Grace George in her production of "Divorçons" will be the attraction to follow "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway" at the Van Ness Theatre. It will be the first San Francisco appearance of the actress, who has charmed both America and London in this presentation of the great Sardou comedy.

Henri Mosse, who has been tramping around the world for nearly four years on a 50,000-franc wager to test the endurance of French and English walkers, called at the mayor's office in New York last week to get testimony that he has visited the city, so he can take the evidence back to France and gain the wager. He has to be in Lyons, France, by June 14, and must go to Albany, Buffalo, and Quebec, walking all the way, to win. He will sail from Quebec to France when he completes the walk. Mosse is the only one left, so far as known, of eight men who started on the walk, which was a contest between the Tourists' Club of France and the Sportsmen's Club of London. Teams of two men each started from different parts of the world, Mosse and his partner, Georges Moss, commencing their walk in Turkey. The men were to walk around the world and make at least 50,000 kilometres. Mosse has already covered 40,000 kilometres, or about 55,000 miles. He has been in nearly every country of the globe, including Australia, Africa, Asia, Europe, and America. Three of the eight disappeared in Australia and are supposed to have died, two were murdered in Abyssinia, one was killed in China, and one committed suicide in Turkey. It is said one of the supposed dead men in Australia may be still alive and in this country. He is an Englishman, but he has not been heard from since he was in Australia.

Manager Greenbaum announces that he has arranged with Mr. Charles A. Ellis, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and also director of the Paderewski tour, for two concerts by that wonderful pianist. One of these concerts will be given in Oakland and the other in San Francisco. Paderewski has so many demands for his services that only these concerts are available in central California.

One of the things planned for the Milton tercentenary next fall is the performance of the masque of "Comus," which Milton wrote when he was twenty-six for the children of the Earl of Bridgewater to produce. The masque was given in the grounds at Ludlow Castle to celebrate Lord Bridgewater's appointment as Lord President of Wales.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The recent break-down of Henry Campbell-Bannerman, prime minister of England, was undoubtedly due to overwork and the strain on his vitality.

President Hadley of Yale will complete his course in the Roosevelt lectureship at the University of Berlin about March 1, when he, with his family, will return to New Haven.

Gustav Jovanovitch is called the Russian sheep king. His flocks whiten the Siberian plains for hundreds of square miles, and it is said that he owns no less than 35,000 dogs to watch and herd the sheep.

M. Georges Clemenceau, premier of France, has held his office more than a year, has excruciated himself from many delicate and difficult situations, and is now acknowledged to be one of the ablest and strongest statesmen of Europe.

Lord Curzon, ex-Viceroy of India, desired to return to public life, and offered himself as a candidate to be nominated by his brother members of the Irish peerage for the vacancy among the representative Irish peers caused by the death of Lord Kilmaire.

Father Vaughan, who gained wide notoriety for his attacks on fashionable society, is now busy encouraging and preaching to the poor of London's worst slums. He is lodging now in Shadwell, in the heart of the East End, and there he has outdoor meetings where crowds of laborers gather to hear him, never dreaming that he is a fashionable West End pastor whose sermons are reported all over the United Kingdom.

Mark Twain's brother-in-law, C. J. Langdon, of Elmira, New York, was also a depositor in the broken Knickerbocker Trust Company of New York, and he favors a receivership—declaring that Twain, who favors reorganization without a receivership, as does ex-President Cleveland and most other depositors, "does not know much about business matters." Twain had said a receivership is more expensive than a hare.

The famous Vienna conductor, Gustav Mahler, seems to be proving all that New York expected of him, and his conducting of Wagner is stirring fresh interest at the Metropolitan Opera House. He is an ambitious composer who constructs great symphonies and is modest enough not to expect the public to like them, and in Vienna he made a reputation as an autocratic and sagacious manager as well as a conductor of rare quality.

The Countess of Warwick, the Socialist peeress, is busily engaged in writing her memoirs, which she hopes to see published within the next few months. Although comparatively young (her age is forty-six) Lady Warwick during the last twenty years has been acquainted with nearly every person prominent in English life, and no one could be better equipped than she to throw interesting sidelights on the inner doings of society.

Among the compliments paid to the Kaiser in England was the hestowal upon him by the University of Oxford of the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. It was not his first academic honor; he was already an LL. D. of the University of Pennsylvania. The Kaiser shares his Oxford honors with King Christian VIII of Denmark and King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, the latter also having the LL. D. degree from the University of Pennsylvania. Prince Henry of Prussia is another holder of an American degree; he is an LL. D. of Harvard, and so is the Duke of Abruzzi, uncle of the King of Italy.

The German press have shown a disposition to claim the award of the Nobel prize in physics for Germany, because Professor Albert A. Michelson of the University of Chicago, who receives it, was born in Germany. It is true that Michelson was born in Strelno, Prussia, in 1852, but he was brought to the

United States when a boy, and was educated at the San Francisco High School and the United States Naval Academy, where he was graduated in 1873, so that his achievements form a legitimate part of American science.

Mme. Sada-Yacco, the famous Japanese actress, has been living at Paris for the last two months. She and her husband, the tragedian, Kawakami, are inhabiting a small villa near the Gare d'Auteuil. Two large theatres, with which Mme. Sada-Yacco will be connected, are in process of construction at Tokio and Okosaka. It was with the greatest difficulty that the talented Japanese actress could obtain permission to play in her own country. The laws against the appearance of a woman on the stage with a man are very severe. They have, however, been relaxed in the favor of herself and several others.

Teresa Carreno's Recitals.

Mme. Teresa Carreno, one of the great musicians and pianists, will be Manager Greenbaum's next stellar attraction. As a pianist Mme. Teresa Carreno is simply colossal. Her recent performances with the great orchestras in the East and her recitals have taxed the vocabulary of the critics and they can not find adjectives too strong to use in praising her wonderful playing. Carreno will give three recitals in this city at Christian Science Hall, the dates being Friday night, February 14, Sunday afternoon, February 16, and the last concert Tuesday night, February 18.

An Indiana glass company has a sublime confidence in the ability of its customers to meet their obligations, even if they may be temporarily unable to remit in the conventional forms of exchange, observes *The Bellman*. In a highly colored and very attractive folder which it recently issued, this generous concern invited orders for the commodity it manufactures upon the following unique and liberal terms: "Payment can be arranged with our treasurer to suit conditions. We take anything but counterfeit money. Our par list: Canadian and Mexican money, wampum, hawksbeesh, tarnished coins and mildewed hills, double eagles that will not pile and with libelous references omitted. Tainted money solicited. No questions asked. Promissory notes, your own time with privilege of renewals. Postage stamps. Clearing-house certificates. Stage money. Meal tickets, bridge tickets, milk tickets and rain checks, trading stamps, mining stock, Bay State gas, marriage certificates, cigar hands, and rumors that are likely to gain currency."

The municipal council of Paris has been making the experiment of offering grand opera at prices ranging from 10 cents to 83 cents, at least 500 of the cheapest seats being provided. This popular-price opera is given at the Gaite Theatre, which belongs to the municipality, and is under the direction of Carre, director of the Comique, and of the Isola brothers. Both the Opera and the Comique lend artists, properties, and scenery, and the minister of fine arts has given the plan the support of the government. Some of the best singers in Paris are to take part.

The Coronado Country Club has just issued a folder announcing the dates and events of the grand tennis tournament. The meeting is hooked for February 19, 20, 21, and 22. The events scheduled are gentlemen's singles, ladies' singles, gentlemen's doubles, mixed doubles, consolation singles. A strong array of tennis talent is expected to open the new courts at the Country Club.

The exhibition of paintings and sketches in oil, water color, and pastel by William L. Carrigan will be continued at the galleries of Vickery, Atkins & Torrey until February 5. The continuous rain since the exhibition opened has probably kept at home many people who are interested in any fresh departure and frank individuality in painting.

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VANITY FAIR.

The Board of Aldermen of New York City are contemplating an astonishing piece of impertinence. That, of course, is not surprising, for what the average alderman can not do in the way of porcine folly is hardly imaginable. The government of New York having now reached such a point of perfection as to threaten the aldermen with a *dolce far niente* to which they are disinclined, this assembly of busybodies proposes to make it a legal offense for women to smoke in restaurants. If the punishment of the women themselves can not be accomplished, then the restaurant-keepers at least can be made to feel the lash of brief and bumptious authority and can be penalized through their licenses.

Now, this is not at all a question of *les convenances*. It is simply a matter of plain, inalienable human rights. If a woman wishes to smoke, or to drink whisky, or to play cards, or to go hunting, she has precisely the same rights that a man has—no more and no less. The restaurant-keeper himself has the right to object to a woman smoking in his establishment on the problematical ground that such a practice may drive away custom and so deteriorate his property, but that a woman should be forbidden by law to smoke in a public place, or to drink too much tea, or to paint her face, or to use cunning artifices to compensate for physical deficiencies or to do anything else short of interference with the liberties of others, is nothing short of an outrage to civilization and an insult to a free country. It is not morally worse for a woman to smoke tobacco than to drink tea. Physically, it may even be better for her, and there was a time when to drink tea was supposed to be distinctly "advanced." The woman who smokes is liable to lose some of her attractiveness, but surely we are not now so archaic as to suppose that female attractiveness is a part of what jurists call the law of God and therefore to be enforced by the law of man. Women will continue to be attractive in spite of all their efforts to ruin themselves by smoking, tight lacing, mushroom hats, glittering finger nails, and all the gaudy or revolting devices that they contrive with so much ingenuity and apply with so much effrontery. But if female attractiveness is to be made the object of legal regulation where, in heaven's name, are we to stop? Surely such a task would appall even a bachelor alderman, even a New York alderman. If we felt personally urged upon such a wild career we would rather begin with the millinery than with the tobacco, nor are we at all sure that a small quantity of the "filthy weed" might not have a beneficial effect in imparting a certain even suavity that an all-seeing Providence sometimes omits from the female composition. It might even mitigate those acerbities of temperament—not temper—that are said to lie hidden under the most charming exterior. The New York board of aldermen should restrain their natural desire to forbid some one from doing something. Otherwise, it is to be feared that they will incur derision—more derision.

The death of Mrs. Letitia Tyler Semple ought to be a reminder of a condition that may one day become the cause of national discredit and perhaps is one already. Mrs. Semple was the niece of President Tyler. She was mistress of the White House when she was twenty-one years of age. She died at the age of eighty-six. She was totally blind, very lonely, and pitifully poor. She was in an institution that was not exactly a charity, although it is maintained by an endowment fund. The Louise Home, where Mrs. Semple died, is for Southern women of good birth and family who can pay a modest price for the shelter afforded them, and Mrs. Semple lived there for some few years, having previously conducted a school for young girls at Baltimore.

Mrs. Semple was a gracious and lovely mistress of the White House. She was married at nineteen, when Mr. Semple was in the United States navy. Upon the outbreak of the war, he resigned at once and entered the Confederate navy. When the war was over he found his health broken, his money and property gone, and nothing but trouble and distress ahead for himself and his wife. Fortunately they had no children, so Mrs. Semple went to Baltimore, leaving her husband in Virginia. He died some years later and his wife continued with her school in Baltimore until she was no longer able to attend to it. Then she came to Washington and entered the Louise Home, where she died.

Mrs. Semple was the only remaining member of her immediate family, although she has many nieces and nephews living in the South and in California. The last visit she made to the White House was during the administration of President Pierce, with whom she was on terms of intimate friendship. She has been invited to the White House many times since, but she has put the invitations all aside. Memories were too bitter for that. That a lady who was once mistress of the White House should be allowed to die in poverty and in neglect seems hardly consonant with the eternal fitness of things, and hardly in keeping with the national dignity.

The pawnshop business, held elsewhere in ill repute, enjoys in Austria a certain degree of official prestige. In point of fact, the government itself, ever intent upon fraternal

thoughts, attends to the needs of its necessities subjects and makes those small financial advances that are sometimes welcome even to the best of us. But the government pawnshop very seldom has a princess for a customer, and therefore the official announcement that over fifteen hundred articles belonging to Princess Louise of Belgium would be sold publicly created something more than a ripple of interest. Hardly any one was aware that the princess had been in the habit of "raising the wind" in this questionable way, although what can be expected of a royal lady who runs away to the Riviera with a very unroyal lover and has what is called a good time regardless of expense. These things cost money, and expense should, or ought to, become a consideration when royal allowances are summarily stopped "for cause." Princess Louise did what other erring ladies have done under like circumstances. She pawned everything she could lay her hands upon, for the simple reason that the gentleman in question had nothing much to pawn. Now the pawnshop discloses its guilty secrets and all the world and his wife is summoned to inspect not only the garments ordinarily on view in royal circles, but also parts of the lady's wardrobe which are usually seen only by those "particular friends" of whom we have heard too much.

There were fifty dresses, and under the painful circumstances of the sale they may all be classed as bargains. Of course, most of them had been worn, but that, as we know, should add to their value. There were fifty fine dresses, court dresses with gold embroidered trains five yards long. There were cloaks and capes of ermine, sable, sealskin, and other costly furs. A sealskin toilet with a train was labeled \$400, an opera cloak, chin-chilla outside and with ermine for a lining, was simply sacrificed at \$700. There were three hundred ball dresses and tea gowns and all the national costumes of Austria, Italy, and Brabant, some of them never worn. Was there ever such a show before or such ridiculous prices?

The matter of the lingerie we should like to exclude from our notice, but stern duty demands that we imitate the brazen indifference of the auctioneer and persist. There were hundreds of dozens of silk stockings and there were other garments that we are too bashful even to think about. Then there were filmy, gauzy things, not to be otherwise named, but of such a transparency that the faithful reporter says the women gazing upon them "exchanged significant glances." We wonder why. We do not know exactly what these things are, and it is only a rigid sense of duty that would lead us into the perilous paths of speculation, but we have ourselves noticed a sort of transparency in the second story of feminine architecture, a transparency that is, of course, accidental, but that often seems to be accentuated—of course unintentionally—by the least suspicion of blue or pink ribbon lying in unfathomed depths below as though to guide the uncompassed sight. In our simple and innocuous way we have wondered at the use of such ribbon behind a garment that is, of course, supposed to be opaque, but we have put it down as one of those mysteries that mere man can never solve. But these Vienna ladies evidently had their doubts. They "exchanged significant glances."

But after all, the sale never came off. At the last moment every single article, transparencies and all, were withdrawn by the

lady's husband. He bought the whole stock, with orders that it be forthwith destroyed regardless of value. There is a touch of sentiment and gallantry about that. No one should ever wear the soft and pretty frailties that had been worn by a greater frailty still. But why was the interference so late? Why was it delayed until the good and virtuous ladies of Vienna had "exchanged significant glances"? After all, she was his wife.

The great diamond company of De Beers has taken fright at the disastrous fall in the price of gems. An unusual number of fine gems had been put upon the market in readi-

ness for the Christmas trade, and then came the trouble and they remained unsold even at bargain prices. As a result a meeting has been held in London and steps have been taken to ascertain exactly what demand exists. As soon as this information has been secured—a matter of a few days only—the output will be regulated so as to rally the prices and to give the world only what it is willing to purchase at the orthodox figures. The value of a diamond seems to have a good deal of the fictitious about it, and to depend not upon the ordinary conditions of natural supply and demand, but upon the business policy of a few men sitting around a table in London.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A physician was recently attending a patient whose husband came to see him concerning her condition, and greeted him with the words, "Mr. Irving, do you think there is any need for any unnecessary anxiety about my wife?"

A man entered a drug store in a hurry and asked for a dozen two-grain quinine pills. "Shall I put 'em in a box, sir?" the clerk asked as he counted them out. "Oh, no," replied the customer, "I want to roll them some."

A member of an eminent St. Louis law firm went to Chicago to consult a client. When he arrived he found that he had unaccountably forgotten the client's name. He telegraphed his partner, "What is our client's name?" The answer read, "Brown, Walter E. Yours is Allen, William B."

The lawyer said sadly to his wife on his return home one night: "People seem very suspicious of me. You know old Jones? Well, I did some work for him last month, and when he asked me for the bill this morning, I told him out of friendship that I wouldn't charge him anything. He thanked me cordially, but said he'd like a receipt."

A notable wit of the English bench, Lord Bramwell, was once sitting in a case where an apparently fashionable woman was accused of shoplifting. "My lord, my client is not a common thief," urged the barrister for the defense; "she is suffering from kleptomania." "That is exactly the disease I am here to cure," replied Lord Bramwell, blandly.

At a brilliant "At Home" given by a society woman a pianist of world-wide reputation was asked to perform. When he had finished, the lady's young daughter was made to sit down and play her new piece. "Now, tell me, Herr —," said the fussy mother to the great artist, "what do you think of my daughter's execution?" "Madam," he replied deliberately, "I think it would be a capital idea."

The old Scotch keeper of the Carlyle house on the Chelsea Embankment still rehearses punctiliously the story of Tennyson's visit to the sage: "In this room it was, sir, that Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Tennyson spent a long evening, each smokin' his pipe and neither of them speakin' a word. And after three hours, when Mr. Tennyson rose to go, Mr. Carlyle said to him, 'It's a grand evenin' we've spent, Alfred, a grand evenin'.' And Mr. Tennyson, he just said, too, 'A grand evenin', and went out."

A tall man, impatiently pacing the platform of a wayside station, accosted a red-haired boy of about twelve. "S-s-say," he said, "d-d-do y-you know ha-ha-how late this train is?" The boy grinned but made no reply. The man stuttered out something about red-headed kids in general and passed into the station. A stranger, overhearing the one-sided conversation, asked the boy why he hadn't answered the big man. "D-d-d-ye w-wanter see me g-g-get me fa-fa-face punched?" stammered the boy. "D-d-dat big g-g-guy'd tink I was mo-mo-mocking him."

One day a tall, gaunt woman, with rope colored hair and an expression of great fierceness, strode into the office of a county clerk in West Virginia. "You air the person that keeps the marriage books, ain't ye?" she demanded. "What book do you wish to see, madam?" asked the polite clerk. "Kin you find out if Jim Jones was married?" Search of the records disclosed the name of James Jones, for whose marriage a license had been issued two years before. "Married Elizabeth Mott, didn't he?" asked the woman. "The license was issued for a marriage with Miss Elizabeth Mott." "Well, young man, I'm Elizabeth. I thought I oughter come in an' tell ye that Jim has escaped!"

In a Scottish town a commercial traveler who called upon a tradesman at long intervals made a visit at Christmas time. "Here's a box of cigars," he said to the tradesman, "and I hope you'll enjoy them." "Na, na!" replied the trader; "I couldn't tak' them—I never dae business that way." "Tut, tut—nonsense, sir!" exclaimed the traveler; "it's just a Christmas box." "Na, na, mon! I never tak' anything for naething." "Well, well—give me a shilling for the box," said the traveler, "if that will ease your conscience." "Ay, ay! Weel, let me see," said the honest shopkeeper, running his eye over the silver he took from his pocket; "I see I've got a florin here—I'll tak' two boxes."

The prisoner had been indicted for murder, and his conviction was a foregone conclusion, as his guilt was unquestionable. The result of the trial was a sentence to be hanged; but the man made an appeal to the governor for a pardon, and was anxiously awaiting a reply thereto when his lawyer visited him in his cell. "I got good news for you—very good news!" the young lawyer said, grasping the

man's hand. "Did the governor— Is it a pardon?" the man exclaimed, joyously. "Well—no. The fact is the governor refuses to interfere. But an uncle of yours has died and left you two hundred dollars, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your lawyer got paid, you know."

Henry L. Dixey, the actor, was talking about the terrific fight that occurred recently on an Atlantic liner between two fat and elderly poker players. "It seems," said Mr. Dixey, with a smile, "that the first man lost thirteen hundred dollars to the second and paid up. The second then lost seventeen hundred and fifty dollars to the first, and refused to pay up. No wonder there was a fight, eh? if this sort of thing keeps up, the smoking-room morals of a liner will fall as low as the gambling-room morals of Tin Can. A tenderfoot once visited Tin Can and watched with interest the poker play. From saloon to saloon he passed. Everything was wide open, and very gay and lively. But as he looked on at a poker game that had no limit, the tenderfoot suddenly frowned. He had seen the dealer slip himself four aces from the bottom of the pack. 'Gracious powers,' whispered the tenderfoot, excitedly clutching the sleeve of the man next to him, 'did you notice that?' 'Notice what?' asked the other. 'Why, that scoundrel in the red shirt just dealt himself four aces.' The other looked at the tenderfoot calmly. 'Well, wasn't it his deal?' he said."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Two Admirals.

[At the Army and Navy Club in Washington the following verses are causing amusement.]

The good vessel *Iceberg*,
The finest afloat,
Had Admiral Sawbones
Commanding the boat.

While these were his duties,
With many a kick
Great Admiral Bowline
Looked after the sick.

Though all of the potions
He faithfully tried,
Beneath his attention,
The sick men all died.

But little it mattered—
Just then with a shock
Great Admiral Sawbones
Ran onto a rock.

—New York Evening Post.

The Horrid Thing.

There was a man from the Bahamas,
Who went out to walk in pajamas.
The folks all took fright
At the unwonted sight,
Especially the girls and their mamas.

—Life.

The Vest Trust.

There was once an old man of Key West;
Who could never quite button his vest,
So he did what he could,
As 'most any man would,
And then trusted to luck for the rest.

—New York Sun.

The Literary Quest.

There's a raw 'un as a waiter at the Mansion
Vere de Vere;
He's clumsy and he's frightened—that much is
very clear;
He's spilled some soup right down the neck of
Mr. Stockton Bonds,
And on the tablecloth, alas! he's made some
claret ponds;
But as the butler leads him out and kicks him
down the stair
We hear this stammering excuse borne back upon
the air:
"I'm not a waiter by profess, you realize, I hope—
I'm simply doing this to get some literary dope!"
They're sledging in the Arctic, where they're food
for polar bears,
They're sweating in the tropics—they're on the
servants' stairs;
They're working as conductors, they're delving
in the mines,
And, as amateurish hohoes, they're working out
their fines;
And always they are taking their notes on pad and
cuff,
And turning each experience to literary stuff.
That's how we get our novels, and in view of
trials sad
It's not a bit surprising that most of them are
bad!

—Denver Republican.

A picnic was in progress and the benevolent and elderly lady took much enjoyment in seeing the delight of the children who were sporting themselves in her grounds. She went from one to another, saying a few kind words to each. Presently she seated herself in the grass beside Tommy, a little boy with golden curls and an angelic expression. As soon as he observed her, Tommy sat up with an ear-piercing howl. "Have you the stomach-ache?" she asked anxiously. "No, I ain't!" snapped Tommy. "Perhaps you would like some more cake?" "No!" roared the angelic child. "Wot I want is my frog wot I caught!" "Frog?" "Yes, my frog! You're sitting on it!"

A. Hirschman.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Society folk in San Francisco have been so surprisingly gay recently that it would seem that the old joy of life is returning to the city in fullest measure. The Greenway ball of last week was the direct cause of much of the gaiety, as there were any number of dinners both large and small before that event. There have been numerous luncheons for the debutantes, and bridge is suddenly so popular that dates for affairs at which the game is played are constantly conflicting.

The engagement is announced of Miss Eunice Jeffers, daughter of the late Mr. Milo S. Jeffers, to Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor, mayor of San Francisco. Their wedding will be an event of February.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Currey, daughter of Mr. Robert J. Currey of Dixon, and Dr. Otto Schulze.

The engagement is announced of Miss Claire Chabot, daughter of Mrs. Remi Chabot, to Mr. Leon Boqueraz. No date is announced for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Anita Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Scott Davis, to Mr. Kenneth Macdonald, Jr. Their wedding will be an event of the summer.

Miss Maud Howard entertained at luncheon at the Town and Country Club on Thursday of last week. Her guests were: Mrs. Harry Sherman, Miss Dorothy Woods, Miss Anita Mailliard, Miss Dolly MacGavin, Miss Ethel Lincoln, Mrs. Willis Polk, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Lucile Wilkins, Miss Evelyn Norwood, Miss Dolly Cushing, and Miss Grace Baldwin.

Miss Buckley entertained at luncheon at the Fairmont on Wednesday of last week in honor of Miss Leslie Page. Her guests were: Miss Leslie Page, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Lydia Hopkins, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Kathleen de Young, Miss Violet Buckley, and Miss Louisiana Foster.

Mrs. Louis Montague entertained at luncheon on Thursday of last week at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Helen Baker.

Miss Lydia Hopkins entertained at luncheon on Thursday of last week in honor of Miss Marian and Miss Elizabeth Newhall.

Miss Mary Keeney entertained at luncheon on Thursday of last week in honor of Miss Alexandra Hamilton. Her guests were: Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith, Miss Martha Calboun, and Miss Gertrude Ballard.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch entertained at a luncheon on Sunday of last week at the Burlingame Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Glass. Their guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Glass, Mr. and Mrs. William Hitchcock, Mr. and Mrs. Norris Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent de Laveaga.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland entertained at a theatre party on Monday evening of last week. Their guests being Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilson, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, Miss Gertrude Jolliffe, Mr. Thornwell Mullally, Mr. Joseph Eastland, and Mr. John Lawson.

Mrs. C. C. Morse entertained at an informal tea on Monday of last week in honor of Miss Mildred Pierce of San Jose. Assisting in receiving were: Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Mrs. Roy Somers, Miss Ruth Casey, and Miss Dorothy Woods.

Mr. and Mrs. George Martin entertained at dinner at the Fairmont on Friday evening of last week in honor of Miss Alexandra Hamilton. The party afterward attended the Greenway ball. Mr. and Mrs. Martin's guests were: Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Frances Howard, Mr. Edward Greenway, Mr. Frank Kennedy, Mr. Charles Pringle, Mr. Joseph Tobin, Mr. Richard Girvin, Mr. Arthur Foster, Mr. Herbert Baker, and Mr. Ralston.

Mr. and Mrs. George Page entertained on Friday evening of last week at dinner at Hillcrest, they and their guests going afterwards to the Greenway ball. Those present were: Mrs. Frestadius, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Anita Mailliard, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Edith Berry, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Dolly MacGavin, Miss Dolly Cushing, Miss Lucile Wilkins, Mr. Wharton Thurston, Mr. Norman Livermore, Mr. R. Ronaldson, Mr. William Ronaldson, Mr. William Page, Mr. Lloyd Baldwin, Mr. John Young, Mr. Welborn Burnett, and Mr. Almer Newhall.

Miss Genevieve King and Miss Hazel King entertained at dinner on Friday evening of last week preceding the Greenway ball. The affair, which took place at their home, was in honor of Miss Martha Calboun.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson entertained at dinner on Wednesday of last week in honor of Miss Marian Newhall and Miss Elizabeth Newhall.

Mr. George Cameron entertained at dinner at the Fairmont on Friday of last week. He and his guests went later to the Greenway ball.

Mr. and Mrs. William Denman entertained at a dinner before the Greenway ball on Friday of last week.

Miss Edith Simpson entertained at dinner at her home on Pacific Avenue on Friday

evening of last week in honor of Miss Kathleen de Young. Her guests were: Miss Kathleen de Young, Miss Newell Drown, Miss Gussie Foute, Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Constance de Young, Mr. Knox Maddox, Mr. Charles de Young, Mr. Cyril Tobin, Mr. Lathrop, Mr. William Smith, Mr. William Hough, and Mr. Stewart Lowery.

Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall and the Misses Margaret, Marian, and Elizabeth Newhall entertained ten tables of guests at bridge on Tuesday evening last.

Mrs. Warren D. Clark was the hostess on Wednesday afternoon of last week at an informal bridge party at her home on Clay Street.

Mrs. William Thomas entertained at a bridge party on Tuesday afternoon last at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Eva Frestadius entertained at luncheon at the Fairmont last Monday. Her guests were: Mrs. William Mintzner, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mrs. J. W. Mailliard, Mrs. Arthur Page, Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Mrs. Stanley Stillman, Mrs. Benito Smith, Mrs. Victor Bright, Mrs. Ned Griffith, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. George Page, Mrs. McGavin, Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mrs. Kittle, Mrs. Eyre Pinkard, Mrs. Nuttall, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Maud Howard, Miss Alice Griffith, Miss Betty Ashe, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Carrie Griffith, and Miss Anita Mailliard.

Mr. William Thomas entertained at a card party at the Hotel St. Francis Tuesday afternoon. Tea was served.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Anderson gave a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis last Friday evening. Their guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, and Mr. and Mrs. Montague.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calboun returned on Sunday last from an Eastern trip of several weeks' duration.

Miss Jean Reid is expected to arrive in California early in February to join her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, at Millbrae. Mrs. Reid and Miss Reid expect to remain here until some time in April.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant will leave during February for a European trip of several months' duration.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Gwin have returned from New Orleans, where they have spent the winter.

Mrs. Walter L. Dean is the guest of Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John I. Taylor (formerly Miss Daisy Van Ness), who have spent the winter here, will leave in March for their home in Boston.

Mr. Charles Pringle, who has been visiting for the past month at the home of his mother, Mrs. Edward Pringle, on Vallejo Street, returned this week to Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams Poett are in town for a few weeks from San Mateo as the guests of Mrs. Poett's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl came up last week from their San Mateo home for a brief stay in town.

Miss Anne Martin of Reno, who has been spending the last four years with friends in England and Italy, has returned to the West, and is spending the winter at Santa Barbara with her mother, Mrs. W. O. H. Martin.

The Frederick W. Zeiles have returned to the Fairmont from their Eastern trip.

Mrs. Harry Chickering (formerly Miss Alla Henshaw) is staying at the Fairmont, where she was a guest of honor last week at a luncheon given by Mrs. Albert Truby.

Mrs. John Hays Hammond, Miss M. E. Hammond, and Mr. Harris Hammond are at the Fairmont on a visit. They will return to their winter home in Santa Barbara shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby left last week for a sojourn in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan were in town last week for a brief stay from their Burlingame home.

Miss Carrie Gwin has taken apartments at the Knickerbocker, on Fillmore and Pacific, for the rest of the winter.

Miss Genevieve Harvey has been in town recently as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Oscar Cooper.

Miss Frances Reed of Sausalito has recently been the guest here of Miss Marian Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Chapin arrived in town early this week from their home in Sacramento for a brief stay.

Mrs. Davenport and Miss Eleanor Davenport are spending the winter in Spokane, Washington, with Mr. Dixwell Davenport and Mr. Hewitt Davenport, and will return here in the spring.

Mrs. Alexander McCracken has taken apartments on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. C. E. Worden were in town last week for a few days from Del Monte, where they are spending the winter.

Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard has returned from an Eastern trip and is at her apartment on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Albert Stent left recently for a visit to Los Angeles.

Mrs. Willis Davis, Miss Edna Davis, and Miss Sidney Davis will leave Santa Barbara shortly for a trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney will leave shortly for a trip to Southern California.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were: Mr. John Sheenan, Mr. S. Bibb, Mr. P. A. Lynch, Dr. V. W. Smiley, Mrs. P. Claudius, Miss Jane L. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Georges, Dr. and Mrs. A. O. Lundstrom, Mr. and Mrs. B. Ohlsson, Mr. and Mrs. K. A. Lundstrom, Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Clay and Miss Clay, Mr. Eugene B. Murphy, Mr. E. S. Bangs, Miss Agnes Tobin, General and Mrs. A. W. Greeley and Miss Greeley, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Henley, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Forrest, Mr. A. W. Morton, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were: Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt, Mr. Jay W. Adams, Mr. A. P. Stewart, Mr. L. H. Woodruff, Mr. W. S. Gossip, Mr. Philip P. Paschel, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Del Coronado were: Mrs. Edward J. Molloy, Mr. H. O. Scott, Mr. W. S. Scott, Mr. E. H. Bangs, Mr. H. H. Scott, Mr. W. C. Burdett, Mr. J. S. Downs, Mr. G. P. Robinson, Mr. J. S. Powell, Miss Marion D. Cobb, Miss Mildred Ludlum, Mrs. R. T. Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Haslett, of San Francisco.

Holger Dracbmán, the chief of modern Danish poets, died January 13, at Hornback, aged sixty-one.

1

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The exhibition of Mr. William L. Carrigan's paintings — oil, water color and pastel — will be continued until February 5th at the galleries of Vickery, Atkins & Torrey.

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy:

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel Joseph W. Duncan, U. S. A., chief of staff, Department of California, has received a medal for service in the war with Spain. This is the first of these newly issued medals to reach this Coast. Colonel Duncan is soon to receive medals also for active service in the Indian wars and in the Philippines.

Colonel Joseph W. Duncan, U. S. A., chief of staff, Department of California, has been ordered to inspect the garrison schools at the following posts of the department: Presidio of San Francisco, Fort Baker, Fort Mason, Fort McDowell, Fort Miley, Fort Rosecrans, and the Presidio of Monterey.

Colonel John L. Clem, U. S. A., chief quartermaster, Department of California, will be relieved from duty here in the near future and will be assigned to duty at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

Lieutenant-Colonel George R. Smith, deputy paymaster-general, U. S. A., is ordered to proceed to this city and report to the commanding general, Department of California, for duty as chief paymaster, succeeding Colonel John C. Muhlenberg, deputy paymaster-general, U. S. A.

Lieutenant-Commander A. A. Pratt, U. S. N., is ordered to the Naval Training Station, San Francisco.

Captain Solomon P. Vestal, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., having been found by an army retiring board incapacitated for active service on account of disability incident thereto, will be retired on May 10. He has been granted leave of absence to and including May 10.

Captain C. D. Dudley, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., who is on leave, arrived last week from Boise Barracks, Idaho, and is spending some time in Oakland.

Captain Thomas G. Carson, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., arrived on Friday of last week from Columbus Barracks, Ohio, in charge of a detachment of recruits.

Captain Hubert L. Wigmore, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., is ordered to report to the quartermaster-general of the army in Washington, D. C., for duty in connection with the development of the Bataan coal mines, Philippine Islands. Upon the completion of this duty Captain Wigmore will proceed to Manila for duty.

Captain Clifton C. Kinney, Twenty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., arrived here on Friday of last week, en route to the Philippines.

Captain Edmund D. Shortlidge, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., is ordered upon his arrival in San Francisco from Manila to proceed to Fort Dupont, Delaware, for duty.

Captain J. C. Cantwell, U. S. R. C. S., has been ordered to the command of the *Onondaga* at Norfolk, Virginia.

Captain Jesse R. Harris, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to the Presidio of San Francisco, and report in person to the commanding officer of the General Hospital at that post for observation and treatment.

Lieutenant Aubrey Lippincott, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has had the leave of absence granted him extended one month.

Lieutenant John S. Pratt, Coast Artillery Corps, now attached to the Eighty-Eighth Company, is assigned to that company.

Lieutenant Roy B. Staver, First Field Artillery, U. S. A., is transferred to the Fifth Field Artillery, U. S. A. He is assigned to Battery B of that regiment; and will remain on duty at his present station until the arrival of that battery in San Francisco, when he will join that organization and proceed to the Philippine Islands.

Lieutenant Paul W. Beck, Signal Corps, U. S. A., with Company E of the Signal Corps, is to be transferred from Benicia Barracks to the Presidio of San Francisco.

Lieutenant Allan J. Greer, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., is detailed as acting judge-advocate of the Department of Mindanao. He is relieved from duty at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, and ordered to proceed to San Francisco and report to the commanding general, Department of California, for duty pending the departure of the transport for the Philippines. He will proceed to Zamboanga, P. I., and report to the commanding general for duty.

Lieutenant Harry Graham, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, has been granted leave of absence for two months, to take effect on April 1.

Lieutenant James K. Parsons, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has had the leave of absence granted him on November 19 extended two months.

First Lieutenant William P. Banta, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., is ordered to report on Thursday, February 6, to Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Torney, deputy surgeon-general, U. S. A., president of an army examining board, General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for examination to determine his fitness for promotion.

Lieutenant George F. Junemann, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., upon his arrival in San Francisco will proceed to Fort McDowell, Angel Island, for duty.

Honors from France and Belgium.

Among the citizens of San Francisco there are a number who have had honors conferred upon them by foreign governments, but seldom has such distinction been noted with the general satisfaction that marks the most recent instances.

With the beginning of the new year came the news from Paris that Mr. Raphael Weill, for fifty-four years a resident of San Francisco and a citizen of America for half a century, a prominent merchant and club member, a leader in all movements for civic advancement, had been made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France. The honor came almost as a surprise to Mr. Weill, but the leading spirits among his countrymen here desired to see his unselfish and untiring efforts in behalf of the destitute and suffering at the time of the great disaster of 1906 recognized in some signal manner, and it was through their presentation of his claims to distinction at the hand of the country of his nativity that the nomination and decoration of Mr. Weill were made. It is significant of the feeling with which the effort was made that the cable message announcing the honor bestowed upon Mr. Weill was sent from Paris by Mr. Gaston Verdier, a fellow-merchant of San Francisco and a business competitor. His delight in the distinction won by his friend was typical of that experienced by all who know Mr. Weill or have known of his public-spirited services.

The Belgian Government has conferred upon Mr. Wilfrid B. Chapman of San Francisco the Cross of Officer of the Order of Leopold. Mr. Chapman was consul for Belgium in this city fourteen years, dating from 1882, and, as early as 1891, was made chevalier of the same order. He resigned his consulate in 1896, when his services were again rewarded by a commission of honorary consul, a rather unusual distinction, and he has since then on several occasions, notably after our disastrous fire, taken charge of the consulate-general during the absences of its titular officer. His recent promotion in the order has now been accorded to him as an additional mark of the government's appreciation of his services.

The Woman's Auxiliary of the Society of California Pioneers will celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the signing of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, by which Mexico ceded California to the United States, on Saturday, February 1, from 4 to 7 o'clock, at Pioneer Hall, No. 5 Pioneer Place, San Francisco.

The right of the ladies to propose during leap year and to claim a husband or a silk gown forfeit is traditionally ascribed to St. Bridget.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"How shall we announce our engagement?"
"Tell a couple of your girl friends and make them promise not to tell."—*Houston Post*.

Mrs. Knicker—Does Bridget know her place? Mrs. Bocher—Yes, she knows one that pays a dollar more.—*Harper's Bazar*.

The Poet—To be a poet one must be poor. The Editor—Congratulations. You are the poorest poet I ever met.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"So you think you could buy me and sell me?" "Well, I don't know about the latter part of the proposition."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Briggs—I hear you've been speculating in Wall Street. Griggs—There was no speculating about it. I was a dead sure thing from the start.—*Life*.

She—Don't you think he's clever? He—Well, he seems to make people think so. She—Well, don't you consider that clever?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Mayor—Where are you going? Village Constable—The three tramps I just locked up want to play whist and I'm looking for a fourth.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Grocery Clerk—And how do you girls round at 1219 like your new mistress? The Waitress—Shure an' she's a perfect lady—just like wan of ourselves.—*Brooklyn Life*.

Minister—My dear little boy, why don't you get an umbrella? Jakey—Since pa has quit going to church he never brings home any more umhrellas.—*The Jewish Ledger*.

First Mother (reading letter from son at college)—Henry's letters always send me to the dictionary. Second Mother (resignedly)—That's nothing; Jack's always send me to the bank.—*Puck*.

"Now," said the physician, "you will have to eat plain food and not stay out late at night." "Yes," replied the patient, "that is what I have been thinking ever since you sent in your bill."—*The Catholic News*.

Musical Manager—Now, candidly, talking of the performance of Wagnerian opera, what do you think of our company's execution? Candid Critic—It is not execution, my friend; it is assassination.—*Baltimore American*.

"Literature is very trying, isn't it?" said one woman. "Yes," answered the other. "If your book doesn't sell, you are disappointed, and if it does it has to be so shocking that you are embarrassed."—*Washington Herald*.

"You're rather a young man to be left in charge of a drug store," said the fussy old gentleman. "Have you any diploma?" "Why, no, sir," replied the drug clerk, "hut we have a preparation of our own that's just as good."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"I received your majesty's message," said the new missionary. "Did I understand you would do me the honor to call upon me and dine tomorrow?" "Almost correct," replied the cannibal chief, "I said I would call and dine upon you tomorrow."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Towne—There was a spelling bee down at our church the other night. The pastor gave out the words. Did you hear about it? Browne—No; was it interesting? Towne—Rather. The first three words he gave out were "increase," "pastor," "salary."—*Philadelphia Press*.

O'Hagan—Oi have found the man that hit me wid a brick as Oi was passin' the alley, Mr. Murphy. Mr. Murphy—And what did you do with him? O'Hagan—Nothin'. 'Twas all a mistake—the man was only doing his duty. He thought Oi was a policeman in plain clothes.—*Smiles*.

"Mrs. Stilson," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "whatever her other shortcomings may be, does not lack aplomb." "Well," replied her hostess as she removed her \$30,000 dog collar because it had become uncomfortably tight, "I don't see why she shouldn't. Her father was a plumber."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Town Cynic—I don't like th' way they're doin' business over in our court house. Friend—Why? Town Cynic—Tom Simmonds, the court-crier, tells me that some one stole the court Bible more'n a month ago, an' since then he's been swearin' th' witnesses on th' town directory.—*The Bohemian*.

"Dora, would you be willing to marry a young man who has to make his own way in the world and who has nothing but his love for you to recommend him?" "Certainly, Gerald, if I cared enough for him, but at present I don't know of any such young man. Frosty weather, isn't it?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

Buncum—I see by the papers that you have made an assignment for the benefit of your creditors? Skinner—Yes; my affairs are in a bad shape. I won't be able to pay 10 cents on the dollar. Buncum—You're a lucky dog. Why, when I failed two years ago I had so much property left that I had to pay 50 cents on the dollar.—*Chicago News*.

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ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Tragedy in Portugal.

It was not possible to predict that the King of Portugal and the heir apparent would be murdered, but it was easy to foresee that an intolerable situation of practical anarchy must be ended by some kind of political catastrophe. After all, there are not many uncertainties in the broad field of human government. History is full of just such instances of cause and effect.

For the past six or seven months the situation in Portugal has been volcanic. At the base of the social pyramid has been a people industrious and patient, but incredibly ignorant and illiterate. At the apex of the pyramid has been a king who was practically unconscious except at meal times, and who was constitutionally imperious to any ideas except those of a good-natured and slothful comfort. Between the king and the people was a government that may be said to be the personification of greedy corruption. All political parties were merged in one complex "machine" that sold parliamentary majorities by auction, that affixed a price tag to every public office, and that created official places by the wholesale to satisfy the ravenous appetites of its

creatures. The real tragedy of Portugal was not the assassination of Carlos, but the murder of political decency.

About seven months ago a strong man made himself felt in Portugal. Franco, the prime minister, has been in public affairs for several years, but in the whirl of conflicting denunciations it is not easy to estimate his character. No one has accused him of personal dishonesty, but then his private fortune is large enough to remove from him the more vulgar temptations of opportunity. He may be, and he probably is, ambitious, but there is a kind of political ambition honorable to its possessor and salutary to the country. Franco, who has now resigned under irresistible pressure, is entitled to a suspended judgment until we shall see the full fruits of his extraordinary policies.

Franco found a problem that cried aloud for resolute action. Nothing whatever could be done with the king, either hungry or fed, before dinner or after it. Nothing could be done with the government or Parliament without at least a nucleus of patriotic feeling, and of this hardly a trace had been left by a festering corruption. On the other hand, the revolutionary party throughout the country was becoming so strong as to threaten the overthrow of the monarchy and the establishment of no one quite knows what. Franco did the only thing that remained to him and for which he will be judged in the light of coming events. He took the government of the country into his own hands; while declaring for the monarchy, he practically imprisoned the king; and he dissolved Parliament and himself assumed the rôle of a dictator.

This, of course, accentuated the situation, because all the details of the disgraceful position became public property. The masses of the people realized for the first time that the king's private debts were colossal and that the executive was simply a den of thieves. Franco proposed to pay the royal debts with a heedful eye to the royal dignity, and this arrayed against him all the hate of the revolutionists. He had already incurred the hate of officialism because he had moved upon the ranks of the office-holders like a veritable angel of death. With a single stroke of his pen he abolished sinecures worth \$200,000 a year, a very large sum in Portugal, and there was naturally an agony of apprehension throughout the powerful army of retainers who were paid a great deal for doing nothing at all. Franco made no alliances either with the Parliament or the revolutionists. He admitted that he was a dictator, but he said that nothing but dictatorship could avail against a combination of incapacity and corruption. When the people showed themselves fit for representative institutions they should have them, and not before. Franco may be a self-seeker and an ambitious tyrant. Time will show, but at the moment he seems to be a good deal of a man.

The assassination of the king is not in itself a serious break in the situation. Carlos is dead and Manuel reigns in his stead. Manuel is little more than a boy, and is therefore presumably under the influence of his mother, Queen Amelie. The queen is supposed to be something of a saint, no doubt on the score of pietistic professions and the "vain repetitions" that are so admirable a substitute for public acts of virtue. The late king's debts are largely attributed to her extravagance, to her mania for display, and to her utter indifference to the public good. It seems that she has now thrown her whole weight against Franco and for the restoration of the old order of things. If Franco had been able to hold his own, to impose the reforms that he had inaugurated, and to steer the nation back to constitutionalism and to self-respect, it might have hastened a crisis, but it would have cured the disease. Now we seem likely to have the *status quo ante*, the reërection of the old iniquities, and the probable success of the revolutionary forces. The people are merely human cattle, dense, brutal, frenzied, and insensate. They may give way to the very common delusion among nations that they are suffering from something

other than their own folly, and so insist upon a new form of government, or they may listen to the beguilements of the pretender, Prince Miguel of Braganza, whose father usurped the throne of Portugal in 1828 and was forced to abdicate in 1834. On the other hand, they may be content to await developments for a time under the new king. One thing only is certain. If the queen thinks that by getting rid of Franco she can quietly put things back where they were she is doomed to a rough awakening, and it will be rough in proportion to its postponement.

The "Truce" in New York.

Secretary Taft's letter of January 26 to Chairman Parsons of the New York County Committee did its perfect work in that it called an immediate halt upon factional opposition to the Hughes candidacy. On two former occasions within a few weeks, it will be remembered, the County Committee, which is largely made up of Federal office-holders and which is supposed to reflect the personal purposes of the President in New York, rejected resolutions friendly to Hughes. The forces under its hand, for several weeks preceding the writing of Secretary Taft's letter, were active in the cheap business of crying down, hooting, and cat-calling every mention of Governor Hughes's name made anywhere in connection with the presidential nomination. It was the Taft letter which stopped all this and which has caused the Federal brigade to join in carrying through the County Committee resolutions of utmost cordiality and friendliness toward the lately despised governor. It is inevitable now that New York's delegation to the Republican convention will be solid for Hughes "until such time as he shall cease to be a candidate."

Nobody pretends that the members of the Federal brigade—that is, of those who, under the direct leadership of Parsons, Woodruff, and Barnes, represent President Roosevelt—really desire the nomination of Governor Hughes. Secretary Taft's letter to Parsons was nothing more nor less than a surrender so far as New York is concerned, in diplomatic terms and with a strategical eye upon the future. The hope of those who are managing Taft's campaign is that Hughes's candidacy will exhibit fatal weakness early in the convention and that then the Hughes delegates from New York, released from all obligations, will turn to Taft. It was a case where second choice was better than no choice at all, since the administration fight against Hughes in his own State had become a manifest and an assured failure.

It is surmised that behind this surrender on the part of the Taft hoosters in New York there is a hard-and-fast understanding that Taft is to have the delegates when, if that time ever come, Hughes has no further use for them. However, this has not been developed positively. Nor has the surrender under the conditions by which it came about served entirely to conciliate those who have stood for Governor Hughes all along. Mr. Edward Lauterbach, a well-known Hughes supporter, put into words in a brief but hot speech before the county committee sentiments widely held by the supporters of Governor Hughes, that is, those who have been his supporters from the beginning and who really desire his nomination and election, as distinct from those who really desire the nomination of Taft and who are supporting Hughes as a means of bringing about that result. "Why," asked Mr. Lauterbach, "this sudden change of front? The reason is simply that the leash has been cut and the dogs have been set free. Who set them free? Who has permitted the president of this committee to shake off his shackles? Was it any one in the State of New York? No, it was a man from Ohio." Mr. Lauterbach evidently had little confidence in the good faith of the newly converted friends of Hughes. "I call," he said, "upon the people of this State to see that if this resolution which pledges support to Governor Hughes shall be passed tonight, it shall be further carried to a successful result in

Chicago convention." That Mr. Lauterbach was not wrong in his frankly declared want of confidence, was demonstrated by the withdrawal of many members of the committee before roll-call. With the meeting thus purged of Taftites unwilling to stultify themselves, the Hughes resolutions were passed "unanimously."

It remains to be seen what Odell and his followers will do in a situation which for the moment appears to have left them in the lurch—euchred so to speak. Odell, as readers of this paper well know, is no Hughesite, since Hughes stands in stalwart opposition to everything associated with Odell's name. He has made repeated and highly effective assaults upon the kind of politics habitually practiced by Odell, and by his reorganization of State administrative affairs has cut the ground from under the grosser practices of the spoils system. But for his own purposes and to his own ends Odell took up the cause of Hughes when it needed friends to match opposing activities in the interest of Taft. The Taft men having now taken up Hughes's candidacy, will try not only to ride on the band wagon, but to hold the reins and direct its course. That Odell will permit this to be done is past belief. He will almost certainly demand that the delegates who are to support Hughes in the Chicago convention shall be selected by those who really wish Hughes's success rather than by the element which though now nominally for Hughes would be mightily pleased at his failure. Odell will not consent that Hughes delegates shall be selected by Taft boomers; and it is not easy to see how this can be done over his protest. He has the rights of it on his side; furthermore, as a political general he is easily capable of giving Parsons and Woodruff, the Taft boosters, both cards and spades and still win out against them. This phase of a fight which on its face appears to be settled has yet to be fought out. There is, we think, little doubt about the outcome. New York will be represented at Chicago, not by Taft men each with a complimentary ballot or two in his pocket for Governor Hughes, but by delegates who really wish Hughes's election. And when it comes to selecting them, we suspect that Mr. Odell will be there or thereabout.

A Plain Statement of Facts.

There has arisen in San Francisco a situation relative to the public health, and incidentally to commercial and other interests, which calls for a straightforward statement of unpleasant facts. During the past eight months—since May of last year—San Francisco has been infected, not seriously or generally to be sure, but none the less infected to a degree, with bubonic plague. It has not assumed proportions justifying immediate or serious alarm. All told, the number of cases that have come under medical observation since May 27 last, when the first case was discovered, is 137. The last case was pronounced cured and discharged some weeks ago. Today there is not among human-kind a single known case of the plague in San Francisco or anywhere else in California. We have emphasized the phrase human-kind because it is precisely at this point that a distinction must be made. While human creatures are readily susceptible to bubonic plague, it is in its origin and character not a human but a rat disease. The method of its communication among human creatures is less by direct contact than through agencies for which the rat is primarily responsible. In countries where the bubonic plague is endemic the saying goes, "no rat, no plague," and this is strictly the fact. The rat itself, except where germs from its decayed and disintegrated carcass may be borne about by air currents and inhaled, does not spread contagion among human-kind, since immediate contact is rare. But the rat has a parasite, a flea of a peculiarly lively and hungry kind, the *pulex cheopis*, which finds its way freely about and spreads infection far and wide. To protect human-kind against this flea, the rat which harbors and infects the flea must be exterminated.

The danger of San Francisco with respect to the bubonic plague rests today wholly upon the fact, developed by unquestioned tests, that rats which infest the city in great numbers are infected with the plague, that the percentage of infection among them is growing, and that with the coming on of spring and summer weather, in which both rats and fleas breed in amazing ratio, we may have a situation of real peril; we say this is the whole danger, since now for several weeks there has not been so far as the medical officers know—and they have been at great pains to find out—a single case of plague in or about San Francisco.

Like most diseases propagated and nourished by con-

ditions of insanitation and the superstitions which perpetuate such conditions, bubonic plague is of Oriental origin. It is endemic in the province of Yunnan in southeastern China, from whence it has been carried to Canton and Hongkong. At periods it rages violently in Yunnan province, having in the year 1892 killed some 60,000 persons. Two years later something like 3000 persons died of the plague in Hongkong. It is from the commercial port of Hongkong undoubtedly that a few years back the plague spread widely, developing at Bombay in 1896, at Sydney in January, 1900, at Brisbane in April of the same year, and at San Francisco about 1898. Beyond a doubt the agent of infection in all these instances was the rat bearing everywhere his parasite, the *pulex cheopis*—the flea. In none of these instances did the ravages of the plague become epidemic, though in Brisbane—in the whole province of Queensland, in fact—the infection has never been entirely stamped out. In the other places named, protective measures were relatively prompt, and in consequence nothing recently has been heard of this infection. In earlier times bubonic plague was carried to various parts of the world, Glasgow in Scotland having once had a brief run of this disease very much as we had a few years ago.

Whether the immediate development of bubonic plague in San Francisco is a fresh importation or a recrudescence from slumbering germs left over from our former experience, is a question which experts have not been able to determine. Probably it is a recrudescence. Dr. Rupert Blue, U. S. marine surgeon, under whose direction the work of stamping out the plague in 1902-3 was carried forward and who now finds himself in San Francisco again, with the same kind of a job on his hands, inclines to this opinion, at the same time frankly declaring the point to be one of uncertainty. In the first instance infection is supposed to have reached San Francisco some time in 1898, although its true character was not recognized until two or three years later. The instances of the disease were few and widely separated as to time, nobody had the bubonic plague in mind, and there were no arrangements for the kind of examination essential to certainty. By 1902, however, it was determined by local medical authority that the plague was here—in Chinatown and North Beach—and the work of exterminating it was put into the hands of Dr. Blue by virtue of his position as marine surgeon in charge of the San Francisco station. The last case occurred at North Beach in 1904 and the number of cases, from the time the true character of the disease was recognized until the last patient was discharged, was 118.

The campaign carried on by Dr. Blue in 1903-4 was a radical one and it is believed to have exterminated all the rats within the then infected area, approximately twenty blocks, including the whole of Chinatown. The whole district was found to be in the foulest possible condition from a sanitary standpoint. Cellars, spaces under houses, blind alleys, light wells, cesspools, these and other places had been made a dumping ground of all manner of offal for years. From a single blind alley, Dr. Blue's men hauled away twenty-one wagonloads of reeking putridity compounded of decayed vegetation, rotted meats, the entrails of animals, dead rats, cats, and dogs, mingled with all manner of unnamable filth. Chinatown for once was cleaned down to bed rock. Wooden foundations were torn away, defective plumbing condemned, rotten wooden floors were taken up, and for the time being, at least, scores of buildings which previously had been receptacles for filth and a harboring place for vermin, were made sanitary and rat-proof—rat-proofing being accomplished by the laying of cement floors, the closing of holes about all drainage spaces, and the substitution of concrete for wooden foundations. In one place, where the conditions were especially noxious, the cost of putting the building in habitable order after Dr. Blue's men got through with it was \$6000. This isolated circumstance will give some idea of the thoroughness with which the work was done in certain cases and of how such work must always be done if the results to come from it are to be effective and permanent. The consternation of conservative property-holders at this kind of procedure may easily be imagined. At the beginning Dr. Blue was met by obstructive tactics—first protests, next threats, then legal injunctions—but as the necessities of the work came to be understood obstruction ceased, and in the end the inspectors were able without annoyance to carry forward their work under conditions essential to its success.

When Dr. Blue left San Francisco in 1905 there had not developed a case of the plague for a year; and

in the meantime there had been constant watchfulness, including critical examination of the dead, with such other forms of vigilance as medical caution suggested. Apparently the plague had been stamped out completely, but at this point Dr. Blue is now doubtful, since, as above stated, he inclines to the opinion that the immediate development of plague infection has come to us not by a fresh importation but through recrudescence, therefore directly connected with the former experience. Infection probably passed to rats outside the district covered by the first campaign of extermination and has since been sustained there.

The first case of plague in San Francisco since 1904 developed in a patient at the Marine Hospital on the 27th of last May. The source of infection was impossible to trace. At the time, the municipal medical service, due to many causes, was in bad shape, and even after the case above mentioned was known, few of the usual precautions were immediately taken. There were no examinations of the dead in June or July, no real study of the situation for the purpose of developing facts as to the plague. A new medical board coming into authority August 13 last very soon so developed the facts of the situation as to cause the city government to ask the President to take charge of the sanitation of the city in the matter of protection against the plague. Dr. Blue was immediately ordered here, arriving September 12 and taking immediate charge of the work which has been pursued vigorously ever since. In September fifty cases were developed, in October thirty, in November thirty, in December ten. The last case was reported December 26. In addition to these cases there was one death on the 8th ultimo, the case having developed at Stege Station in Contra Costa County. One other case, that of a woman, occurred at Oakland December 19. This is the complete record for San Francisco and hereabout.

The premonitions of bubonic plague in the form in which it commonly develops are headache and backache with a chill or chilly sensations, a rapid rise of temperature, usually to about 103 degrees, accompanied by prostration. Usually on the second day the glands of the groin or of the neck or under the arms become swollen and intensely sensitive. On the third day a rash usually appears. In fatal cases death usually occurs on the fourth or fifth day. In white patients the percentage of deaths is from 55 to 60 per cent; in Orientals the percentage rises to 90. Of the 118 cases in 1892—three more than 100 were Chinese; the rest were about equally Japanese and whites. Most of the cases came from Chinatown. Two cases developed in a clothing factory, the victims being women handling merchandise which had been made up by Chinese workmen in their own quarter.

An interesting circumstance in connection with this run of the plague was the development of three cases in Contra Costa County far away from any known centre of infection. In two of these cases contact with squirrels or gophers was demonstrated; and this fact, taken in connection with widespread ravages of some unnamed distemper among rodents in the Contra Costa region, indicates that the plague had a run in that district. Whether infected rats were carried across the bay, or whether infection came directly from ships at Port Costa, is not known. Indeed, there was no investigation sufficient to make certain any of the facts in the case.

The present campaign in San Francisco is being waged by Dr. Blue, assisted by a staff of marine surgeons and with a small army of inspectors and workmen, some 400 persons in all. The city has been divided into districts and these in turn are apportioned among physicians and inspectors. The main work is the destruction of rats, and this is being accomplished at the rate of approximately 1000 a day. In a laboratory maintained under Dr. Blue's direction about two-thirds of the rats killed each day are subjected to bacteriological examination. And it is here that the menace of the present situation has become apparent. In September, when infection of human-kind was at its worst, the infection in rats killed by Dr. Blue's army of catchers was seven-tenths of one per cent. The percentage has steadily advanced until now it is practically 1½ per cent. The degree of infection among rats, it will be seen, is one point more than double what it was four months ago. The decline in the percentage of human infection is explained by the fact that at this season the air is free from dust and therefore of the germs which accompany it; and more important still, that it is the off-season for fleas. It was not uncommon in September for a single rat to yield twenty fleas,

whereas at this season sometimes twenty rats must be examined to find a single flea. Now, when warmer weather comes on and when fleas multiply by the million, and when the air is filled with dust, it is almost a certainty that infection of human-kind will increase. In Oriental cities, the rule is to consider the plague epidemic when infection among rats reaches 2 per cent. As we have already noted, we are now within one-half of 1 per cent of that condition.

The safety of the community during the coming summer lies, in the opinion of Dr. Blue, upon such energetic work now as will vastly reduce the number of rats in San Francisco. This can be done by three methods: (1) By catching and destroying them; (2) by cutting off their food supply; (3) by destroying the conditions which harbor them. The work of destruction is being pursued vigorously; and now what is needed is the coöperation of householders generally. If each householder will rid his own premises of rats and make it impossible for rats to find food, the problem would instantly be solved. But in a city where wooden floors and open drains are universal, and where the destruction of garbage is a go-as-you-please matter, the situation is extremely favorable to the propagation and harboring of rats, and it will be so as long as these conditions continue. In the opinion of Dr. Blue and other experts the collection and destruction of garbage in San Francisco should immediately be made a municipal function; for when it is left to the individual householder to see to the carting away of garbage this work will not be done in many, perhaps in the majority of cases. In the better parts of the city the garbage man is a regular visitor, but there are hundreds of blocks in which, in spite of the mandatory ordinances, he never goes. Perhaps in the majority of back yards, take the city over, food that will sustain rat life lies open and festering every day in the year; while in many pretentious places the open swill barrel is a constant promoter of rat life. It is true that a regulation calling for metal cans and covers may do something to remedy this mischief, but it will not cure it. The only cure for it is a rigid system of sanitation under which the municipal garbage man pays a daily visit to every habitation and by which a sanitary inspector makes weekly rounds.

The only way by which complete de-ratization—if we may use a new and somewhat elaborate word—may be accomplished is by a rigid system of building. There ought not to be in any modern city a single wooden ground-floor, foundation, or drain. Wherever these things exist there will the odious and disease-bearing rat thrive. There are many cities in Europe, particularly in Italy, Spain, and the south of France, where the climatic and other conditions favorable to rat life are more serious than with us. There as here rat diseases sometimes get a start, but they are easily beaten out because these cities are made of stone, and stone construction is fatal to rat life in any great development. In the opinion of experts, San Francisco must look this fact directly in the face, namely, that until we shall make every structure in San Francisco rat proof, we shall be liable to infections like that against which war is now being waged.

How seriously the immediate situation in San Francisco is regarded may be judged by the fact that since mid-November the United States government has been expending \$30,000 per month or practically \$1000 a day. The city government is coöperating to the extent of from \$10,000 to \$12,000 per month. In the opinion of experts these sums might be doubled with advantage. The danger lies not only in the possibility of individual infection, but in the very serious fact that the government authorities may, under their working rules, find it necessary to put San Francisco under quarantine. What this would mean in its relations to commerce and trade hardly needs to be explained. Among other things it only needs to be suggested that it might prevent the fleet now entering the Pacific Ocean from holding in San Francisco Bay that ceremonious rendezvous for which the whole world is so eagerly expectant.

It is, it will be seen, a matter calling for prompt and thorough-going action not only on the part of the authorities but on the part of every householder; for unless between now and the season of warmer weather the percentage of infection among rats is lowered, San Francisco will be advertised to the world as a plague city and its doors practically closed to commerce. This is a serious statement, but it is made upon official authority. It is made for the express purpose of stirring our people to such vigilance and energy as alone

may save us against a scourge more terrible than earthquake or fire. What is needed is that each householder shall safeguard his own premises.

It should comfort the timid to know that the rat flea, the *pulex cheopis*, is not identical with the *pulex irritans* which finds his habitat in the theatre-seat, the church-pew, the undershirt, and even in the night gown. But like our pesky familiar, the *pulex cheopis* is a lively chap and does, as experience shows, find his way to human-kind in houses infested by rats. Any household may render itself immune from this source of infection by cementing its ground floors and foundations, by keeping its drains closed, and by cutting off the food supply which attracts rat life. There is, to be sure, another form of infection which none who go abroad may escape; for when the winds are high infection may occur through inhalation, in which case the germs develop in the lungs, or by absorption in cases where germs attach themselves to abrasions of the skin. The sure cure is to exterminate rat life by the several methods above suggested. This has been successfully enforced elsewhere and it must be enforced here. When Glasgow found herself in a situation comparable to that of San Francisco, under a general alarm occasioned by eighteen cases of bubonic plague, she entered upon an anti-rat campaign and did not cease until the vast sum of \$1,500,000 had been expended. But the desired result was obtained. The plague was exorcised and it has not returned.

The President's Message.

We wish it were possible to pass over in silence the message sent by the President to Congress on Friday of last week. This feeling is prompted by the fact that the document reflects not the best but the worst aspects of the President's character. The spirit of it is that of anger, resentment, and intense personalism; and when this kind of a spell is on him, Mr. Roosevelt is not a pleasing object. Too often of late he has permitted himself to be overmastered by the faults of his temperament, to exhibit his inability to meet criticism or the miscarriage of his plans in that spirit which unfailingly marks the man of poised mind and of true moral courage.

The nominal occasion for this message was the failure under a decision of the Supreme Court of a law upon which the President had set his heart. But the real purpose of the message apparently bears small relationship to its text. It is a case where the President has forced an opportunity to fly into the faces of his critics and to scratch, and to bite, and to kick like a spoiled boy in a paroxysm of bad temper. The incongruity of the whole matter becomes painfully obvious when we try to imagine Lincoln or Grant or Cleveland in such a rôle. Of course, it all comes to nothing, because it is on its face no more than a petulant outburst. Those who read it—and there are few indeed who will really read it through—instantly discount it as the extravagance of one who with all his opportunities and responsibilities has never learned the simple moral lesson of self-control.

The serious suggestions of this message—the few kernels of this over-full bushel of chaff—are sound enough, howbeit they lack the merit of being new. The President would (1) have Congress reenact the employer's liability law in such shape as to conform to the Constitution; (2) he would have the government compensate all employees injured in the government service; (3) he would regulate the uses of the injunction process in certain cases where labor is affected by it; (4) he would so extend the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission that it may act on its own initiative and he would otherwise strengthen its hands; (5) he would so revise the Sherman anti-trust law as to permit "reasonable" combinations; (6) he would suppress the grosser forms of gambling in securities and commodities; (7) he asks for legislation to give the Federal courts adequate jurisdiction over interstate commerce. Here we have the essence of the message; all the rest is sound and fury signifying so little as to be incapable of analysis. The President's suggestions are not out of the way, excepting that they are calculated rather obviously to placate the labor interest in view, no doubt, of the coming campaign.

Out of the too-much of the President's furious denunciation of men and things we will take only a single point by way of illustration. President Ripley of the Santa Fé Railroad, as all the country knows, is a man of very high character. Whoever else may or may

not be smirched by questionable financial or other doings, President Ripley has stood conspicuously above reproach. He has ventured to declare in public statements with reference to the interstate commerce laws that he has not consciously violated them. But now comes the President and upon the say-so of a professional criminal prosecutor, who submits the evidence of a stolen letter with respect to a matter in no sense related to interstate commerce—upon this questionable and slender basis, he heaps upon President Ripley the prodigious volume of an overwrought wrath.

This outburst would be extravagant and out of proportion under normal circumstances, but it becomes ridiculous and, indeed, just a bit beyond bounds, in view of certain historical incidents in which the President has played a part. Mr. Paul Morton, be it remembered, a former member of Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet, was previous to his Cabinet service the chief traffic official of the Santa Fé Railroad Company. Before an official investigating committee and under oath, Mr. Morton confessed to having made certain combinations, and to having done certain other things in flat disregard of the spirit and the letter of the interstate commerce law. It is not forgotten that for weeks and months, while Mr. Morton was still a member of the President's Cabinet, there was universal talk of his liability to prosecution as a criminal. Nor is it forgotten that Mr. Roosevelt in an extraordinary public declaration sponged the slate of Mr. Morton's derelictions—not to say crimes—giving to that gentleman a flawless bill of moral health.

Now contrast the terms in which the President falls upon Mr. Ripley, who has not violated any law with which the President has anything to do, with the terms in which he forgave his friend Morton for acknowledged violations of a law for whose enforcement the President was directly responsible! We will not say that the President had not proper and adequate reasons in the one case; but most certainly he has not proper and adequate reasons in the other. Apparently he wanted a chance to air his resources of denunciatory rhetoric. For a whole week, or something like it, he had not found occasion to call anybody a double-barreled liar or a stub-and-twist scoundrel; Heney's letter came along just in time to suggest Ripley's name—and there you have it. Fortunately, Mr. Ripley will suffer no damage. The President has done this sort of thing so often that neither Congress nor the public takes his outbursts as signifying anything worse than that the President is in a tantrum.

Mr. Roosevelt's habit of asserting himself in positive and slashing terms with respect to things he knows nothing about has within the past twelve months had several illustrations familiar to Californians. Nobody, we think, has forgotten that extraordinary utterance in which the President held up the Japanese as embodying in their civilization and character much that it would be good for the people of the United States to imitate. True it is that later, when his blood cooled and when he really took pains to inform himself, he took it all back, making a very earnest effort to undo the tremendous mischief which his ignorance of simple facts and his habit of oracular utterance upon the basis of partial information had led him. But mischief like this, once done, can never be undone. What the President in his ignorance and folly did in the Japanese matter, stimulated the already too ambitious Japanese spirit to ridiculous and ruinous ambitions; and out of these ambitions there has come a war scare which before we are done with it will cost this country untold millions of dollars. Not in a century will we have paid the full price which a hasty and extravagant expression on the part of the President of the United States must cost us. Probably before we are done with it we shall have to fight a bloody war to demonstrate to the Japanese the unspeakable folly into which Mr. Roosevelt's taste for superlatives led him.

Now in this last message we have another illustration of Mr. Roosevelt's inveterate propensity to be positive upon the basis of misinformation. Referring to our local troubles, he speaks of "men who, in San Francisco, have prosecuted with impartial severity wrong-doers," etc. Note the phrase "impartial severity," and with its just suggestions in mind, recall the fact that eighteen hoodling supervisors have been given immunity with leave to retain their booty; also that the prime criminal of all, the organizer and administrator of the whole scheme of plunder in San Francisco, has carried in his pocket this eight months and more a contract of complete immunity signed by the prosecuting attorney and his chief assistant and verbally approved by officers of court. Recall

further the furious energy of the prosecuting agents—of the “men . . . of impartial severity”—towards a few men against whom they have cherished motives of business and personal malice. Impartial severity, indeed! The trouble here is that the President writes about a matter concerning which he lacks primary information; that he has taken a course not unusual with him of laying down a moral principle in respect to matters he knows nothing about. There are ugly names for this sort of temerity, and we will leave the reader to supply them.

In the wind-up of this extraordinary message, there is an effort at dramatic effect through quotation of a passage from Lincoln's second inaugural. The phrases of Lincoln, breathing charity for all and malice toward none, fit curiously into a document in which anger, resentment, thwarted vanity, and a colossal egotism are the chief component parts. Strange that it should be imagined that a reverent quotation could give sanctity and grace to an utterance instinctive with splenetic rage.

Harassed by Doubts.

It has been a slow week in graft matters, the only development of importance being a public statement by Abe Ruef denying in vehement terms the charge of the prosecution that he has in any wise failed to keep faith under his contract of immunity. He has always been ready, he declares, and is ready now to keep his part of the contract and to “testify fully and completely to the truth and the whole truth in all matters.” Ruef goes further to accuse the prosecution at various points in their dealings with him; and he concludes his statement with a suggestion that when it suits his convenience he will have things to say to the public that will make it sit up and take notice.

We see no reason to doubt the truthfulness of Ruef in this matter more than any other. On the other hand, we see no reason to believe him. His readiness and dexterity as a liar under oath or otherwise has been so many times exploited before the public that nothing that he may say signifies anything unless it be associated with such a weight of corroborative facts as to give it credit.

For its own peace and comfort the *Argonaut* wishes it could get out of its mind certain doubts which present themselves in connection with each new development in the graft cases. Here, for example, we see Ruef industriously berating his late friends of the prosecution. Likewise see the prosecution ostentatiously asserting its resentment against Ruef. Among the incidents of last week, be it remembered, there was a melodramatic passage between Ruef and Burns in Judge Dunne's courtroom. These things are suggestive of a sudden and intensely developed animosity between the prosecution and Ruef. But here comes in the spirit of doubt. We can but recall the long period in which Ruef and the prosecuting agents stood in relations of close sympathy and mutual support, playing before the public a game of deception and falsehood without parallel in our legal annals. We are, of course, reminded that there has been a new deal. Nevertheless, the spirit of doubt still intrudes. Why, it whispers, should anybody put faith in these manifestations in view of a record which exposes both Ruef and his prosecutors as persistent agents in a conspiracy of deception supported for many months by many forms of pretense and falsehood?

The spirit of distrust whispers, may not all this be part of a new stage play elaborately schemed in order to get Ruef the immunity which he wants, to give Mr. Spreckels the revenge which he appears all along to have been after, and at the same time to put the onus of immunity for Ruef upon some compliant though protesting court—Judge Dunne's, for example?

Again this same spirit of distrust whispers, is it not possible that Ruef and the prosecution have schemed this new play before the public to the end of putting Ruef in the apparent position of an enemy to the prosecution, thereby increasing his value as a witness if he shall at the right time testify to “facts” which the prosecution is anxious to establish? On the face of things all this may be fanciful and remote; but it is not more out of keeping with the pretensions of the situation than has been the position of Abraham Ruef this eight months past with Langdon's and Heney's contract of complete immunity in his pocket.

If the propriety or justice of these doubts be questioned, let us ask how anybody can find the grace to have faith in anything said or done either by Ruef or Langdon, or by anybody else connected with the recent immunity conspiracy. The whole pack are now con-

fessed to have been pretenders and liars in private and in public for the better part of a year. For them now to ask anybody to believe anything they say or to credit anything they may pretend to do is to put too great a strain upon human credulity. For its own part, the *Argonaut* has ceased in this connection to believe in the sincerity of anybody associated with this secret traffic in immunity. Henceforth where Messrs. Ruef, Heney, Langdon, Spreckels, and Burns are concerned it will require the demonstration of facts before taking the trouble to form anything in the way of an opinion. In matters so complicated by deception and fraud, this is the only safe attitude.

Hughes Declares Himself.

Governor Hughes of New York has found occasion to make very clear his position with respect to the national issues. Speaking on the night of the 31st ultimo, at New York, he ran over the main points of questions now before the public, stating without reserve or diplomacy the conclusions of his judgment. He is in favor of revision of the tariff schedules after the whole question shall have been carefully studied and reported upon by a competent commission. “We must,” he said, “be patient, impartial, and thorough; investigation must precede action; good will must displace passion, and the sole motive must be to seek the truth and do the right.”

Discussing the railroad question, Governor Hughes asserted his unqualified opposition to government ownership, at the same time urging the necessity of strict regulation of interstate commerce. As a means of railroad supervision he suggested an administrative board, in recognition doubtless of the successful work done by such boards in New York State during the past year.

These citations from a comprehensive address sufficiently illustrate the tendencies and tone of Governor Hughes's mind with respect to the timely issues. Briefly it may be said that Governor Hughes is a reformer, but a reformer of the kind who proceeds upon the basis of reason rather than of impulse and with respect to things rather than to persons. There is no phase of what may be called the Roosevelt policy in which Hughes is not in entire accord, if the personal, sentimental, and resentful aspects of the Roosevelt scheme be omitted. Speaking directly of the President, Governor Hughes declared that the country was under lasting obligations to Mr. Roosevelt for his vigorous opposition to abuses and for the strong impulse he has given to movements for their correction.

These utterances, made avowedly in connection with Governor Hughes's candidacy for the presidential office, have naturally commanded wide interest. They have been accepted the country over as illustrating a breadth of character, and a political capacity entirely justifying the claims and proposals of Governor Hughes's friends. As to Governor Hughes's chances for the presidential nomination it is, of course, too early for anything better than a mere guess; but there can be no doubt that in this admirable man we have an exceptionally fine piece of presidential timber, one entirely abreast of the times and in striking accord with the best judgment and the best conscience of the country.

Apparently the choice lies between Governor Hughes and Secretary Taft; and in the selection of either the country may well congratulate itself.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Integrity of Law—a Protest.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 28, 1908.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: The undersigned, members of the Bar of the State of California, desire hereby to protest against the very serious injury that has been done to the good name of our State and to the judiciary of California by the unjust criticism of our District Court of Appeal, indulged in by a large portion of the press in connection with that tribunal's decision of the Schmitz case.

The reputation of San Francisco has been sufficiently tarnished, and its commercial and other interests sufficiently prejudiced, by the shameful condition of our municipal officers without spreading broadcast ill-advised, sensational, and unfounded statements to the effect that our judiciary is corrupt, and that the whole city so reeks with graft and dishonesty as to render it and its people unworthy of the world's confidence.

That bribery, extortion, blackmail, and other forms of corruption were rampant in San Francisco during the Ruef-Schmitz régime is conceded by all; and the desire that the guilty should be punished and held up to public opprobrium is universal, and it speaks well for our community that the conduct of these guilty ones has aroused universal abhorrence. Nevertheless, those who stand accused are entitled to a fair and impartial trial, and to all the safeguards with which the statutes of the State surround those charged with crime. Whether our legislature has gone too far in the matter of providing such safeguards is not now the question under consideration, nor is it one which can be passed on by the courts, as courts are organized for the purpose of upholding the law as they find it written, and not for the purpose of evading that law when invoked by persons who have incurred the righteous wrath of the people. No judge has the right to

declare any state of facts a crime, unless expressly made so by statute. He must be guided by the law as enacted by the legislature, and must not depart therefrom merely for the sake of winning the applause of the multitude, or of punishing one whom he believes to be deserving of punishment.

In devising our system of jurisprudence the aim of the legislature has been to insure to rich and poor alike the right to have all questions of law reviewed and passed upon by an absolutely fair and impartial appellate tribunal, and to remove that tribunal as far as practicable from those passions and prejudices which, in a time of popular excitement, tend directly or indirectly to sway the minds of the masses. Such a tribunal must be composed of men capable of resisting the influence of popular clamor, and of fearlessly performing their duty, even though the performance thereof is bound to conflict with public opinion.

In the Schmitz case, popular feeling has had ample opportunity to express itself, and has availed itself of that opportunity to the full. When, therefore, the Appellate Court decided the questions of law submitted to it in favor of the accused, it must have known that its decision would not please the public; and had it been the time-serving or venal institution which part of our local press has declared it to be, it would have sought for the noisy applause of the multitude, rather than the silent approval of its own conscience.

To hastily impugn the motives and reflect upon the character of those whose opinion and actions do not coincide with a prevailing public sentiment is a common fault. But if our courts are to be subjected to extravagant accusations of corruption and fraud and their motives are to be impugned, their character defamed, and their efforts to administer justice belittled whenever their decisions conflict with the wishes of the public, then the time must come when we shall be unable to obtain judges except from the ranks of those who are found ever cringing before public opinion, and who are prepared to ignore the law whenever its impartial administration happens to conflict with the wishes of their fickle master.

There have been few, if any, decisions rendered by human tribunals which have escaped criticism, or which some one did not believe to be wrong. There are always two sides to every controversy, and partisans on both sides; and there are many cases in which the justices composing the court can not themselves agree. It is the right of every citizen, and of the press, to express his or its opinion on any question and to differ as to the conclusions of any court; and so long as his or its criticism is confined within the boundaries of fairness, decency, and reason, no one should complain. But when it goes beyond these boundaries, and by innuendo or direct assertions accuses the court of corrupt motives, holds it up to public scorn and derision, denies to its judges those virtues which even the most hopeless of criminals are commonly believed to possess in some measure, and seeks to take from them the confidence and respect of their fellows, then it is time for every thinking man, and for every citizen who has the good name or the welfare of his country at heart, to condemn and suppress such criticism.

It is not necessary that we should here defend the decision in question, nor that we should be held to concur in the reasoning or the conclusions therein expressed. Some of us might differ from the court in its construction or application of the law; but this would not give us the right to impugn the motives of the judges, or to accuse them of corruption. Such accusations are unsupported by any proof and are absolutely without justification. They are, for the most part, the offspring of fabrications of distorted or prejudiced minds, or of those who are seeking to intimidate the courts in their future action.

It must not be forgotten that if the Court of Appeal has erred in its construction or application of the law, such error can be corrected by our Supreme Court. Possibly very much of the clamor that has been made by part of the local press has been with the hope of intimidating this court and influencing its action in reviewing the decision of the appellate tribunal. Needless to say, such a hope, if entertained, is impossible of fulfillment; for our Supreme Court, like our Court of Appeal, will not permit its decision to be influenced by either popular resentment or applause, but will affirm or reverse the decision in accordance with the law, and unmoved by passion or prejudice.

In conclusion, we desire to say to the people of California that the judges in question have our full confidence and respect, and we believe them to be entitled to the confidence and respect of every citizen of our State. We appeal to our fellow-citizens to consider well the consequences of publishing to the world as true the unfounded and unjust charges that have been made against our judiciary, and to uphold the hands of men who show themselves courageous enough to perform their duty without flinching, and to construe and apply the law as they find it, without respect of persons, and without regard to outside influences.

(Signed):

Drown, Leicester & Drown,	Milton Andros,
Heller, Powers & Ehrman,	Seth Mann,
James M. Allen,	Alex. Heynemann,
Tobin & Tobin,	Platt & Bayne,
Frohman & Jacobs,	Duncan Hayne,
P. A. Bergerot,	Goodfellow & Eells,
Edward F. Treadwell,	Hewlett, Bancroft & Ballentine,
Pringle & Pringle,	J. V. de Laveaga,
Maguire, Lindsay, Houx & Barrett,	Edward C. Harrison,
Jesse W. Lillenthal,	Alex. D. Keyes,
Pringle & Pringle,	Otto Irving Wise,
E. B. Young,	James P. Sweeney,
Frank P. Dering,	Hugo K. Asher,
Wilson & Wilson,	William F. Humphrey,
James A. Ballentine,	A. E. Bolton,
Maddox & Loessel,	Albert J. Dibblee,
T. C. Van Ness, Jr.,	L. A. Kedman,
A. D. Plaw,	Thomas H. Breeze,
Louis T. Hengstler,	John L. Deahl,
Brewton A. Hayne,	J. P. Langhorne,
Stoney, Rouleau & Stoney,	W. S. Day,
Nathan H. Frank,	Burke Corbet,
Carter P. Pomeroy,	Charles L. Patton.
E. M. Rixford,	

Secretary Cortelyou denounces the story that he had been offered the presidency of the Knickerbocker Trust Company of New York as “absolutely without foundation.” On the other hand, there is the following statement by Herbert L. Satterlee, counsel for the depositors' reorganization committee: “An offer of the presidency of the Knickerbocker Trust Company was made to Mr. Cortelyou on behalf of the depositors' reorganization committee. We have not heard what his decision is.” Here is a plain issue of veracity.

Mr. Watterson predicts a Democratic tidal wave in the coming election. He says that if “financial conditions in this country continue as they are until next autumn, there is no power that can prevent the election of a Democratic President, be he Bryan, or even Hearst—to go the full limit. You must remember that when the spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction spreads abroad it becomes an irresistible force, sweeping aside all party lines and sympathies, satisfied with nothing but defeat for the opposing force.”

MR. MARTIN'S RECEPTION.

A Manhattan Society Event Which Was Made Especially Notable by Mrs. Gould's Dramatic Art.

In the ten days after the cards of invitation were sent out, no topic discussed in society circles was of greater interest than the dramatic reception and tea to be given by Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin at the Plaza Hotel on the afternoon of January 21. And the event was a full realization of all that could have been expected of it. Mr. Martin is the brother of Mr. Bradley Martin, and usually spends his winters at Palm Beach or in Europe, but when he is here his chief activity is in fashioning some new form of entertainment for his set. His success on this occasion passed all previous records; even that famous ball given by his brother eleven years ago, most lavish and magnificent as it was in plans and accomplishment, can not be cited as equal in attractiveness and general approval. However, in this event it was Mr. Martin's good fortune to be aided in a singularly happy way by one of his many devoted friends. On the opening night of the Metropolitan Opera season Mr. Martin was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Jay Gould, and during the evening the idea of this notable entertainment took form. Mrs. Gould, to prove her friendship, said that she would act in a play for Mr. Martin, and this although her husband ordinarily did not care to have her appear on the stage.

To appreciate the value of this offer it must be remembered that in the years since Edith Kingdon, the altogether charming *ingénue* of the Augustin Daly company, left theatrical life to become the wife of one of the heirs of the Gould millions, only once has she allowed the fascination of footlight scenes to overcome her devotion to home life. That it has been an easy task to resist the call of the stage by one so gifted and so successful, no one can believe who has any knowledge of theatrical life. But Mrs. Gould has resisted it, with one exception, and in spite of a thousand invitations to appear, with amateurs and with professionals.

There could hardly have been found a prettier or more suitable place for this dramatic reception than the white and gold ballroom of the Plaza Hotel. A miniature stage was constructed at one end of the room, complete with curtain and electric footlights, and every detail of its settings was perfect. The play selected for the occasion was a one-act drama by Edward S. Van Zile, entitled "Mrs. Van Vechten's Divorce Dance." It was chosen from nineteen manuscripts submitted by Miss Marbury, the play broker, and, it must be admitted, suited the taste of the audience to a nicety. And the audience was as brilliant an assemblage as one could possibly find in Manhattan, not forgetting the grandest of events at the opera-houses. The time set for the play was 4:30, but at least an hour earlier the arrivals began, and before the curtain rose every box in the circle of the gallery and every chair on the ballroom floor was filled. A list of those present would be merely a transcription of the Social Register.

On the stage the scene was Mrs. Van Vechten's dressing-room, a dainty apartment in panels of dove-gray, prominent among its furnishings a Louis XIV dressing-table, once in the Little Trianon, and on the table were toilet articles in gold, brought from Mrs. Gould's home.

True to all traditions of the playwright's art, the first appearance on the stage was made by Mrs. Van Vechten's French maid, played by Mrs. Francis Pruyn, formerly Miss Thurber of Albany. Her soubrette posing and chatter *solus* amused the attentive spectators, but when the Mrs. Van Vechten appeared the applause came quick, sharp, and undeniably in a mood of friendly admiration. Mrs. Gould wore a pearl-gray satin gown and ropes of pearls adorned her throat and arms. From the beginning her ease and sincerity of pose was apparent, and the satirical lines of the playwright came from her lips with every telling point made clear. She spoke to her maid of the details of her dance, given to celebrate the anniversary of her divorce, and demurred to a protest of the girl that Mr. Van Vechten might have been guiltless. When the husband himself appeared a little later, in the person of Kyrle Bellew, disguised as a detective and sent to guard the jewels, what the dramatic critics call the "heart interest" began to appear. The famous actor made a striking appearance in a big fur coat, but his disguise was theatrical in its ineffectiveness. Mrs. Van Vechten recognized him at once, and after a passage at arms that began with some swift attacks and skillful parries, the divorced wife allowed her still continued regard for her cast-off mate to show. At the right moment a letter was brought in by the maid that immediately set everything in correct order once more—the evidence on which the divorce case had been won was acknowledged to be false by the principal witness against the injured husband. Full reconciliation, and then, while the music changed to a wedding march, the happy pair went down to meet the guests presumably waiting.

Mrs. Gould's daughter, Miss Marjorie, was one of the spectators, and joined in the applause given liberally at the end of the little play. Her son, George Jay Gould, Jr., was one of the pages who drew aside the proscenium curtains when the play opened, and his older brother, Kingdon Gould, was one of the ushers. Ethel Barrymore and Daniel Frohman and wife, Margaret Illingham, were among those who applauded heartily. As has been said, all the society leaders were present, even Mrs. Ogden Mills, who usually avoids a crush, honoring the event. Mr. Martin was congratulated on his success and modestly admitted his delight

in finding his effort so thoroughly appreciated. There has not been such a mingling of cliques in an age. When tea was served after the dramatic performance there was a delightful buzz of conversation that died away with fine gradations as the guests went on to dinner-parties elsewhere. And now with pleasing reminiscences of the event the auditors are recalling some of the witty speeches of the play, such as Mrs. Van Vechten's remark that her divorce dance was "a cross between a funeral and a coming-out ball."

New York, January 22, 1908.

FLANEUR.

RECENT VERSE.

The Decadent.

Among the virile host he passed along,
Conspicuous for an undetermined grace
Of sexless beauty. In his form and face,
God's mighty purpose somehow had gone wrong.
Then on his loom he wove a careful song,
Of sensuous threads, a web of wordly lace,
Wherein the primal passions of the race,
And his own sins, made wonder for the throng.

A little pen-prick opened up a vein,
And gave the finished mesh, a crimson blot—
The last consummate touch of studied art.
But those who knew strong passion and keen pain,
Looked through, and through the pattern, and found not
One single great emotion of the heart.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Century Magazine.

To San Francisco.

We are sprung from the builders of nations; by the souls of
our fathers we swear,
By the depths of the deeps that surround Her, by the height
of the heights She may dare,
Though the Twelve league in compact against Her, though the
sea gods cry out in their wrath,
Though the earth gods, grown drunk of their fury, fling the
hilltops abroad in Her path.
Our Mother of masterful children shall sit on Her throne as
of yore,
With Her old robes of purple about Her, and crowned with
crowns that She wore.

She shall sit at the gates of the world, where the nations shall
gather and meet,
And the East and the West at Her bidding shall lie in a leash
at Her feet.
—S. J. Alexander.

One of the Little Women.

One of the Little Women, she came up to heaven's gate;
And seeing the throng was pressing, she signed that she fain
would wait.
"For I was not great nor noble," she said; "I was poor and
plain,
And should I go holdly forward I know it would be in vain."
She sat near the shining portal, and looked at the surging
crowd
Of them that were kings and princes, of them that were rich
and proud;
And sudden she trembled greatly, for one with a brow like
flame
Came to her and hailed her gladly and spoke to her her
name.

"Come, enter the jeweled gateway," he said, "for the prize is
thine;
The work that in life you rendered was work that was fair
and fine;
So come, while the rest stand waiting and enter in here and
now—
A crown of the life eternal is waiting to press thy brow."

Then trembled the Little Woman and cried: "It may not be I.
Here wait they that wrought with greatness, so how may I
pass them by?
I carved me no wondrous statues, I painted no wondrous
things,
I spoke no tremendous sayings that rang in the ears of kings.

"I toiled in my little cottage, I spun and I haked and swept,
I sewed and I patched and mended—O, lowly the house I
kept!

I sang to my little children, I led them in worthy ways,
And so I might not grow famous; I knew none but care-hound
days.

"So was it by night and morning, so was it by week and year;
I worked with my weary fingers through days that were bright
or drear,

And I have grown old and wrinkled, and I have grown gray
and bent;
I ask not for chants of glory now that I have found content."

"Arise!" cried the waiting angel. "Come first of the ones
that wait.

For you are the voices singing, for you do we open the gate;
So great as has been thy labor, so great shall be thy reward.
Then he gave the Little Woman the glory of the Lord.

—Chicago Post.

There are few able-bodied paupers in Holland. A tract of public land, containing 5000 acres, is divided into six model farms, to one of which the person applying for public relief is sent. Here he is taught agriculture, and is subsequently permitted to rent a small holding for himself. Holland also has a forced labor colony, to which vagrants are sent to do farm and other work, whether they like it or not.

Doctor Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, states that he has discovered the true sources of the Brahmaputra and Indus. The Brahmaputra, he says, is the Kubitsampso, which rises from an enormous glacier on the northern side of the northern-most parallel range of the Himalayas. The Mariumchu, which has hitherto been regarded as the source, is merely a small tributary flowing in from the west.

In the last decade of the eighteenth century a band of French brigands flourished in and about the forest of La Muette, close to Méréville. To these "Pingres," as they called themselves, the common people gave another name. All over France they were known as the "Chaufeurs," from their use of fire, applied to the feet of their victims who would not tell where their money was hidden.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

The Mississippi Legislature has elected John Sharp Williams, minority leader in the House, to the United States Senate.

Attorney-General Jackson of New York State, commenting on his experiences when investigating embarrassed banks, says: "I never met so many men who ought to be in jail."

William J. Riis, speaking at Danville, Illinois, declared it his belief that Joseph G. Cannon would be the Republican candidate for President and that he himself would oppose Mr. Cannon.

Jacob A. Riis, President Roosevelt's close personal friend, is responsible for the opinion that Mr. Roosevelt should and might be the next mayor of New York City. Mr. Riis went on to say that he would work hard for this result.

Governor Hughes of New York has approved an amendment to the race-track gambling bill providing a penalty of imprisonment only. "In a great proposition like this," said the governor, "a fine would be meaningless, as I indicated in my annual message to the legislature."

Representative Hobson has introduced a bill "to provide a navy adequate for national defense." Earlier in the day Mr. Hobson had a conference with President Roosevelt, and on leaving the White House said he would have the President's support in behalf of a bill for a continuing naval programme.

E. Benjamin Andrews, chancellor of Nebraska University, who has favored the nomination of Governor Hughes for President, has transferred his preference to Secretary Taft. Dr. Andrews says he believes that Taft and Bryan will be nominated by their respective parties, and in this opinion he is in agreement with Congressman J. Adam Bede of Minnesota.

Senators Gallinger and Burnham, of New Hampshire, have shown their disapproval of presidential appointments by voting to secure the rejection of Charles Fairbanks as pension agent for the States of New Hampshire and Vermont. Senators Foraker and Dick are said to be much pleased by this action, which gives a nucleus of four senators who have ventured to oppose the President.

General Grosvenor of Ohio says that Mr. Bryan "can't possibly get more than 166 electoral votes and the devil would get that number on the Democratic ticket." General Grosvenor was unwilling to say that Bryan would be defeated by any man nominated by the Republicans, but he was quite sure he would be defeated by the man the Republicans would nominate, although he would not say who that man would be.

The Indiana Republican Editorial Association used the following terms in its indorsement of Mr. Fairbanks: "In him we see embodied the perception of Lincoln, the dignity of Grant, the wisdom of Harrison, the gentleness of McKinley, and the fearlessness of Roosevelt—a combination of attributes that rounds out a man superbly equipped for the duties and responsibilities of the chief executive of the United States."

Mr. Shackelford of Missouri, in the course of an attack upon Speaker Cannon in the House of Representatives, said that the Speaker was the ablest, boldest champion of autocracy this age has produced and that he exercised "a greater despotism than exists in any monarchy in Europe." Mr. Shackelford said that before any bill could pass "you must bend your noble bodies forward in proper pose, fold your hands, and say, 'Oh, Lord Uncle Joe, thy will be done and not mine.'"

Representative Charles G. Edwards of Savannah, who achieved a certain amount of a certain kind of fame recently by refusing to shake hands with a delegation of colored postmasters from Georgia on the alleged ground that he did not represent negroes, has added to his laurels in the House by saying: "Earlier in the afternoon I voted twice against a certain dam bill which provided for the granting of certain valuable privileges on the Snake River in the State of Washington to a private corporation. I now wish to announce that I am opposed to any other dam bill which interferes with States' rights."

A report from Washington credits Secretary Taft with the opinion that the United States would have the best end of a bargain by paying the sum of \$500,000 to the Catholic Church in compensation for damage done to the Philippine edifices by American troops. Such was the testimony given by the Secretary to the House Committee on Insular Affairs, and he was supported by Lieutenant-Colonel Hull, judge-advocate of the Department of the East. Secretary Taft said that damage had undoubtedly been done by United States soldiers, who had used the churches as barracks and had even looted them during their occupation.

In his maiden speech in the House, Mr. Kimball of Kentucky, with Henry Watterson seated by his side, predicted Democratic success all along the line at the next election. Bryan, he said, would be President, Champ Clark of Missouri Speaker of the House, Henry Watterson Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. De Armond of Missouri the floor leader. "Champ Clark went to school in my town," he said. "He shot a fellow and they fired him out. He would have graduated at Transylvania if it had not been for that. I disclose secrets here that I hope will not be offensive. He's a great fellow. Think of him as the next Speaker."

AN IMPROMPTU BEST MAN.

How He Learned a Thing or Two from the Bride's Friends.

People have a way of speaking—well, a trifle lightly of a horse-dealer's conscience, but there are occasional honest men among them. I myself know one for whom I would not hesitate to vouch. I would like to present him here under his true name, but the story connected with him is of such a nature that discretion forbids me to identify him too closely. I shall, therefore, call him John Miller.

Twenty-five years ago he was my father's coachman, but he was sober and industrious; in course of time he married a cook, who had a snug little sum laid away for such an emergency; and now he does quite a business as a livery-stable keeper out in the Mission.

Some days ago I was commissioned to look up a saddle-horse for a young widow who honors me with a show of confidence in my judgment in a variety of matters, and accordingly betook myself to the Mission to see what Miller might have on hand, and soon found myself at his stable. I was not a little astonished to find him got up in a shiny high hat, black coat, white tie, and gray trousers—"pants" more nearly describes those thick, soapstone-blue garments, which were skin-tight elsewhere and bulged and flared marvelously at knee and ankle. He was even tugging on a pair of straw-colored gloves which, thanks to the enormous fists they imprisoned, looked like those a fencer wears.

"Well, well, Miller," I said, "what's the meaning of all this? Are you going to be married?"

"Bless your soul, sir, no, sir," the old man replied, with a chuckle. "My old lady is still alive and kicking, praise God. No, sir, it's my little Joey that's to be married. She's turned eighteen, just the right age, and a fine chance for her came along in the nick of time."

I saw it was no use to think of looking at saddle-horses just then, so I resigned myself to receiving the old man's confidences.

His daughter Joey, it seems, was to be married to a Mr. Hobbs, a middle-aged veterinary surgeon with a house or two and a snug little bank account, who had physicked Miller's horses for several years past.

"Joey's a dear good girl," Miller concluded. "It's not three months since she graduated from Miss Studebaker's Seminary for Young Ladies, across the bay. I left her there as long as possible, for it's a first-class establishment, and they make the young ladies toe the mark there, I can assure you. She's a shy little thing, as timid as a colt, sir. I can guarantee her sound in wind and limb. Why, she can't look at a man without blushing. Hobbs is the first man she ever saw that she didn't get red as fire; but the first time she saw him she burst out laughing. And it was that very thing, sir, that made him make up his mind to marry her."

Just then a district messenger brought a note to Miller, who read it carefully and then burst into a string of good, round oaths.

"Well, if I ever saw the like!" he blustered, when he had somewhat relieved his feelings. "Would you believe it, sir, here's the best man gone and took sick just as he was dressing for the wedding. He's had to go to bed, and we're due at the church in an hour. The carriages are almost ready, and now there's no best man."

"Who is this remarkably frail young man?" I asked. "Arthur Gannev, sir, son of the man I buy my feed of. I chose him for best man myself—Hobbs didn't care a rap who it was so long as he got married. He's a likely young fellow, just about your height and build, and it's the first time I ever heard of his being sick. But what in the world are we going to do without him?"

Poor Miller was as badly demoralized as if he had just been told that his future son-in-law already had a wife and four children. Suddenly he seized me by both arms and fixed me with a supplicating glance.

"Oh, sir," he said, "you can save us—and what an honor it would be for us! I've known you since you was a mere baby, sir, and it was me put you atop of your first pony. Now—"

But I will omit his touching recital. The reader has already guessed what was coming. It was nothing less than a request that I should take Arthur Gannev's place in the wedding party. I had always had the kindest recollections of the man when he was in my father's service, besides the adventure promised to be something of a lark, so I accepted; and, as there was no time to lose, I posted back to my rooms to dress, promising to be back and at the church by 11 o'clock.

I arrived there just in time, got up to the queen's taste. My mustache was curled up at the ends, my hair was plastered down on my forehead, I wore lavender gloves, and, altogether, I flattered myself I looked as if I might easily be taken for something of importance in the wholesale grain and feed line. The ladies examined me with much nudging of one another, and I am sure their comments were not adverse. The bride, whom I had never seen before, was not unattractive, but she did not look happy. Hobbs was simply atrocious.

Miller, overcome with excitement, pushed me over beside a young girl of about fifteen, whose eyes looked as if he were at least twenty. I gave her my arm, and we started for the scene of battle. Though I say it myself, we were not the worst-looking couple in the party.

During the marriage ceremony, the bride wept copi-

ously—with happiness, doubtless. Such, at least, was evidently the opinion of Hobbs, who gloated over her, which made him less attractive than ever. Everybody was more or less moved, except myself, I must confess. As we were returning to the carriages, my companion, who had been watching me all the time out of the corner of her eye, gently pressed my arm and whispered to me:

"You are a man!"

This was evidently intended as a compliment, and I hope I deserved it, but I had not the faintest idea what had elicited it. This singular young woman was proudly tender in her manner toward me, and I promised myself a very pleasant hour at the "banquet," which was to be served by a caterer of local repute. There were four of us in our cab—my young unknown, the other maid of honor, myself, and a young fellow from some ranch in which Miller owned an interest. The young women paid no attention to any one but me, but I must say they were unremitting in their efforts to amuse me. To put me at my ease, they informed me, both talking at the same time, that they were "poor Josephine's best friends"; that they had been pupils at Studebaker's, in the next class to Miss Miller's; and that they had obtained leave for the day, but must go back on the 9 o'clock boat, so as to be in before 10 o'clock—the "regular hour for locking up." This latter detail gave me a most pleasing idea of the rules that governed the institution.

Thinking to show them that I was not dumb, I launched forth in an enthusiastic eulogy of the bride, which produced a funny effect on Misses Julia and Bertha, for they immediately began to stare fixedly out of the windows, each on her own side. Then, thinking I had committed some breach of their etiquette, I started in on the other tack, and began to praise Hobbs, which was not so easy.

Julia—my companion's name—looked me straight in the eye, and winked with great solemnity.

"We are Josephine's best friends."

"We may say," added Bertha—the rancher's partner—"her only friends. She has never kept a secret from us. She comes to see us every week, and—*no talk*."

"Yes," continued Julia, "ever since she left the sem., we have known all her pleasures—"

"And all her troubles," said Bertha, raising her very pretty black eyes toward heaven.

"You seem to be very fond of her," I said, for the sake of saying something, for I began to feel a trifle embarrassed. "As for me, I must confess—"

With one movement, two well-gloved little hands seized mine, which I allowed them to clasp without resisting. It seemed to me there was a more than acute sympathy in the pressure.

"Where shall we be by the end of the 'banquet'?" I wondered.

As to the rancher, the poor lad saw that he was out of it, and if he had dared he would have stopped the carriage and got out.

When we took our places at table, I had Julia on my left, and on my right an enormous old lady who devoured everything without lifting her eyes from her plate. As the feast progressed, I made something of a set at the interesting pupil of Studebaker's, who permitted me so to do with the best grace in the world, but without seeming, I must acknowledge, to take me seriously, at which I presently complained.

"Oh, come, come," she said; "as if you were thinking of no one but me. I know very well who you are and all about you."

"Then you know how strange my position is—which is all the more reason, Miss Julia, why you should not treat me so cruelly."

Miss Julia looked at me with the easy confidence of a seasoned flirt.

"I am quite young," she said, lowering her voice, "but I know something of life. Ah, sir, what a wonderful thing love at first sight is! Now, take a young girl living happily and peacefully in her father's home. Some day a stranger comes on business with her father. The young girl sees him, without herself being seen. From that day poor Josephine has carried one man's image in her heart, and that image is yours!"

You can imagine the look of utter surprise with which I stared at the girl. So, without having the faintest suspicion of the fact, I had been the cause of sad days and sleepless nights for John Miller's daughter. I had robbed the veterinary surgeon—just then occupied in stuffing himself with crab salad—of the most precious part of the treasure he had just acquired. Love at first sight is a wonderful thing, indeed! You go into a stable to look at a saddle-horse, and you carry away, besides your purchase, the affections of a virgin heart. Poor Josephine!

"Take care," continued Julia; "do not betray yourself. Leave the unhappy girl at least the strength to carry out her sacrifice to the bitter end. Seem to smile, pretend to be gay. Ah, what a cruel farce life is!"

"Have no fear," I reassured her, admiring at the same time the precocity of these experienced young pupils of Miss Studebaker's seminary. "I am a man of honor, and know what is required of me under the circumstances."

"I am sure you do," she returned, warmly. "I know you from your letters to my friend. I have never read any so noble and so touching."

"You have read my letters?" I cried, astonished.

My little neighbor nudged me softly with her knee, and indicated with her eyes the stout lady on my other side, who was trying to overhear what we said.

"I suppose," she added aloud, "this will be a fine

year for crops," and to the end of the feast we spoke only on indifferent topics.

But I was ill at ease. My appetite was gone. I could not help casting an occasional tender glance at my companion—it was the least I could do. As to the letters—my letters—may the fiend take me if I understood what she meant.

No sooner had we left the table than Bertha rejoined Julia and myself, and the two girls led me off to a little room where we were quite alone—for the rancher seemed to have accepted his fate and taken himself off. My two partners then made me sit down in an arm-chair with all the solicitude of trained nurses. One brought me coffee, another sugar, with which they served me with apparently as great compunction as they would have shown in dosing me with a bowl of boneset tea.

"Poor fellow," sighed Julia; "he has done nothing but stare at her the whole time."

"Yes, he stared at her too much," said Bertha, with an air of vast experience; "he will do something rash, if he does not take care; but we will stay right here to watch him."

"Nothing could suit me better," I replied, gallantly. "My dear," exclaimed Julia, "if you only know how courageous he is, and how chivalrous and discreet."

"Yes, but we must not let ourselves be deceived. As if we did not know that you have threatened to provoke a quarrel with Mr. Hobbs!"

"And to strangle him!"

"And to tell him that you love her, that you adore her, that you have received dozens of letters from her, and that you have had dozens of secret meetings with her!"

"A real gentleman would not do such things, sir." I was literally dumfounded, and stared stupidly from one to the other of the two young women.

"Poor fellow, how he suffers!" sighed Julia, who was decidedly the more compassionate of the two. "Oh, do not kill yourself. It would be the death of Josephine."

"Now, see," said Bertha, firmly, "you could not possibly marry her yourself. Her father would never consent."

John Miller refuse me for a son-in-law! This was coming it a little too strong. I began to protest, but Julia laid her little hand on my shoulder.

"Be brave, Mr. Arthur," she said, in a tender voice; "forget Josephine. You have in us two friends—two sisters who will never forget you."

"Mr. Arthur!" I understood it all. For the past three hours I had unwittingly been playing the part of the young hay-merchant, who had been taken suddenly ill just when the girl he loved was to be given into the arms of another man.

"Pardon me," I said, looking for my hat, "there has been a slight mistake. I am not Arthur Gannev."

And I hurried from the house, reflecting that deception ever abides in the house of a horse-dealer, even though he may not know it himself.—*Freely adapted from the French by L. S. Vassault.*

Many people have been led to believe that the cent-a-pound mail-rate accorded under the law to publishers mailing their papers and magazines in bulk was the cause of an actual loss to the government, says *Leslie's Weekly*. In a recent discussion of the subject a writer maintaining this thesis asserted that the publications enjoying these so-called second-class privileges paid only 4 per cent of the postal revenues. Whether this estimate is correct or not is of little importance; the fact which is important, and which biased and thoughtless critics ignore, is that the granting of the second-class privilege has brought millions of dollars of profitable first-class business to the postal service. It is on record in the archives of the postal commission, which sat in New York in October, 1906, that a single advertisement in a publication enjoying second-class rates was the cause of the writing of more than 3000 letters. This case might be multiplied by thousands, and it would be shown that, far from being itself the cause of a deficit in the postal revenues, the second-class privilege, by the profitable business it creates, goes far to make up for the losses occasioned by rural free delivery, the ridiculous abuses of the franking privilege, and the failure to credit the Postoffice Department with the mail carried for all other government departments.

Orsa, in Sweden, has, in the course of a generation, sold \$5,550,000 worth of trees, and by means of judicious replanting has provided for a similar income every thirty or forty years. In consequence of the development of this commercial wealth there are no taxes. Railways and telephones are free, and so are the schoolhouses, teaching, and many other things.

The Sheridan statue commission has approved and accepted the model of the statue of General Philip Sheridan, which is to ornament Sheridan Circle, Twenty-Second Street and Massachusetts Avenue, in Washington. The model is the design of Gutzon Borglum of New York.

Anent the anti-third term feeling and recent developments in the political situation the *London Chronicle* says "there is a rumor going about that Mr. Roosevelt is learning the alphabet, trying to learn spelling, and struggling to sign his name Precedent Roosevelt."

Every gem known to the lapidary has been found in the United States.

THE TRAGEDY OF RUSSIA.

Frederick McCormick Tells the Story of the War from the First Shot to the Last.

The time will undoubtedly come when the story of the struggle between Russia and Japan will be told with a greater wealth of detail and with a more accurate perspective than is possible at the present moment. But it will be a long while before the picture drawn by Mr. McCormick will fade from the popular imagination or cease to hold the field of the popular favor. The two large volumes from his pen that have just been published are as close to the ideal as anything that a war correspondent has ever done. Mr. McCormick's personal experiences were varied enough in all conscience, seeing that he was with the Russian army from the opening of the campaign until that "black and precipitous abyss" yawned so hungrily for all that was left after the battle of Mukden. But he does more than relate what he himself saw and heard. With a broad and statesmanlike grasp of the situation he shows us the ultimate causes of the war and the great national expansions from which were born a conflict inevitable long before anything like a concrete *casus belli* had appeared above the horizon. And from the moment when hostilities had begun he covers for us the whole field of war, with the army in Manchuria, at Port Arthur, and upon the ocean. With a singular lucidity he unfolds before us the whole panorama, while concentrating our interest upon the events of which he was an eye-witness. Mr. McCormick was certain to give us a work of startling and dramatic interest, but he has done more than this. He has given us the history of a national movement, of one of those strange unfoldments that illuminate human destiny and draw for us new maps of the world.

Mr. McCormick gives us a timely reminder that in the case of America virtue must be its own reward and that a foreign policy of rectitude has not helped the Asiatic to discriminate between America and the predatory powers of Europe:

America is disposed to feel abused by being placed in the same category in world politics with European powers whose national welfare and safety are fixed in the course of political depredation and territorial acquisition. And Americans are disposed to flatter themselves that because America is not intentionally or actively predatory in East Asia, and that because American policy has been one of benevolence there, that America is so understood and appreciated by Chinese and Japanese. We have not made a greater or more pernicious mistake. The purely moral policy of a single nation can change in no wise the aspect to East Asians of this era of an outside world that it is a unit in color, religion, dress, custom, and exhibition of physical force and whose main manifestation in East Asia is geographical, economical, and religious depredation. America, though doubtless among the least of the offenders, is judged like all the rest by a standard of villainy fixed by the worst.

The early debacle at Port Arthur was no surprise to the author. How, he seems to ask, could there be any other result from such a policy of ineptitude and corruption? How could there be any other end to a course that was made up of folly, self-esteem, and vice?

The most casual observer was continually meeting with the incompetence and corruption existing among officials, and especially the meanness and futilities of the police. While the Japanese were making maps of the inner harbor and the position of the fleet outside the harbor, the police were arresting inoffensive journalists and depriving them of their meals. While the enemies' torpedoes were exploding under the Russian ships in front of the harbor, naval officers were dandling *chansonnettes* in the *cafés chantant*. While the Japanese seamen were cheering as they retired from their attack the Russian officers were applauding the ballet at Baroufsky's circus, and innocent Russian seamen singing songs of home, let drop the accordion to hear with amazement the rush of the sea into the ship.

The duties of a war correspondent are by no means free from personal danger, and this is commensurate with his enterprise and determination to know all that is to be known. The author tells us of an incident that befell him near Kouropatkin's headquarters on the Lang River:

I was riding a white Chinese pony and I realized that I was at the moment the cynosure of the eyes of several hundred Japanese and Russian pickets and scouts in the field and on the mountain tops around and that the Japanese, whose lines I had entered, were only waiting an indication on my part of an attempt to return before they opened fire. But as there was no alternative, I put spurs to my horse and wheeled around as quickly as possible. There was the immediate cracking of several rifles, and judging by the sound they could not have been further distant than the river bank behind the house. The adventure scared the pony, who threw me out of the saddle and galloped on alone. When I fell to the ground the firing ceased, for I was out of view. I crept into the tall kao-liang, a kind of millet, exactly resembling sorghum, and took out my binoculars. But as I could see nothing I returned to the edge of the kao-liang and dashed out across the bare river-bed into the open, with the object of regaining the ridge. As I did so the Japanese pickets immediately began firing again. I could not hear the bullets, but they began pricking up the dust and gravel in my pathway. There were several men firing, and I was astonished at their inaccuracy, because their rifles sounded as loud as a six-shooter at fifty paces, and they must have been very near.

Elsewhere we get a glimpse of the Russian soldier at his best, when confronting death with the easy assurance of an invincible confidence. The war was near its end long before the possibility of defeat had presented itself to his hopeful mind. This incident occurred near the village of Kao-feng-shih in the forefront of the fighting:

I stopped a moment to talk with Captain Netchvolodoff and then mounted to the infantry trenches, littered with empty cartridges and inhabited by brave, generous, happy-go-lucky soldiers. An officer took me out on the sky line and naively told me that the Japanese "were right there at the foot of the incline," perhaps three-quarters of a mile away. I remonstrated with him for exposing his position where twenty-five

men could have been killed by a single shot had the enemy chosen to put us in target. He thought nothing of that—men are by instinct brave. On the right a company of men sat under a shower of deadly shrapnel quietly on the steep mountainside, while out of their midst a slow, continuous trail of wounded, lacerated men worked its way and seemed to trickle down the little water course to the rear. The tentacles of death were fastened there. But the men calmly lighted their cigarettes while the Conqueror walked among them. As I left the path a captain told me of the progress of the battle, and said: "Until now victory is with us." How often had I heard that thing. It was one of the tragedies and was in accord with the remark of another officer: "We always defeat the Japanese, but afterward we retreat, why, I do not know."

Later on in the same battle, the battle that marked the surrender of the Russian army base, we are told:

The Russians were disputing every hillock against the repeated assaults of the Japanese. The echo of hursting shrapnel, always the terrorizing shrapnel, was fierce; and the battle now moved on with the regularity and precision of a machine. The combatants were now so close at this point that the guns seemed to hug. Shells from the unseen Japanese guns were fanning the muzzles of our battery right at the top of the little pass separating Chiao-fan-t'un from Meng-chia-fang, while on the opposite hill a Japanese, so close that I could make out the outlines of his cap—shoveling up shale to make a shelter or a gun position—wriggled like a salamander in a fire so hot that it seemed to pare off the entire crest of the hill as a wave rolls flames up a beach. The upper part of the man's body, moving like a pump handle, disappeared through the afternoon in a spot where it was incredible that anything could live. One gun alone was doing the work, sending shell after shell in such rapid succession that they broke like the thong and cracker of a whip, encircling the hilltop and whisking its crest away.

Mr. McCormick has a keen eye for artistic effects. He tells us of an incident in the fight at Hsu-lin-tzu in which a little American girl played a part:

While standing with the staff at this place young Count Keller—son of General Keller, who was killed at Yang-tung—was attached to the Western Army staff, handed me a letter from a little girl in Cincinnati addressed to his father. Keller had just finished telling me of the great possibilities for destruction and havoc within the next twenty-four hours. We had been discussing the artillery, which on the Russian side had doubled in strength since the battle of Liao-Yang, and he had finished saying that more ammunition had been used in that great battle than was used in the whole of the Franco-Prussian war.

"Read it," said Keller; "my father did not live to receive it." The letter was evidently written when General Keller was fighting the battle of Mo-tien-ling. It told him how wicked it was for men to kill each other, and in a childish hand, with the complete confidence of childhood, the little miss begged General Keller to "please stop the war." If she should ever read these lines, that little girl may know that, though her letter never reached General Keller, it was treasured as a memento of an unhappy and unfortunate war by his son, and that many gallant Russian officers of rank who were as helpless as General Keller to influence the course of the government and of the conspirators shared her convictions.

With the horrors at Port Arthur we have been made partly familiar from many sources. The struggle there seems to have been peculiarly barbarous, while all the ordinary amenities of war were placed in abeyance:

All truces, as observed on the battlefields of the north, were ignored before Port Arthur. The Japanese asked no quarter, the Russians could neither bury their own dead nor remove the putrefying corpses of the enemy from before their breastworks. The Russian soldiers, with heaps of the slain within twenty or fifty paces of them, had to wear handkerchiefs soaked in camphor over their noses to endure the stench. Wounded men crawled about for days on the slopes and sometimes lived a week with what food and water they possessed, but could not help succored. The story in all its details is too horrible for description, for all the savageries of brute warfare were enacted in a continuous drama that makes it incomparable in military history.

Why the scenes in front of Port Arthur should have been "incomparable in military history" seems a little hard to say. Nor is it easy to imagine the details "too horrible for description" after that picture of the Russian soldiers with the camphor-steeped handkerchiefs over their noses.

The battle of Mukden is splendidly described, but the supreme interest of the narrative is rather in the lurid sidelights thrown by the author than by the strategy that is so finely pictured. Here, for instance, is a picture that haunts the imagination while defying it. It is of the officers' messroom, and its occupants are awaiting the headquarters band. Such is the buoyancy, the fatalism, and the sentiment of the Russian character that only the saddest and the most seductive music is in demand:

There was one favorite, a waltz, very popular among them, called, I think, "The Wood-Nymph," and with the sweet measures of this waltz were mingled reports of the momentary tragedies of the outposts, the low roll of the night guns, and the clatter of rifles as the Japanese made their night assault against Pootloff. As I left the messroom and passed out through the vestibule I noticed that the musicians received with gratification the approval and encore of the officers and moved loyally and spiritedly on to the next waltz. At that moment, and while champagne was brought in and poured out, there were bayonet charges going on in front, and the messengers from the battle line brought in some of the enemy's projectiles, some of his infantry caps oozing with blood and brains, and other accoutrements and paraphernalia that constitute the documents of the military intelligence department in battle. The officers of the corps staff tendered a cap of a soldier of the Japanese Imperial Guard containing brains and blood to Captain William Judson of the American army, who declined the greswome souvenir.

That, at least, is to the credit of Captain William Judson of the American army. Even souvenirs of a battle may err on the side of realism.

Until the hopelessness of it all was apparent the optimism of the Russian officer never failed him. Victory might be delayed, but it was none the less certain, and to the very last the turn of the red tide was expected. But at last stern and irrevocable fact had to be accepted:

Toward night gloomy conjectures pervaded the line. Officers asked of each other: "Isn't Kouropatkin breaking the Japanese centre? Does he not crush the insatiable and audacious Nogi?" As it was now evening, I returned from the lines by way of the Hun River bridge and along the railway, where I found the usual malingerers and traffic of battle, and

when I reached the settlement a horseman appeared from the direction of the commander-in-chief's train and said that General Kouropatkin had signed at 5 o'clock, an hour before an ordinance for the surrender of the Sha River position, and the retreat of the grand army to the Hun River position, along the line from Ying-p'an in the east to Fu-shun, Fu-ling and the Hun River bridge ahead. By this the grand army fell back ten to twenty miles.

This second day of Kouropatkin's attempt to break Nogi's advance had added nothing new to the history of the battle of the right flank, except that there was more and more prophecy of "that black and precipitous abyss whither all things were tending." The battle was ten days old, and no battle had lasted so long before. Captain William Judson, the American military agent, prophesied on the fifth that Kouropatkin had lost the battle, and soon after he told the general staff that they had lost and informed them that he would remain at Mukden at the close of the battle. "I shall remain in Mukden for safety, for it will be a mere chance if the army escapes," said he. It was a chance that so much of it escaped as did.

The author says that the "hues of night were alone adequate to my sensations" as he returned to his quarters when Kouropatkin had signed the order for the retreat from Sha-ho:

If one could but look, thought I, as I made my way through the suburban hamlets to my temple, into the highest places in St. Petersburg as the telegraph strikes off the inexorable truth, "Nogi is again flanking," striking it off with laconic, trip-hammer precision again and yet again, as inevitably day by day as had been the setting of the sun, for six days, what gloom of depression and chilled hearts might he not witness there and in every place where the grand army of the Russians in its stronghold at Mukden, China's second capital—queen of all Manchuria—was breathlessly expected at last to crush an hitherto irrepressible enemy. At the same time, were one privileged to look into yet more exclusive precincts in Tokio as the telegraph struck off the words, "The Russians are giving way," what calm and heartfelt gratitude to God in the style of Bushido, eloquent with the golden silence of Japan, might he not have witnessed in that communion of high patriots.

The battle of Mukden brings us to the end of the first volume of this monumental work. Then comes the story of the eight days' retreat, the army under Linievitch, the destruction of the navy, the behavior of the Russian, the Chinaman, and the Japanese. It is exhaustive, a literary *tour de force*, a masterpiece of description, of political sagacity, and of foresight. From the author's general summary of war conditions one final and representative extract may be made. Speaking at length of the radical differences in the discipline of the two armies, he says:

From a military standpoint, no one thing can be quite so demoralizing as the presence of women in the army. This is a military principle that has always been recognized by every tribe and nation possessing civilization or no civilization. It is, therefore, expressive of the great blemishes in the Russian character that it was impossible for the nation or the army to exclude women from the battlefield. The inhabitants of Vladivostok said of one of the admirals of the navy that he brought a wagon-load of icons to Vladivostok and took home a wagon-load of photographs of public women. A staff officer—a baron who had not spoken more than fifty words to a stranger—and these through an interpreter—though he had never seen him before, inquired of him the market price of immoral women. Two officers entered a sutler's shop and requested the proprietor to open wine and bring food. Having finished eating and drinking, they asked for women. A superior officer—a colonel—arrived and made the same request. The first comers turned upon him and said, "There are none for us, therefore there are none for you."

On the Japanese side no women ever got within one hundred miles of the front. On the Russian side they even invaded the headquarters of the general staff, and were found far from the base, on the army's flanks. Some of Mischenko's men, searching for stragglers, found that under the protection of officers, women were living not far from the detachment's headquarters, from where they moved to a battery bivouac, and the officers lost much money to them at cards. To such vices as accompany such moral weakness was naturally added that of excessive gambling, which reached the point of being a great scandal. An American was asked by a Russian officer if cards were played in America. "Yes," said the American, "cards were well understood in America."

"Do you understand the games of cards?"

"Yes, according to the ordinary American culture in such diversions."

"Well," said he, "how many hours each day, for example, do you yourself play?"

Card-playing was a diversion reckoned in hours daily.

The volumes are finely illustrated with sketches made by the author, many of them on the field of battle, photographs of troops in action, maps, etc.

"The Tragedy of Russia in Pacific Asia," by Frederick McCormick. Published by the Outing Publishing Company, New York, in two volumes; \$6 net.

Oxygen has become the almost universal remedy in cases of poisoning by gas, such as coal gas, acetylene, foul air from sewers, after-damp of mines, etc., but its application is sometimes a difficult matter for the inexperienced bystander. A new apparatus by Dr. Brat, made in Westphalia, is designed to clear the lungs and act more or less automatically in giving artificial respiration. The portable form consists of a fair-sized oxygen cylinder, a chest containing a small airpump, levers, and other parts, and the usual face mask for the patient. When able to do so, the patient breathes the oxygen without help. If necessary, the attendant gives a rhythmical motion to the pump valve and the liberated oxygen actuates the pump, withdrawing air from the lungs. Respiration is thus restarted or supported.

A fine specimen of a scold's chair is among the remaining contents of Sheffield Manor, Basingstoke. It dates from 1723 and is in oak and is elaborately carved in high relief in bold scroll ornament. The seat is worked by a lever from behind, and the sitter is locked in by falling arched bars in front. The canopy is inscribed, "Presented to Archibald Acheson, Earl of Gosford."

Siberia contains one-ninth of all the land on the globe. Great Britain and all Europe, except Russia, together with the whole of the United States, could be inclosed within its boundaries.

STEDMAN, THE BANKER-POET.

A Career of Marked Success in Literature, Journalism, and Business.

A little more than a year ago Edmund Clarence Stedman and Thomas Bailey Aldrich were prominent as guests at a dinner given in honor of Henry Mills Alden, the venerable editor of *Harper's Magazine*. On that November night the two American poets were in good health and spirits, and in spite of their advanced age seemed assured of years of usefulness. Four months later, on March 19, 1907, Aldrich passed away, and now Stedman, the elder of the two, has gone. Stedman celebrated the seventy-fourth anniversary of his birth last October. His husky life and diversified activities, no less than his sustained interest in those about him, for his circle of friends and acquaintances was a large one, undoubtedly preserved his vitality and strength to an age not reached by many of his contemporaries.

From the New York *Evening Post* the following record of his youthful days is taken:

Edmund Clarence Stedman was born in Hartford, Connecticut, the son of Colonel Edmund Burke Stedman and Elizabeth C. Dodge, the latter a woman who was noted both on account of her beauty and her pronounced literary ability. While he was still a child his father died, and not long thereafter his mother became the wife of William B. Kinney, United States minister to Sardinia. He was then entrusted to the care of a great uncle at Norwich, Connecticut, with whom he remained until he was sixteen. At that age he entered Yale College, where he soon attracted attention by his skill in Greek and Latin composition. One of his earliest efforts was a poem, entitled "Westminster Abbey," which was reprinted in the *Yale Literary Magazine*, and gained him a special prize. It was in these early days, too, that he first began to write the critical essays which in later years contributed so much to his literary reputation. Some of these juvenile efforts reappeared later on in his "Victorian Poets."

Stedman did not finish at Yale, but left at the end of three years. Years afterward the university restored his name to the class of 1853 and gave him the degree of M. A.

On leaving college he became editor of the *Norwich Tribune* at the early age of nineteen. A little later, in 1854, he took charge of the *Winsted Herald*, to which he imparted a marked literary character. In 1856 he removed to New York City, where he soon became one of a group of such well-known writers as Bayard Taylor, George William Curtis, R. H. Stoddard, William Winter, T. B. Aldrich, R. W. Gilder, W. D. Howells, and others, with all of whom he was on terms of intimacy. With them he was a frequent contributor to the magazines. Soon he became a member of the editorial staff of the *Tribune*, to which he contributed in rapid succession "The Diamond Wedding," a bit of social satire which had an immense popular success; "The Ballad of Lager Beer," and "How Old John Brown Took Harper's Ferry." These and others of his earlier poems were included in his first volume of verse, "Poems, Lyric and Idyllic," which was published in 1860.

In a paper published in the current issue of *Putnam's Monthly*, W. L. Alden, long a contemporary of Stedman and only recently removed by death, gives a description of Miss Anne Swift's boarding-house in New York, where nearly fifty years ago many men of literary promise were entertained. This paragraph shows the energy with which Stedman devoted himself to his various interests:

Edmund Clarence Stedman was another inmate of Miss Swift's. He was at the time busily engaged all day in all Street in the exercise of a most harassing business. At night he edited one of the leading magazines, and in the intervals of leisure he did a good deal of literary work, besides taking his share in social matters. How he managed to compass his intervals of leisure I could never understand. He is certainly a conspicuous illustration of the fact that hard work, if kept un-mixed with worry, seldom kills.

Stedman's connection with Wall Street came through his beginning the study of law and his service during the Civil War as secretary to Attorney-General Bates. The financing of the Union Pacific Railroad engaged his attention and later his time, and from that grew his banking and brokerage business.

A full list of his work would be difficult to make, but his published volumes are all well known. His "Alice of Monmouth, an Idyll of the Great War," was published in 1864; "The Blameless Prince" in 1869; "Poetical Works" in 1875, and "Hawthorne and Other Poems" in 1877. Another volume of "Lyrics and Idylls" appeared in 1879, and a volume of collected poems in 1894. His "Mater Coronata" was published in 1900. Essays written at various times were published under the title of "Victorian Poets" in 1875. He supplemented this work ten years later with a companion work, "Poets of America." "The Nature and Elements of Poetry" followed in 1892. Mr. Stedman also did much valuable work as a discreet, learned, and appreciative editor.

Many of Stedman's poems have been printed and reprinted in the *Argonaut*. Within a year his "How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry" and "The Old Picture Dealer" have appeared in these columns. Following are two that are recalled with especial appreciation by many:

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE.

Within the garden of Beaucaille
He met her by a secret stair;—
The night was centuries ago.
Said Aucassin, "My love, my pet,
These old confessions vex me so!
They threaten all the pains of hell

Unless I give you up, ma helle!"—
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"Now, who should there in Heaven he
To fill your place, ma très-douce mie?
To reach that spot I little care!
There all the dawning priests are met;—
All the old cripples, too, are there
That unto shrines and altars cling
To filch the Peter-pence we bring;"—
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"There are the barefoot monks and friars
With gowns well tattered by the briars,
The saints who lift their eyes and whine:
I like them not—a starveling set!
Who'd care with folks like these to dine?
The other road 'twere just as well
That you and I should take, ma belle!"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"To Purgatory I would go
With pleasant comrades whom we know,
Fair scholars, minstrels, lusty knights
Whose deeds the land will not forget,
The captains of a hundred fights,
True men of valor and degree:
We'll join that gallant company,"—
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"There, too, are jousts and joyance rare,
And beauteous ladies d'ehonair,
The pretty dames, the merry brides
Who with their wedded lords coquette,
And have a friend or two besides;—
And all in gold and trappings gay,
With furs, and crests in vair and gray,"—
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"Sweet players on the ethern strings,
And they who roam the world like kings,
Are gathered there, so blithe and free!
Pardie! I'd join them now, my pet,
If you went also, ma douce mie!
The joys of Heaven I'd forego
To have you with me there below,"—
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

PAN IN WALL STREET.

Just where the Treasury's marble front
Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations;
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
To throng for trade and last quotations;
Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
Outrival, in the ears of people,
The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled,
From Trinity's undaunted steep,—

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
Sound high above the modern clamor,
Above the cries of greed and gain,
The curbstone war, the auction's hammer;
And swift, on Music's misty ways,
It led, from all this strife for millions,
To ancient, sweet-do-nothing days
Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,
And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
I saw the minstrel, where he stood
At ease against a Doric pillar:
One hand a droning organ played,
The other held a Pan's pipe (fashioned
Like those of old) to lips that made
The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'Twas Pan himself had wandered here
A-strolling through this sordid city,
And piping to the civic ear
The prelude of some pastoral ditty!
The demigod had crossed the seas,—
From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
And Syracuse times,—to these
Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head;
But—hidden thus—there was no doubting
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
His gnarled horns were somewhere sprouting;
His club-feet, eased in rusty shoes,
Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
And trousers, patched of diverse hues,
Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
And with his goat's eyes looked around
Where'er the passing current drifted;
And soon, as on Triacrian hills
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

The hulls and hears together drew
From Jauncey Court and New Street Alley,
As erst, if pastorals be true,
Came heasts from every wooded valley;
The random passers stayed to list,—
A boxer, Egon, rough and merry,
A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst,
With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long
In tattered cloak of army pattern;
And Galatea joined the throng,—
A blowsy, apple-vending slattern;
While old Silenus staggered out
From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,
And made the piper, with a shout,
To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy!

A newshoy and a peanut girl
Like little fauns began to caper:
His hair was all in tangled curl,
Her tawny legs were bare and taper;
And still the gathering larger grew,
And gave its pence and crowded nigher,
While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew
His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still
With throbs her vernal passion taught her,
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
Or by the Arethusan water!
New forms may fold the speech, new lands
Arise within these ocean-ports,
But Music waves eternal wands,—
Enchantress of the souls of mortals!

So thought I,—but among us trod
A man in blue, with legal haton,
And scoffed the vagrant demigod,
And pushed him from the step I sat on.
Doubting I mused upon the cry,
"Great Pan is dead!"—and all the people
Went on their ways;—and clear and high
The quarter sounded from the steeple.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn

The death of James R. Randall in Augusta, Georgia, is a reminder that the strenuous events that inspired his muse hardly yet belong to the page of ancient history. Mr. Randall will be remembered chiefly as the author of "Maryland, My Maryland," but he wrote some three or four other poems of equal or even of greater beauty. "Stonewall Jackson," "John Pelham," and "At Arlington," have striking merit and should be given a high rank among war poems, but "Maryland, My Maryland" caught the popular taste to a greater degree than the others and will be longer remembered.

Mr. Randall was born in Baltimore. Graduating from Georgetown College, D. C., he became a clerk in a book store, then a schoolmaster in Florida, and was eventually appointed professor of English and the classics in Poydras College, Louisiana. For many years he was editor and Washington correspondent of the *Augusta Chronicle*. In spite of his small poetic production his place among the minor poets of the country is an assured one.

Inquiries and Opinions, by Brander Matthews. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.25.

No writer of the present day gives more evidence of keen analytic power than Brander Matthews. In matters of literature and the drama he is *facile princeps* and the best possible guide for those whose literary opinions must necessarily be of the pre-digested order. In the present collection of essays we see the writer at his best. Not one among them can fail to have a valuable and permanent mental deposit of tenacious and lucid ideas that can be depended upon to recur when they are most needed. In "The Supreme Leaders," Mr. Matthews is especially interesting. He classifies the great men of the world not according to local predisposition, but by the vote of humanity as a whole. In "Literature in the New Century" he warns us against the dangers of a had perspective, and while he makes no distinct effort to settle knotty points of literary precedence, his cautious judgments are of inestimable value. Another striking essay is "Invention and Imagination" in past and present literature. He invites us to be careful not to mistake the product of invention for the rarer gifts of inspiring imagination and to cultivate the "sluggish avoidance of needless invention" that Professor Wendell tells us was the chief peculiarity of the greatest dramatic poets. Other valuable essays—there are twelve in all—are on Mark Twain, Maupassant, Poe, and Ibsen. The mark of a careful and a kindly appreciation pervades the book, which is not less valuable as a criticism because of its gravitation toward excellencies rather than defects.

Abelard and Heloise, by Ella C. Bennett. Published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco; \$1.50.

The author undertook an ambitious task, but she has done it well. Without any attempt at a poetical paraphrase of letters that have set a lofty model for the world, she has attempted to render their spirit in verse, wisely confining herself to the love correspondence and avoiding the theological discussions that so pitifully took the place of the expressions of a splendid passion. Mrs. Bennett has produced thirty-six pages of poetry that has high merit and would be nearly faultless but for an occasional grammatical lapse. All the way through it is rich in vigor and nervous sentiment. The author shows the pathetic pleading of Heloise from her separation and seclusion.

I can not serve two masters—nay, nor he
Partitioned off between my God and thee,
and her last passionate protest against the suffocation of a love that will not die:

Did I say dead?
That time of love—and later when we wed?
Nay, dead is not the word; it is not so;
Say what you will, but, Ahelard, I know
It did not die—though to that thought we strive;
We buried it—we buried it—Alive!

The author is to be congratulated upon her marked success in translating a vivid realization into verse that is worthy of its subject. She has a right to be proud of her work.

The Heart of Gambetta, by Francis Laur. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$2.50 net.

The love stories of great men have a peculiar fascination, because only from such standpoints of a common human nature can we look at them face to face. Gambetta will live in history as one of the strongest men that France has produced. His reputation will not suffer from this story of a beautiful alliance with a woman worthy and spirituelle.

The story is told with exceptional sympathy and force, from the moment when the orator's eye is attracted to the beautiful woman in the auditors' gallery of the Chamber of Deputies to that other moment when the same woman steps into the death chamber to impress a last salute on the brow of the dead statesman. We have the whole romance of the early morning interviews, the long correspondence and the love in a cottage that may indeed

have been irregular, but that none the less impressed upon the mind of Gambetta a refinement and a domestic dignity that gave completeness to his character. It is a story worth reading not only for its historical value, but for its graceful and vivacious diction and the strong human sentiment and pathos that pervade it.

The Flight to Eden, by Harrison Rhodes. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Basil Forrester, younger son of Lord Kingstowne, is discovered by his devoted wife *en famille* with a chorus girl of more than questionable character. Thereupon Lady Kitty commits suicide, unwilling to hear the burden of a marital infidelity to which so many of her sex are inured. With the threat of exposure by the irate mother of his dead wife, Basil Forrester emigrates to Florida under a vow of repentance that he will never again break the heart of a woman. Eventually his elder brother dies and Basil becomes heir to the title. The road homeward is open to him and the past will be forgotten, but Basil has found something in Florida that is wholly sweet and beautiful, but that will not bear transplanting, and so he remains. The story has real strength. The descriptive power is marked and the characters are finely drawn. The hook is some way above the average.

Dolmatia, by Maude M. Hollbach. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50 net.

Dalmatia belongs to that region unaccountably omitted from the itinerary of the average tourist, who likes a broadly beaten track for his wandering feet. Of course, he makes an error of judgment, if, indeed, judgment can be said to enter at all into his preparations. Dalmatia is the region where east meets west, one of the few areas in Europe that still bear the stamp of strong nationality. The author has taken care to show how distinctive is the character of the country, its extraordinary historical interest, the racial struggles of which it has been the scene, the passions and the prejudices that have warred for supremacy. We can remember nothing so good of its kind, nothing that so clearly presents what the tourist and the student ought to know and to seek. Over fifty admirable illustrations complete a useful and conscientious piece of work.

Magic Casements, edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. Published by the McClure Company, New York.

The cult of the fairy story shows no evidence of a decline, in spite of the remonstrances of those who wish to restrict juvenile literature to history, which they are pleased to suppose has the advantage of "truth." The editors of "Magic Casements" have gone up and down in the world and to and fro in it in the search for fairy stories, and as a result they give us this fine book, which, as it pleases them, is certain to please the children for whose sake the labor was undertaken. This is the fifth volume of the *Children's Classics* under the same editorship.

Children's Books and Reading, by Montrose J. Moses. Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York; \$1.50.

Those to whom the question of juvenile literature is a problem will find much help in this book not only from its comprehensive lists, but also from the advice that is always intelligent and unbiassed. The day of the Sunday-school book has passed, and now we have a better comprehension of the heart and soul of the child and the kind of treatment that encourages the moral habit as opposed to the mere moral theories that are known to be ineffective. The author writes undogmatically and he has no pet theory. A wide understanding of his subject and a lucid style and arrangement combine to give his book a distinction in the field of utility.

Kilo, by Ellis Parker Butler. Published by the McClure Company, New York; \$1.

Eliph' Hewlitt is an Iowa book agent, a queer and eccentric character who combines a marvelous facility for selling Jarly's "Encyclopedia of Knowledge" with a tender and sentimental nature. The story of his adventures is full of humor, and by the time he finally settles down in Kilo with the much pursued lady of his choice he has succeeded in inspiring the reader with a genuine respect and affection.

Winston of the Proirie, by Harold Bindloss. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; \$1.50.

A spirited story of the Canadian Northwest. Life on the Canadian prairie has seldom been better pictured. There is plenty of adventure and plenty of love-making, while the local color is accurate and vivid.

The Shadow of a Great Rock, by William R. Lighton. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A fine story of adventure and hardship on the Great Salt Lake Trail. The day of the prairie schooner has seldom been better described, while the love story is simple and convincing.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A biography of Thomas Chatterton, written by Charles Edward Russell, is soon to be published by Moffat, Yard & Co. It emphasizes the fact which has been neglected or overlooked by all the extant biographies that the boy poet of Bristol was one of the staunchest friends the American Colonies had in the troublous times preceding the revolution. Chatterton was a tireless and powerful political writer, as well as poet, and a letter that he published a short time before his death arraigning the British ministry for the Boston massacre is one of the fiercest invective. In his poems, too, he sturdily upholds the American cause and cheers on the patriots six years before the Declaration of Independence. The sad and untimely death of Chatterton in 1770 undoubtedly deprived the American cause of an English champion as forceful as Colonel Barre or as Pitt.

The publishing house of Harper & Brothers sends out the statement that in this country the sweeter and sunnier books are rising in popular as well as in literary favor. The fact is one of hopeful significance.

George Eliot began at thirty-eight to write stories, and published her first novel when forty. Mrs. Wharton was forty when she published "The Valley of Decision," and thirty-seven when she published her first prolonged short story, "The Touchstone." But the record is broken by "Pierre de Coulevain," an American woman who writes French well enough to have her book crowned by the Academy, who began her literary career after reaching the half-century point. All Ihsen's important work was done after forty.

The first novel of the new year to be published by the J. B. Lippincott Company will be brought out in February. It is called "Marcia Schuyler," and is the work of Grace Livingston Hill-Lutz, a well-known writer for religious papers, and a niece of Mrs. G. R. Alden, whose pen-name, "Pansy," has been a household word for years.

Ida M. Tarbell, the biographer of Lincoln and Rockefeller, will publish a character sketch of Governor Hughes of New York in the March *American Magazine*.

A well-known English weekly, *Black and White*, endeavored to make its New Year number interesting by ascertaining and publishing what reforms some of the best-known thinkers and workers wished to see carried out during the coming twelve months. This was Sir W. S. Gilbert's brief but pointed reply to the publisher's application: "A reform that I am particularly anxious to see carried into effect is that editors would cease to trouble busy people for gratuitous contributions."

Henry Holt, the well-known New York publisher, who recently avowed the authorship of certain successful novels first issued anonymously, has written for *Putnam's Monthly* a series of papers describing a visit to the West. This visit was made last summer; it occupied six weeks, the starting point being the writer's country home, at Burlington, Vermont, and the remotest places reached being Los Angeles and Vancouver. Mr. Holt went to the West with an open mind, and the journal of his long overland voyage shows a freedom from prejudice none too common, perhaps, among men who have spent their lives in New York City.

The Macmillan Company has a number of notable books of verse on its spring list, including the new edition of Tennyson, a volume by Alfred Noyes, and new dramas by Stephen Phillips, W. B. Yeats, and Percy MacKaye, the last-named, however, being in prose.

The newspapers of the country are constantly more potent in their influence upon public sentiment, a fact never more clearly shown than in the last few weeks, when the great body of reputable journals stood as a unit to help in the restoration of normal conditions in the financial and business world. "How the Truth Saved the Day," an article in the February number of *Appleton's Magazine*, is a picturesque recognition of this fact, illustrated with facsimile reproductions of headlines and newspaper pages that show the value of the work which was done.

On the spring list of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. is a new book of essays by John Burroughs, entitled "Leaf and Tendril."

"Whatever is kingly in Caesar, continent in Scipio, expansive in Henry of Navarre, or Napoleon, we appropriate without scruple to ourselves, in reading of their careers," remarks a critic in the *Springfield Republican*. "Thus does biography, whether disguised in the novel, illuminated in the drama, or prosaically set forth in the prevailing memoir, form the silken tie between history and literature."

There are many anecdotes that serve to show Stedman's peculiarities to be found in the many reminiscent articles that have appeared since his death. A writer in the *New York Press* gives this one:

Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet-banker, had a high temper and was exceedingly sensitive. One day, exasperated by the crass stupidity of a servant, he threw a book at his head. The boy

ducked and the book sailed out of the window. After it hurried the menial, but he was too late; a passer-by had picked it up and walked off with it. Stedman began to wonder what book he had thrown away, and to his horror discovered that it was a quaint and rare little volume for which he had paid \$50. His chagrin was intense, as the work was almost unique and the prospects of replacing it were remote.

Some time afterward, when browsing in a second-hand book shop, our splenetic poet-banker perceived to his great delight a copy of the very book he had lost. He asked the price. "It's very rare," replied the dealer, "but as you are an old customer I'll let you have it for \$40; nobody else could have it for less than \$60." Stedman gladly paid the \$40, got home with his treasure as soon as possible and sat down to gloat over it. A card dropped out of the leaves. It was his own. Further examination showed that he had bought back his own property. It cured him of casting books at servants' heads.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce for immediate publication "London Parks and Gardens," by the Honorable Mrs. Evelyn Cecil, with colored illustrations by Lady Victoria Manners.

Sunset Magazine for February.

There has been no better number of that distinctive Pacific Coast magazine, *Sunset*, than the February issue, just laid before its readers. Its list of contributors contains the names of many writers who have more than a Western reputation, and these, novelists, poets, and nature observers, have given of their best. First in place, and certainly first in timely interest, is "The Pacific Fleet of the Future," by H. A. Evans, naval constructor, U. S. N., who combines with his statement of picturesque facts some practical philosophy and suggestive thought. The article is fully illustrated. There are stories by Charles Duff Stuart, Frank H. Spearman, Jack London, W. Fay Boericke, and Florence A. Perkins. Elizabeth Gerberding offers a little drama entitled "Manuela," in two acts, with its scene a California ranch. The verse in the number is particularly notable, and is by Joaquin Miller, Herbert Bashford, Nora May French, Stacy E. Baker, Clarence Army, Julia Boynton Green, Mary Page Greenleaf, Beth Slater Whitson, and Elizabeth Lambert Wood. The engravings that illuminate the text of the twenty-four named contributions and departments are all worthy of the publication. Among them are portraits of Maynard Dixon, the artist, of eight officers of the navy, of Nora May French, the girl poet whose death at Carmel-by-the-Sea was a recent tragic occurrence, of Joaquin Miller, Gertrude Atherton, and Eleanor Gates. The articles descriptive of California industries and development are a valuable feature of the magazine always, and in this issue are particularly well chosen. *Sunset* has won a place of its own among the magazines of the day, and is not only seen but sought everywhere by readers of American publications.

Francis Warre Cornish, M. A., has made an English translation in prose of the poems of Catullus, which G. P. Putnam's Sons will soon bring out. As a specimen of the attractions the book will contain, here is the English rendering of the elegy on Leshia's "Sparrow," thanks to which, that favored bird, though dead going on two thousand years, will live immortally:

Mourn ye Graces and Loves, and all you whom the Graces love. My lady's sparrow is dead, the sparrow my lady's pet, whom she loved more than her own eyes; for honey-sweet he was, and knew his mistress as well as a girl knows her very mother. Nor would he stir from her bosom, but hopping now here, now there, still chirped to his mistress alone. Now he goes along the dark road, thither whence they say no one returns. But curse upon you, cursed shades of Orcus, which devour all pretty things! such a pretty sparrow have you taken away from me. Ah, how sad! Ah, poor little bird! All because of you my lady's darling eyes are heavy and red with weeping.

An anonymous writer who has been admitted to that inner circle, "The Contributors' Club" of the *Atlantic Monthly*, believes there are men who say "trousers" when they want to say "pants":

Everybody talks well when he talks in the way he likes, the way he can't help, the way he never thinks of; the rest is effort and pretense. The man who says "trousers" because he likes to say it and the man who says "pants" because he likes to say it are both good fellows with whom a frank soul could fraternize; but the man who says "trousers" when he wants to say "pants" is a craven and a truckler, equally hateful to honest culture and wholesome ignorance. He belongs in the same sordid category with the man who wears tight shoes and high collars that are a torment to the flesh, who eats olives that he doesn't relish, and drinks uncongenial clarets, in imitation of his genteel neighbor in the brown-stone front.

In the editorial columns of the *Philadelphia Ledger* is a brief tribute to Ouida, which closes with this paragraph:

Her name is omitted in most of the critical reviews of the preceding century's literature, so little did she accomplish. Yet many an ambitious novelist now with us would give much to produce a description equal to that of Bertie Cecil's race on Forest King, or that of the great singer's triumph in "Moths." Feats of headlong romance may not be literature, but they are sometimes delightful experiences, even for readers who are quick up to Thomas Hardy and George Meredith. Critical approval is not indispensable to a fair amount of honest pleasure in reading, and one need not be a shopgirl or a bellhop to admit the fact.

New Publications.

"A Handy Book of Synonyms" has appeared in the Handy Information Series, published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price, 40 cents.

Harper & Brothers, New York, have published a delightful book for children, entitled "Wee Winkles and Her Friends." It is all about dolls, and baby kittens and horses, and it has many illustrations. Price, \$1.25.

"The Life of David Libbey, the Penobscot Woodsman and River Driver," has been written by Fannie H. Eckstrom for the True

American Types Series, published by the American Unitarian Association, Boston. Price, 60 cents net.

The World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson, have issued a "Handbook of English Composition," by Lucella Clay Carson. It is well written and usefully interleaved for notes.

Harper & Brothers, New York, have published an admirable book for little children. It is entitled "Little Girl and Philip." Gertrude Smith is the author, the fine colored illustrations are by Rachael Robinson, and the price is \$1.30 net.



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ANOTHER COHAN MUSICAL COMEDY.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway" is "a musical play." With more play than music, not a regular song-and-dance number in the whole piece, and an absence of the regular routine of features that go to make up musical comedy, the piece, technically speaking, can not be so classified. Actually, that is just what it is—musical comedy.

There are not half a dozen musical numbers in the piece, but there is a chorus, both male and female. There is no *prima donna assoluta*, but Frances Gordon, the leading lady of the troupe, can sing—unpretentiously, to be sure, but most sweetly. Her singing has the simple, direct, artless charm to which one sometimes responds when listening to a child vocalist with a particularly true ear and sweet voice, who sways her listeners by virtue of the very absence of the quality that wins plaudits for the trained singer.

Frances Gordon is a fine looking girl, with a pretty face and a Trilby figure. As Mary Jane Jenkins, the housemaid, she has had put into her mouth a whole host of musical-comedy epigrams, of which she delivers herself with a meaning air and many roguish smiles. She has natural style, instinctive grace, the trimmest of waists, the slenderest of feet, a sophisticated color to her abundant locks. She is entirely suggestive of that Broadway from which the inhabitants of the suburb in the play are a forty-five minutes' trip distant. But in spite of all these metropolitan advantages, Miss Gordon's singing still retains the charm of unconscious sweetness, and has not in the slightest degree the stamp of the music hall. She rose to a high degree in the favor of the audience shortly after her entrance, and maintained her place till the very last, winning repeated encores during the singing of "So Long, Mary."

Somebody suggested that the place ought to be called "Mary," probably because everything in it seemed to revolve around the trim housemaid. Her pretty name—for they kindly refrained from calling her Mary Jane—echoed continually through the play. All players or nearly all have learned to utter this old-fashioned, new-fashioned name with the caressing intonation and the soft, musical roll to the r which is so distinctively English. It makes an entirely different thing of it from the hastily uttered "Merry" with which we Americans flatten the music of this beautiful old name, which has rung so persistently through the pages of history.

Mary's rival in the affections of the audience was Scott Welsh, who made a most engaging "Kid" Burns. The "Kid" is a product of Broadway, and, in the play, is an old pal of a new millionaire. The youthful millionaire impudently sweeps the Kid along with him, in the wake of his financial greatness, to the old family home of his testator, where the Kid, gravely booked as his secretary, keeps a sharp lookout on the camp-followers plotting to get hands into Bennett's brand-new millions, and incidentally falls in love with Mary, the housemaid. "Every time I see her I feel as if some one had kicked me plumb in the left side of me chest," says the Kid, and I shouldn't wonder if a number of gilded youths in the audience shared his sentiments.

The Kid himself has many claims to the favorable attention of the audience. In the first place Scott Welsh is an expert and agreeable actor. He conveys to his audience a pleasurable sensation of sharing his feelings, when he represents the warm-hearted Kid, moved to emotions which stamp him, in spite of his tough accent, and his slang of the race-course and the ring, as a man of sentiment. There is nothing so noble as a man of sentiment; and when that sentiment has survived the toughening processes inseparable from the life of a city "sport," it is an earnest of a warmth and loyalty of heart beyond the ordinary.

Now, please don't get the idea that "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway" is a play with any pretension to seriousness of sentiment. Not the least in the world. It is just a lively farce-comedy with musical features, full of popular appeal, and containing a few vagrant touches of sentiment with which to appease the surfeited banqueter on the syrupy flavors of stereotyped musical comedy. And Scott Welsh is just the man to take the part of the curly-headed, ingenuous Kid, who seems to be such an eminently native product of Broadway.

He has individuality, ingenuousness, freshness of feeling, earnestness, a marked talent for comedy. His queer nasal-tenor voice has a carrying quality that he can drop a

sotto voce remark with a most casual air, and he heard nearly all over the house. His laugh is as fresh and spontaneous as a schoolboy's. He can woo his stage sweetheart in a mood of low comedy, and yet cause his love-sick condition to make you grin with the delighted sympathy we always extend to lovers who forget themselves in their emotions.

Mary and the Kid absorbed a good deal of public attention, nevertheless, there is a competent company to fill the remaining rôles in the popular Cohan piece. That, indeed, is the Cohan of it. For Cohan directs all things well, and as, in the programme it is billed as the regular company, and as they have played off no second-class talent on us, it is easy to believe they actually have shed their effulgence on Broadway.

Next to the two leading lights in the company, Claire Grenville, John J. Clark, and James H. Manning gave the most notable impersonations. Elizabeth Drew's weeping bride-to-be was adequate to the demands made upon it, and the young lady's appearance was in keeping; but Claire Grenville had a much more striking rôle in that of the prospective mother-in-law, prematurely ruling it over a particularly meek and hiddable son-to-be. Claire Grenville has qualities of face, figure, and voice which made her at once a most formidable and daunting yet handsome presence. She would make a fine, mechanical stage queen, with her haughty, peacock carriage, and her chanting delivery.

There is a great deal of slang in "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," particularly in the lines of Kid Burns, delivered most felicitously, and as to the manner horn, by the Kid. The enjoyment of slang is coming to be regarded as a legitimate one. The fashion was first set by our English cousins, and now slangy plays and characters are increasing and multiplying. Some free-masonry in the American character makes us readily comprehend slang that is totally unfamiliar; perhaps because slang, informed with the real spirit, conveys its own meaning. So we listened knowingly and enjoyingly to the Kid's numerous contributions, and the most grizzled and hank-presidential looking of the men of affairs present at the numerous theatre parties on Monday night lent a willing and smiling attention to his sallies.

There were carriages and motor-cars without number on Van Ness Avenue, when the crowd came out, which gives an indication of the character of the audience assembled. An indication, too, of the dramatic deterioration which students of conditions of the drama deplore. For, what is there to this sort of thing to stick in the memory? Nothing but fun and nonsense. But, after all, it is clean fun, and laughable nonsense, and we come back to the old truism, "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."

If it were only now and then, perhaps there would be no criticism, but bank presidents, and millionaires, and the sons and daughters of millionaires, find their dearest pleasure in taking in the latest thing in musical comedy, and since that thing is a Cohan piece, it follows that the moneyed classes are getting up theatre parties for the Van Ness Theatre this week, and Shakespeare, dressed to kill, and acted to kill, too, is passed coldly by.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Alfred Sutro's play, "The Walls of Jericho," which has been something more than a mere success in London and New York in the seasons past, will be introduced to San Francisco by Herbert Kecey and Effie Shannon at the Novelty Theatre beginning Sunday night. The two stars are well known here, and it will be a pleasure to see them in a new play. The leading parts in "The Walls of Jericho" seem especially suited to the talent of the players, and their engagement of one week only should be a most successful one.

"Florodora," with its very popular song numbers of excellence, and its ever-popular sextet, will close its run of two weeks with the Sunday night performance, though it is still drawing large audiences. Next week the military musical comedy, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," will be put on, and it promises to add still another leaf to the book of popular successes shown by the Princess company. Arthur Cunningham, held in high esteem for his fine voice and pleasing character work at the old Tivoli Opera House, has been engaged to make his appearance in this piece. He will be welcomed by a host of friends. Other additions to the Princess company are Ned Nye, a singing and dancing comedian who recently made a hit at the Orpheum, and W. H. Bray, the veteran actor, singer, and composer. Cecelia Rhoda, the prima donna of the company, whose Madcap Princess, Belle of New York, and Dolores are three as captivating characterizations as comic opera often gives us, will be the Kate Pemherton of the musical comedy, and add another to her unbroken line of triumphs. Sarah Edwards, another new member of the company, will be the Mrs. Pemherton. Edith Bradford will have a part that will give full scope to her fine voice and graceful presence, and Zoe Barnett, Maud Muller, Harold Crane, George Leon Moore, and Oscar Apfel are cared for in the cast. The chorus, as ever, will be an attraction not to be ignored.

At the New Alcazar Theatre that funny

farce, "Are You a Mason?" will conclude its run Sunday night and next Monday evening a fine production of Channing Pollock's dramatization of Miriam Michelson's novel, "In the Bishop's Carriage," will be seen. Thais Lawton will be the Nance Olden, and the part will give her one of the best opportunities she has ever had. The play will have a strong cast throughout, and will prove, with little doubt, one of the features of the season.

"Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," which is reviewed at length in another column, will run another week at the Van Ness Theatre. It will continue to enjoy an overflowing share of public favor.

The Orpheum presents in its programme for next week, beginning Sunday at the matinee performance, several attractions entirely new here. Fred Walton, the English pantomime comedian, heads the list of newcomers. He will appear in a fantastic playlet entitled "Cissie's Dream," supported by a company of six. The Picchiani Troupe of acrobats numbers eight performers, all notable. Eleanor Falke, the singing and dancing comedienne, returns with new songs. The Petching Brothers are musical comedians. Next week will be the last of the engagement of Alice Norton, the jewel-wizard and chemist, Harry Allister, the Melani Trio, and the Keatons.

Grace George begins an engagement of two weeks at the Van Ness Theatre on February 17, presenting Sardou's comedy "Divorçons," in which she gained a notable success in London last summer.

De Wolf Hopper in "Happyland" comes to the Novelty Theatre following the Kecey-Shannon engagement. It is more than a dozen years since the comic-opera comedian appeared in this city.

Charles B. Hanford and company, in "Antony and Cleopatra," conclude their engagement at the Novelty Theatre Saturday evening.

The Henry W. Savage Grand Opera Company in "Madame Butterfly" appears in San Jose February 11. The company will not visit San Francisco.

The annual loan exhibitions of pictures at the rooms of the Union League Club, New York, are always notable art events. This year the club fairly outdid itself along this line. In its spacious gallery there were recently displayed eighteen old and Barbizon masters from the collection of Mr. Henry C. Frick. These masterpieces were all extremely interesting and they were valued at nearly \$2,000,000. The gem of the display—as it is said to be of Mr. Frick's entire collection—was the remarkable portrait of Rembrandt, painted by himself. This picture was produced in 1658, and was secured for Mr. Frick from Lord Lichester's collection at Melbury Hall, England.

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RICHARD M. HOTALING AS HAMLET.

By George L. Shoals.

Credit must be given to the stage whose appeal is still so strong that Richard M. Hotaling, a man of social distinction, of business training, and of wealth, has turned from the pursuits which have employed the early years of his life and entered with serious purpose upon a dramatic career. Study of the drama and numerous experiences in amateur theatricals have been pleasing interludes with Mr. Hotaling for a long time, but his decision to become an actor in earnest was only recently made known.

Mr. Hotaling made his first professional appearance last Monday evening at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland, as Hamlet in Shakespeare's tragedy, supported by H. W. Bishop's stock company. The handsome theatre was crowded to the doors with an audience that contained hundreds of the personal friends of the actor. Fellow-members of the clubs in which Mr. Hotaling has long been popular went from this city in force to manifest their interest. Prominent society people were present in numbers, and a more brilliant or more enthusiastic assemblage has rarely filled an Oakland playhouse.

At the close of every scene in which Hamlet appeared, and often punctuating the progress of the play, the applause was impetuous and long-continued, and it must have warmed the heart of the new star, as he felt its inspiring force. But rising higher than this acknowledgment of the sympathy, praise, and good wishes of his friends and the public must have been the exaltation of a consciousness that he had justified his choice, that he had proved his ability, that he had sprung full-panopied into a career for which he was eminently fitted.

The success which Mr. Hotaling has won at his first appearance is actual, and the realization of such a fact comes as quickly to the actor as to his audience, perhaps more quickly than to such an audience, where the greater number would have been kind rather than critical. Mr. Hotaling gave convincing evidence that his desires were well founded. He belongs to neither of the two classes of amateur actors, of which one aspires without knowledge or labor to dramatic eminence, and the other relies on the elocution of the schools for success. He is a student, as well of stage technique as of the playwright's work, and possessing imagination and artistic insight, approaches his task with indispensable aids. He is gifted with an impressive figure, a graceful carriage, and a remarkably full and melodious voice.

Mr. Hotaling's Hamlet is a figure drawn with firm lines. It is not the poetical, absorbingly mysterious portrayal of Booth, the prosaic, matter-of-fact presentation of Keene, or the unevenly picturesque creation of Irving, but it is a magnetic, forceful characterization of the prince driven to dissimulation, frenzy, and crime by love and sorrow for a murdered father. In the great scenes of the acting version presented, Mr. Hotaling read his lines in almost faultless style, and it was only in the less important passages that he failed to preserve a uniform excellence. With the queen, in the closet scene, he attained his greatest height of dramatic power, and it was a height that has been reached by few Shakespearean readers, even after years of experience. In the advice to the players he was less happy, and failed in self-application of the valuable instruction. Throughout the play his "business" was nearly always in the best taste, and the slight lapses were perhaps due to the nervous strain of a first appearance. And in spite of all the mass of tradition that hinders the stage management of the great tragedy, his movements and hy-play were not slavish copies from any of his well-known predecessors. But one suggestion of imitation was noted, and that in the "play" scene, where Hamlet creeps by inches toward the king, to mark the effect upon the guilty man of the stage murder. This was one of Irving's hits of stage-craft; or, perhaps it would be better to say, it was one that he made peculiarly his own.

The supporting company was of fair quality, yet Mr. Hotaling easily dominated all his companions. The King, Horatio, and Polonius, were best of the cast, though the queen mother was not lacking in her best scenes; Ophelia was in the hands of an actress whose beauty and pleasing voice should have aided her more substantially, and undoubtedly would have done so in a modern play.

Next week Mr. Hotaling will essay the parts of Othello and Iago, alternating with Landers Stevens, an actor of gifts and experience. The offering will hold additional interest for the many who will follow closely and hopefully each step in Mr. Hotaling's career.

Mme. Carreno's Recitals.

Mme. Teresa Carreno, the great pianiste and musician who composed the national hymn of Venezuela, her native country, will give a series of three concerts in this city, after a long absence, under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum. As a piano virtuoso this gifted woman stands among the very greatest, and she plays with all the strength and vigor of a Rosenthal or D'Alhart, combined with the gentleness and sympathy of a De Pachmann. Her fame continues to increase.

The three concerts will take place at Christian Science Hall, the dates being Friday evening, February 14, Sunday afternoon, February 16, and Tuesday evening, February 18, and on the occasion of this visit she will not play in Oakland.

At the first recital Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," a group of Chopin compositions including the Prelude, No. 15, Nocturne, Op. 62, Etude in G flat and Polonaise in A flat, the Romanze and Barcarolle by Rubinstein, and a group of Liszt works will be the special features.

At the Sunday matinee Beethoven's Sonata Op. 53, Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," the "Soiree de Vienne" of Schubert-Liszt, and by request the Schubert-Tausig "Marche Militaire," will be important attractions.

The sale of seats for all the concerts will begin next Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Van Ness Avenue above California Street, and at the corner of Sutter and Kearny Streets, where complete programmes may be secured. The prices will be \$1, \$1.50, and \$2, and mail orders must be accompanied by check or money order.

Denis O'Sullivan.

On Saturday, February 1, Denis O'Sullivan died at Toledo, Ohio, after a week's illness, and following an operation for appendicitis. His death was not unexpected from the first, as he had neglected the threatening symptoms that finally forced him to give up his work on the stage. He had appeared in opera up to the matinee of the week before his death.

From a number of letters written to the Argonaut containing tributes to the singer the two following are chosen as expressions of the regard with which he was held in this city, his home:

Denis O'Sullivan was the second son of Cornelius D. O'Sullivan, one of the founders of the Hibernia Bank, and was born in this city in April, 1868. He was educated at the Jesuit College and then succeeded to the management of his father's business. His musical talent was from childhood so pronounced that he early began to study with Carl Formes and Hugo Talbot, and went abroad in 1892. He studied under Vannucini in Florence, and later under Shakspeare in London, and Sbriglia in Paris. He married in London, in 1893, Miss Elizabeth Curtis, the daughter of James M. Curtis of San Francisco, whom he had known for several years. He became a member of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, appearing in many operas. It was while with this company that, on one memorable occasion, being suddenly called upon, he sang without rehearsal the long and difficult rôle of Vanderdecken. Later he was asked to create the title-rôle in Sir Charles Villiers Stanford's opera of "Shamus O'Brien." This remained always one of his favorite characterizations. He took part with Francis Wilson in the "Little Corporal," in George Edwards's production of the "Duchess of Dantzig," and in various other operas. His last engagement was in his wife's opera, "Peggy Mahree," which, after long months of success in London and in the provinces of England, was produced in this country by Klaw & Erlanger on January 5.

It was, however, on the concert stage that he made his greatest and most peculiarly artistic success. The exactions of the modern song recital never seemed a tax upon his boundless versatility. He sang the songs of Beethoven, Loewe, Schubert, Tautert, Schumann, Grieg, Brahms, Cornelius, Wolff, and Massenet with as spontaneous and sensitive an interpretation, as freely balanced an art, as he sang Moore or a rollicking Irish or Scotch ballad.

To those among his old friends in California who knew and loved him best, who followed his career with deepest interest, and rejoiced in his triumphs even more than if they had been their own, the untimely death of Denis O'Sullivan at the supreme hour of his fame and reputation, came as a poignantly cruel stroke of fate. Surely no man was more deserving of long and fruitful years. To him was given, in boundless measure, that perennial joy of life, wherein no thought of death could find a place. All who came within the spell of his extraordinary personal attraction recognized at once this charming attribute in the man—this exuberance of joyous spirits which was as a garden in which his genius blossomed and flourished. And what a genius it was! The popular mind seized only upon those obvious traits which made him appear, above all others, the most kindly, the most genial, the most delightful of men; but to his intimates was revealed the exceptional range of his talents.

I recall with infinite pleasure my first meeting with him, twenty years ago, at a country place near San Francisco. Standing in a jolly group on the veranda we caught, from within the house, the swelling note of a violin; and presently O'Sullivan appeared in the doorway, a vigorous, handsome youth, quite absorbed in his playing, and drawing from his beloved instrument those sonorous effects which he afterwards produced with his wonderful voice. And I remember even then being impressed by his naturalness, by the utter absence, in his slightest movement, of self-consciousness or pose. Indeed, herein lay the keynote of his character and the charm of his personality. In his every-day

life he had a healthy abhorrence of sham and affectation, and he carried this aversion into his art, scrupulously avoiding all meretricious tricks and lures to reach the hearts of his audience.

I need hardly speak here of the wonderful quality of his voice—of the appeal it made to the layman, to the lover of music, to the trained critic, who could discover no flaw in his art, because, springing as it did from the unerring instinct of the true artist, it was as infallible as a natural law.

It is this rich personality that will hold him always in the memory of his friends. His versatility was astonishing. No one could tell a story better, or recount an anecdote or an experience with a more lively grace. He had remarkable powers of mimicry and an amusing faculty of caricature. His wit was more spontaneous and irresistible, more pungent and effective than I have ever encountered in any other individual. It would be impossible to dwell too strongly on the delightful qualities that accounted for his strong personal magnetism: his rollicking sense of humor, his passionate love of children, and their instant response to him, or on that eager, intelligent interest in all the issues that go to make up the great sum of human activity and happiness. To him might fittingly be applied Carlyle's touching tribute to Burns: "We see that in this man there was the gentleness, the trembling pity of a woman, with the deep earnestness, the force, the passionate ardor of a hero. Tears lie in him, and consuming fire; as lightning lurks in the drops of a summer cloud. He has a resonance in his bosom for every note of human feeling; the high and the low, the sad, the ludicrous, and the joyful, are welcome in their turns to his lightly-moved and all-conceiving spirit."

F. L. B.

Second Minetti Quartet Concert.

The second of the concerts in the fifteenth successful season of the Minetti String Quartet will take place at Century Club Hall next Friday afternoon at quarter past three, when another delightful programme will be offered. At the first concert of the series, given a week ago last Friday, there were many exclamations of high appreciation on the part of the auditors, and for this occasion a crowded house is assured.

Mrs. Marie Stoney, pianist, will assist and, with Mr. Minetti, will play the Gottlieb-Noren Suite in E minor. The quartet for the afternoon will be that in D, by Bazzini, and the special feature will be the Octet in E major by Mendelssohn, for four violins, two violas, and two violoncellos. This number has received painstaking rehearsal and will undoubtedly receive a brilliant interpretation.

Reserved seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on the morning of the concert and at the hall in the afternoon.

To those who believe that no landmarks in New York—save churches and the City Hall—are sacred from disturbance on the plea of antiquity, the Astor House stands as a rebuke, or perhaps as an exception that proves the rule. The next birthday anniversary of the old Astor will be its seventy-fifth. Its rooms have witnessed the love-making of young folks whose children long ago were buried as grandparents. Its beds have been the scenes of dreams of ambition by men who were living while Washington lived. Its walls have echoed the eloquence of men famous before Abraham Lincoln was heard of. Yet it stands today not only as sturdy as ever, but occupying one of the most valuable blocks on Manhattan Island, and keeps quite abreast of the times at that. It's a veteran of the enviable sort.

The New York Sun's chronicler of musical doings once said to Mme. Sembrich that in his opinion she sang "Ah, fors e lui" with more feeling than Patti. Mme. Sembrich raised her band in firm protest and said in reverent tones: "When you speak of Patti you speak of something that was only once." And he continues: "With the belated discovery of Mmm. Tetrizzini in the Tivoli Theatre, San Francisco, we have been invited to forget Patti, but despite the great popular success of the newcomer we are inclined to recall with keenest delight the flawless singing of the greatest mistress of bel canto the world probably has ever known."

In all the affairs of Burmese life the women appear on equal terms with their lords, and, as it is sometimes affirmed by the cynical, that often means that they are the superior person, the chief of the establishment. Above all, they can at any moment obtain a divorce, so that their lords are constantly on their best behavior. In all other Eastern lands, woman is regarded as a chattel; in Burma she is the partner of her lord in everything, not excepting his business affairs.

Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, daughter of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, was married to Count Laszlo Szechenyi, a young Hungarian nobleman, in the Fifth Avenue home of Mrs. Vanderbilt at noon January 27. The wedding was probably the most brilliant that has taken place in New York for several years. The guests were limited mainly to relatives and immediate friends of the two families.

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VANITY FAIR.

Another international marriage, another American bride for the omnivorous European aristocrat, and once more the floodgates of editorial comment and stricture have been opened. Again we are favored with the stereotyped platitudes of impertinent criticism, all based on the assumption of unworthy motive and of a social ambition that exchanges honor for a title. The ready writers of the Sunday supplement must talk about something, and they naturally gravitate toward personality, insolence, and indecent suggestion. They know their audience.

What right have we to assume that there is a base or commercial motive behind these marriages? We hear no suggestion of impropriety about the vastly greater number of international weddings in which neither wealth nor title are concerned. Is it only the daughter of the millionaire who is incapable of falling in love in the ancient and time-honored way? Is it strange that when she does fall in love it should be with some member of her own social circle, some one with whom she is brought into daily contact and irrespective of his particular nationality? Surely even the daughter of the millionaire is entitled to her sex, entitled to the presumption of a decent sentiment, and still more so to the average courtesies of life.

But let us suppose that the American girl is sometimes attracted by a title, and a little predisposed to fall in love with the owner of one. Is that to her discredit? Put all the bogus titles of Europe upon one side, all the titles that have been conferred unworthily, and we shall still have a large number and the best known that have been given for splendid services, for magnificent statescraft, or for extraordinary heroism. Are there, for instance, no associations connected with such names as Buccleuch, Montrose, Burleigh, and Argyle that an American girl may legitimately covet and that properly belong to her own ancestry quite as much as to that of any others? It may be perfectly true, and usually is true, that the present holder of an historic title has done nothing deserving of honor and that

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge
Produce their debt instead of their discharge.

but association is not yet a negligible quantity. It may even stimulate to new dignities and new achievements.

Those who criticize the daughter of the American millionaire for her occasional deviation into European nobility are usually men, and they always adopt the air of impeccable virtue that accompanies a lack of opportunity. But suppose the American man, as well as the American girl, could secure for himself a title by the marriage road. Need we question the result? It is men far more than women who covet this sort of distinction. The average male bipped all over the world is quite as snobbish as the average woman, quite as willing to conceal his natural insignificance under a title. How many men are there among us who wear the title of "general" for the rest of their lives because they were once "general secretary" of an exhibition? How many men placidly rejoice in the title of "colonel" for no better reason than a cultivated military bearing, and who positively pur with delight at the worthless handle? What is it that supports the innumerable "societies" that honeycomb civilization but the ridiculous titles that they confer, the bits of colored ribbon that rejoice the little minds of their devotees, the regalias, the insignias, and the orders? The very man who makes vile suggestions about the millionaire girl who is a little fascinated by an historic title will go to his "lodge" and swell with infantile pride at a new title or at some popinjay decoration that he would be ashamed to show to a candid wife. It is certainly a mad world, but it ought not to be so mad as to forget its chivalry to the American girl who at the worst may be a little foolish, but who may be only following the dictates of an universal and honorable instinct.

If report speaks truly we are likely to see a reform in the ballroom and a revival of the exquisite old dances that were ousted by modern custom. The waltz and the mazurka will be less in evidence, and in their place we are to see such old classics as the Pavane, the Gilliard, the Sarbande, the Passepied, the Branle, the Courante, and the Chaconne. All these ancient dances are now being taught, and when we have become familiar with them we shall wonder at a taste that ever allowed them to be displaced. We may recall what Shorthouse says in his "John Inglesant" about the old dance music: "Old dance music has an inexpressible pathos; as I listen to it, I seem to be present at long past festivities, whose very haunts are swept away and forgotten."

The Pavane is said to be already the most popular. It takes its name from the French peacock, and its charm is in the graceful spreading of the garments by those who dance to its stately measure. The Gilliard, on the other hand, is a vivacious measure much in favor in the days of Queen Elizabeth, when it was danced "high and daintily." It owes its origin, however, to

much earlier days. Imperial Rome knew it well, and then it was danced to double time but later on to triple. The Gilliard is the "Cinqspace" of Shakespeare. The Sarbande is Arabic and was much favored in Spain during the twelfth century, when it was performed with bells or castanets. Cardinal Richelieu danced the Sarbande for the delectation of Anne of Austria. The Passepied is a Breton dance and the Branle is old English, while the Courante is French and was introduced by Catherine de Medicis. It is certainly surprising to find how many of these old dances are recoverable, and who can doubt that they will provide a charming variety to hallrooms where monotony has held sway. Hostesses who wish to give a distinction to their entertainments should be interested in a revival that promises so much.

There was a time when the school of deportment was an essential part of a girl's education, but there is plenty of painful evidence upon every side of us that it is no longer so. It is not considered necessary that a girl should know the right way to shake hands, to enter and to leave a room and to how, without speaking of that quiet and noiseless self-possession that distinguishes the lady from the hoyden. The London *Daily Mail* tells us that the schools of deportment are being revived and that already their handiwork has made itself visible. The modern girl, if she is to be really modern, must be taught how to cross a room without self-consciousness, she must learn to shake hands with just the proper amount of fervor and frankness, and she must know how to stand gracefully and to take her share in conversation by cultivating the graces of a listener rather than of a talker. That she should never talk about herself goes, of course, without saying.

A famous mistress of deportment requires her pupils to play ball, and she believes that this exercise bears the most important part in the development of a graceful and alert carriage. Fan drill, too, is a part of the curriculum. The movements go far to teach the true court courtesy, which is a series of poses, each one characteristic of the various movements of the minuet, a dance in which the fan plays a prominent part:

Furling and unfurling the fan calls into evidence the turn of the wrist and the display of a pretty hand, the head is raised or depressed in order that point may be given to the expression the fan helps to make manifest, and the movements of the arms, of great importance when an awkward girl has to be drilled into grace, must be properly controlled. Undoubtedly there is excellent use in this apparently simple course of drill. The chief difficulty that is being found in acquiring the correct obeisance, or courtesy, required for all court occasions is not that of dipping the body right down to the ground until almost a sitting posture is reached, but in raising the body from that position without the assistance of the hand to prevent a complete collapse.

The novice at first ascends with a "wallowing" movement from side to side that is far from pretty, dips down in a most ungraceful heap, and then can not get up again!

Her instructor teaches her the correct movements one after the other with the utmost patience, showing her her appearance before a looking glass, until at last the descent is all that is graceful and the slow ascent full of dignity and beauty.

Deportment schools ought to have a future before them. There can be no doubt about the need.

With a natural disposition to be superstitious—a disposition shared, it may be said, by all intelligent persons—the fatality that seems to attend the ownership of some historic jewels has been accentuated by the failure of the New York firm of Joseph Frankel's Sons, the proprietors of the famous Hope diamond. This extraordinary gem is worth a quarter of a million dollars, and its owners could have tided over the ill luck that has resulted in failure if they could have found a purchaser for their wonderful stone. But the times were not propitious to the sale of diamonds. The need arose just at a time when money was otherwise needed, and so the Hope diamond became an unrealized asset as well as an object lesson in the real meaning of values. It weighs forty-four and one-fourth karats and is of a brilliant blue color. It is 250 years since it entered western civilization, having been brought from India in 1642 by Tavernier, a Parisian jeweler. It eventually found a place in the crown of Louis XVI and for more than a hundred years it remained a possession of the reigning house of France. It will be remembered that when Louis XVI laid aside his crown he laid aside his head also.

The fate of the Hope diamond for over a quarter of a century has never been disclosed. It disappeared during the revolution, and when it came once more into the light of day it had been reduced in size from 112 karats to 67½ karats. The cutting had been done with great skill and should have been a clue to its whereabouts for a quarter of a century. Perhaps no one took the trouble to inquire. It was openly offered for sale in 1830 by a man named Daniel Eliason and it was bought from him by Henry Thomas Hope of London for \$90,000. It remained in the possession of the Hope family until 1901, when it was bought by Mr. Frankel, who sent it to New York.

The report of the diamond imports for New York during 1907 has just been filed by the

customs authorities. It shows a decrease of nearly \$12,000,000. The imports for 1906 reached \$43,573,488, while last year the total was \$3,713,045. As indicating the poverty of the rich in the recent financial trouble these figures are interesting and instructive.

Among the embarrassments of English public life must be reckoned the ceaseless vigilance of the *Tailor and Cutter*, the enterprising sartorial newspaper that keeps watch and ward over the proprieties and conventions of costume. The *Tailor and Cutter* loudly laments any departure from precedent in the matter of dress, but the full vials of its wrath are poured upon any sign of positive carelessness or an indifference to the congruities of color or shape. Few public men have escaped its scourge at some time or other, and although it was compelled to recognize that Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery were hopeless cases and outside the pale of civilized attire, it has continued to vent its spleen upon those less highly placed and therefore more amenable to sartorial discipline. It was the *Tailor and Cutter* that pointed out how much was left to be desired in the frock coat of Lord Hugh Cecil, that staunch supporter of church and state, and that the trousers of Mr. Balfour were sadly lacking in symmetry, while it openly denounced the waistcoat of Lord Courtney, demanding that its luckless owner be ruled out of order by the House and summarily committed to prison until he should amend his ways. In the matter of dress the House of Lords is far behind the House of Commons. It is in the upper chamber that the most glaring outrages of dress are to be found, and it was once said that the neckties of noble lords would not fetch an average of 10 cents apiece at a bargain sale.

The watchful eye of the tailor has been directed upon the kings who have lately assembled in London. The true sartorial artist is cut to the heart to find that a king should show any laxity in the matter of dress or prove indifferent to a department of human affairs upon which so much depends. On the whole, it seems that the kings have made a creditable external display, although it is sad to find that his majesty of Norway has fallen short in the matter of dress and has laid himself open to censure. In fact, the leading tailoring journal says that he was the worst dressed monarch in the group and that his garments were "clearly of Norwegian make and have several features of style that strike us as not being all that could be desired." This is very severe, and doubtless King Haakon writhed in spirit when he saw it.

On the other hand, King Alfonso of Spain was the best dressed. The tailoring newspaper says so, but then that is accounted for by the fact that King Alfonso patronizes the same tailor as King Edward. He wore a double-breasted reefer, made to roll low with a light vest showing above the opening.

Referring to the photograph of three kings and five queens at Windsor the tailoring paper says:

Both King Edward and the Emperor William appeared in the typical dress of the English gentleman—double-breasted frock coat, made of black cloth and finished with bright silk facings to the end of the holes, a single-breasted vest of the same material, with white slip above the opening, and dark trousers.

The king's frock coat was cut narrow in the fronts and held together by a link at the waist, but the emperor's coat was cut fuller, thrown open, kept back by his hands being thrust into his trousers pocket, so displaying a gold chain taken from vest pocket to vest pocket, and not secured to a hole in the usual way.

Both of these gentlemen wore wing collars of shallow dimensions, the emperor wearing a sailor-knot tie and our king a cravat. King Alfonso wore a deep collar and knot tie, and his double-breasted reefer had a breast pocket, from which his handkerchief peeped, giving him a sprightly appearance.

It seems unkind to make these pointed comparisons between King Haakon and his brother potentates, but then what consideration can be expected for a monarch who so forgets what is due to himself as to wear clothes that are "clearly of Norwegian make"?

Shots from the Young Idea.

These are veritable specimens of definitions, written by public-school children:

"Stability is taking care of a stable."

"A mosquito is the child of black and white parents."

"Monastery is the place for monsters."

"Tocsin is something to do with getting drunk."

"Expostulation is to have the smallpox."

"Cannibal is two brothers who killed each other in the Bible."

"Anatomy is the human body, which consists of three parts, the head, the chest, and the stummick. The head contains the eyes and brains, if any. The chest contains the lungs and a piece of the liver. The stummick is devoted to the bowels, of which there are five, a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y."

"Did you see the Alps?" "Oh, yes. Our car broke down right opposite them, and do you know, I'm almost glad it did, I found them so charming and interesting."—Puck.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Robert Smith, brother of Sydney Smith, and an ex-advocate-general, on one occasion engaged in an argument with a physician over the relative merits of their respective professions. "I don't say that all lawyers are crooks," said the doctor, "but you'll have to admit that your profession doesn't make angels of men." "No," retorted Smith; "you doctors certainly have the best of us there."

Marconi, the wireless telegraph inventor, was once cautioned by a reporter, who said that the man of science was working too hard and gaining fame at the expense of flesh. "I am not like the Italian admiral, Libertini, then," said Mr. Marconi, laughing. "Libertini," he went on, "had won many battles and great renown, and at a ball given in his honor one lady said to another: 'But how frightfully fat our dear admiral is getting.' 'Yes,' said the second lady. 'Isn't it fortunate? Otherwise he wouldn't be able to wear all his medals.'"

A Richmond housekeeper had occasion many times to employ a certain odd character of the town known as Aunt Cecilia Cromwell. The old woman had not been seen in the vicinity of the house for a long time until recently, when the lady of the house said to her: "Good morning, Aunt Cecilia. Why aren't you washing nowadays?" "It's dis way, Miss Annie," replied Aunt Cecilia indulgently. "I's been out o' wuhk so long dat now, when I could wuhk, I finds I's done lost mah tas'e fo' it."

A party of American tourists who were comfortably established in a hotel in Germany discovered a new contribution to "English as she is spoke," only this time they found it in the written word. The building had been recently wired for electricity and under the bulbs in each room directions were posted in French, German, and English. The French was irreproachable, the German nearly so. The English read as follows: "To open and shut the lightening electrical on, is requested to turn to the right hand. On going to bed it must be closed. Otherwise the lightening must be paid."

There is a clerk in the employ of a Philadelphia business man who, while a fair worker, is yet an individual of pronounced eccentricity. One day a wire basket fell off the top of the clerk's desk and scratched his cheek. Not having any court plaster at hand, he slapped on three two-cent stamps and continued his work. A few minutes later he had occasion to take some paper to his employer's private office. When he entered, the "old man," observing the postage stamps on his cheek, fixed him with an astonished stare. "Look here, Jenkins!" he exclaimed. "You are carrying too much postage for second-class matter!"

Senator Johnston of Alabama owns a beautiful home surrounded by several acres in Birmingham, and takes great delight in donning a pair of overalls and a split hickory hat and working in the garden. One day a fashionably dressed woman, who had resided in Birmingham only a short time and had never seen Johnston, called on his wife. No one answered the bell, so she walked out among the flower beds, where the ex-governor was hoeing some geraniums. He bowed and she asked him how long he had worked for the Johnstons. "A good many years, madam," he replied. "Do they pay you well?" "About all I get out of it is my clothes and keep." "Why, come and work for me," she said. "I'll do that and pay you so much a month besides." "I thank you, madam," he replied, bowing very low, "but I signed up with Mrs. Johnston for life." "Why no such contract is binding. That is poe-nage." "Some may call it that, but I have always called it marriage."

At a dinner given by the Marquis of Bute, among the guests was a well-known duke who, in full Highland dress, had his piper standing behind his chair. At dessert a very handsome and valuable snuff-box belonging to another of the guests was handed round. When the time came to return it to its owner, the snuff-box could not be found anywhere, though a very thorough search was made. The duke was specially anxious about it, but with no result. Some months afterwards the duke again donned the kilt for another public ceremony—the first time he had worn it since the above dinner—and happening to put his hand into his sporran he, to his utmost astonishment, found there the snuff-box which had been lost at the public dinner. Turning to his piper, the duke said: "Why, this is the snuff-box we were all looking for! Did you not see me put it away in my sporran?" "Yes, your grace," replied the piper, "I did, but I thoct ye wushed tae keep it."

Speaker Cannon and a friend were one day discussing the wild doings of a young Chicago man with whom both were well acquainted, and "Uncle Joe" had more to say of his good than his bad qualities, remarking that at heart the boy was "all right." He thought it would be well to reserve judgment and give the lad

a chance until he reached the age of discretion. "At just what period would you place the attainment of discretion?" asked the friend quickly. "Generally speaking," answered the shrewd Illinoisan, "I should say that a young fellow has reached the age of discretion when he removes from his walls the pictures of actresses and substitutes therefor a portrait of his wealthy bachelor uncle."

The small boy was an Imperialist, and his father had pronounced views on the question of alien immigration, so this piece of news found immediate acceptance: "The population of China," announced the school teacher impressively, "is so vast that two Chinamen die at every breath we take." Shortly afterwards, he was observed to be turning purple in the face, and puffing like an overburdened steam engine. "What's the matter? What are you doing?" asked the instructor anxiously. "Killin' Chinamen," grunted the patriot.

A teacher in a downtown school has for her pupils the children of Russian parents. The other day she was explaining a sum in subtraction which the little ones found difficult to understand. "Now," said she, to exemplify the proposition, "suppose I had ten dollars and went into a store to spend it. Say I bought a hat for five dollars. Then I spent two dollars for gloves, and a dollar and fifty cents for some other things. How much did I have left?" For a moment there was dead silence. Then a boy's hand went up. "Well, Isaac, how much did I have left?" "Vy didn't you count your change?" said Isaac, in a disgusted tone.

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Meter.

While the gas
Holds out to burn
Its wheels, alas
Must turn, turn, turn.
—Washington Herald.

Precaution.

In casting bread on waters wide
It is no sin
To wait until you're sure the tide
Is coming in.
—Washington Herald.

The Harvesters

The youth who sows wild oats, 'tis true,
Must reap as he hath sown;
But then his father ought to do
Some thrashing of his own.
—The Catholic Standard and Times.

That Old Question.

There was a man in our town, and he was quite a case,
He jumped into a hramhle bush and badly scratched his face;
Forthwith he sought a harsher shop. The haughty harber said,
The while his razor he did strop, "You shave yourself some times, don't you?"
—Washington Herald.

From a Lyric of Sorrow.

One night I held her hand while she held my hand
And gently speaking to her I did say:
"If you will be my wife we will be married;"
And speaking back to me she answered: "Nay.
My father's lost his job down at the gashouse,
And mother's working hard to pay the rent,
We couldn't take another mouth to feed at present."
And sadly parting then away I went.
—Clover.

Of Doubtful Use.

We grasp at Opportunity a dozen times each day,
Unclose our fists most carefully and find—it got away!
And yet, though disappointed sore, the game allures so much
When'er it nears again we make another fevered clutch.
Of all the wild, elusive things on earth, in air or sea,
There's nothing that compares with this same Opportunity.
And should all those who grasp succeed I've wondered quite a hit
If they (and you and I) would know just what to do with it!
—Roy Farrell Greene.

A traveler in the South was passing through a certain populous country district, and stopped to converse with a farmer who had a considerable number of men at work in his hay-fields. "Most of these men are old soldiers," said the farmer. "You don't tell me! Were any of them officers?" "Two of them. One there was a private, and the man beyond was a corporal, but the man beyond him was a major, and that man away over yonder was a colonel." "Are they all good men?" "Well," replied the farmer, "I aint going to say anything against any man that fought for the South. That private's a first-class man, and the colonel's pretty good, too, but I've made up my mind to one thing—I aint going to hire any brigadier-generals."

A. Hirschman.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

There are so many events, large and small, planned for the last fortnight before Lent that the beginning of the penitential season will find society folk fatigued enough to welcome the enforced rest with delight. Not that the season is to be one of absolute stagnation, as there will be bridge without cessation among all sets and circles, and it is promised that the charming informal entertaining which has prevailed so largely this winter will continue in a slightly lessened degree.

The engagement is announced of Miss Pansy Perkins, daughter of U. S. Senator George C. Perkins, to Mr. Cleveland H. Baker. No date is announced for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Evaline Theohald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Theohald, to Mr. Edwin Mastick Otis. No date is announced for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Relda Ford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tirey L. Ford, to Mr. Frederick Devender Stott. Their wedding will probably be an event of the summer.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Pierce, daughter of Mrs. Marcus Pierce Hall, to Mr. Vance C. Osmond of Nevada.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Corhet, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Burke Corhet, to Mr. Alexander Curlett. Their wedding will be an event of June.

It is announced that the wedding of Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, daughter of Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, and Captain Carroll Buck, U. S. A., will be celebrated at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. John A. Murtagh, in Manila, early in April. Mrs. White will sail from this city on the transport leaving on March 5.

Mrs. J. Bryant Grimwood and Mrs. Lucius Hamilton Allen will be at home on Wednesday afternoon next at the home of Mrs. Grimwood on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan will entertain at a luncheon on Saturday next in honor of Mrs. Ynez Shorb White.

Mrs. Alexander Heyneman will be the hostess at a bridge party on the afternoon of Saturday next.

Mr. John Lawson was the host at a dinner and dance on Wednesday evening last at the Burlingame Club.

The Bachelors' Club of the Mare Island Navy Yard gave an informal dance on Wednesday evening of last week in honor of Captain Phelps and Miss Eleanor Phelps.

Mrs. Henry C. Campbell and Miss Frances Reed entertained at a dance on Friday evening of last week at their home in Sausalito.

Miss Jane Stanford Lathrop was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week at the Fairmont in honor of her cousin, Miss Watson. Among those present were: Mrs. Lathrop, Mrs. Ernest Stent, Mrs. Harry Sullivan, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. Oliver Kehrlein, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Oliver, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Ashleigh Turner, Miss Marguerite Barron, Miss Alice Sullivan, Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Helen Bowie, Miss Helen Sullivan, and the Misses Taylor.

Mrs. Evans S. Pillsbury entertained at a luncheon on Tuesday last at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Dorothy Van Sicken. Twenty guests were present.

Miss Lydia Hopkins was the hostess at a luncheon given to several of the debutantes of the season on Thursday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week at their Burlingame home in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Mr. D. O. Mills.

Mrs. J. Athearn Folger was the hostess at

a bridge party on Tuesday afternoon at her home on Pacific Avenue, entertaining ten tables of guests.

Mrs. William Thomas was the hostess at a large bridge party on Tuesday of last week at the St. Francis.

Mrs. George C. Boardman was the hostess at bridge parties on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons of last week.

Mrs. Edwin R. Dimond was the hostess at a bridge party at her home on Pacific Avenue on Friday afternoon of last week.

Miss Marcia Fee was the hostess at an informal tea on Friday afternoon of last week.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Cora Jane Flood has returned to her home at Menlo, after a trip of several weeks' duration in Southern California.

Miss Julia Calhoun has arrived here from Georgia and will spend some time as the guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hammond (formerly Miss Mary Langhorne), who are spending the winter in Switzerland, will leave shortly for Paris for a brief stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre expect to leave shortly for Europe, to remain abroad during the spring and summer.

Mrs. Walter Dean and Miss Helen Dean arrived early this week from New York and are at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin spent the weekend at Burlingame as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan.

Mrs. Mills and Miss Carrie Mills have returned to Santa Barbara, after a stay of several weeks at the Dean ranch in Nevada.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery came up from Burlingame last week and spent several days at the Fairmont.

Sir Edgar Vincent, K. C. M. G., who, with Hon. Whitelaw Reid, American ambassador to the court of St. James, has been visiting D. O. Mills at the latter's Millbrae country place, is now in San Francisco at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her son, Mr. J. W. Byrne, who have been at Del Monte for some months past, came to town last week and are guests at the Fairmont.

Miss Emma Grimwood is spending a month in town as the guest of Mrs. C. O. Alexander.

Miss Ethel Dean, who has been staying here as the guest of Miss Lucile Wilkins, has returned to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan have returned to Burlingame, after a brief stay at the Fairmont.

Miss Jeannette von Schroeder has returned to the Von Schroeder ranch in San Luis Obispo County, after a visit here to Miss Louise Boyd.

Mme. de Pereyra (formerly Mrs. Morton Grinnell) is spending the winter in Madrid as the guest of her husband's cousin, Marchese de Concordia, but will go shortly to Buenos Ayres with her husband, who has been appointed Spanish consul at that port.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Hayne have returned to their San Mateo home, after a southern trip of several weeks' duration.

Mrs. Zelia Nuttall is expected to arrive here shortly from her home in Mexico for a brief stay, en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre are spending a fortnight in Seattle.

Miss Claire Nichols, who has spent the winter in Washington, Philadelphia, and New York as the guest of relatives and friends, is expected to return to California early next month.

Miss Dolly MacGavin has been visiting at Mare Island as the guest of Miss Mattie Milton.

Mr. Stewart Edward White is at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxtun Beale, who have spent the winter at their Kern County ranch, will return to San Rafael in March.

Miss Cornelia Kempff has been spending some time in town recently as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Edgar Bryant.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hammond have returned to town, after a fortnight's stay in Southern California.

Mrs. C. O. Alexander has an apartment on California Street for the rest of the winter.

Mrs. J. J. Brice is spending several weeks in town and will not return to her home in the Napa valley until the spring.

Mrs. Jessie Bowie-Detrick and Miss Helen Bowie expect to leave shortly for a European trip of some months' duration.

Mrs. Frederick Kimble has arrived from the Kimble ranch near Fresno for a stay with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas, at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. George Tallant, who have recently returned from Europe, have taken apartments at the El Drisco for the winter.

Mrs. Clinton B. Hale and Miss Ellen Chamberlain arrived last week from their home in Santa Barbara for a visit here.

Miss Ruth Goodman of Napa has been visiting here as the guest of Miss Edith Metcalf.

Mr. R. F. Outcault is at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Frederick Horne (formerly Miss Alma McClung) arrived here recently from the East and will visit friends for a time before going

to San Diego to await the arrival of the fleet.

Mrs. Mossin of Los Angeles has been the guest of Mrs. William S. Porter in this city.

Miss Natalie Fore is visiting in Los Angeles as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Eugene Hewlett.

Colonel and Mrs. T. Waln-Morgan Draper and the Misses Elsa and Dorothy Draper and Mrs. Draper's mother, Mrs. Kelsey, have taken a house in San Rafael for the season.

The dates for the Paderewski concerts have been definitely arranged for Friday afternoon, February 28, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, and Sunday afternoon, March 1, at Dreamland Rink, in this city.

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2

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel John C. Muhlenberg, assistant paymaster-general, U. S. A., having been found by an army retiring board incapacitated for active service on account of disability incident thereto, the announcement is made that his retirement from active service will take effect on April 7. Leave of absence to and including that date is granted Colonel Muhlenberg.

Colonel John Biddle, U. S. A., chief engineer officer, Department of California, left on the *Mongolia* last week for Honolulu for a month's absence on routine business in connection with the duties of his office.

Major George E. Pickett, paymaster, U. S. A., is ordered to report to Brigadier-General Frederick Finston, U. S. A., president of an army retiring board at San Francisco, at such time as may be designated, for examination for retirement.

Major Patrick J. Hart, chaplain, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., having been found by an army retiring board incapacitated for active service on account of disability incident thereto, will be retired from active service on April 27. He is granted leave of absence to and including that date.

Captain Solomon P. Vestal, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., is detailed, with his consent, as constructing quartermaster at the General Hospital, Fort Bayard, New Mexico, under the instructions of the quartermaster-general of the army, this appointment to take effect on May 10, the date of Captain Vestal's retirement from active service.

Captain Henry B. Clark, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is detailed temporarily as an acting quartermaster for duty in the Quartermaster's Department.

Captain Ferdinand W. Kohbe, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., is granted two months' leave of absence, on a surgeon's certificate of disability, which took effect on February 1, with permission to apply for a month's extension of leave.

Captain Joel R. Lee, Twenty-Third Infantry, Presidio of Monterey, was relieved from duty there and ordered to proceed to San Francisco, reporting for duty at headquarters, Department of California, pending the arrival of his regiment from the East, when he reported to his commanding officer and sailed on Wednesday last on the transport for the Philippines.

Captain George E. Stewart, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., Fort McDowell, Angel Island, has been granted three months' leave of absence, which took effect on February 1.

Captain Clifton C. Kinney, U. S. A., who recently arrived here en route to join his regiment, the Twenty-Fifth Infantry, in the Philippine Islands, has been ordered transferred from that regiment to the Ninth Infantry, Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

Captain Henry A. Hanigan, U. S. A., is ordered transferred from the Third Infantry to the Twenty-Second Infantry.

Captain Bernard Snarp, U. S. A., is ordered transferred from the Twenty-Second Infantry to the Third Infantry.

Lieutenant Aubrey Lippincott, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has had the leave of absence granted him extended one month.

Lieutenant Kelton L. Pepper, Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., was ordered relieved as professor of military science and tactics at the Carlisle Military Academy, Arlington, Texas, and ordered to proceed to San Francisco, reporting here upon arrival at headquarters, Department of California, for duty, pending the departure of his regiment, which sailed on Wednesday last for Manila.

Lieutenant Solomon B. West, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence for five days.

Lieutenant John P. Adams, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., Fort McDowell, was ordered to proceed to the Presidio of Monterey, to appear as a witness before a general court-martial convened at that post.

Lieutenant Andrew D. Chaffin, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has had the leave of absence previously granted him extended twenty-five days.

Lieutenant Frank R. Curtis, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., having reported from leave of absence, is ordered to proceed in compliance with orders heretofore issued to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, reporting upon his arrival there to his commanding officer for duty.

Lieutenant Harold W. Jones, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., is relieved from further duty in the Philippine Division and is assigned to duty in the Army Transport Service, with station in San Francisco.

The Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., sailed on the transport leaving this port on Wednesday last for Manila, P. I. The regiment arrived here early in the week from its former stations at Plattsburg Barracks and Madison Barracks.

Fort Barry, Marin County, the newly constructed army post, will be occupied within a few days, Captain Samuel F. Bottoms, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., being temporarily in command. It will be occupied probably by the Sixty-Sixth Company, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; the One Hundred and Fifty-Ninth Company, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; and the One Hundred and Sixty-First Company, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A.

Caedmon Club Entertainment.

A literary causerie and readings from the poets will be given by Miss Agnes Tobin at the Century Club Hall on Tuesday, February 18, under the auspices of the Caedmon Club. Those who are busying themselves in preparing for this event are Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan, Mrs. W. Greer Hitchcock, Miss Sprague, Mrs. Nesfield, Mrs. Clinton Jones, Mrs. Margaret Deane, Mrs. J. M. Driscoll, Miss Murphy, Mrs. J. M. Fottrell, and Mrs. Garret McEnerney.

The funeral of Prince Stanislas Auguste Poniatowski took place a few weeks ago in the Madeleine, Paris. The prince was seventy-two years of age. He was a member of the historic house that gave a king to Poland and a marshal to Napoleon I. The late prince had a remarkable career. He was born in Florence in 1835, and married the daughter of Count Le Hon, Belgian minister in France in the reign of Napoleon III. His wife was well known in society during the Second Empire, and the prince, her husband, was quarry to the emperor. After the Franco-German war the prince lost the whole of his fortune, and went into business. He became a broker on the Bourse, and through successful speculations managed to regain his lost fortune. The deceased had three children. His two sons married American girls, one of whom was a California heiress, Miss Sperry.

Mrs. Mary Frances Reiley, aged eighty-three, whose family for a generation was prominent in eastern Iowa and central Illinois, died in January at the home of her daughter in Sioux City, Iowa. As Miss Mary Sullivan of Quincy, Illinois, she, in 1839, was wooed by Abraham Lincoln, whom she rejected, though the fact is little known outside the immediate family circle. She first met Lincoln at Quincy, when he made a trip to that city from Rushville, when he was attending court. Her first husband was Major John S. Dunlap of Burlington, Iowa, where the couple lived until his death in 1849. Later she married John C. Reiley, who died in 1866.

The annual banquet of the D. K. E. Association of the Pacific Coast will be held at the St. Francis Hotel Friday evening, February 7.

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A yarn as good as any of the adventures of "Whispering Smith"

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A superb poem by the poet of the Sierras

WILD OAT SHEAVES Charles Duff Stewart

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Small Boy (in tank of swimming school, anxiously)—Oh, pa; I've swallowed some water! Will they mind?—*Punch*.

"Did you ever see any one so homely?" "No; why, he's so homely that automobile goggles are actually becoming to him."—*St. Louis Times*.

Tommy—Pop, what is the difference between fame and notoriety? *Tommy's Pop*—Notoriety lasts longer, my son.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"How we have changed since the old days!" "What do you mean?" "Why, today it isn't half so blessed to give as it is to be a receiver."—*Life*.

"Mamma, have I got to take a bath to-night?" "I'm afraid you have, my dear." "But I haven't done anything all the week to deserve it."—*Life*.

Mr. Jawback—That boy gets his brains from me. *Mrs. Jawback*—Somebody got 'em from you, if you ever had any—that's a cinch.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Mrs. Newrocks—Really, I'm sorry we didn't accumulate more souvenirs of our European trip. *Mr. Newrocks*—Oh, we can get all we want in New York!—*Town and Country*.

Mrs. Hoon (looking up from her newspaper)—Here is an item about a convict who writes poetry in prison. *Mr. Hoon*—H'm! Is that what he is in for?—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Farmer Bentover—I've just heard that the wider Diggs has married her hired man. *Farmer Hornbeak*—Then, by jolly, he'll have to climb down from the fence and go to work.—*Puck*.

"I want to get some salad," said Mrs. Youngwife. "Yes'm," said the dealer. "How many heads?" "Oh gracious! I thought you took the heads off. I just want plain chicken salad."—*Philadelphia Press*.

He—Young girls always want to marry for love, but when they grow older they want to marry a man with money. *She*—You're wrong. They don't grow older; they merely grow wiser.—*St. Joseph Press-News*.

"Did prohibition work in your town?" "To a certain extent," answered the irresponsible character. "What do you mean?" "Them as got drinks was prohibited from sayin' anything about it."—*Washington Star*.

"Everything lovely down at the house?" "Yes; we are leading the quiet life these days." "How do you work it?" "Well, you see, we have a phonograph, and it alternates with my wife after supper."—*Nashville Banner*.

Slow Waiter—Have I ever been in the country, sir? No, sir. Why do you ask? *Tired Customer*—I was just thinking how thrilling you'd find it to sit on the fence and watch the tortoises whiz by.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Business Man (busy with correspondence)—In that telegram of Beattie's yesterday he said, "letter following." I don't see the letter here. *Stenographer*—Why, don't you remember?—we received it the day before we got the telegram.—*Puck*.

Jack—I hear you are engaged to that homely Miss Gotrox. *Tom*—Yes; she has half a million in her own right. *Jack*—But money doesn't always lead to happiness, old man. *Tom*—True, but it ought to help some in the search.—*Chicago News*.

Reporter—Senator, I have heard that you got your start in life by selling newspapers. *Senator Lotsum*—Not quite correct, my boy. The fact is—but this is confidential, you know—that I got my start by buying one or two newspapers.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Borem—I think I hear your father's step on the stairs, so perhaps I had better bid you good-night. *Miss Hitts* (yawning)—Oh, it can't be father; he's a late sleeper. Perhaps it's the hired girl coming down to prepare breakfast.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Well, well," growled the first man at the banquet. "why did they call on that man for a speech? He doesn't know how to talk." "No," replied the other, "but then he doesn't know what he is talking about anyway, so there's no harm done."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Returning to Japan the spy reported that America was preparing for war. "Your proof," demanded the elder statesmen. "I have evidence," resumed the spy, "that the yellow journals have laid in enough red ink for a long and desperate campaign." Apprehension in their eyes, the elder statesmen sat in silence.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"Professor," said Mrs. Gaswell to the distinguished musician who had been engaged at a high price to entertain her guests, "what was that lovely selection you played just now?" "That, madame," he answered, glaring at her, "was an improvisation." "Ah, yes, I remember now. I knew it was an old favorite, but I couldn't think of the name of it to save me."—*Chicago Tribune*.

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WEEK DAY	SUN- DAY		SUN- DAY	WEEK DAY
9:45 A	8:45 A		10:42 A	7:25 A
1:45 P	9:45 A		11:46 A	1:40 P
	10:45 A		1:48 P	4:14 P
	11:45 A		2:45 P	
SATUR- DAY	1:45 P	Legal Holidays Sunday Time	4:15 P	SATUR- DAY
4:45 P	2:45 P		5:15 P	9:30 P

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New York.....Feb. 22 Philadelphia.....Mar. 7
PHILADELPHIA—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
Haverford.....Feb. 22 Noordland.....Mar. 14
Merion.....Mar. 7 Haverford.....Mar. 28

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*Baltic.....Feb. 20 *Baltic.....Mar. 19
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THIRTY-FIRST YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Pacific Ocean War Rumors.

Many circumstances during the past half-year have been suggestive of anxiety on the part of the government at Washington with respect to war in the Pacific Ocean. There has been active work in connection with the defenses of San Francisco and other cities of the Pacific seaboard with the massing here of war materials in considerable quantities. Vast amounts of war materials have been forwarded to the Philippine Islands and still other heavy shipments are on the way. The defensive status of Hawaii has been strengthened. On top of all, we see the massing of practically the whole naval strength of the country in Pacific waters. In brief, the United States government is doing precisely what it would do if a war in the Pacific were in prospect—all this at a time when all is peaceful on the surface of things and in face of the fact that the one country on whose part aggressive action would seem to be a possibility has given repeated assurances of pacific feeling toward this country.

Nor is this all. England is massing a very considerable fleet in the Pacific Ocean and is sending here picked men from her plentiful supply of sea-fighters. An incident small in itself but none the less suggestive is the continued presence on both sides of the Pacific

Ocean of staff representatives of the London Times, a journal whose relations with the government enables it always to know what is going on or what is likely to come on, and which has an unfailing knack of having its men in the right places at the right times. The English government, like our own, is manifestly looking for something to happen in the Pacific Ocean.

The common explanation of all this activity has been the possibility of aggressive action against the United States on the part of Japan. In spite of repeated denials, the air has continued to bear suggestions of Japanese hostility towards the United States. At the same time there has been no tangible circumstance either in Japan or at home to lend serious color to this prospect. None the less, rumors of war will not down; manifestly they have impressed both our own government and the government of England.

In this last connection a curious story came last week from Halifax to the effect that the assembling of a British fleet at Esquimalt, British Columbia, is designed to help Japan in an aggressive movement against this country under the alliance said to exist—and which in one form or another really does exist—between England and Japan. This story, of course, is inherently absurd. England has no purposes in association with Japan that could cause her to lend aid even of a passive, much less of an active kind, to an assault upon the United States. Furthermore, if for the sake of discussion it be conceded that England could bring herself to assault the United States, her hand would be felt not in immediate conflict with our fleet, but in that part of the country left exposed by the dispatch of the fleet to Pacific waters. At this moment the Atlantic seaboard is practically undefended, and if England wished to strike us it would be at the weak point that the blow would fall. As we have already said, the story is ridiculous, for among other things it is not reasonable to suppose that the Washington government would have left the Atlantic seaboard exposed and defenseless without a perfect understanding with the British government. Movements like the sailing of the Atlantic fleet into Pacific waters do not go forward upon a haphazard basis.

Last Sunday's *Examiner* contained a dispatch from London which may or may not be authentic, but it has at least the merit of affording a feasible explanation of the activities which both the United States and Great Britain have been displaying of late in the Pacific Ocean. It is not America, says this dispatch, but China against which Japan is planning aggression. Japan, it is further said, has been alarmed by the suddenly-developed spirit of progress in China. Whereas it was supposed that Japan's successful raid on China fourteen years ago had settled forever all doubt as to mastery in the Far East, Japan now finds the issue raised anew. Instead of a China inert and defenseless she finds a new China, self-confident and aggressive, with untold reserves of power behind her. Japan fears, and not without reason, the legendary ten million armed, drilled, death-scorning Chinese, not as a mere phantom but as a reality. Her aim, the dispatch goes on to say, is to subdue this menacing demon before it shall have had time under the new movement to gather its powers and to take the aggressive.

As between Japan and China there are many points of difference old and new, and many more may be developed in connection with the Japanese reorganization of Korea. A special cause of controversy is China's proposed railroad from Sin-min-Ting to Ka-Ku-Men, paralleling the South Manchurian Railroad which Japan wrested from Russia. China defends her project by the plea that in Manchuria she is a sovereign power, and this defense is unimpeachable according to international law and existing treaties. Neither this contention nor others which are suggested are really serious. But they afford the basis for an aggressive policy if Japan shall assume that course, and this seems likely.

It is of course well known that Japan has a covetous

eye on Manchuria, and it is not to be doubted that if she should see her way clear to gain that country and at the same time to inflict a fresh blow to China, she would not be slow to act. These suggestions supply a possible and feasible if not certain explanation of activities whose manifestations we have seen clearly enough this half-year or more without being able to understand them. Both the governments in Washington and London are probably in the secret to the extent at least of knowing what Japan would like to do if the chance comes her way. That the United States or England, singly or united, would consent to the absorption of Manchuria by Japan we very much doubt. If the policy of the Western nations be to maintain freedom of trade in the Orient, then surely Japan ought not to be allowed to play the rôle of pirate and robber in the regions round about her.

A Presidential Survey.

The President makes an effective statement in his letter to Mr. Foulke of Indiana with respect to administrative practice in the matter of official appointments. It is his one formal utterance in recent months not marred by an exhibition of personal irritation—albeit he does once speak of something "false and malicious"—and it has therefore a dignity and a strength which other declarations have lacked. The world is far readier to believe a man who puts what he has to say dispassionately than one who shouts himself black in the face in the over-much of his rage. There is a power in the simple truth earnestly stated far greater than that which lies in boisterous and extravagant assertion; and this simple lesson His Excellency, our good but over-strenuous President, has been slow to learn. We congratulate Mr. Roosevelt upon the remodeling of his literary style; and what is more, since he speaks in simplicity and soberness, we believe what he says; that is to say, we believe that he has not made appointments to office with a direct view to supporting the movement for Secretary Taft.

However, it is to be noted that the President does not refer to the activity in New York and elsewhere of Federal officials in opposing movements looking to the promotion of local candidates, very notably the movement for Governor Hughes in New York; and it is at this point, we believe, that the most serious violation of propriety has occurred. Unless pretty much everybody on the ground is mistaken, the New York "federal brigade," prior to Mr. Taft's surrender two weeks ago, was intensely and even vulgarly active in the business of "discouraging" the Hughes movement. That the President directed the anti-Hughes campaign in detail is of course unthinkable; but those who did the hooting, the cat-calling, and the groaning-down of Hughes's friends certainly thought they were doing work that would please the President; and it is further certain that they were permitted to do it week in and week out when one word from Washington would have stopped them—as in truth it did when it finally came. It is hardly possible that every newspaper in New York of high standing, that every correspondent of sober judgment, and that social observers without number should all be mistaken in the opinion that the President during the past two months has employed or permitted to be employed the whole powers of officialdom to beat down the Hughes movement.

We accept the statement of the Foulke letter that the President has not appointed men to office for the direct purpose of supporting his own plans with reference to the presidential succession; but we can not accept the theory that he has not employed the patronage of the government to promote his political desires, in the sense of stimulating activity on the part of office-holders in New York, Ohio, and elsewhere in the interest of Mr. Taft. If in the general field of politics the President were a guileless creature, it might be believed that he has not intended to do this. But in truth there is no more practical

politician in America than Mr. Roosevelt—few who have a closer grasp of the rules of the game or higher competence in playing the cards. Mr. Roosevelt, we think, would not be safe in saying that when he gives out statements tending to exploit Mr. Taft he is not in effect issuing orders to every man in Federal employment to "get busy." Mr. Roosevelt, we repeat, is no innocent where the game of politics is concerned; and in taking the position he now holds with respect to Mr. Taft's candidacy, he has certainly done it in full consciousness of the fact that it tends everywhere to make Federal officials climb into the Taft bandwagon.

Now, in making answer through the Foulke letter to charges that he has improperly employed the public patronage in the interest of Mr. Taft, the President confesses his sense of the impropriety of administrative interference with the course of political affairs. And, let us ask, if it be improper for the President to make a postoffice an agency in the promotion of personal politics, is it not ten thousand times more improper to employ the presidency itself in the same business? Mr. Roosevelt as a citizen has an undoubted right to his personal preferences, and there is no reason why he should not within the bounds of dignity declare these preferences; but he has no more right to employ the general powers of the presidential office to support a particular candidate than the powers of the New York Custom House, or the Pensacola Postoffice. And if, as the Foulke letter implies, the President recognizes the impropriety of booming Mr. Taft through bestowal of official favors, he ought to see the impropriety of booming him by other kinds of Administration influence. If the one thing is wrong, then surely the other is wrong.

That the President has sought opportunity to justify himself in the matter of official appointments is suggestive indeed. Evidently he is coming to comprehend that among the many privileges of American citizenship none is more highly valued than the right of each citizen to register his choice as to who shall fill the presidential office. However they may neglect other political responsibilities and functions, they are few who will forego the privilege of assisting to make a President. The presidential vote is above all other privileges the thing upon which the average citizen values himself. And the pride of citizenship, illustrated and stimulated by this supreme privilege, is a thing to be encouraged because it is a support to that spirit of patriotism upon which the integrity of our system depends. The President of the United States, one who has been elevated by the confidence and preference of his countrymen, ought to be the last to assail and seek to destroy a principle so vital in its relations to patriotic character. Mr. Roosevelt has, indeed, his right as a citizen and as a party man to declare his choice among candidates; it is inevitable that his views should be vastly potential in determining the judgment of others, and no one should complain if this be so. But the President has no right to go further than to declare in a dignified way his personal choice with his reasons therefor. He has no right to scheme and intrigue in behalf of any particular man, nor to put upon the scale the weight of influences which attach to him in his official as distinct from his personal character. It may be said that this requirement is ideally high; but from whom, pray, have we the right to demand conformity to high ideals if not from the President of the United States?

In dealing thus frankly with the position in which Mr. Taft's candidacy has been placed by Mr. Roosevelt, we do not wish to be misunderstood in relation to Mr. Taft on his own account. In the opinion of the *Argonaut* Mr. Taft stands practically without a peer at the point of all-round fitness for the presidential office. From the beginning of the government until now no man in this country has ever had quite the same training; no other has ever come successfully through so many and such varied tests. At home and over-sea, under responsibilities of a very extraordinary kind he has demonstrated the stuff that is in him. He has knowledge, intimate acquaintance with our own affairs, and familiarity with the affairs of the world; he has the judicial temperament with the poised mind which responsibility long sustained alone can give; he has personal character in a degree unsurpassed; and in addition to all this, he has the accomplishments which lend dignity and grace to distinction and authority. Let it be recalled that when, two years ago, he visited Cuba on a diplomatic errand, he was able

to turn from his immediate task to give before a congress of savants an address notable for its scholarship and its purely intellectual grasp of things. It is to be recalled that when on an errand to Rome some years back, he challenged the attention and interest of the most scholarly court in the world by the powers of his mind and by the variety of his accomplishments. Who among us has not felt a certain stimulation of patriotic pride in the thought of this fine man, competent to meet in any company or upon any ground the best the world has to offer?

And yet, admiring and respecting Mr. Taft as one who sums up the qualities essential in a President, the *Argonaut* is not willing that he shall be made President of the republic through the personal selection and by the fiat of Theodore Roosevelt. We are not willing that anybody shall be made President except through the choice of the people acting upon their own initiative, free from any sort of official coercion. We profoundly resent an effort to place a man in the presidency as a species of "heir" to a retiring President rather than upon a basis of his personal character and capabilities. And in a sense we criticize Mr. Taft, eminently qualified man that he is, for the fact that he has permitted himself to be belittled and cheapened to the character of an Administration favorite. We believe that nothing could have prevented the nomination and election of Mr. Taft if he had found the resolution to stand fairly on his own feet, to thrust aside adventitious aids; and we believe now that no combination of forces could keep him out of the White House if he were to cut loose from all influences save those which rest legitimately in and upon himself.

The people of the United States want to select as well as elect their own President, and they are quite as competent to do it as is Mr. Roosevelt or anybody else. They will have for a man who comes into the office through exercise of the public will unaided by special influences or by Administration scheming, a consideration that must surely be denied to one who comes through Administration favor, as the heir to a fixed programme and as bound in advance to a personal scheme of policy.

The practical weakness of Mr. Taft as a candidate lies in the fact that he has in a measure accepted the status of an Administration favorite. And further, that as an Administration favorite he represents certain contentions which have grown up within the Republican party. That Mr. Taft would imitate the over-noisy methods which have so marred the vast and good work done by Mr. Roosevelt nobody seriously believes. He is too big, too independent, too original, to imitate anybody. In the presidency he would, we believe, be his own man as completely as Mr. Roosevelt has been, and in his temper and mood would be much wiser and stronger. Without relaxing any part of the moral vigilance which has characterized Mr. Roosevelt's administration, he would, we think, give to the country the repose which it needs and he would undoubtedly restore to the presidential office its traditional dignities. But if he is to be President he ought to be chosen in the right way; he should come to the office not by Administration nomination and through Administration scheming, but as the free choice of the people.

As between Mr. Taft and Mr. Hughes, putting to one side everything but the qualifications of the two men, the choice would naturally go to Taft. That he is a better man than Hughes is by no means assured, because every point in the record of Mr. Hughes stands to his credit. But as a public figure Mr. Hughes is relatively a new man; at the point of experience, of demonstrated capability in a wide range of responsibilities, he is, compared with Taft, a man of yesterday. To say this is nothing to his discredit, since his opportunities have been fewer. Nevertheless, the indications today are, we think, more favorable for Mr. Hughes than for Mr. Taft. If Hughes lacks a record so long and so brilliant, he has at least the merit of standing fairly upon his own legs. The shadow of no personal influence rests upon him; he is the heir to no fixed scheme of policies; he inherits no feuds.

While Mr. Hughes's record is not as long as that of Mr. Taft, it is quite sufficient to give assurance as to his character and purposes. As Governor of New York he has had to deal with matters almost identical with the subjects which concurrently have claimed the attention of the National Administration. If there have been abuses within the jurisdiction of the National Government, so have there been abuses within the jurisdiction of the State of New York. And if the President of the United States has addressed himself to the work of reform, so has the Governor of New York.

The difference between the two things has been not so much in the quality of the work, or even in its magnitude, as in the methods of the two men. Governor Hughes has not shouted from the housetops; he has not worked himself into a frenzy calling on gods and men to witness the virtues of his character and the splendor of his works; he has not arraigned as an enemy of virtue and of social order every man who has not danced to his fiddling; he has not sought to besmirch every man whose independent spirit or whose judgment has led him to prefer other measures or other methods. Nor has he by sensational utterances, by threats, or by any other means disturbed the orderly course of affairs or sacrificed anything in the way of orderly business movements.

Mr. Hughes represents no animosities. If he has drawn the lines against wrong-doing and wrong-doers, he has at least done it in a way to enforce and sustain public and private respect. He has had his way by regular and approved methods, and in so doing has commended himself not only to the people of New York, but to the people of the country at large as a man eminently sane, eminently sound, eminently in earnest, and eminently successful. That he would make a fine President nobody questions.

Some months ago it was said in these columns, and we are glad to be able to say it again, that the Republican party and the country is fortunate in the possession of two such men as Taft and Hughes—further fortunate in the fact that choice for the presidential office apparently lies between them. In the success of either the welfare of the country, in so far as it may be assured by integrity and capacity in the presidential office, is safe. In the opinion of the *Argonaut* the balance of chances lies rather with Hughes than with Taft. The great State of New York is unquestionably for him; if he shall be nominated at Chicago he will surely get the votes of New York in the Electoral College. We are not so sure of New York in the case of Mr. Taft. New York is the centre of influences antagonistic to Mr. Roosevelt; and Taft as the inheritor of Roosevelt's politics might not find effective favor. That Taft himself is fearful at this point is suggested by the efforts he has made to establish himself on a good footing with the New York Republicans. In his own State, Ohio, Taft is as strong as Hughes is in New York, but Ohio will give its electoral votes to Hughes as certainly as to Taft. In the other powerful States the tendencies of politics are quite as favorable to Hughes as to Taft. It is immensely to the advantage of Mr. Hughes everywhere that his name excites admiration and approval without reserve, whereas in the case of Mr. Taft every hand either secretly or openly opposed to Roosevelt is likewise opposed to him.

It must not be forgotten that in the decline of party spirit and in the general flux of political and personal affairs, the Republican party is far short of holding its old-time command of the situation. It must be remembered that the Democratic party, always strong in numbers, is likely this year to be strong in the combination of its forces. In the two preceding presidential elections, the two leading factions of Democracy have been hopelessly at odds; this year, in spite of minor differences, they will work and vote together. The South may not be in entire accord with the forces which guide party action; none the less the South this year as heretofore will place its vote solidly for the Democratic candidate.

And it must further be remembered that the man who is to lead Democracy is a singularly winning and commanding figure. Mr. Bryan has gained favor with the years. The best points of his public character—his personal gallantry, his equipoise, the grace with which he has endured defeat, the courage with which he comes again before the people—these things stand deeply impressed upon the country. Mr. Bryan is older than he used to be; and there is a common feeling that with years he has gained wisdom. Multitudes of citizens, critical of the Republican party at one point or another, are thinking favorably of Bryan. One who mingles freely with all manner of men will not fail to hear the name of Bryan spoken with respect and approval by those who only a few years back had for the name of Bryan only phrases of contempt and apprehension.

If the contention in the Republican party which now manifests itself in fierce discussions with respect to Mr. Roosevelt shall grow, as it is not unlikely to grow, there will be a situation highly favorable to Mr. Bryan. We have already referred to the possibility of Republican defection in New York as against the Adminis-

tration candidate. There are other and equally serious possibilities of defection with the shoe on the other foot. And in the event of any serious breach between the Republican factions extending to the point of widespread dissatisfaction or distrust, Mr. Bryan's candidacy beyond a doubt would attract thousands upon thousands of nominally Republican votes.

Already one who goes about much may hear it said that a change in party domination might be a good thing all round; and there is further suggestion that however radical Mr. Bryan as President might be, the capabilities of restraint lie in the Senate with its fixed adherence to Republicanism. The Senate consists of 92 members, of whom 61 are Republicans and 31 Democrats. There has been no such radical division of the Senate since the Civil War. In 1876 the Senate stood 43 Republicans to 29 Democrats; the next year, 39 Democrats to 36 Republicans. In 1892 it stood 47 Republicans to 39 Democrats; the next year, 44 Democrats to 38 Republicans. In one case a plurality of 14 was overcome, in the other a majority of 8. This year the majority is 30. Seven of the vacancies occurring in the Senate next year are from assuredly Republican States, seven from States assuredly Democratic, sixteen from questionable States, five of the sixteen retiring members being Democrats as against eleven Republicans. If the Democrats shall retain all the seats they now hold in the Senate and elect members of their own party in every questionable instance, the Republicans will still have a majority of eight. Only by carrying five of the States ordinarily classified as surely Republican, along with all the questionable States, can the Democrats hope to change the political complexion of the Senate. The thing, of course, is not impossible, but it is extremely improbable. Even in the event of the election of Mr. Bryan this fall, the chances for Democratic control of the Senate during his presidential term are slight—so slight as to lie beyond the range of reasonability.

Bryan in the presidency would at the point of radical proposals have to face an opposing Senate. This would imply a blockade in the processes of party legislation, and there are many able to regard the possibilities of such a blockade with entire equanimity. Within the week the *Argonaut* has heard one rock-ribbed Republican declare that in his judgment it would not be a bad thing if the two parties could be so mutually matched and thwarted in the government as to give the country a "period of rest."

Immunity Conspirators at the Bar.

On many accounts the trial of Abraham Ruef on a charge of bribing one Phillips, a supervisor—one of the "good dogs"—promises to be a procedure surpassing in interest anything we have seen in many years. That Ruef is guilty nobody questions. That the prosecution will be able to demonstrate his guilt is probably true. But it is this same prosecution, be it remembered, that gave to Ruef in May last a written contract of immunity upon terms which Ruef, his attorneys, his defenders, and his apologists declare to have been fully and completely performed on his part. The prosecution will have in this trial to face an amazing record of conspiracy and deception on its own part, with an equally amazing default at the point of good faith. Ruef will plead his immunity contract, and as the trial procedure already shows, he will plead that his present position at the bar is one of prejudice, due to the fact that he was led to certain admissions and to neglect of certain defensive procedures which might have placed him in a very different attitude. Furthermore, Ruef is to be prosecuted under the official authority of a man whose name stands upon his contract of immunity. He will be actively prosecuted by a man likewise committed to the contract of immunity. He will have to meet testimony developed through his own confidential disclosures made to the prosecution at a time when he was conspiring with them. Furthermore, he will be tried before a judge whose private dealings and whose sympathies with the prosecution are matters of demonstration. The chief evidence against him will come from an accomplice and an associate—from one, furthermore, who will give his testimony as the price of his own immunity and under the threat that this immunity may be withdrawn and nullified at the pleasure of the prosecution.

All this makes a situation unparalleled in the history of legal procedure in San Francisco and having, we imagine, in its moral complications and in its sinister suggestions, few parallels in all legal history. The guilt of the defendant is a moral certainty. The evi-

dence of guilt, including the practical confession of the prisoner in a dozen inferential forms at least, is in the hands of the prosecution. The prosecution is itself smirched. Its main witness lies under the triple shadow of his own crime, of complicity with the defendant, and of trafficking with the prosecutors. The judge on the bench is not free from the suggestion, to put it gently, of bias and intrigue. How all these conditions, extraordinary, anomalous, or shameful, or all these together, may affect a jury it is not easy to foresee.

In a very positive sense the prosecution is in this case on trial as well as the defendant Ruef. In the course of the procedure its methods are to be exposed, its animus in this particular case to be fully developed, its career of deception and double-dealing plainly set forth. If the prosecution shall succeed in convicting Ruef, it will be because it shall have convinced twelve men of the general fairness of its intentions; if with the evidence of guilt against Ruef in its hands it shall fail to convict him, the circumstance will involve its own conviction of double-dealing by a jury of twelve men practically of its own selection. It is, we repeat, a case where in a moral sense the prosecutors are on trial as well as the defendant. They have many points of advantage, but it is by no means certain that they will come unscorched from the ordeal.

It was a general condition something like this that the *Argonaut* had in mind months ago when, with all the emphasis at its command, it urged the prosecutors to dismiss their schemes of immunity and intrigue and to devote their energies solely and in a straightforward way to the work of prosecuting criminality by regular, orderly, open, and honest methods. If the prosecutors had accepted this counsel, if they had proceeded in unquestionable ways to right ends, we should today have no such mix-up of moral and legal anomalies as that which now presents itself in Judge Lawlor's court.

The Law Correcting the Evils of Unionism.

Events have been going against the pretensions of labor unionism in this country of late. The Supreme Court of Illinois has punished a Chicago union for maintaining pickets at a factory and fined it for an act in restraint of trade. That the fine can be collected is not an assurance, but the moral point will not seriously be affected even if the judgment of the court should fail at the point of execution. This judgment is a prodigious advance when contrasted with the license which unionism has long enjoyed to do anything it has pleased in Chicago.

But this is by no means the only instance in which unionism has gotten the worst of it. Some two weeks ago the United States Supreme Court nullified as unconstitutional the so-called Erdman law, enacted by Congress ten years ago, forbidding railroads or other carriers engaged in interstate commerce to discriminate against employees because of their affiliation with unionism. This decision accords to the interstate carriers the privilege of declining to employ union men if they so please. The *Argonaut*, as it has often declared, thinks such discrimination neither right nor wise; none the less it is glad to see a law founded in class spirit, and designed to protect one element in a policy of aggression against another, wiped from the statute book.

Again, on the 3d instant the United States Supreme Court declared the boycott when used to restrain or to injure the free movement of merchandise from one State into another illegal. In this day of free interchange of commodities there are few kinds of business not in one way or another related to interstate trade. The effect of this decision, therefore, is to strike from the hand of labor unionism a weapon which it has used with a prodigious and cruel effectiveness.

Labor unionism has its proper and legitimate uses. It is capable of doing great service in the protection of labor against the aggressions of capital. The trouble with labor unionism is that in recent years it has claimed for its membership rights and privileges of a special kind. It has, indeed, assumed for unionism special rights not only in its relations to capital, but in relation to unorganized labor. The three decisions above noted will go far toward putting unionism back to its proper place, to a position in which its "rights" shall stand duly limited by the rights of others.

One great point still remains to be established, and that is the fixed responsibility of labor unionism. We shall not have justice in the dealings of labor and capital until both are made duly responsible. As matters stand today, unionism has no responsibility and will have none. It declines to incorporate, to accept any definite scheme by which it may make binding engagements.

In view of the more recent attitude of organized labor, it would be entirely just and a distinctly progressive step if all associations and partnerships of more than three persons were required under a simple procedure to incorporate under laws especially arranged for that purpose. This would go to fix responsibility and at the same time it could be made to assure publicity at points where both responsibility and publicity would redound to the public welfare.

The time will come when men looking back upon conditions as they exist today, will stand amazed at the indulgence of society in permitting irresponsible associations to assume the powers which unionism arrogates to itself. Nothing quite so pregnant with mischief to society has been permitted since the days when men submitted to that other bondage put upon it by the baron and the priest. Of course, we shall not long submit. The evil of the thing is slowly burning itself into the public consciousness—and this is only one way of saying that it is in process of elimination.

Born in San Francisco.

San Francisco seems to be a veritable nursery for greatness, although it is to be feared that most of the human benefactors produced within her borders have forsaken her for other fields, where genius awaits a wider recognition. Take, for instance, the case of Mme. Jacques, who is just now starring in New York as the inventor of a new corset for men. As soon as we saw the scare head-lines, the italics, and the dashes, that are always used to emphasize the achievements of virtue, we naturally glanced at the conclusion of the article for the inevitable biographical sketch announcing that this great and good woman was a native of San Francisco. Of course she was. She was born here. The report says so in unambiguous language and with a commendable absence of local jealousy. New York would like to claim Mme. Jacques but—*noblesse oblige*. Moreover, an attempt at deception would have been useless. The whole country, hearing what Mme. Jacques has done for the race, knows at once that this distinguished woman, blushing under her anonymity, must have been born in San Francisco. We do not boast of it, as we are too well used to this sort of thing.

Mme. Jacques has been traveling for seven years, "studying anatomy" it seems and wrestling with the physical eccentricities of globular men. She will shed the light of her countenance also upon women if approached with due humility, but it is chiefly the white man's burden that she aspires to lift. What tales she could tell to be sure, if she were only free to give names, but professional discretion must be exercised, and such confidences are sacred. "Take the case, for example, of General—but no." Wild horses could not extract that name from Mme. Jacques, but this, at least, she will say: he is not an American. He is an Englishman, this unnamed and unnameable general, "one of the biggest men in England." Note the delicate suggestiveness of this, the beautiful play upon words, the exquisite *double entendre*. This general used to weigh 250 pounds, but that was before our eminent fellow-citizenness waved her magic wand over him. Now his "too, too solid flesh" has expanded upward instead of outward. His girth, his front elevation, has diminished seventeen inches, while his stature has increased by two inches. He is no longer "one of the biggest men in England." He is reduced to the ranks, so to speak, and can contemplate his toes without danger of apoplexy.

Then there is "the pretty Countess of ———." Irritating Mme. Jacques, who will not tell us the name of the countess who once had a "lovely figure," but who became "short necked and tubby." We would never use the word "tubby" about a lady and a countess. We should have too much respect for fallen splendors. But all is now well with the countess. Thanks to Mme. Jacques—who was born in San Francisco—the countess has once more a slender and circumnavigable waist, while her neck is "long and slim."

Magic? Not at all. Simply a belt constructed upon hygienic principles, a belt that supports and strengthens ———. But here Mme. Jacques is momentarily deserted by that modesty that should distinguish a native of San Francisco. It must be the foreign travel that has done it. We do not wish to know the precise physiological effect of this belt upon the anatomy of the countess. We refuse to be informed.

King Edward is one of Mme. Jacques's customers, and a kind of reflected majesty settles like a halo around the head of San Francisco. King Edward is even now waiting for a belt, waiting upon the leisure

of Mme. Jacques, who was born here. King Edward, it seems, is "short and rotund," while his waist—but here words fail this great artist, and that doesn't happen often. Mme. Jacques gives the impression that if she were to say what she knows about King Edward's waist it would be a case of decapitation upon Tower Hill with an uncomfortable and dismembered display upon Temple Bar. Better say nothing. As soon as Mme. Jacques gets back to England she will have to try on the new belt, actually and truly with her own fair hands upon the person of the Lord's anointed—and Mme. Jacques was born in San Francisco. Think of it.

It is best to stop here, because we are becoming vain. If we go on producing greatness at this rate there will be no living with us, and we do not wish to lose the humility that has been one of our most pleasing characteristics.

German Ships and German People.

Events in Germany seem to be moving along two lines that for the moment are parallel but that may come into ruinous collision at almost any moment. Upon one hand we have the government seeing visions and dreaming dreams of national armaments greater than anything ever before imagined, and upon the other hand we have a stern repudiation of these measures from an exasperated people, who ask for something more satisfying than a gracious permission to pay the bills. On January 21 the streets of Berlin were filled with desperate rioters for the second time within a week, while on January 29 the official naval programme was presented to the Reichstag, a programme calling for \$100,000,000 annually for ten years.

The riots were not due to a momentary loss of temper on the part of the mob. It is true there are sixty thousand men out of work in Berlin and no doubt they helped to heat the furnace. But there were over forty thousand organized Socialists who were not out of work—far from it—while the number of active sympathizers is placed at thirty thousand. The casualty list for the week is about two hundred, but the most significant feature of the turmoil is the fact that the emperor himself was practically besieged in the imperial palace and was unable either to enter the streets or to ride in the forest. The latest reports show that the situation is quiet, but this only means that the volcano is not at the moment in eruption. It is only groaning and smoking.

The immediate cause of the trouble is the denial of the electoral suffrage to the Prussian people, but then people do not riot for the suffrage until intolerable wrongs have made the suffrage vital to them. There are 37,000,000 people in Prussia and 30,000,000 of them have no property and therefore no rights. Chancellor von Bülow, questioned in the Reichstag as to the situation, is said to have "trembled with anger" and then to have broken out with vamping threats against the demonstrators, whereupon the Socialists laughed loudly for several minutes so that the chancellor could not proceed. Evidently Von Bülow is a weak man. Bismarck was often hated and denounced, but no one ever laughed at him.

The debate on the naval increase came just one week later, and no doubt Herr Bebel, the astute Socialist leader, rejoiced at a juxtaposition of dates that served him to "point the moral and adorn the tale." Here was an object lesson in the discontent and misery of the people ready to his hand, with the hospitals still full of the wounded, while the government tranquilly asks for a trifle of one billion dollars in order that Germany may play an interesting little game with Great Britain of "show more and take all." Bebel could do little else than protest, seeing that the great German parties all dance in tune when the magical formula of "national defense" is used. Even the clericals cease from their natural hatreds upon this one occasion only. Bebel said that it was the upper classes who wanted these colossal armaments and even they did not want them enough to pay for them. The men without votes might do that. He said that every fresh proposal to increase the German navy was a causeless challenge to Great Britain, who would presently say, as Japan did in 1904, "If I don't strike now, I am lost." Germany had no need of such a fleet and especially at a time when the Sampson of democracy was pulling at the pillars of the commonwealth. Bebel did not actually use this simile, but it is what he meant. No one can now doubt the destructive strength of the domestic movement in Germany, nor the exasperation produced by huge naval expenditures combined with a parliamentary policy of glories, insults, and threats.

What naval expansion actually means in Germany—

a country, be it remembered, with a meagre coast line and few ports—may be gauged from the fact that in 1898 her expenditure in this way was only \$30,000,000, while now it is to be \$100,000,000, and this without any increase of world responsibilities. Such an expansion is not an insurance policy, but a defiance, and its mischief is contagious. England has an unemployed problem as great as that of Germany, and a discontent as widespread if not as ferocious. And now we find that arch-apostle of peace, Mr. W. T. Stead, whom all parties repudiate and obey, asserting that for every warship laid down by Germany, England must lay down two *Dreadnaughts*. In 1898, as we have seen, Germany spent \$30,000,000 on her navy, while England spent \$120,000,000. In 1904 Germany spent \$50,000,000 and England \$185,000,000. In 1907 Germany spent \$65,000,000 and England \$160,000,000. Now Germany is to spend \$100,000,000, and we may wonder to what extent England will follow suit. It is simply a race between different kinds of catastrophe. A peremptory and disagreeable interference on the part of the unfranchised of Germany and England might perhaps be the lesser of the threatening evils, and the Berlin riots may be the presage of something of that kind and along unconventional lines.

A Modern "Soup Stone."

The *Medical Times* of New York in its issue of February 1 holds out to mankind a new beacon of hope in the form of an article by Dr. Samuel G. Tracy promising a cure through electricity for the ills of old age. It is the arteries. Dr. Tracy points out, that first show the symptoms of senility; when their walls lose elasticity a man is growing old. The cause of the hardening of the arteries is an impure condition of the blood; and it is here that Dr. Tracy suggests that the electric battery shall get in its beneficent work. A treatment which Dr. Tracy proposes through use of a hyflex coil—whatever that may be—"bombards the patient with millions of oscillations per second." There is an elaborate statement of how the thing is to be done, winding up with this significant remark: "*This treatment must be seconded by strict attention to diet and hygiene.*"

This last suggestion throws a world of light upon the whole matter and at the same time reminds us of a story which was current in well-ordered nurseries about forty-five years ago. It was a story of a vagabond who begged the privilege of making soup over the kitchen fire of a cottage from a smooth stone which he carried in his pocket. First he begged of the kind cottage wife the use of her fire; then he borrowed a kettle; then he asked for some water, for any old bone that happened to be lying about, for some vegetables, for a pinch of salt, and for what not essential to the making of a rich soup. When the decoction was done and eaten the "soup stone" was carefully dried and returned to the pocket of this artist in beggary to serve some future occasions. Dr. Tracy's electric scheme is, we suspect, much like this soup stone, since, given "*strict attention to diet and hygiene*," the rest is always easy. In truth, if there be anything the matter with a man which "*strict attention to diet and hygiene*" will not cure, his family may just as well brush up their black clothes.

A STORY BY MR. HART.

The ARGONAUT is glad to announce that it has secured the serial rights of a story by Mr. Jerome A. Hart, for many years the editor of this paper, and will begin its publication with the issue for next week, February 22.

The story is of early days in California, and its graphic descriptions of places and conditions, drawn from the mass of personal records Mr. Hart has accumulated for years for this purpose, are not only entertaining but of permanent value. They faithfully reproduce impressions received by prominent figures in the time of the gold-seekers. The descriptive passages, however, are merely incidental to the progress of the story, which presents some vigorous characters, firmly drawn, and many dramatic episodes and unique experiences. It is enough to say that Mr. Hart's exceptional familiarity with those events, his quick appreciation of salient features, his pungent style, are fully exemplified in this, his latest work.

In Madagascar every one wears silk, as it is cheaper there than linen.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

John Marshall and the Burr Decision.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., February 10, 1908.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: In view of the recent severe criticisms by certain portions of the press and the clergy upon the Justices of the District Court of Appeal for their decision in the Schmitz case, I think it appropriate to call the attention of the public to certain incidents in the career of Chief Justice Marshall.

The especial characteristic of Marshall to which I desire to call attention, apart from his great wisdom, was his great courage. Many judges are learned and able. Most judges are honest. Not so many have the courage of their convictions. Many are intimidated by the necessity of courting popular favor because of their need of popular approval when they seek reelection. Some seek popular approval and mistake the reputation of the moment for the fame that comes hereafter and goes not away. Not all appreciate the words of Mansfield, who said, while trying the case of *Rex vs. Wilkes*: "I wish popularity, but it is that popularity which follows, not that which is run after. It is that popularity which sooner or later never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means. I will not do that which my conscience tells me is wrong upon this occasion to gain the huzzas of thousands or the daily praise of all the papers which come from the press. I will not avoid what I think is right though it should draw on me the whole artillery of libels, all that falsehood and malice can invent or the credulity of a deluded populace can swallow."

Marshall was such a man and such a judge. In the Burr trial there was much to influence a weak judge. Burr's hands were red with the blood of Hamilton, whom Marshall had loved and respected and whose death he felt was a great loss to the country. The President desired and did all that he decently could to secure a conviction. The people believed Burr guilty and demanded his life. So strong was this feeling on the part both of the administration and the public that upon Burr's release the United States attorney exclaimed: "Marshall has stepped in between Burr and death." The President did not hesitate to intimate that his acquittal was due to Marshall's Federalist inclinations, and the mob burned the Chief Justice in effigy.

But neither the calumnies that the present voiced or that could be expected of the future deterred Marshall from deciding as the law prescribed. Said he to the jury, in reference to the public clamor: "That this court dares not usurp power, is most true. That this court dares not shrink from its duty, is not less true. No man is desirous of becoming the peculiar object of calumny. No man, might he let the hitter cup pass from him without self-reproach, would drain it to the bottom. But if he have no choice in the case, if there be no alternative presented to him but a dereliction of duty or the opprobrium of those who are denominated the world, he merits the contempt as well as the indignation of his country who can hesitate which to embrace."

On another occasion he said: "In the argument we have been admonished of the jealousy with which the States of the Union view a revising power intrusted by the Constitution and laws of the United States to this tribunal. To observations of this character the answer uniformly given has been that the course of the judicial department is marked out by law. We must tread the direct and narrow path prescribed for us. As this court has never grasped at ungranted jurisdiction, so will it never, we trust, shrink from the exercise of that which is conferred upon us."

Marshall's conscientious appreciation of judicial duty was nowhere more apparent than in the matter of the issuing of a subpoena to President Jefferson in the Burr trial. After laying as his foundation the statement that "in the provision of the Constitution and of the statute which give to the accused a right to compulsory process of the court, there is no exception whatever," he said: "It can not be denied that to issue a subpoena to a person filling the exalted station of chief magistrate is a duty which would be dispensed with much more cheerfully than it would be performed. But if it be a duty the court can have no choice in the case," and he issued the subpoena.

The Justices of the District Court of Appeal must have been aware, as well as the public generally, that their decision would be generally considered an unpopular one, but they had but one course to pursue, and that was to decide the law as they believed it to be. If their decision was wrong, it can be corrected by the Supreme Court, consisting of seven Justices. If the officials of the city government do not desire to have this opinion reconsidered by a higher and larger tribunal, it must be accepted as final, and the Justices of the District Court of Appeal should be commended for their courage, and the public should congratulate themselves that they have an independent judiciary. It is far better that any number of criminals should escape conviction than that the courts should render their decisions through fear of public criticism.

H. G. PLATT.

The Ship Tavern at Greenwich, one of the most famous of London's riverside inns, has closed its doors after an existence extending back to the days of the great English statesman William Pitt. It was at the Ship Tavern that Pitt instituted the famous "ministerial whitebait dinners" during his term of sixteen years as a member of the ministry. In the days when Greenwich was a fashionable riverside resort the Ship Tavern became known all over the world. It was when William Pitt was prime minister, 120 years ago, that he introduced the custom of a yearly gathering, at the close of the parliamentary session, of the cabinet ministers, the judges of the high court, and other members of the government to partake of a banquet at the Ship Tavern. Greenwich, known as the ministerial whitebait dinner. Its feature was whitebait, for which delicacy Greenwich is famous. The ministerial whitebait dinner at the Ship Tavern was continued regularly from the time it was instituted by Pitt until 1880. From that time the custom was not observed regularly, and ten years ago it fell into entire disuse.

When a New York florist brought from his refrigerator a bunch of roses of a velvety blue-black hue, such as certain dark pansies possess, he remarked: "These black roses are called 'Fetissofs,' in honor of their creator. Piotr Fetissoff, a Russian of Veronezh. Fetissoff, a poor man originally, is growing rich from his black roses. He sells slips, at a tremendous price, to florists and nurserymen all over the world. Some people think that black roses are simply red roses dyed. It is a great mistake. They are the real thing."

Senator Foraker gave no reason for declining the invitation of the Tippecanoe Club of Cleveland to the McKinley banquet, at which Secretary Taft was to be the principal speaker.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Dr. Story, the late principal of Glasgow University, taking a holiday in the country once, was met by the minister of the district, who remarked: "Hullo, principal! You here? Why, you must come down and relieve me for a day." The principal replied: "I don't promise to relieve you, but I might relieve your congregation."

An actor had been engaged for Mr. Mansfield's company at a salary of \$75 a week. He "maoed good" in the part, and promptly insisted that his stipend be increased to a hundred dollars. "Why?" inquired Mr. Mansfield. "Because I've achieved a big success in the rôle." "Ma," returned Peer Gynt, "what do you suppose I gave you \$75 for—to fail?"

A theological student was sent one Sunday to supply a vacant pulpit in a Connecticut valley town. A few days after he received a copy of the weekly paper of that place with the following item marked: "Rev. — of the senior class at Yale Seminary supplied the pulpit at the Congregational Church last Sunday, and the church will now be closed three weeks for repairs."

An old admiral, well known for his powers of exaggeration, was at a supper one night describing a voyage. "While cruising in the Pacific," said he, "we passed an island which was positively red with lobsters." "But," said one of the guests, smiling incredulously, "lobsters are not red until boiled." "Of course not," replied the undaunted admiral; "but this was a volcanic island with boiling springs."

Henry Clews, the banker and author, was talking at the Union Club in New York about a certain financier. "No wonder that man is so successful," said Mr. Clews. "He is the most careful, the most suspicious fellow I ever heard of. In fact, he reminds me of a Staffordshire farmer my father used to tell of. It was said of this farmer that, whenever he bought a herd of sheep, he examined each sheep closely to make sure that it had not cotton in it."

A Harvard man was walking one afternoon down a certain avenue when he saw great volumes of smoke and flames coming from a second story of an attractive-looking residence. Rushing madly up the steps he rang the bell, which was answered by a deaf woman. "Good heavens! Your house is burning up?" "What?" "I say the entire house is a mass of flames." "Is that all?" she squeaked. "I'm sorry, madam, but that's about all I can think of just this minute."

Marion Hill tells of a young actress who was constantly irritated by the pompous behavior of the actor-manager in whose company she was playing. "Now, Miss Duke," said the great one, "you'll have an opportunity to show your talents in another direction. I've cast you for a dandy part, small but 'fat.' And you'll have a chance to study me in a new rôle. You've never seen me do farce-comedy, have you?" "Yes, I have," contradicted Miss Duke, "I've seen your Macbeth."

Lord Dunmore's only fault was the exaggerated value that he set upon correctness. He insisted on correctness in eating, in dress, in everything. At a dinner in Beacon Street he told a story about an incorrect self-made man. This man was dressing one evening to go out. His wife bustled into the room before he started to look him over. "But, George," she said reproachfully, "aren't you going to wear your diamond studs to the banquet?" "No. What's the use?" George growled. "My napkin would hide 'em any way."

One of the local officials of Chicago tells of a plumber's apprentice who, on his way to work one morning, called at the office of the health authorities and made known his wish to register his father's death. When the clerk asked the date of the demise, the son replied: "He aint dead yet; but he will be before night. I thought it would save me another journey if you put it down now." "That won't do at all," said the clerk. "Perhaps your father will live for a long while yet." "Well, I don't know," responded the apprentice, doubtfully. "The doctor says he won't, and he knows what he has given him."

The late Sir John Millais used to tell a story of an old man who was his attendant during a day's sport in the north of England. The old man was full of local gossip and small scandal, and when the natural supply failed him he was generally able to manufacture enough of his own to go on with. "I were out with the bishop yesterday," said the old man, referring to a popular church dignitary, who is also a good fisherman. "Ah," replied Millais, "he's a good man." "Well," continued the old fellow, "e may be, but e'd swear a bit when e's fishin'." "Oh, nonsense!" replied Millais, "I don't believe that." The old man insisted that he was right. "I'll give you an instance," he said. "I was standing 'longside o' the bishop, same as I might be aside o' you an' e'd got

a big fellow at the end of 'is line that was pretty nigh pullin' 'im off 'is feet, and I turns to his lordship and I says, 'E pulls damned 'ard, don't 'e?' and the bishop says, 'Yes, 'e do.' Well, now, aint that swearin'?"

A Washington man, whose business had brought him to New York, took a run not long ago into Connecticut, where he had lived in his childhood. In the place where he was born he accosted a venerable old chap of some eighty years, who proved to be the very person the Washingtonian sought to answer certain inquiries concerning the place. As the conversation proceeded the Washington man said: "I suppose you have always lived around here?" "Oh, no," said the native. "I was born two good miles from here."

An acquaintance called on some ladies in an Alabama town who had at the time been much wearied by an apparently endless succession of callers. The door was opened by Augustus Butts, the faithful old butler. "Are the ladies in?" asked the caller. "No, ma'am, they're all out." "I am so sorry that I missed them," continued the visitor, handing him her cards. "I particularly wished to see Mrs. Jones." "Yes, ma'am, thank you, ma'am," responded Augustus. "They're all out, ma'am, and Mrs. Jones is particularly out, ma'am."

In a recent discussion of proposed financial legislation, a prominent railroad official said that some of the plans offered by alleged experts reminded him of a school-teacher who suddenly asked a boy: "What are you fumbling with?" The boy's next seat neighbor said Johnny had a pin. "Take it from him and bring it to me," said the teacher. This was done, whereupon the schoolma'am ordered Johnny to recite his lesson. The boy grinned and sat still. "Stand up, I tell you," commanded the teacher. Then the lad blurted out: "I can't, ma'am. That there pin what you have was holdin' up my pants."

Dorothy Donnelly had an unfortunate experience recently in one of the cities of the Far West. One Sunday night, in company with Elsa Payne, a member of the same organization, she attended a performance at one of the other theatres. The treasurer was unable to accommodate them with seats together, so he placed them in seats directly behind one another. Seated next to Miss Payne were a man and a woman. At the end of the first act Miss Donnelly, thinking that the man and woman were not together, as they had not indulged in any conversation before the rise of the curtain or during the act, and being desirous of sitting beside Miss Payne, leaned forward, touched the man on the shoulder, and said, "Excuse me, sir, are you alone?" To her horror, the man slightly turned in his seat and whispered to her, "Get wise, get wise; my wife's with me."

Prince Urussov writes in his "Memoirs of a Russian Governor" of an acquaintance, one Von Rohren, a very kindly man who liked to tell sometimes of his presence of mind and his police ability as demonstrated on one occasion at his former post. He was once called upon to be present at the execution of a Jewish criminal. The condemned man hung the required number of minutes, and was taken down from the gallows, when the physician was supposed to confirm his death. But it appeared that they had forgotten to cut off the Jew's long thick beard, thanks to which, although the noose had deprived the man of consciousness, it had not killed him. "Imagine yourself in my position," said Rohren; "the doctor told me the Jew would come back to life in five minutes. What was I to do? To hang him a second time I held to be impossible, and yet I had to execute the death sentence." "But what did you do, then?" I asked, and received the memorable answer: "I had him buried quickly before he regained consciousness."

In Missouri a rural politician came one day to St. Louis and registered at a hotel, though he had taken his dinner elsewhere with a friend. When, on coming to pay his bill, he found himself charged with a day's board, dinner and all, he protested vigorously. It was explained to him that the American plan was based strictly on time, and that if he chose to eat elsewhere it was his own lookout. The man, however, refused to be pacified, and paid the bill under protest. Then, to every one's surprise, he asked if dinner were "still on." Upon being informed that it lasted until 9 in the evening, he exclaimed: "I've eaten one dinner, but I'm going to get my money's worth out of this house if I suffer all the torments of dyspepsia." He then rushed into one of the dining-rooms, seized a bill of fare, and ordered everything he could think of. When he finally reached his limit, the waiter handed him a check for \$8.35. "What's that for?" he demanded. "Your dinner, sir." "But I have already paid for my dinner in my bill," protested the unfortunate man. "I am staying here on the American plan." "Then you should have gone into the other dining-room," said the waiter. "This is the European-plan café."

A. Hirschman.

At the old location. Much enlarged. 1641 and 1643 Van Ness Avenue.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Xanthias Jollied.

"Ne sit ancillae tibi amor pudori."—HORACE: Ode 4, book II.

Nay, Xanthias, feel unashamed
That she you love is but a servant.
Remember lovers far more famed
Were just as fervent.

Achilles loved the pretty slave
Briseis for her fair complexion,
And to Tecmessa Ajax gave
His young affection.

Why, Agamemnon at the height
Of feasting, triumph, and anointment,
Left everything to keep, one night,
A small appointment.

And are you sure the girl you love—
This maid on whom you have your heart set—
Is lowly—that she is not of
The Roman smart set?

A maiden modest as is she,
So full of sweetness and forbearance,
Must be all right; her folks must be
Delightful parents.

Her arms and face I can commend,
And, as the writer of a poem,
I fain would compliment, old friend,
The limbs below 'em.

Nay, he not jealous. Stop your fears.
My tendencies are far from sporty.
Besides, the number of my years
Is over forty.

—Franklin P. Adams, in Appleton's Magazine.

Maid and Matron.

She took Delsarte and learned the art
Of moving gracefully.
The fashions turned, and then she learned
To do embroidery.

Athletics came, and so the game
Of tennis she did learn.
Then by the book she learned to cook,
And hake, and wash, and churn.

Now Greek came next, and o'er the text
Of Homer vexed she grew:
She dropped this quick to nurse the sick
Because 'twas something new.

All this is changed. As now arranged
Her task is worse than Greek,
For she must strive at hoarding five
On seven plunks a week.

—New York Sun.

In Solitary Grandeur.

His hat is high, his face is smooth like Webster's
and like Clay's,
In all his little traits he shows a statesman's wonted
ways,
He wears a long-tailed coat that fits him snugly
in the chest
And when he stops and stands he thrusts one
hand inside the breast;
He hums and haws with his replies—a Congress-
man is he,
A duplicate of all the rest in Washington, D. C.

And yet apart from all the crowd he stands,
distinct, aloof,
Although he knows he's not the only shingle on
the roof;
His fellow-statesmen in frock coats breathe helpful
sentiments
That they have hopes will drift back to their
proud constituents.
But he walks gloomily about, the fingers point at
him
To indicate just who he is, the statesman glum
and grim.

What has he done? Is he for some disturbance
ostracized?
Nay, nay, my child, the man we mention is not
one despised;
He simply stands out from the rest, distinct, apart,
aloof,

Although we know he's not the only shingle on
the roof—
A wondrous man, unheard of in the halls of state
is he;
He hasn't any bill that will reform our currency!

—Chicago Post.

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Per Annum

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Capital paid in.....\$1,500,000
Surplus and undivided profits.....1,362,895

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Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash. 1,000,000.00

Deposits, June 29, 1907.....\$8,156,931.28

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President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-
President, Emil Rohde; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt;
Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Sec-
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Total Assets.....\$5,721,433.00
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,282,186.00

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Manager Pacific Department

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San Francisco

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Every moment of time seems filled in the social world from now until the beginning of Lent and there are some events of interest promised. In the first place, several engagements are to be announced, it is said, before the season of sackcloth is fairly on us, making this season noteworthy in that way. The last Greenway, the last of Mrs. Shorb White's dances, and the last of her Monday night skating parties are to take place within the coming fortnight, the skating party which was to have taken place on February 17 being postponed until February 24, when the guests must come in fancy costume should they desire to skate. The charity benefit, "Trelawney of the Wells," played by clever amateurs, will take place on Monday evening next, and on the last day of the month will come the elaborate Japanese blossom fête, also for charity, at the Fairmont.

The engagement is announced of Miss Josephine Brown, sister of Mr. Wilfred Brown of San Mateo, to Mr. Harry Stetson.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marguerite Tourney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Tourney of Palo Alto, to Mr. Edward Van Bergen.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alice Deming, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Deming, to Dr. P. A. Rottanzi. Their wedding will be an event of the spring.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Mabel Jessica Mason, daughter of Mrs. Charles Mason of Sausalito, to Mr. John Augustus Bishop of Liverpool, will be celebrated at noon Wednesday, February 19, at Christ Church, Sausalito.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Ruth Adams, sister of Mrs. John P. Jackson, to Mr. Francis Godfrey of Riverside, will take place on Wednesday, February 26, at the home of Mrs. Jackson at Burlingame.

The wedding of Miss Eunice Jeffers, daughter of the late Mr. Milo S. Jeffers, to Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor, mayor of San Francisco, took place on Saturday afternoon last at Trinity Church. The ceremony was performed at half-past 5 o'clock by the Rev. Frederick Clappett, assisted by the Rev. James Hulme. Only the members of the immediate family were present and there were no attendants of either bride or groom. There was no wedding journey and Dr. and Mrs. Taylor went at once to their California-Street home.

The wedding of Miss Emily Bowie of San Mateo to Mr. Stanley Rammage of San Jose is announced.

Mrs. William G. Irwin will entertain at a bridge party on Tuesday evening, February 18, at her home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin gave a dinner last week to Sir Edgar Vincent at the Hotel St. Francis. Besides the guest of honor, there were present Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carolan, Baron A. de Gunzburg of Paris, and the Hon. R. H. Fellows of London, England.

Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall and the Misses Newhall will entertain at a dinner on Wednesday evening next in honor of Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith and Mr. Harold Dillingham.

Miss Mary Keeney will be the hostess at a dinner on Tuesday next in honor of Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith and Mr. Harold Dillingham.

Miss Anita Meyer will be the hostess at a bridge party on Friday afternoon, February 21, at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Horace Davis will be the hostess at a bridge party on Wednesday afternoon next.

The last Greenway ball of the season will take place on Thursday next, being the affair which was postponed from the December date.

The last dance of the Gayety Club for this season will take place next Tuesday evening

at the home of Miss Helene Irwin, who will be the hostess of the occasion.

The last dance of the season of the Friday Night Dancing Class took place last night (Friday) at Century Club Hall. The patronesses of the club are Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Mrs. George A. Moore, Mrs. George F. Ashton, and Mrs. Wakefield Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown entertained at an informal musicale at their home on Washington Street on Friday evening of last week.

Mrs. John W. Mailliard was the hostess at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week in honor of Mrs. Freestadius. Those present besides the guest of honor were: Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Miss Lena Blanding, Mr. Maurice Barclay, Mr. Welbore Burnett, and Mr. Rogers.

Miss Louise Boyd was the hostess at a bridge party on Tuesday afternoon last in honor of Miss Helen Baker.

Mrs. William R. Sherwood was the hostess at an informal bridge party on Saturday afternoon last.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Miss Josephine Grant, and Miss Edith Grant left yesterday (Friday) for New York and will sail on February 26 for Europe, where they will travel for the next eight months.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond and Mr. Harris Hammond arrived last week from Santa Barbara, where they are spending the winter, and are guests at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin expect to leave in April for New York, going a little later to Newport, where they have taken a cottage for the summer.

Mrs. Eva Freestadius, who has been here since the early fall with her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Page and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mailliard, left last week for Del Monte, accompanied by Mrs. Page. After a brief stay there Mrs. Freestadius went to New York and will sail shortly for England, going a little later to her home in Sweden. Mrs. Page returned early in the week to San Francisco.

Mr. Walter Dillingham and Mr. Harold Dillingham arrived this week from Honolulu.

Mrs. Lawrence Poole has returned from a stay of several months in New York and is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Harry Babcock.

Mrs. George Harding of Philadelphia is expected to arrive here on Friday next to visit her brother-in-law and sister, Dr. and Mrs. James W. Keeney.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin has been a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin at Burlingame this week.

Miss Lily McCalla returned last week to her home in Santa Barbara, after a stay here of three or four days.

Mrs. James Robinson, Miss Elena Robinson, and Mr. Porter Robinson will leave shortly for Santa Barbara for a stay of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Johnson, left during the week for a motor trip to Mexico of several weeks' duration.

Bishop da Silva returned this week from a six weeks' trip to Honolulu.

Mr. Barbour Lathrop and Mr. Drummond MacGavin, who have been in Florida for several weeks, went recently to Cuba, en route to the Canary Islands, where they will sojourn for a time.

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow were in town several days last week from their home in San Rafael and were guests at the Fairmont.

Mrs. James Otis and the Misses Cora and Frederica Otis will go abroad in a few weeks to spend the summer months, traveling on the Continent.

Miss Genevieve Harvey, who is spending the winter at Del Monte with her mother, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, has recently been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin at Burlingame.

Mrs. George H. Howard of San Mateo has recently been visiting her mother, Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, at Del Monte.

Mrs. George Ashton and the Misses Helen and Bessie Ashton, who have been abroad since the fall, are at present in Rome, but will go later to France for a stay.

Mr. William Jackson has arrived from the East and is the guest of his uncle, Bishop Nichols.

Mrs. S. S. Robison has arrived from the East and is a guest at the country place of Miss Genevieve Harvey of Galt. She will remain in California as the guest of friends until the arrival here of the fleet, her husband being on the *Tennessee*.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lacy Brayton have returned to their home in Oakland, after spending two months in the Eastern States.

Miss Merrit Reid has been spending a week or two as the guest of Miss Jeannette von Schroeder at Eagle Rest, the Von Schroeder ranch in San Luis Obispo County.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Bruguière have taken the Kimble house, on Broadway, near Scott, for several months.

Miss Elena Brewer has been in town as the guest of Mrs. Eugene de Sabla, Jr.

Mrs. George Eldridge, who has been for some weeks the guest of her mother, Mrs.

James Newlands, in Ross Valley, is spending a fortnight as the guest of Mrs. James M. Allen in this city.

The Rev. and Mrs. David Montgomery Crabtree have returned to Bakersfield, after a stay of a few days at the St. Francis.

Mr. William B. Collier, Jr., has received an appointment at the Navy Yard, Norfolk, Virginia, and left this week for the East.

Miss Alice Sullivan has been visiting in San Mateo as the guest of Mr. Andrew Welch.

Miss Genevieve Harvey of Galt, who has been in town for a fortnight as the guest of Captain and Mrs. A. F. Rodgers, returned on Sunday last to her home.

Mrs. M. C. Low and Miss Flora Low are spending some time in Santa Barbara, but will return shortly to Del Monte, where they are making their home at present.

Mrs. John C. Kirkpatrick and Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick have returned, after a visit to their country place near Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Randolph King have returned to California, after a stay of some months' duration in the East.

Mrs. Murphy's Juvenile Party.

Mrs. Daniel Murphy entertained nearly a hundred children at a Valentine party given last Saturday afternoon at her home on Van Ness Avenue in honor of her niece, little Miss Emily Pope. Games, valentines, and a little vaudeville performance brought to a climax by refreshments completed the event, which was a happy one for the little ones.

Those present were: Miss Helen Tallant, Miss Cecile Casserly, Miss Katherine Bennett, Miss Julia Bennett, Miss Barbara Champion, Miss Mary Helene Macondray, Miss Sally Calhoun, Miss Mildred Calhoun, Miss Cora de Marville, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Elizabeth Oyster, Miss Katherine Magee, Miss Mildred Ponting, the Misses Shreve, Miss Flora Miller, Miss Hannah Hobart, Miss Ruth Hobart, Miss Helene Eyre, Miss Carol Andrew, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Sophia Brownell, Miss Helen Holman, Miss Arabella Schwerin, Miss Genevieve Tallant, Miss Gertrude Murphy, Miss Miriam Beam, Miss Evelyn Poett, Miss Marjory Davis, Miss Beatrice Williams, Miss Emelie Dean, Miss Elizabeth Wright, Miss Kate Crocker, Miss Mary J. Crocker, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Marie Louise Rotho, Miss Genevieve Bothin, Miss Marie Russell, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Ruth Lent, Miss Dorothy Ward, Miss Jean Ward, Miss Emelie Tubbs, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Caro Coleman, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Eleanor Martin, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Isabelle Bishop, Alex. Macondray, Athearn Folger, Elliot Macallister, Breck Macallister, Thomas Benson, Henry Howard, Walter Dean, Atherton Macondray, John Calhoun, Andrew Calhoun, Gwin Pollis, Edward McNear, Prentiss Andrew, George Pope, Kenneth Pope, Richard Schwerin, Julian Perkins, Jr., Augustus Taylor, Jr., George Newhall, Charles L. Martin, Hillyer Brown, Harrison Brown, Clark Crocker, Andrew Talbot, Mountford Wilson, Jr., Russell Wilson, Robert Coleman, Howard Spreckels, Warren Clark, Jr., Dearborn Clark, James Moffatt, Tom Williams, Richard Ponting, Robert Hooker, John Hooker, John Casserly, George Tallant, Jack Cunningham, Horace Chase.



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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel Charles Morris, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., will be promoted April 27 to be a brigadier-general. He will be retired from active service, on account of having reached the age limit, on May 3.

Colonel E. T. Brown, Field Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been recently promoted from lieutenant-colonel to his present rank, to fill the vacancy made by the promotion of Colonel Ramsay D. Potts, U. S. A., to be a brigadier-general.

Major Charles F. Kieffer, surgeon, U. S. A., is ordered to report in person to Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., president of the army retiring board at San Francisco, for examination by that board.

Major Wendell L. Simpson, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., is ordered to proceed to Washington, D. C., and report to the commanding officer of the Army General Hospital at that post for observation and treatment.

Lieutenant-Commander C. N. O'flly, U. S. N., has been ordered to the Mare Island Navy Yard and thence to the West Virginia as senior engineer officer and fleet engineer of the Pacific.

Lieutenant-Commander C. B. Price, U. S. N., is detached from the West Virginia and ordered home to wait orders.

Captain Henry B. Clark, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, is ordered to proceed to Portland, Oregon, take station there, and report by letter to the commanding general, Department of the Columbia, for duty, relieving Major John Elster Baxter, quartermaster, U. S. A. Captain Clark, in addition to his duty as disbursing quartermaster, will report to the commanding general of the Department of Columbia for duty as assistant quartermaster.

Captain W. A. Covington, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered relieved from duty with the Signal Corps and to the Presidio of San Francisco for assignment to duty at the expiration of one month's leave of absence, commencing February 1.

Captain B. Frank Cheatham, quartermaster, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed from Washington, D. C., to Fort Andrews, Massachusetts, to make an examination of and to report upon certain construction work, pertaining to the Quartermaster's Department, recently completed at that post.

Captain Frank Halstead, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., was ordered to accompany the Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., to San Francisco, and upon arrival here to join his station, to which he may be assigned by his regimental commander.

Captain Charles E. Morton, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., is detailed for service and to fill a vacancy in the Pay Department, vice Captain Abraham P. Buffington, paymaster, U. S. A., who is relieved from detail in that department. Captain Morton is ordered to proceed to San Francisco and report in person to the commanding general, Department of California, for duty.

Captain C. M. Bundel, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for treatment.

Captain Edmund Shortlidge, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., who arrived on the last transport from the Philippines, left early this week for his new station at Fort Dupont, Delaware.

Chaplain Edmund P. Easterbrook, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at Fort Worden, Washington, and will proceed about March 1 to the Presidio of San Francisco and report to the commanding officer for duty.

Lieutenant Charles O. Schudt, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, has been ordered to proceed to Benicia Arsenal and to report to the commanding officer thereof for examination, with a view to selection for service for a period of four years in the Ordnance Department, U. S. A.

Lieutenant James S. Bradshaw, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, has been ordered transferred from the First Field Artillery to the Fifth Field Artillery. He has been granted nineteen days' leave of absence and will then join the headquarters and portion of the Fifth Field Artillery upon arrival in San Francisco, en route to the Philippines.

Lieutenant Thomas E. Selfridge, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Fifth Field Artillery to the First Field Artillery.

First Lieutenant Jarvis J. Bain, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., has been recently promoted to his present rank.

Lieutenant Robert J. Arnold, First Field Artillery, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, has been granted leave of absence for one month.

Lieutenant Charles B. Moore, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant Russell F. Hazzard, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for treatment.

Contract Surgeon Charles W. Cullen, U. S. A., is ordered to report to the commanding officer, Fort McDowell, for temporary duty at the depot of recruits and casuals, Angel

Island, pending the departure of the transport upon which he may secure transportation, when he will stand relieved from such duty and proceed to Manila, P. I., reporting upon arrival to the commanding general, Philippines Division, for assignment to duty.

Troops D, H, and I, First Cavalry, U. S. A., are scheduled to sail from this port on the transport leaving March 5 for Manila.

The Third Cavalry, U. S. A., upon arrival in San Francisco from the Philippines is ordered to proceed to stations as follows: Headquarters Band, First and Second Squadrons, to Fort Clark, Texas; Third Squadron, to Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Del Coronado were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Black, Mr. N. S. Nicklesburg, Mrs. Cyrus Pierce and daughter, with governess and maid, Mr. W. A. Bissell, Mr. J. H. Lyman, Mr. P. Gordon, Mr. F. W. Thompson, Mr. R. K. Gregory, Mr. R. A. Donaldson, Mr. George W. Cobb, Mr. A. G. Kerrell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fee, Miss Marcia Gayle Fee, Miss Elizabeth Fee, Mr. Jeremiah V. Coffey, Mrs. C. A. Gove, Mr. R. R. Ritchie, Mr. Joseph A. Barrett, Mrs. C. A. McNulty, Mrs. Thurlow McMullin.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were Mrs. B. G. Lillenthal, Miss May S. Lillenthal, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ehrman, Miss Olga Lebenbaum, Mr. Will Sparks, Dr. and Mrs. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. White, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Popper, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Heller, Mr. Gilbert Witters, Mr. George E. Sweet, Mr. M. J. Bihn, Mr. Joseph McIlroy, Mr. Jay W. Adams, Mrs. M. Irvine, Mr. James W. Byrne, Mr. Leon G. Levy, Mr. and Mrs. Main, Mr. Ralph A. Grover, Mr. Milton Davis, Mrs. Kate Voorhies Henry, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page, Mr. A. D. Shepard, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Bette, Mr. Arnold Genthe, Miss Bertha Monroe Rickoff, Miss Ella Elizabeth Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Swanberg, Mr. Eugene Neuhaus, Mr. and Mrs. George Thomas Page.

Golf at Hotel del Coronado.

The open golf tournament at Hotel Del Coronado had forty entries, including a ten-man team from Pasadena, and started off at a brisk pace with Robert Hunter, the golf expert from the Midlothian Golf Club of Chicago, winning the medal play, with the wonderful score of 78. Mr. Hunter, however, resigned from the golf tournament because of engagements elsewhere. Interest naturally slumped. Mr. A. B. Daniels, the Coronado crack, had practically a clear field to the championship after Mr. Hunter resigned. His hold was cinched when W. A. Alexander of Pasadena went out in the semi-finals. Mr. Daniels took the championship easily from A. Reynolds, the runner-up. Mrs. Herbert Munn of New York won the much postponed Bogey handicap for women. Playing from scratch, she finished three down. Her nearest competitor was Mrs. George Sturges, who played with a handicap of three strokes and finished five down.

In connection with the recent trouble of C. W. French, the promoter, who was arrested in San Jose by the holder of an unpaid \$1000 claim against him, the report has been persistently published in several newspapers not friendly to General Otis of Los Angeles that he (General Otis) had systematically backed up French in his promoting venture in California by supplying him with letters of introduction and indorsement to various business men in different quarters. General Otis, when questioned in regard to these statements, denied them emphatically. He declared that, although a loser himself through French's lack of success, he had never written a letter to any one unqualifiedly indorsing French or the particular California scheme in which he has had the chief hand for some years past, and which is believed to be now moribund. Whatever brief letters French can show bearing the signature of General Otis will be found, he declares, to be especially guarded in their terms, and to be wholly devoid of "high" or "warm" or "unqualified" indorsement of the promoter and his unsuccessful steel-making project. If French had represented to the contrary in any case, he has drawn upon his fertile imagination. The writer of a colorless and negative note can not justly be held responsible for the deceptive misuse of the missive by its recipient.

Two hundred and twenty-five people of Spokane and Walla Walla, professional and business men, and members of their families, have been for the past few days at the Hotel St. Francis. They call their party The Inland Empire Special Excursion and are traveling in a special Pullman train of two diners and ten sleeping cars. They will visit the sights of California and be received by the governor and other State officials before returning north. William McMurray, formerly of this city, but now general passenger agent of the Southern Pacific in Portland, is one of the prominent northerners in charge of the party.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Thompson (formerly Miss Helen Mcigs of Santa Barbara) are rejoicing in the advent of a little daughter.

Concerts by Signor and Signora Bensaude.

Signor Maurice Bensaude, who visited this city some seven years ago with the Ellis-Melba Company at the Grand Opera House, created a sensation at that time as Marcello in "La Bohème," with Melba as Mimi and De Lussan as Musette. He also sang the Toreador to De Lussan's great Carmen, and Amonasro with Gadsdi in "Aida." He afterwards returned with Mme. Sembrich and appeared in the title-role in "The Barber of Seville," but the sudden and dangerous illness of the prima donna caused a cancellation of the entire season.

Since that time Signor Bensaude has toured Europe with Sembrich, England and Australia with Mme. Melba, and has recently appeared at Covent Garden, in Naples, and in Madrid, where his wife, who is Spanish, has been prima donna at the grand opera. Signor Bensaude has been engaged as first baritone with Hammerstein next season to sing with Tetrazzini, with whom he has appeared in Russia and South America.

Having relatives in this State and desiring also to see his old schoolmate, Dr. J. de Souza Bettencourt, Vice Consul-General of Portugal in this city, the Bensaudes came here on a visit, and for old times' sake called on Manager Will L. Greenbaum, who induced them to promise to appear in several concerts. While these artists are both of the Italian operatic school their musical education is of the broadest, and they will be heard in works of Grieg, Schumann, Brahms, and other standard song-writers. A special feature will be groups of Spanish and Portuguese songs never heard before in this city. The concerts will be given during the week of March 2 at Christian Science Hall.

The Paderewski Recital.

So great is the demand for the services of Paderewski this season that he can only appear at two concerts in this vicinity, one in Oakland and the other in San Francisco. Will L. Greenbaum is the manager of both these events. The San Francisco concert will be given at Dreamland on Sunday afternoon, March 1, and the programme will be a great one. Notwithstanding the expense of bringing this artist here for but one concert, the prices will be very moderate. The scale is \$2.50, \$2, \$1.50, and \$1, and the box offices will open Monday morning, February 24, at Kohler & Chase's and at both of Sherman, Clay & Co.'s stores.

Mail orders will be received and must be accompanied by check or money order made payable and addressed to Will L. Greenbaum, at any of the box offices. All orders will be held until called for unless self addressed and stamped envelope is inclosed.

Paderewski's Oakland appearance will be Friday afternoon, February 28, at Ye Liberty Playhouse. The prices will be the same and the box office opens on the same date as in this city. Mail orders for the Oakland concert should be addressed to H. W. Bishop, Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.

The American tour of Paderewski is under the direction of Charles A. Ellis, manager of the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Emile Berliner of Washington, one of the perfectors of the telephone and inventor of the gramophone, has given \$12,500 as endowment of a research fellowship for women who have demonstrated their ability to carry on research work in physics, chemistry, or biology. The foundation, which is in honor of the donor's mother, will be known as the Sarah Berliner Research Fellowship for Women. The award will be made by a committee of women, of which Mrs. Christine Ladd Franklin of Baltimore is to be the chairman.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"It's no disgrace to be poor." "I can remember a time when it was no disgrace to be rich."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"That Mrs. Sawhones always alludes to her husband as 'the dear doctor.'" "Well, that's the kind of doctor he is."—*Tit-Bits*.

"It is easier to be good than great," remarked the moralizer. "Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "one has less opposition."—*Chicago Daily News*.

He—It has been said that a woman can make a fool of any man. Do you believe it? She—Of course not. The best she can do is to develop him.—*Chicago News*.

The Girl—Are your poems well read? Ye Bard—Some of them. I think my last Thanksgiving poem was read by over two hundred editors.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Do you favor wider locks?" inquired the man who takes a mild interest in Panama affairs. "I do," answered the hitherto citizen. "Also larger keyholes."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"He's talking now of becoming an actor." "Why, he hasn't any qualifications, has he?" "Oh, yes, a friend of his died recently and left him a fur-lined overcoat and high hat."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"Why do you set your alarm clock? You never get up when it rings!" "No. But I have the satisfaction of knowing I am sleeping late of my own free will, and not by accident."—*Washington Star*.

Nell—Why doesn't Maude join your sewing circle? Belle—She wouldn't be of much use. Nell—Can't she sew? Belle—Oh, yes, she can sew, but she has an impediment in her speech.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Green—I can't understand why De Short wants a divorce. His wife had nearly half a million when he married her. Brown—Yes, and she has every dollar of it yet. That's the trouble.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Professional Fester—I should like to undertake a fast of four weeks in this show of yours. How much will you pay me? Showman—I can't give you any salary, but I will pay for your keep.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Mother (to bedraggled little daughter)—Good heavens, child, where have you been? Child—Bobby and I tumbled into the pond. Mother—But where's poor Bobby? Child—Oh, I expect he's out by now.—*Punch*.

Mrs. Gadder (rising to depart)—Well, you must come and call on me some day. It's your turn now. Mrs. Chillicothe—Kearney—Yes; I think it has been my turn for the last five or six times, hasn't it?—*Chicago Tribune*.

"I hear," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that Miss Wadsworth has taken up the study of Gaelic." "Has she?" replied her hostess, as she kicked back a corner of the \$3000 rug. "Josiah wanted me to take it up, but I never was no hand for cards."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Well, little one," said the kindly old man, "what are you going to be when you grow to be a man?" "I guess I'll be a freak," replied the bright child. "A freak? Why?" "Cause I'm a little girl."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"By the use of a little cleverness," began Brokeley, "I know a way to secure a very excellent substitute for gold." "How?" asked Markley, eagerly. "Ask for silver. Haven't got a half-dollar or so about you, have you?"—*Philadelphia Press*.

Mr. Wyss—My dear, I wish you would arrange your hair the way you had it last evening. Mrs. Wyss—Oh, Justin! I simply can't do that. It completely changes my appearance. Mr. Wyss (quietly)—I am fully aware of that, my love.—*New York Globe*.

"If Groucher ever comes around your place borrowing anything," said Wise, "don't let him have it." "You've spoken too late," said Huskie; "he was around yesterday." "You're easy. What was he borrowing?" "Trouble. He's in the hospital today."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"I observe," said Herlock Sholmes of New York, "that you have recently taken up your residence in Brooklyn." "Who told you that?" asked the other, visibly startled. "Nobody, but I notice that you blush whenever any one asks you where you're living."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Mistress (angrily)—How dare you talk back to me in that way? I never saw such impudence. You have a lot of nerve to call yourself a lady's maid. New Maid—I don't call myself that now, ma'am; but I was a lady's maid before I got this job.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Why don't you go to work?" "Work," rejoined Meandering Mike. "Look at de thousands of poor fellows dat is lookin' fur work an' feelin' miserable widout it. Now work ain't necessary to me, an' I ain't goin' to hutt in an' reach fur it merely fur de sake of havin' somethin' to brag about."—*Washington Star*.

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THIRTY-FIRST YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Bank Commission Active.

A little bank with a big name, the Bank of Greater San Francisco, which has a paid-in capital of \$27,500, with bills receivable in the sum of \$23,800, and which owes its depositors \$22,920, has been closed by the State Bank Commission. The incident is chiefly notable as illustrating a pleasing fact, namely, that the Bank Commission is looking after its business. This kind of vigilance, had it been exercised any time this past five years, would have saved all the agony which the failure of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company has cost.

The main reason why the Bank of Greater San Francisco was declared unsound is that its expenses were out of proportion to its income. Another reason rested upon the fact that the president of the bank, his wife, and a cousin were borrowers from the institution to the extent of one-third its capital; and even though these loans may be amply secured as claimed, they are suggestive of ways of doing business outside the lines of propriety and legitimacy.

It has been declared by one whose judgment in financial matters is unquestioned, that in every case where a bank goes wrong, the fact turns up that its officers are heavy creditors. It is, we believe, in violation of the law for any bank officer to borrow bank funds;

none the less the practice, either direct or disguised, is universal. It would seem that the laws which prohibit the borrowing of bank funds by bank officers might be so strengthened as to be made effective. But if this be impracticable it ought surely to be possible for a vigilant Bank Commission to get at the facts in every case precisely as they have done in the matter of the Bank of Greater San Francisco. If the Bank Commissioners with absolute impartiality and severity should insist that no bank official shall draw upon bank funds either personally, through his relations, or through his business connections, it would go far towards establishing the banking business of California upon an absolutely sound basis. That it would tend to the promotion of public confidence in our financial institutions hardly needs to be said.

Unionism and the Law.

Labor unionism in its extreme and illegitimate developments and practices is getting a series of rebukes and rebuffs which ought to make its promoters take stock of their pretensions and save their credit by timely retreat. The theory of advanced labor unionism this past few years has gone to the limit of selfish assumption. It claims for organized labor not merely the rights due to labor, but special consideration as an exceptional and privileged class. It would hold for organized labor monopoly of industry under regulations of its own making with paramount authority not only in matters related to its own interest, but in every other thing associated with community life. It would, in fact, turn over to organized labor the general regulation of the affairs of society, implying contempt of the fundamental principles of our government, with nullification of the laws, and with abdication of the commonest rights on the part of all other social elements.

The absurdity and the menace of the whole scheme of illegitimate aggression has been preached insistently by a few public journals like the *Times* of Los Angeles, the *New York Evening Post*, the *Nation*, the *Argonaut*, and some others. But in the main the newspapers of the country have knocked under to the unions, have groveled before them, and assisted their projects, no matter how gross or ridiculous. We have seen how it is here in San Francisco. No other industry has been more cruelly treated by unionism than that of newspaper making. Oppressive rules are today enforced in every newspaper office in San Francisco, save only that of the *Argonaut*, which, maintaining its independence and insisting upon its rights, does not permit itself to be dictated to, hampered in its expressions, or mulcted at the point of interest. And yet every daily newspaper in San Francisco crawls on its belly under the cruel whip of unionism, taking every kick and cuff which it chooses to bestow, humbly begging leave to do it hypocritical reverence, and seeking ways of rendering it service.

It has remained for the courts to teach unionism the limits of its rights and privileges and to recall it to the line of its obligations. And this good work is now going on in various parts of the country. Readers may remember that early in January the Supreme Court of Illinois declared picketing as commonly practiced to be in restraint of trade and assessed a fine against a labor union guilty of this breach of propriety and law. Again within the month of January the Supreme Court at Washington nullified as unconstitutional the so-called Erdman law of Congress designed to give unionism certain advantages in connection with employment in the railroad service of the country. Still again, on the 3d instant, the United States Supreme Court declared the boycott, when used to restrain or to injure the free movement of merchandise from one State to another, illegal. These decisions have already been set forth in some detail in these columns.

Now come still other decisions in the same line of

defining the limits to which unionism may go. Some time year before last Justice Blancher of a New York court issued an injunction against the "Big Six" Typographical Union in the matter of certain practices complained of by the New York Typothetae. On the 11th instant Patrick McCormick, president of the "Big Six" union, with George W. Jackson and Vincent J. Costello, union organizers, were fined \$250 each and sentenced to twenty days' imprisonment for disobedience to this injunction. The fining and imprisonment of these men were the culmination of proceedings begun in April, 1906, charging them with contempt of court.

Still another case involving a rebuke to unionism is reported from Ohio. In this case the flatteners and cutters of the Amalgamated Glass Workers' Union complained that the blowers and gatherers, who through weight of numbers controlled the union, compelled them to accept wages less than they could command if independent of the union, and by their grip upon the glass-making industry prevented them from pursuing their trade unless affiliated with the Amalgamated. It was further alleged that the union maintained an oppressive apprentice system, thus conspiring to maintain prices. After hearing the case in all its details, the court ordered the Amalgamated Glass Workers' Union dissolved upon the judgment that its members were bound together in restraint of trade. The principle of law by which this judgment is supported is identical with that which penalizes union agreements between employers contrary to public policy.

Not only the courts but abstract thinkers of established character and authority are taking serious note of labor unionism in its extreme pretensions, as a menace to society. The tendency is to demand of unionism a definite responsibility under regulations formulated to safeguard the right of unionism, on the one hand and of the public on the other. In the last number of the *Political Science Quarterly* Professor Henry R. Seager prints a timely discussion of this general subject. He sees the social advantages of unionism precisely as the *Argonaut* sees them, regarding organization of labor for legitimate purposes and ends as a corollary of the organization of capital in partnerships and corporations. Professor Seager would foster and encourage unionism, but at the same time he would hold it within the bounds of legitimacy. To this end he would require unions to take out licenses from the State government, to secure which they should make their rules and policies conform to certain standard requirements. For non-compliance with these rules he would make the penalty forfeiture of license and withdrawal of all privileges, involving dissolution of the defaulting union. The regulations to which Professor Seager would have the unions conform are as follows:

- (1) Provisions making admission to the union freely open to all respectable and competent workmen in the trade on the payment of reasonable admission dues.
- (2) Provisions harring from participation in the benefits of the organization persons convicted of violence or other forms of lawlessness in connection with trade disputes.
- (3) Provisions insuring the honest and faithful administration of trade-union funds and requiring periodic reports of income and expenditures as a means of controlling such administration.
- (4) Provisions requiring the submission of the rules of the union to the officials charged with their supervision, and penalizing departure from these published rules in the actual conduct of the union's policy.

It is not easy to see how a labor union having any claim to integrity of purpose or integrity of policy could object to these rules. They require nothing more than respect for the general principles of equity and legality. They would make it impossible for one element of unionism to oppress another. They would safeguard each union against the dishonesty of its own officers and members. It would seem that any union whose purposes are fair and reasonable ought to be

willing to accept these rules. Objection would naturally come from certain self-willed leaders of unionism. Your P. H. McCarthys of course resent any kind of regulation of unionism, since it would imply restraint upon themselves, destroy their power of arbitrary action, and force them to honest courses. Against these aggressive, arbitrary, and essentially dishonest leaders unionism for its own integrity and safety needs protection, and in the end it must find it under a system of regulation by law.

The Water Question.

The *Argonaut* has small sympathy with the anxiety manifest in certain quarters for the municipalization of our water supply. Granted that to provide the people with water is a proper municipal function, still we can see no reason for furious haste. A multitude of projects essential to the welfare of the city and calling in the aggregate for a prodigious sum of money, press upon us. We must rebuild our schools. We must largely rebuild our streets. We must rebuild our sewers. We must, whether the water system be municipalized or not, provide a separate water supply with a special system of distributing pipes for protection against fire. We must restore our public buildings. These things, however carefully done, will cost a vast amount of money; and yet they must be done, and with the least possible delay. In the aggregate they make a task more than great enough to engross our energies for many years to come, and to absorb all the money which we are capable of yielding in the form of taxes or of borrowing upon pledge of our credit.

Now, since we must do so many things because they will not wait, why in the name of common sense should we take up the tasks which can be made to wait? If now we shall create a vast public debt for a municipal water supply, it will make it difficult to get money, possibly upon any terms and certainly upon reasonable terms, for other purposes. At best our credit is not gilt-edged. In the money markets San Francisco is classed as an earthquake city, and this fact is taken into account when rates of interest and prices of bonds are computed. Under the handicap which this fact puts upon us we are likely to find it difficult to sell bonds enough to provide for essentials—for schools, for streets, for sewers, for public buildings, for fire protection, for sanitation. That we can get money for these things, plus thirty or more millions to buy the Spring Valley system, further plus fifty or more millions for a Sierra water supply, is a matter hardly questionable, for every financier, not to mention every citizen of plain common sense, knows that the thing can not be done excepting under such a rule of discount as would be ruinous. And right at this point possibly may lie the explanation of the insistence with which the municipalization project is urged. If we have to sell bonds at a heavy discount, somebody will gain a prodigious profit without yielding any real service. Here possibly is the key to the mystery, for those who are urging the municipalization scheme are not unfamiliar with the game of finance and very far from being above influencing public policies upon consideration of private advantage.

The latest water project involves a partnership arrangement between San Francisco and the cities on the east side of the bay. It looks to the purchase of all the present agencies of supply, including the Spring Valley Company and the Contra Costa or People's Water Company which supplies the east shore communities. The Lord only knows how much money it would cost. One thing is certain—it would run into many millions. And if this partnership were effected, and if these purchases should be made, we should then have precisely what we have now, nothing more. This statement is perhaps inconsiderate, for we should indeed have something from which we are now practically free, namely, a colossal public debt which would hang like a millstone around the municipal neck, hindering every financial proposal, limiting our ability to get money for essential purposes, and tending as a matter of course to a heavy discount in connection with our borrowings. True, we should own our water supply, but it would be no better than it is now, no more copious, no purer, and not more subject to reasonable public control than now.

The common sense of the situation is plain enough. The Spring Valley water sources if fully developed are ample for a city double the size of San Francisco. This is the testimony of experts and we are safe in accepting it as reliable. If the Spring Valley supply

is not absolutely perfect as to quality, it is still better than that of any other city in the United States of equal magnitude. It has been good enough for San Francisco for fifty years and more. Two generations have been bred up upon it. It is certainly good enough to serve us until such time as we may, with larger development of population and wealth, and with our city completely rehabilitated, turn reasonably to the costly project of bringing in water from the Sierras. We do not forget that the Spring Valley system, from special circumstances of geography and geology, is in a very special sense exposed to earthquake hazard. Against this hazard we ought in common prudence to establish some safeguard. Fortunately this is not very difficult, for at a cost relatively small pipes could be laid across the bay, connecting the San Francisco and the Oakland systems so that either side of the bay could supply the other in the event of need.

Those who so actively urge the immediate development of a Sierra system never weary of asserting that while we can get a supply from the Tuolumne River or some other source at this time, we may not be able to do it at some future time. This is ridiculous. The Tuolumne resource lies chiefly within a national reserve, and it will not require an unreasonable vigilance or a very difficult diplomacy to get the government to hold these resources subject to the requirements of San Francisco at such time in the future as we may need them and when we shall be able to make use of them. The threat of now or never is a mere bugaboo designed by calculating persons to frighten San Francisco into acceptance of a project outside of her immediate necessities and plainly beyond her capabilities.

Sooner or later, in one way or another, the cities which border San Francisco Bay are bound to accept the principle of consolidation. The requirements of political integrity combined with considerations of business expediency will surely bring this about. It may not come immediately, indeed it may not come for a long time. But when it does come the consolidated municipality will be able easily to handle the Hetch Hetchy or some other project competent to yield a pure water supply for all time. In the meantime we shall do well to let private enterprise and capital, already deeply involved, supply San Francisco with water. All we need to do is to determine by expert investigation all the conditions of the business and upon the basis of precise knowledge establish rates that will return to the private capital engaged in the water business a fair income upon its investment. After the experience of the past half-dozen years—not to go back of that time—the Spring Valley people will not be hard to deal with. They would be content with a moderate percentage on their legitimate investment and would we doubt not gladly enter into an agreement to sell their property to the city at a fixed price whenever the city is ready to buy it. If in times past the people have distrusted the city government, and have been unwilling to permit it to enter into a bargain with the Spring Valley Company, there ought to be no such distrust now. Our mayor may be more of a poet than a business man, but at least he is honest. The board of supervisors, too, is honest. With this happy condition in our city government, with the Spring Valley Company at the lowest ebb of its fortunes—under these conditions surely the time is propitious to make an arrangement that would be fair all round and that would reasonably postpone a project which may reasonably wait until the resources of the city are larger and its miscellaneous necessities fewer.

Goat Island.

We note that Senator Perkins has introduced a bill calling for an appropriation of \$100,000 for enlarging the depot for lighthouse supplies at Goat Island. This proposal has the approval of the San Francisco commercial bodies and is no doubt for a necessary purpose. Nevertheless, we dislike to see the growth on Goat Island of fixed and costly establishments which must ultimately be destroyed when the island shall be given to the uses for which it is naturally fitted. Lighthouse supply stations and training schools may be put in any one of a dozen places where they will never be disturbed; whereas the necessities of commerce must ultimately sweep Goat Island clear of these things and make it a common depot for railway traffic. Goat Island ought to belong not to the government, for the government has no need of it, but to the State for use in connection with the harbor service of the city.

If put to its natural and proper use as a common depot for all lines of transportation approaching San Francisco from the east, Goat Island would bring the

east shore nearer by one-half at the point of distance and by ten minutes at the point of time. It would cut out at least half the costly ferry service of the bay and in the same degree eliminate its hazards. In earlier times when a single railroad company sought to make a private monopoly of Goat Island, protest was legitimate. No such advantage ought to attach to any one transportation interest. But there could be no reasonable objection to the use of Goat Island as a common depot to which all railroads may have access on even terms.

Probably it will take a long time to bring about the many changes essential to the making over of Goat Island into a railroad station connected with the eastern shore by a system of moles. But this result must come in time because it is in the natural order and nature of things. It belongs in the same category of things necessary as the bridging of Great Salt Lake, the elimination of the ferry transfer at Carquinez Straits, and the tunneling of the Sierras. The interest of San Francisco requires that every possible second of time and every possible element of cost shall be cut from the great central route across the continent. In the long run whatever shall be necessary to this end will find its accomplishment.

A Quack Moralizer.

The struggle of our naive friend, Doctor Pardee, to keep the public from forgetting him is something like Sol Smith Russell's "shabby-genteel" song, a little too sad to be funny, and a little too funny to be sad. First off when our valued friend, with reluctant feet and with many fond backward looks, left the gubernatorial office he sought civic, academic, literary, and such-like audiences. Then when his political status became more distant and his dignities staler and paler, he came down to mothers' meetings, Sunday-school conventions, and county educational meets. The next stage of his progressive backslide to oblivion was that of presiding over local improvement clubs and at neighborhood gatherings called for such worthy purposes as to devise ways and means for cleaning up back yards, prohibiting the ranging of cows, the elimination of rats, etc. This was some time back. Now our good friend is jumping at any chance anywhere upon any pretext to keep himself in public view and to exercise that noble oratory which he cultivated to so fine a point during the period of his official life.

The ex-governor's latest appearance was before one of the several goody-goody social organizations which thrive in the sweetly domestic atmosphere of East Oakland. And here the ex-governor unbosomed himself in an utterance fairly tremulous with profoundly moral emotions. You have seen the State of California, he said, "for many years in the hands of a corrupt political bureau, her laws set at defiance, her officials controlled to do the bidding of the corporations rather than that of the people." You have seen, the ex-governor further said, "the courts paralyzed, the legislature inactive on the side of the people." Having seen all these things, the governor went on, "You have blushed because you are intelligent enough to answer for yourselves the question, 'Who governs us?'" You have permitted your affairs, the ex-governor continued, to be "administered by designing and unpatriotic men." There was much more of the same general sort in this interesting address, but we have given enough to show the state of the ex-governor's mind and to illustrate the freedom of his talk when he lets go all holds, recalls his disappointments, and becomes possessed of the bitterness which marked the period of petulant grief between the day of his foredoomed failure at Santa Cruz and the later day when in despite of his efforts a stronger man was elected to succeed him in the governor's office.

In the exuberance of his emotions the good doctor apparently forgets his own historic relationship to the times and things which he so severely arraigns. For four out of the last five years George C. Pardee was governor of California; and under our system and practice the governorship is an office of extraordinary potentiality. If in truth a corrupt political bureau has controlled California for many years, whose fault has it been? If for many years our laws have been set at defiance, who was it that tolerated this infamy and permitted it to go uncorrected and unbuked? If our officials have done the bidding of the corporations, who has been responsible? Who has been the chief administrative official of the State with power to suspend dereliction and to punish venality? If designing and unpatriotic men have been the controlling forces in our affairs, who gave them a

free hand when he should have rebuked and cast them out? If the courts have been paralyzed, where has the fault been? Who during four out of the past five years has named judge after judge in the various courts of the State and has held in his hand authority to call official defaulters, judicial and other, before the bar of justice? If the legislature has been inactive on the side of the people, where does one measure at least of responsibility lie, in view of the fact that the most potent factor in legislation is the governor of the State?

If there be any measure of truth in what ex-Governor Pardee has alleged, the extent of this truth, whatever it may be, is the precise measure of his own dereliction. As we have already said, under the California system the governorship is an office of large powers. Whoever holds this office may in one way or another dominate the whole official service of the State. George C. Pardee held this office from January, 1903, until January, 1907. It was within his power during that period to correct or at least to rebuke official, legislative, or other forms of default against legality or propriety. It was within his power practically to control legislative action. Is there any record that Pardee, noting bad influences or evil tendencies or improper interference of selfish interest in State affairs, called anybody to account? And, having exercised the powers of the governor's office, and having failed to correct or even to declare abuses coming under his notice, with what grace does Dr. Pardee now appear as an unsparing and wholesale critic of everybody and everything associated with the political life of the State?

Those of us who do not quickly forget can but recall that this same ex-governor, who now poses as the special champion of all the moralities and who seeks to condemn everything and everybody connected with our public life, less than two years ago was straining every nerve and pulling every string in sight to get himself reelected. Who does not recall his flattering exposition of State affairs at the end of his official term, only a little more than a year ago? Who does not recall his willingness and even eagerness to cooperate with the party organization which he now represents as summing up in its spirit and practice the grossest of evils? Who does not recall that where he is most bitter he was once friendly and conciliatory to the degree of subservience? Furthermore, who does not recall that up to the very hour of his defeat for re-nomination he was reaching out with all the arts at his command for whatever support from whatever source might possibly contribute to the promotion of his undying political ambitions?

The *Argonaut* does not take it upon itself to give the political life of California a clean bill of health. It has been a persistent critic of certain faults of our system, and there will, it fears, long be need for it to be alive and active in the uncongenial business of censuring wrongdoing and wrongdoers. The *Argonaut* is in full sympathy with those who, in good faith and to good ends, point out the faults and wrongs of our system. But it is not easy to have patience with a cheap and bogus moralist, who in the bitterness of individual disappointment and anger lets off tirade after tirade of abuse against men better than himself, with censure of things for which, if they were true, he himself is perhaps more responsible than any other man. If today there be one man more than another in California who might have served the interests of our political life to their general cleansing and betterment, that man is George C. Pardee. If conditions are bad he more than any other man is at fault, for the powers of initiative and correction were long in his hands. Whoever else may inveigh against the political evils of the times, George C. Pardee has no call to speak—most certainly not in censure of others.

A Chronic Weariness.

The graft procedure as it drags itself haltingly along might be interesting if it were not so wearisome. For example, Abraham Ruef has nominally been on trial for about two weeks, yet not even a start has been made. Apparently neither side is willing to enter boldly into the fight. Ruef's lawyers are contending, and not without good show of reason, that the defendant shall be put back to where he was before he pleaded guilty under a signed, sealed, and secret promise of complete immunity—as if the hand on Time's dial could ever be turned back and things done in iniquity ever be undone! The prosecution is leaving the work of technical juggling and of making shameful admissions to underlings, for neither Mr. Heney nor Mr. Langdon

appears in court. Even the *frappé* smile of Mr. Spreckels is missing from the prosecutor's box. The latest phase of prosecuting energy was devoted on Monday, curiously enough, to an exposition of the non-legality of immunity arrangements. We say curiously enough because the prosecution has been the prime mover in this sort of business and thus presents itself as denying the validity of its own acts. It is not surprising that when it comes to the point of declaring that it did not know that it was acting outside of the law in granting immunity contracts, the prosecution is represented not by its leading personages, but by the youngers of Mr. Langdon's office.

The whole matter grows tedious and wearisome beyond words.

The President and the Federal Patronage.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—In your comments in the last issue of the *Argonaut* on the letter of President Roosevelt to Mr. Foulke in regard to the alleged abuse of the Federal patronage, you begin by grudgingly praising the letter for its straightforward and convincing tone. But after damning thus for a little while with faint praise, this remarkable letter, the like of which could not perhaps have been truthfully written by any President since Washington, you proceed at length to revamp the charges of the abuse of the patronage in Ohio and New York in the interest of Mr. Taft's candidacy, which this admittedly truthful letter indignantly denies. And on the strength of vague charges, that had their spring in bitter partisanship and are supported by not a shred of tangible evidence, you advise the Republican party to reject the candidacy of the man "who, in the opinion of the *Argonaut*, stands without a peer at the point of all round fitness for the presidential office." It is hardly conceivable that the Republican party will follow this unpatriotic advice.

Nor is it at all likely that your plea that Mr. Taft, if elected, will be regarded chiefly as the heir of the policies of the former President will have even a respectful hearing. Mr. Taft will be regarded, rather, as the continuer of policies that he himself has been instrumental largely, and in many cases mainly, in shaping. Such for example as the Panama Canal policy, the Cuban and Philippine policies, especially the latter, which does immense credit to both his head and heart.

The notion that a man of Mr. Taft's strength, initiative, and proven efficiency and sincerity will be regarded merely or chiefly as the legatee of another's ideas and policies seems to me absurd, an insult to the intelligence of the American voter.

DANIEL ROWEN.

BERKELEY, February 17, 1908.

This letter touches the *Argonaut* upon one of its tenderest nerves, namely, its vanity. Making no pretensions to the finer graces of literary art, the *Argonaut* does claim to be plain-spoken—so plain-spoken that anybody may understand by what it says precisely what it means. Such language as it is able to command the *Argonaut* tries to use not to conceal its thought, but to declare it; and in its vanity it has fancied itself fairly successful along these lines. There are many who do not agree with the *Argonaut*; we are glad to believe that there are few who fail to understand it.

Now, Mr. Rowen has wholly misconceived what was said, or at least what was meant, in last week's paper. Most assuredly nothing was said in praise of the President's letter as "straightforward and convincing," for in our view it was neither straightforward nor convincing; nothing, in truth, better than a shifty denial of a charge broadly true, this denial being based upon a technical fact. We conceded the truth of the President's assertion that he had appointed nobody to office for the purpose of promoting Mr. Taft's candidacy. At the same time it was sought to be made clear that in the opinion of the *Argonaut* the President had in spite of his denial used the patronage of the government, including the direct influences of his own high office, to put Mr. Taft into the presidency.

If this opinion could have been questioned last week, most surely it can not be questioned now, since within the week the President's activities in behalf of Mr. Taft have openly gone beyond the bounds of the spirit and pledge of the letter to which our correspondent refers. We remind Mr. Rowen that Mr. Hitchcock, an Assistant Postmaster-General, for a long time in charge of the business of appointing and directing second-class postmasters, likewise expert in the trade of political management, in truth notorious as a trafficker and wire-puller in politics, has been "relieved" of his official duties and has "gone into the South" in the interest of Mr. Taft. Now there is no possible misunderstanding of this thing. Mr. Hitchcock, having personally appointed a large number of Southern postmasters and having for many months been in direct correspondence with them, is in a position to approach them in an effective way, and he has been sent to do this for the purpose of working up support in the convention for Mr. Taft. In effect he goes South as the agent of the Administration to work among officeholders. True, he has "resigned" in a technical sense; but his resignation is intended to cover, and will in fact cover, a mere

respite in his official life. As soon as this job in the South is done—when he shall have rounded up the Southern postmasters according to the President's wish—he will be re-appointed to his old job or to a better one. The same course was taken with the same man in the last presidential campaign; and history, in this case at least, may be safely depended upon to repeat itself.

We think it technically true since he is commonly truthful—in the technical sense—that the President has not bargained with any appointee to office for support for Mr. Taft. None the less we believe the President could not truthfully say that he has not in a hundred ways employed the authority and influences of his office and of the government patronage to promote Mr. Taft's candidacy. The testimony from Florida to Boston and across the country clear to San Francisco is too overwhelming for effective denial. It is possible that the President can satisfy his conscience by resorting to a subterfuge; but there are consciences of another kind. There are men even among those whom the President has stigmatized as "malicious" and "mendacious" who would scorn to evade responsibility for a calculated course of action by such denial as the President has made. In its moral aspects and at the point of dignity, this sort of thing is about on a par with the boyish practice of crossing fingers and of spitting to the left by way of immunity against the sin of falsehood.

Again our correspondent by quoting out of its context a phrase taken from the *Argonaut* some weeks back, misinterprets the position of the *Argonaut* towards Mr. Taft. Now, by way of making the matter plain, let us say that we have had for Mr. Taft the very highest opinion on the score of character, ability, temperament, training, and experience. We say very frankly that since the beginning of the government we can recall no figure better qualified at all points for the presidential office. We make no reserves in declaring the eminent qualification and suitability of Mr. Taft. But if Mr. Taft is to be President, we want it to be through public recognition of his merits and through the initiative of the people. We are not willing that Mr. Taft shall be brought as a led horse into the Chicago convention and named for the presidency as the representative, disciple, and personal favorite of Theodore Roosevelt. We criticize and resent the position in which Mr. Taft stands as the political heir of a man infinitely less poised and capable than himself. And we are compelled to think less of Mr. Taft because he permits himself thus to appear in the rôle of another man's man. That he would play this rôle if he were in the presidential office we can not believe. But he betrays a strange weakness in accepting a political status which reflects unpleasantly upon the independence and the dignity of his character. This, we hope, is plain enough; and we trust it will be understood as representing a certain conflict of sentiments in a mind predisposed favorably towards Mr. Taft, but shocked and pained because he has fallen into a position unworthy of his character and record.

Winning Fight Against the Plague.

If there be anybody who questions the power of an aroused and unanimous public sentiment, let him take note of the movement now in progress in San Francisco and its neighboring communities for protection against the bubonic plague. Besides the \$30,000 per month provided by the national government and the \$15,000 per month provided by the municipality, a volunteer fund of \$500,000 has been guaranteed in San Francisco. In Oakland and other suburban towns a similar liberality has been exhibited. At Berkeley local bankers have guaranteed a fund of \$10,000 for immediate defensive use, trusting to the community to make it up by private subscriptions. In addition to these organized forms of effort, the defensive movement is being carried forward in a thousand other ways. Men, women, and school children in organized groups and individually are making war on the plague rat: (1) by directly destroying him; (2) by depriving him of food; (3) by breaking up the conditions which harbor him. The city is getting such a cleaning-up in its back yards, its cellars, its house foundations, and in its swill barrels as it has not had since the coming of the padres. What is more, ways and means are being devised for future protection. We shall build our new houses and reconstruct our old ones upon rat-proof plans; we shall so regulate the storage, cartage, and incineration of garbage as to make lean pickings for rats. Of course, but one result can follow all this; we shall have a city freer from offensive refuse, vastly cleaner, sweeter in its smells,

more sanitary, better fit to live in. In another sixty days San Francisco, for all its broken walls and temporary structures, will be the cleanest city in the United States. Under the special difficulties of the situation one thing and one thing only could have brought about this most desirable consummation. Nothing short of an aroused and a unanimous public sentiment could have done it.

And now, having seen what we can do when we really set to work in earnest, wouldn't it be a good plan to apply this principle to other things? If our people could be brought to think together and to work together as they have in this fight against the plague nothing could prevent San Francisco from becoming a marvel of the world. If the energy which in the period since our smash-up—not to go further back—has been wasted in contentions, and which has yielded nothing but bitterness, distrust, and waste, could have been devoted to the upbuilding of the city, what a stupendous work would have been accomplished! Since human nature is the poor thing it is, we shall not bring about the millennium all at once. But even by going only so far as to imitate the example set us by Los Angeles and Seattle, we might improve upon our own record.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

The recent activity among a coterie of students at the University of California and the forming of a political club at a meeting in one of the university buildings make the following extract of peculiar interest. It is from the *Yale Alumni Weekly*, and may be commended to the faculty of the California university:

Owing to the great demand for seats at a complimentary banquet to be given to Secretary William H. Taft, '78, in New Haven later in this month by the Young Men's Republican Club of New Haven, a request was made of the university for the use of the university dining-hall for the purpose. Secretary Stokes declined to permit the use of the hall, making the following public statement of the university's position:

"The Yale authorities were unwilling to have the dining-hall used for the banquet because they are anxious that the university should not be in any way accused of taking sides in a political contest. Individual professors and other officers have entire freedom of utterance and action in political matters, but the university as a university is not and can not be an adherent or supporter of any party or of any candidate. If the university authorities should allow the Yale dining-hall, which up to the present has been used exclusively for university purposes, to be now used by a prominent local political club—no matter how high its standing—for a banquet which will be generally looked upon as given to a candidate for the presidential nomination, they would immediately be accused of partisanship, especially when the gentleman in question is an honored graduate of the university and a member of its corporation."

An editorial comparison of Taft and Hughes appeared in *The Outlook* for February 8, and from that presentation of Mr. Taft's claims to consideration the following paragraph is quoted:

One of the chief legal advisers of the President, Mr. Taft is known to have approved both the constitutionality and the wisdom of the law giving the Interstate Commerce Commission authority to regulate railway rates, but is also believed to have counseled providing in the law for an appeal from its decisions to the courts. Threatened with the opposition of organized labor because of injunction orders issued when he was on the bench, he has replied with a condemnation of violence as vigorous as any ever uttered by his chief, and has affirmed on the one hand, that the power to issue injunctions should be maintained, and, on the other, that certain specified limitations should be put upon that power, the better to safeguard the rights of citizens from the possible despotic exercise of judicial authority. It may safely be assumed that he favors the maintenance of a moderate army and an efficient and capable navy, since he has uttered no protest against either, and that he favors the preservation of our forest and mining lands and the improvement of our waterways for the public benefit. He has declared himself to be in favor of a protective tariff, but also in favor of a substantial modification of the schedules. In short, by his public addresses, but still more by his public acts, he is committed abroad to the continued government of our dependencies by the Federal authority until self-government can be organized on a basis of public education, and at home to that development of the spirit of nationalism and that increased application to new conditions of the Constitutional powers of the Federal government to which *The Outlook* has ventured to give the name of the New Federalism.

The apportionment of delegates from the States and Territories to the Republican National Convention at Chicago is as follows: Alabama 22, Arkansas 18, California 20, Colorado 10, Connecticut 14, Delaware 6, Florida 10, Georgia 26, Idaho 6, Illinois 54, Indiana 30, Iowa 26, Kansas 20, Kentucky 26, Louisiana 18, Maine 12, Maryland 16, Massachusetts 32, Michigan 28, Minnesota 22, Mississippi 20, Missouri 36, Montana 6, Nebraska 16, Nevada 6, New Hampshire 8, New Jersey 24, New York 78, North Carolina 24, North Dakota 8, Ohio 46, Oklahoma 14, Oregon 8, Pennsylvania 68, Rhode Island 8, South Carolina 18, South Dakota 8, Tennessee 24, Texas 36, Utah 6, Vermont 8, Virginia 24, Washington 10, West Virginia 14, Wisconsin 26, Wyoming 6, District of Columbia 2, Alaska 6, Arizona 6, Hawaii 2, New Mexico 6, Philippine Islands 2, Porto Rico 2. Total, 992.

The national committee at its recent meeting in Washington announced that the Territories would be entitled to only two delegates in the convention. There is a dispute over this decision, which is to be settled by the convention's committee on credentials.

The President's letter to Mr. Foulke did not have convincing force with the *New York Evening Post*. This is a paragraph from that journal's comment:

His explanations on the subject of appointments in Mr. Taft's interest take up only a small part of his letter. The real issue never lay in them. It was not asserted that they amounted to more than a handful. There were four Ohio postmasters. Senator Foraker asserted that they were named to promote Mr. Taft's candidacy; the President replies that they were duly recommended by representatives. That is, obviously, not a logical contradiction. They might have been

urged by Congressmen, and still intended to help Taft in his fight against the Ohio senators. We must leave this matter for Senator Foraker to elucidate. As for the Wanmaker appointment in this city, the President defends it on the ground that it was recommended by the three Republican congressmen from New York County. That, again, is not inconsistent with the fact that Wanmaker was made appraiser in order to aid Taft in New York. That this was the understanding of Taft's friends in Washington at the time, was shown by a special dispatch to the *Globe* stating in so many words that "his selection is looked on as intended to assist the Taft movement in New York." In regard to the Witherbee case, concerning which the President says that the editors of the *Evening Post* could have found out the facts, it is only necessary to remark that they did find them out, and published prominently on the first page a correction of the statement which Mr. Roosevelt cites. The President does not deny that Federal officials have been working for Taft, or even that pressure may have been put upon them to that end; he merely says that "if in any such case the accusation is found true, it will have occurred without my knowledge."

The *New York World* recently printed the following quotations in its editorial columns under the heading, "The Pot to the Kettle." It is a phrase not well chosen. Mr. Roosevelt is not so black as he paints himself. He is delicately sensitive to conditions and takes his color from his surroundings. His expressions are the summer fruit of impulse, not for winter use:

(From President Roosevelt's Message to Congress, Jan. 31, 1908.)

I again call your attention to the need of some action in connection with the abuse of injunctions in labor cases.

This matter is daily becoming of graver importance, and I can not too urgently recommend that the Congress give careful consideration to the subject. If some way of remedying the abuses is not found the feeling of indignation against them among large numbers of our citizens will tend to grow so extreme as to produce a revolt against the whole use of the process of injunction.

(From President Roosevelt's Message.)

If a judge is assailed for standing against popular folly, and above all, for standing against mob violence, all honorable men should rally instantly to his support. Nevertheless, if he clearly fails to do his duty by the public in dealing with law-breaking corporations, law-breaking men of wealth, he must expect to feel the weight of public opinion; and this is but right, for except in extreme cases this is the only way in which he can be reached at all.

(From President Roosevelt's Message.)

The apologists of successful dishonesty always declaim against any effort to punish or prevent it on the ground that any such effort will "unsettle business." It is they who by their acts have unsettled business; and the very men raising this cry spend hundreds of thousands of dollars in securing by speech, editorial, book, or pamphlet the defense by misstatements of what they have done; and yet when public servants correct their misstatements by telling the truth they declaim against them for breaking silence, lest "values be depreciated."

(From President Roosevelt's Message.)

But if it were true that to cut rottenness from the body politic meant a momentary check to an unhealthy seeming prosperity, I should not for one moment hesitate to put the knife to the corruption.

The apportionment of delegates from the States and Territories to the Democratic National Convention at Denver is as follows: Alabama 22, Arkansas 18, California 20, Colorado 10, Connecticut 14, Delaware 6, Florida 10, Georgia 26, Idaho 6, Illinois 54, Indiana 30, Iowa 26, Kansas 20, Kentucky 26, Louisiana 18, Maine 12, Maryland 16, Massachusetts 32, Michigan 28, Minnesota 22, Mississippi 20, Missouri 36, Montana 6, Nebraska 16, Nevada 6, New Hampshire 8, New Jersey 24, New York 78, North Carolina 24, North Dakota 8, Ohio 46, Oklahoma 14, Oregon 8, Pennsylvania 68, Rhode Island 8, South Carolina 18, South Dakota 8, Tennessee 24, Texas 36, Utah 6, Vermont 8, Virginia 24, Washington 10, West Virginia 14, Wisconsin 26, Wyoming 6, District of Columbia 2, Alaska 6, Arizona 6, Hawaii 2, New Mexico 6, Porto Rico 2. Total, 1002.

It will be observed that the Democrats do not give a representation in their convention to the Philippine Islands, while they give a larger representation than the Republicans to the District of Columbia, Hawaii, and Porto Rico.

When the Bank of England note returns to the bank it is never reissued. It is cancelled by having the signature of the chief cashier torn off. After the signatures are torn off the notes are pricked off in the register and sorted into the dates of issue. They are then placed in boxes in the vaults, where they are kept for five years, after which they are burned in a furnace placed in a courtyard.

OLD FAVORITES.

Love and Change.

One Lover.

Forever? Ah, too vain to hope, my sweet,
That love should linger when all else must die!
No prayer can stay his wings, if he will fly,
Nor longing lure him back to find our feet,
Weeping for old disloyalties. The beat
That glows in the uplifting of thine eye,
Dims and grows cold ere yet the day pass by:
Nor ever will the dusk of love repeat
The dawn's pearl-rapture. Ay, it is the doom
Of love that it must watch its own decay.
Petals by petals from the voluptuous bloom
Drops withering, till the last is blown away.
The night mists rise and shroud the bier of day,
And we are left lamenting in the gloom.

Another Lover.

"Love is eternal," sang I long ago
Of some light love that lasted for a day;
But when that whim of hearts was puffed away,
And other loves that following made as though
They were the very dearest, lost the glow
Youth mimics the divine with, and grew gray,
I said, "It is a dream,—no love will stay."
Angels have taught me wisdom: now I know,
Though lesser loves, and greater loves, may cease,
Love still endures, knocking at myriad gates,
O'er beauty,—dawns and call of woodland birds,
Stars, winds, and waters, lift of luted voices,
And worshipped women,—till it finds its peace
In the abyss where Godhead loves and waits.

A Third Lover.

My love for you dies many times a year,
And a new love is monarch in his place.
Love must grow weary of the fairest face;
The fondest heart must fail to hold him near.
For love is born of wonder, kin to fear—
Things grown familiar lose the sweet amazement;
Grown to their measure, love must turn his gaze
To some new splendor, some diviner sphere.
But in the blue night of your endless soul
New stars globe ever as the old are scanned;
Goal where love will, you reach a farther goal,
And the new love is ever love of you.
Love needs a thousand loves, forever new,
And finds them—in the hollow of your hand.
—Richard Hovey.

Dead.

Ah God! how strange the rattling in the street
Comes to me where I lie and the hours pass.
I watch a beetle crawling up the sheet
That covers me, and curiously note
The green and yellow back like mouldy brass,
And can not even shudder at the thought
How soon the loathsome thing will reach my face.

And by such things alone I measure out
The slow drip of the minutes from Time's eaves.
For if I think of when I lived, I doubt
It was but yesterday I brushed the flowers;
But when I think of what I am, thought leaves
The weak mind dizzy in a waste of hours.
O God, how happy is the man that grieves!

Life? It was life to look upon her face,
And it was life to rage when she was gone;
But this new horror!—in the market-place
A form, in all things like me as I moved
Of old, is marked or hailed of many an one
That takes it for his friend that lived and loved,—
And I laugh voicelessly, a laugh of stone.

For here I lie and neither move nor feel,
And watch that Other pacing up and down
The room, or pausing at his potter's wheel
To turn out cunning vessels from the clay.
Vessels that he will hawk about the town,
And then return to work another day
Frowning; but I,—I neither smile nor frown.

I see him take his coat down from the peg
And put it on, and open the white door,
And brush some bit of cobweb from his leg,
And look about the room before he goes;
And then the clock goes ticking as before,
And I am with him and know all he does,
And I am here and tell each clock-tick o'er.

And men are praising him for subtle skill;
And women love him—God alone knows why!
He can have all the world holds at his will—
But this, to be a living soul, and this
No man but I can give him; and I lie
And make no sign, and care not what he is,
And hardly know if this indeed be I.

Ah, if she came and bent above me here,
Who lie with straight bands bound about my chin!
Ah, if she came and stood beside this bier
With aureoles as of old upon her hair
To light the darkness of this burial bin!
Should I not rise again and breathe the air
And feel the veins warm that the blood beats in?

Or should I lie with sinews fixed and shrick
As dead men shriek and make no sound? Should I
See her gray eyes look love and bear her speak,
And be all impotent to burst my shroud?
Will the dead never rise from where they lie?
Or will they never cease to think so loud?
Or is to know and not to be, to die?
—Richard Hovey.

On the eastern side of the rock of Gibraltar there is a curious looking white patch which recently led an American tourist to ask whether the rock was being armor-plated. It is really a catchment for rain water to increase the reserve water on the rock. The catchment covers ten acres. It is made of galvanized corrugated iron fixed to piles driven deep into the shady slopes above the village of Catalan. The water collected at the foot of the catchment runs through the rock into a tunnel 2000 feet long and is delivered into reservoirs on the western side. The yield to each inch of rainfall is 240,000 gallons.

In Broad Street, the main thoroughfare of Newark, Marcus Jacobs, a theatrical manager, was killed last September by an automobile which Dr. Walter H. Morris, a dentist, was driving at an unlawful rate of speed. Dr. Morris has just been convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

THE STOLEN CROWN JEWELS.

The Mystery of the Irish Regalia Awakens Some Unpleasant Suspicions.

The theft of the crown jewels of Ireland took place some time between June 11 and July 5 of last year. Some amount of dignified leisure was of course to be expected in an affair of such importance. A police inquiry under the usual circumstances of vulgar publicity was out of the question and nothing short of a royal commission in secret sessions would meet the necessities of the case. The royal commission has now been sitting for a long time, but to inquire as to their proceedings would be little short of high treason. A preliminary conclusion was reached some days ago and communicated to a palpitating public. The safe in which the jewels were kept was opened with a key.

Let me recall the circumstances of this singular case. The missing jewelry was of enormous value, although it was seldom used and only upon ceremonial occasions. The star of the Order of St. Patrick alone was worth \$150,000, the collars were valued at \$20,000, and there were many other articles of lesser value. All these things were kept in a safe in Dublin Castle under the care of Sir Arthur Vicars, the Ulster King of Arms, and they were to have been used on July 10 at a court function.

On July 6 an official had occasion to put certain articles into the safe. He inserted the key, but could not turn it. The reason was simple, as the safe was found to be already unlocked, and the most cursory examination revealed the unpleasant fact that the jewels were gone.

The first prompting of the official mind was in the direction of secrecy. Investigation was sadly hampered by the happy-go-lucky way in which these treasures had been guarded. For over three weeks, from June 11 to July 6, no one had occasion to use the safe, and the jewels might have been taken at any time during this period. The key had never left the pocket of Sir Arthur Vicars, the safe was in full view under a window in the principal room on the ground floor of the office of arms, and a sentry is on constant duty at the entrance court overlooking the window. There was no sign of a burglary, not the slightest trace of violence, hardly a single incident had occurred to disturb the daily routine. But some one had opened the safe with a key and had gone away with the treasure without even taking the trouble to lock the door again.

The inquiries, such as they were, have been entirely fruitless. The public is vaguely assured that every conceivable step has been taken to find the missing articles. Every pawnshop in the country has been searched, and the whole of Europe has been watched for some effort to dispose of the jewelry. There has been no result. The regalia has vanished as absolutely as though it had never existed, and now when it is impossible any longer to hide the facts the public is informed of the failure, but without any means of knowing that the search has really been so thorough as is asserted.

Of course, the matter could not rest where it was. These jewels are practically national property and a pair of shoulders must be found somewhere to bear the burden of their loss. Private inquiry—such as it was—having failed, the government itself must do something, and that "very present help in time of trouble," a royal commission, is the result. As an anodyne to public dissatisfaction there is nothing on earth like a royal commission. It is an admirable way of pretending to do something while doing nothing, and it is so exquisitely deliberate that when at last it issues a report the long-suffering people have to refer to the national archives to remind themselves of what it is all about. The present commission has at last issued a report, having at first so far unbent as to be "understood to believe" that the safe was opened with a key. That was very well known eight months ago. Moreover, no one supposed that it was opened with a hairpin.

Now this particular royal commission has either sounded some hitherto unsuspected depth of folly, or it is deliberately designed to do nothing. One would suppose that such a body as this would have set to work to find out every possible thing that could be known, that so far from limiting its scope it would have ransacked the earth and the heavens above the earth for any and every clue, for the smallest ray of light that might illuminate the problem. But that is not the way of royal commissions that seem to be created for doing nothing in the most pompous possible manner. Incredible as it may appear, this particular commission disavows all interest in the identity of the thief or in his detection. They do not want to know anything about him or to descend so far into the region of practical things. That would be too much like doing something. They therefore decided to focus their powerful intellects upon the question of the alleged negligence of Sir Arthur Vicars, and to cover up their absurd proceedings with a veil of secrecy for fear lest some one should look in and find that, after all, they have nothing to conceal.

And now comes a dramatic incident. Sir Arthur Vicars refuses in the public interest to appear at all before this opera-bouffe commission. He will come willingly to any inquiry that proposes to examine into the whole question of the theft in an effort to determine who stole the jewels, but the inquiry must be public, it must be made in the full light of day, and witnesses must be placed upon oath. His refusal to appear is based upon the advice of counsel. The royal commission, thus notified by Sir Arthur Vicars, adopts a philosophic attitude. If Sir Arthur Vicars will not

come, then Sir Arthur Vicars must stay away, and in the meantime the commission proceeded to examine other witnesses who are more amenable to their discipline.

At the moment of writing the official report is to hand. The mountain has been in travail and has produced a still-born mouse. It finds that Sir Arthur Vicars was careless and removes him from his position as Ulster King of Arms. Sir Arthur responds by a vigorous appeal to Irish national sentiment and a demand for a public investigation in order that he may know the evidence upon which this finding was based. The public is quite willing to believe that Sir Arthur Vicars was careless. It seems, indeed, to be undeniable, but it is disposed to cavil at judicial and primitive proceedings conducted in secret and upon testimony not rendered under oath.

It all seems very absurd and very futile, but the public, interested at last, is beginning to wonder if there is not some method in this madness. Nor are there wanting some who say openly that the identity of the thief is perfectly well known and that he is not at all in danger from the royal commission or from the police, who seem to be in a kind of competition as to which can be the more ineffective. It seems hard to avoid the conclusion that the Irish crown jewels were taken by some one whose interference with the safe would occasion no comment, and such a person must indeed be very highly placed. It now remains to be seen what action will be taken by Parliament, and it is very certain that the matter will be brought up there and in such a manner that aristocratic privileges will not avail.

LONDON, February 3, 1908.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Pardee in 1906 and Pardee in 1908

OAKLAND, February 17, 1908.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—I am, I imagine, one of many who find themselves amused at the extraordinary statements made by Governor Pardee in connection with the faults and deficiencies of our State government. I sat in the audience at the Baptist Church the other night which listened to the lugubrious diatribe of the ex-governor, and I could but contrast his attitude with that of the weeks which preceded the State Republican Convention at Santa Cruz in September, 1906. Then nothing could be said by the governor and his friends in over-praise of the general condition of State affairs. I well remember bearing the governor himself point out by way of commending his own administration the exceptionally worthy political conditions in California. He spoke of the fact that no scandal of any kind had occurred during the four years of his administration. He pointed out that the State was practically free from debt as another illustration of the general efficiency of its government. He spoke particularly of the general worthiness and efficiency of our State judiciary, taking to himself rather more credit than I thought was modest for having named good men for judicial offices in the many instances when it fell to the governor to appoint. The whole appeal made by Governor Pardee and his friends for his re-nomination was based on an elaborate showing of the moral virtue and political independence of State administration at the hands of Pardee.

To hear Governor Pardee now in one of his political harangues, one might believe that in her political relationships and conditions California has been going to the dogs these many years past. The changed attitude of the governor is of course due to the failure of his own ambitions. He is an honest man, but he loves the distinctions of office. It was a frightful blow to him to lose office and he has never recovered from it. Time has brought him no solace. He is as bitter and resentful now as he was in the days which followed the Santa Cruz convention, and which led him to do everything within his power toward the defeat of a man who won the nomination in competition with him. If the conditions of State affairs for a long period of years are in truth what Governor Pardee charges them to be, most certainly he had no right to make such representations as he did in the effort to get himself re-nominated. If he was right then he can not be right now. If he is right now he must stand convicted either of gross blindness or of neglect of his duties during the years of his governorship. S. A. C.

Switzerland, on the map, looks so very small that the average man, not intimately acquainted with the various points of interest, allots three or four days of his itinerary to the "Mountain Republic." He has heard of the Matterhorn, and the Lake of Geneva, but he has only a hazy idea as to the location of these places. He is apt to pick out on the map two places to visit, which appear to be close together, but which are actually three days' travel apart—three days of traveling by coach and boat and mountain railway. In order to remedy this and to induce visitors to stay the ten days or two weeks which are regarded as the minimum time in which Switzerland can be seen to advantage, the Swiss government has established in New York an information office for the convenience of tourists. It does not sell tickets, and it will not conflict with the regular tourist agencies, but is merely for the purpose of supplying ideas and information as to the most convenient way to travel about Switzerland. One can find out anything here, from the proper fee to give a servant to the altitude of the Jungfrau.

The yacht *Galilee*, in the service of the department of terrestrial magnetism of the Carnegie Institution, has for two years and a half been making a magnetic survey of the Pacific Ocean. She will finish her work about May 1 next. Dr. L. A. Bauer, director of that department, announces that it is now intended to build a vessel especially designed and adapted for magnetic work. Such a vessel, in the construction of which metals that would deflect the compass needle will be practically eliminated, will greatly reduce the time consumed in the observational service and also the amount of office work required to put the results in form for publication. The *Galilee* is supposed to have left New Zealand for Callao, Peru, a few days ago. Upon her return to San Francisco she will have completed her third cruise since August 1, 1905.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

When Secretary Taft was asked what he had to say about the President's message he replied, "I decline to discuss that subject."

Governor Hughes of New York, speaking at Albany, gave notice for the first time in a public speech of his fixed determination not to succeed himself as governor under any circumstances.

The Third Ward Foraker Club of Cleveland, Ohio, has endorsed Secretary Taft for the presidency. The club was organized to further Foraker's cause and has been looked upon as one of the senator's strongholds in Cleveland.

Judson Harmon declared on his return from a tour of the South with William J. Bryan that he was in the race for the Democratic nomination for President as much as ever. He said the chances for the election of a Democratic President were good.

Persistent rumors have once more been in circulation as to Secretary Root's pending resignation. The reason assigned upon this occasion is an increasing disagreement with the presidential policies. Inquiries at the White House and at the State Department are fruitless.

Thomas W. Lawson has offered to bet \$100,000 against \$75,000 that President Roosevelt will get a third term. The President's last message, says Mr. Lawson, "clinches things." Mr. Lawson feels certain that in sixty days there will be no other presidential candidate in sight in the Republican ranks.

United States Senator du Pont of Delaware denies the statement that he favors Senator Knox of Pennsylvania for the presidential nomination. He says he favors an uninstructed delegation from Delaware that will support the man who may appear to be at that time the best and strongest candidate.

T. C. Spelling, representing the American Federation of Labor, says that Secretary Taft alone, of all the public men, has spoken on the restriction of the injunction in a way satisfactory to organized labor. Mr. Spelling says that he believes that if Secretary Taft were in a position to do so he would go to the root of the trouble.

At a meeting held in Minneapolis in the interest of the presidential candidacy of Senator Robert M. LaFollette of Wisconsin, W. W. Powell of Milwaukee, chief of the LaFollette publicity bureau, said that the campaign started three weeks ago was more for the purpose of keeping Senator LaFollette in line for the nomination in 1912 than in the expectation of procuring his nomination this year.

Senator Depew has made a speech in support of the Alaska-Seattle Exposition bill, and he appeared to be fully in his old form. Mr. Depew said that while serving as orator of the day at the Omaha Exposition he went into a side show, which soon filled up, and he learned that the barker had been shouting through a megaphone. "Come in, ladies and gentlemen, and see the orator of the day, only 10 cents."

Senator Heyburn in the Senate accused Secretary Taft with direct knowledge of slavery in the Philippines. The occasion was the debate on the bill revising the criminal code of the United States and providing penalties for dealing in slaves. Mr. Hale wished the penalties to be stricken out on the ground that slavery no longer existed and to this Mr. Heyburn rejoined by a declaration that there is an immoral traffic in white slaves, that coolie labor in some instances is practical slavery, and that actual human slavery is to be found in the Philippines.

The first Lincoln Day proclamation issued by a Governor of Massachusetts was that recently sent out by Governor Curtis Guild, Jr. The proclamation says: "We are passing through a quiet, fairly peaceful, but a very real social revolution. Equal rights were won by the generations that have gone before us. Equal opportunities are to be our gift to posterity. As always at a time of acute social excitement, the demagogue is a most conspicuous figure. The demagogue, by catering to extremists, seeks first his own advantage, and finds it in turning rational revolution into irrational anarchy."

Tom Taggart, interviewed in Chicago, says that Secretary Taft will be the Republican nominee for the presidency on the first ballot. Referring to the latest presidential message, Mr. Taggart said he did not think it would have any effect on the general political situation. "The President timed it so that it was sent to Congress the same day chosen by Governor Hughes for his speech in the East. The idea was to keep the President in the centre of the stage with Taft by his side and to compel Governor Hughes and his speech to be satisfied with second place in the public attention and in the columns of the newspapers."

The special legislative session in Kansas, called to enact a bank deposit guaranty law, has adjourned without doing so. Governor Hoch claimed to have assurances from the membership that such a bill would pass without trouble, but opposition developed in banking circles and also a disposition in the legislature itself to wait and see how the Oklahoma experiment works. What that body did was to pass a bill providing for the organization of a bankers' insurance company to insure the safety of deposits, but Governor Hoch in his anger vetoed it. He is a strong advocate of the Oklahoma or Bryan plan.

SEEKING THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

By Jerome A. Hart.

I.

"Are we really off our port, captain?"

The captain paused a moment as he descended from the bridge.

"Yes," he replied briefly. "There's the Golden Gate." And he pointed to a blank wall of fog.

The gigantic liner—she was nearly fifteen hundred tons—lay idly rolling on the heavy swell. In the paddle-boxes which towered at her sides the great wheels were still. After some thirteen thousand miles' travel, the ship was lying off her port, fog-bound. On the deck of the steamer were some hundreds of young men, most of them restlessly striding up and down, while others were lined along the taffrail. All were bitterly deploring the delay in making port.

A silent steamship—the words mean nothing to those who have never sailed the seas. They mean little even to those who have sailed far but never felt the engines stop. For the rhythmic throbbing of the engines comes to mean to the passengers that all is well. When the engines stop, from whatever cause, there is always excitement on board; then anxiety comes sometimes, and sometimes merely weariness. Even if the pause be due merely to a minor break in the engine-room, the ship seems transformed. Under way, a vessel, whether sail or steam, rides through or over the waves; she seems like a living thing. But when lying-to, she is tossed about by the waves, and feels like a giant log. It gives the voyagers a new sense of the resistless power of the ocean surges.

Even when a vessel at the end of her voyage is stopped by fog, the passengers soon weary of the waiting. They play no games; the shuffleboard is unused; the card-tables are empty; brisk walks up and down the deck are replaced by idle strolling; the very beat of the passengers' feet tells that the engines are dead.

So was it at this journey's end. The discontented Argonauts grumbled fiercely as they stared ahead, trying to pierce the fog. Out of it came noises—strange sounds—some of them uncanny sounds. For it almost seemed as if, out here in the ocean, a barnyard were hidden in the fog—faint barking sounds came thence, low yelps and howls, and every now and again screams and clacks and cluckings as if from distant fowls. Out of the mist, at regular intervals, there droned a dismal fog-horn. The sound of bells also came over the water—curious, half-strangled, moaning sounds, as the waves tumbled a bell-buoy half over, and then tumbled it back again, with its hesitating clapper choking up its clamorous throat. And when the steamer's own fog-siren boomed out "B-I-A-R-R-R-e!" and the ship seemed to shudder under the shock of sound, it was invariably echoed by a tiny tinkling and banging from the fog-bank—a sound which, unlike the wave-tossed bell-buoy or the automatic fog-horn, proclaimed human agitation.

"What is that curious tinkling noise, quartermaster?" "Dagoes, sir—dagoes fishin' off the islands. Our fog-siren is scarin' 'em stiff. They ain't got no bells nor horns, so when they git in a fog they beat a devil's tattoo on their kittles and pans."

The passenger who had just spoken to the quartermaster was a young New Englander, Samuel Fox by name; beside him stood his cabin-mate, a young Irish-American, Daniel Burke. Chance had made them room-mates for the long voyage from New York around the Horn to the land of gold. They had not come by sailing vessel but by steamer, for their boat was one of the accessory steam-packets with which the Mail Company was forced to recruit its fleet in order to cope with the sudden rush from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Their passage had not been so long and monotonous as were the voyages of the sailing vessels. Some of the slower ships were eight or nine months making the voyage. Some of them made so much easting that they sighted the Cape Verde Islands off the coast of Africa before squaring away to double Cape Horn and pass the Land of Fire.

"Our port doesn't look very interesting, does it, Dan?" said Fox, gazing at the wall of fog.

"No, and we've had that fog-bank ever since we rounded Cape San Lucas," replied Burke morosely.

"So we have," cried Fox. "It seemed as if we left the tropical waters for a colder zone the moment we cleared the tip of that peninsula."

Burke grumbled an assent. But they were in error—it was not so much a question of higher latitude as that they had entered the great Japanese current which sweeps down from the Arctic along the crescent of the Aleutian Islands, hugs closely the west coast of the continent, and shoots off the peninsula's point out into the vast Pacific. South of the Cape they had sailed through phosphorescent seas and under balmy skies. North of the Cape there towered the mountainous wall of fog. And from there on, for hundreds of miles to the northward, although the ship's officers told them they were closely hugging the shore, they saw nothing but this dull gray wall.

"Our ports of call were much more exciting than this," laughed Fox, "even the settled city of New York."

"New York is all right," returned Burke decisively. "I would never have left it except to make money."

"That's about the only thing we agree on. Curious, isn't it, that two men with such different ideas should be thrown so much together since we left New York," exclaimed Fox.

"Very queer," agreed Burke curtly. "A New Eng-

land clergyman's son and a New York fireman as bunkies."

"One of us a law student."

"And the other a Tammany tough."

"When I first went to the stateroom, you have no idea how curiously I inspected the trunk and carpet-bag I found there," went on Fox. "I read the name 'Daniel Burke, N. Y.,' and wondered what sort of man my room-mate was to be. And now, during this long voyage, I have come to know you better than my own brothers."

"That's natural—brothers are fraternal because they ought to be, friends are friendly because they want to be," returned Burke with a harsh laugh.

Fox did not reply, for he knew that Burke was inwardly bitter because he was utterly alone in the world. His cabin-mate, he had learned, was the son of an Irish stone-cutter, whose death in New York had left Burke as a boy to make his own livelihood. As his sneers betrayed, he had become a fireman, and a Tammany politician.

It was indeed a queer comradeship. Fox was the son of a clergyman, born and reared in a quiet Massachusetts village, with difficulty maintained at Harvard by his father's meagre means; then, after a few months in an elder brother's law office in New York City, the gold fever seized him, and he took passage on the new steamer for the coast. Thus he became a cabin-mate of Burke. He had come to have a strong liking for his new friend—which was odd, because Burke was more energetic than engaging in his temperament. But Fox believed that his frequent moroseness was due to his lonely childhood and his hard struggle for a living. So as Burke gazed out moodily into the fog-bank, Fox attempted to turn his thoughts elsewhere by recalling the events of their voyage.

"Do you remember the first week out from New York, how warm it got?" he asked.

"Yes, it was more than warm—it was hot and muggy," replied Burke, at once livening up. "They told us it was the Gulf Stream."

"Partly that, and partly getting into tropical waters, for we made the West Indies in a few days," went on Fox. And he craftily dropped the conversation for a few moments, allowing the seed to fructify in Burke's mind.

Although young, the artful Fox had noted the ineradicable instinct of the traveler to talk about his travels. As he and Burke had never traveled anywhere else, they could talk of no travels save their single voyage, and this they did not fail to do. So with the hundreds of other young men aboard—what time they did not talk of gold seeking, they talked ceaselessly of their travels to their fellow-travelers, who had made exactly the same travels as themselves.

As he stood beside Burke, leaning on the taffrail, Fox himself began recalling the events of the past few weeks. They now seemed to him distant, far away, unreal. The pictures flashed before him as if he saw them in a magic-lantern show. In his mind there rose the harbor at Rio, where they found three thousand gold-seekers, whose vessels had left New York two months before them. He recalled their steaming southward, the wrecked steamer they sighted at the entrance to the Straits of Magellan, and the captain's determination to go around the Horn. With a shiver he was reminded of the lonely Antarctic seas, the towering icebergs, the decks and rigging coated with ice. Valparaiso rose before him, another Spanish city crowded with English-speaking gold-seekers. He remembered the American warship lying there, and the officers' stories of entire crews deserting their ships in the mad rush for the mines. Mentally he followed again the track of their cruise until they were under the fierce heat of the equator and sighing for the glacial breath of the icebergs they left behind them at Cape Horn.

"Do you remember crossing the line the second time?" he suddenly asked Burke.

"Yes, and how slow it seemed after all the fo'ks' antics of the first crossing," cried Burke, his face kindling with interest. "Panama was our next stop after that. But you've made a long lap from the West Indies."

"So I have; I had about finished circumnavigating the continent of South America in my recollections."

"Then you must be just off Panama," said Burke with a laugh. "Do you remember our standing by the rail this way, watching the white buildings as our steamer came in past the islands there?"

"Yes; and do you remember the thousands of men we found there, waiting for the chance of a passage?"

"Most of them are waiting there yet," replied Burke, sardonically.

"I was told that there were over five thousand on the Isthmus, most of whom had engaged passage, but the steamship company was utterly unable to provide for them."

"The ships' officers, though, have done a rushing business selling passage to them on the side. On this steamer alone there are at least a hundred and fifty not on the passenger list, and every man-jack of them has paid from five hundred to a thousand dollars to the officers to be permitted to sleep on deck."

"Some of the men at Panama grew so crazy at their failure to get passage on our steamer that they set sail in all sorts of old junks, that looked as if they couldn't sail fifty miles," said Fox.

"Most of them are at the bottom of the sea."

"Panama was their last look at a city then. I can see it distinctly now, the old Spanish town with its low white houses, its decaying cathedral, its crumbling

Jesuit college. Yes, I can see the town as it looked from the steamer as we sailed out past the islands."

"And it was about all we saw except water until we got to San Blas," responded Burke.

"You forget Colima—don't you remember how one night, when many miles from the coast, we saw the fire of the volcano? And it was right after that we put in at San Blas to take on coal and fresh provisions."

"San Blas? Wasn't that the place where the prize-fight came off?"

"Yes, Huntingdon and Ramsdell had been quarreling ever since we left Panama. This was the first chance they had to settle it," said Fox. "They began to fight aboard ship, but the captain threatened to put them in irons, so the boys had it out ashore."

"It was a good fight, although a little unscientific—too much clinching and wrestling. I noticed that you, even if you are a clergyman's son, seemed to enjoy it as much as I did, although I'm only a fireman and a plug-ugly."

Fox received this thrust with some embarrassment. "Well," he returned, "everybody went to see it—why shouldn't I?"

"Right you are! Everybody went except the captain, and I believe he wanted to go. Even the parson forgot that he wears a white choker and reads divine service on Sundays, for I saw him at the ringside. Look! The fog is breaking."

But it was only a momentary rift. The dull gray curtain lifted, and they could see some conical, rocky islets almost covered with slimy sea-lions. The harsh barking of these beasts as they dived and rose bearing fish in their jaws—the clangor of the sea-gulls as they fought for the heads and tails left by the epicurean sea-lions, who bit out the belly only—these were the mysterious noises which had sounded like a barn-yard in the fog-bank.

The hours crawled by. The young passengers—for nine-tenths of them were young men—became feverishly impatient. They had brought with them, aboard the steamer, almost every contrivance in the way of a boat that the brain of man had devised. The commonest kinds were row-boats, canoes, catamarans, cat-boats, and yawls. With these craft the far-seeing voyagers had intended to sail directly to the mines on arriving in the harbor. The prudent captain still kept his ship lying-to, but the impatient passengers could no longer be restrained. Half a dozen of the most venturesome succeeded in getting their craft on deck and preparing to lower them over the side. While this was going on the captain was temporarily below getting a much-needed sleep. When he came on deck and saw this collection of marine contraptions, he exploded with wrath and ordered the owners to abandon their contemplated purpose.

"But captain," protested one of the bolder Argonauts, "the voyage is ended. You've got no right to control my movements any longer. If I choose to go ashore from here, why should you prevent me?"

"No control, sir?" snorted the captain; "you think I have no control of my own passengers, eh? I'll show you whether I have! If you don't obey my orders I'll trice you up against the mast for a couple of hours. And if you get too sassy, I'll put you in irons."

"But, captain," insisted another mutinous youth, "we are taking the risk ourselves. Suppose we do drown, what difference is that to you?"

"When you leave this ship you can drown and be d—d!" roared the irate mariner. "What do I care whether you drown or not when you're your own man? But when you're my passenger you'll obey my orders!"

"Are you responsible for our lives after the voyage is ended?" complained a third discontented passenger.

"No!" bawled the captain. "My ship's papers call for so much cargo and so many passengers. I got to deliver you all, and I'll do it. Take poison, if you like, but please don't drown yourselves; you might leave me short a body." And bellowing with laughter at his own joke, the captain mounted the bridge, while each modern Jason reluctantly abandoned his Argo and pursued his restless walk on the deck.

The sun climbed higher. The wall of fog began to melt away. Rifts appeared in its gray bosom. Gorges and ravines, like those on mountain sides, seemed to pierce it. It broke into huge masses like icebergs. These split into fog stalagmites, which melted into feathery masses, then into drifts. At last, of the heavy fog-bank there remained nothing but whiffs, and rings, and wreaths of mist, which speedily blew away on the wings of a keen wind that sprang up from the seaward side.

On their starboard quarter they had left behind the rocky islet which they had seen but now, while before them lay a vast triangular sheet of broken white water, with the triangle's apex pointing toward the land.

"Look!" cried the purser to Fox and Burke, as he passed them. "Now you impatient young fellows can see what we've got to go through. It's no joke running through the Potato-Patch in a fog."

"What's the Potato-Patch?" inquired Burke of a seaman standing near.

"Big shoal, sir," he replied. "It's a bar at the harbor's mouth."

"Where is the channel?"

"There are three channels, sir—Middle Channel, where we are, and smaller channels by those headlands."

"What are the names of the headlands?" asked Fox.

"The one to starboard is Point Lobos, the one to port is Point Bonita, sir," was the reply.

Slowly steaming through the strait, they heard a faint sound coming from the shore. It was a bugle

call. On shore was a military post, and there at the top of a flag-pole, streaming stiffly out on the strong breeze, they saw the Stars and Stripes. For the first time since leaving New York they saw their country's flag flying over American soil. Even jaded travelers often grow sentimental at sight of their own flag—fancy the enthusiasm of these hundreds of ardent youths.

As they cleared the strait, Fox observed that there were several islands in the harbor, all of which were mountainous, as were the ridges on both sides of the strait. The wind-swept hills on the ocean side were bare. On the land side, the mountain ridges were cut into many little valleys and ravines, filled with scrub trees. As the ship came to anchor before the *embarcadero*, or landing place, they saw that the peninsula was made up of a succession of high hills melting into low, rolling sand-dunes.

They looked around the magnificent harbor. It was filled with sailing vessels. They counted four hundred square-riggers moored there, over three hundred of them American. Many were fine clipper ships, although there were some decrepit vessels. Yet all seemed to be deserted.

Fox asked a seaman where the crews were.

"All gone to the diggings, sir."

"How is it you men aboard these passenger liners don't go too?"

"We will as soon as we can get ashore," came the meaning reply.

If the new country was run on unconventional lines, it had not so impressed the Federal officials. The ship had to undergo all the usual routine of quarantine and custom-house. Before permitting the passengers to land, the government officials had to be assured that they had no infectious diseases, no smuggled goods, and were American citizens. Concerning this last there was no difficulty. Nearly every man aboard was an American, and all were young.

The ship's officers could with difficulty have restrained the ardent passengers from dropping over the side into the waiting boats, and heading for the shore. But even the most impulsive youths did not dare to defy the government functionaries, and they submitted impatiently to the official ordeal. At last it was over, and there was a wild rush for the boats. The first squad of gold-seekers cared naught if their treasured baggage would be safe until their return; if asked why they were in such haste, they could not have told; all they knew was that they had a wild and irresistible desire to set foot ashore on the Land of Gold.

Fox and Burke were among the first to leave the ship. As they made their way shoreward, they observed that two points of land jutted out on either side of a deep crescent-shaped cove. Toward the head of this cove they steered their boat. Like William the Norman, who stumbled when he first landed on English soil, so stumbled Burke. But unlike the Conqueror, who recovered himself with an epigram, Burke recovered himself with a curse, for he went up to his middle in mud. The cove was a vast bed of ooze; over it at high tide lay a shallow sheet of water, which at low tide gave way to a malodorous quagmire.

From the shore the two young men hastened to the postoffice, which was up a slight hill a few hundred yards away. They did not need to search long—its situation was plainly indicated by the long lines of waiting men. Fox expected letters to have preceded them by the Isthmus steamers. Burke was not so anxious.

"There is nobody in New York who cares enough for me to write in such a hurry," he said bluntly. "I expect no family letters, having no family."

"But I expect letters from all of my family," Fox exclaimed triumphantly.

So saying, he hastened to take his place in the line. He soon saw that he would have a long wait. Noticing that some of those holding positions near the head were ragged, dirty-looking individuals, with matted hair and beard, he was about to offer one of them some pennies for his place. But when Fox saw him draw out a bag of gold dust and pay the man second from the window half an ounce for his post, he concluded that he would not begin negotiations. When the miner who had paid ten dollars for a good place found there were no letters for him his face was indeed a study.

Nearly an hour elapsed before Fox succeeded in getting to the head of the line. There he found brief and perfunctory letters from two of his brothers. They were not at all the sort of epistles that a young wanderer expects to find when he is thousands of miles from home. He suspected then, as he was forced to realize later, that most people in this world are primarily interested in their own affairs, and only secondarily in those of their relatives and friends.

Concealing his disappointment, he joined Burke, who had been exploring the neighborhood, and who had apparently picked up an acquaintance. He at once introduced his new-found friend to Fox.

"Mr. Fox, Mr. Clancy—Mr. Clancy, Mr. Fox," announced Burke ceremoniously. And then, less formally, as man to man: "Mike used to be a member of my old fire company back in New York."

"Proud to know you," said Mike briefly.

"I've been asking Mike here why there's so much merchandise stuff in the streets. You've noticed, haven't you, Fox, that we're walking now on boxes of tobacco? Look there—see those unopened crates and boxes used for sidewalks and crosswalks. How do you account for that?"

"I've noticed the stuff, of course," said Fox, "but why it's there I haven't the ghost of an idea."

"This is how," explained Mike. "Ye see, everything

in this town goes by fits and starts. The merchants they run short of tobacco. First off, everybody wants tobacco, and there's a tobacco famine. Then everybody they orders tobacco, but for two or three months there aint any tobacco. Then ships come from all over loaded to the guards with tobacco, and then there's tobacco to burn, and then they can't give it away, and then they put it up at auction. Everything gets put up at auction here at the wind-up, but nobody won't buy it. Then the auctioneers they try to give it away, for nothing, but nobody won't haul it away. So then the auctioneers they chuck it out, and people uses it to make sidewalks out of. Savvey?"

As they made their way over the quagmires and abysses then called streets, they saw that Mike was right, for they walked on boxes of tobacco, cases of coffee, barrels of pork, beef, and flour.

"Prime mess pork," read Fox on a barrel. "Surely they would not throw away these provisions unless they were spoiled."

But Mike would not agree to this. "No, no," said he, "either people here want things bad, or they don't want them at all. These merchants here are all wild gamblers. Everybody here is gamblers. They import everything by the shipload. Then if it aint wanted they go broke. They all seem to think of importing the same thing all at once. When you get a million barrels of flour in a thousand-barrel town, somebody's got to suffer. Savvey?"

As he spoke the head of a barrel on which he had just leaped gave way, and Mike sunk into it with hearty oaths. The black mud on his trousers took on a fringe of white flour, showing plainly that the barrel was full.

"Are all the streets as bad as this?" asked Burke.

"Most of them is worse," replied Mike. "We're in the business district, and these here streets are the best they got. Why, up on Washington Street the other day a man was driving a team of mules. The mud there is mighty deep, and they had thrown branches of trees on top of the mud, and then put sand on top of them. This fellow he drove his mules into this mess, and first thing he knew, them mules went down to their withers and he had to cut the traces to keep his wagon and himself from going down too. The mules kept a-sinking until they went down so far they could only breathe through their ears. But nothing couldn't save 'em, and they both were drowned."

Fox looked at Burke quizzically. Concerning some parts of Mike's narrative there was room for doubt, but that the streets were quagmires and that the mire was seemingly bottomless could not be denied.

"How do the people get along these streets at night?" queried Fox.

"They don't get along," replied Mike. "They can't. There ain't no lights."

"Are there no street lights in the city at all?"

"No," replied Mike, "there aint none but the saloon lights. There's plenty of gin-mills, but most of 'em is further up town."

"But suppose a man has absolutely got to come down one of these streets at night—some case of urgent necessity. What does he do?"

"Well, he gets a lantern, and he jumps from box to box, and from bar'l to bar'l. If he's playin' in luck, he gets through all right; if he aint, sometimes he misses a bar'l."

"And what happens to him then?"

"Well, he goes clean out of sight," replied Mike.

As the trio made their difficult way toward the waterfront, Fox pointed out what looked like the stern of a ship on the street line to the left. Over its rudder-head he read the word "Niantic."

"Why, that looks like a ship," he cried. "Can that be a genuine ship up here on the mainland high and dry?"

"She's up on the land for sure," said Mike, "but it aint very dry where she lays, 'cause she come here under her own sails. She stuck in the mud at high tide, and her crew deserted her, and she's been a-layin' there ever since."

"They seem to have turned her into a lodging-house," observed Burke.

"Yes," assented Mike, "Niantic Hotel, they call it. There's two more ship hotels in the next block. See that one there? That's the old *Cadmus*. She's the ship what brought Kossuth to America."

"Did Kossuth come on the *Cadmus*?" inquired Fox with surprise. "Why, I thought that was the ship on which Lafayette came to this country at the time of the Revolution."

"Well, maybe so," assented Mike, tolerantly. "It was some furriner I know, but I disremember his name. Here's another ship bunk-house—the old *Brooklyn* that was. Ye see, it's built in all around them. But they do say that when the high spring tides come this year them old shios got to rocking so that the fellers asleep in 'em thought it was an earthquake. But here we are at Clark's Point, and here's the boat landin'."

Here for a time they bade farewell to Mike, to take boat for their ship. He solemnly promised to secure quarters for them in the hotel where he was lodged, and they returned aboard their steamer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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While the Belgian electric street railway lines in Tientsin, China, do not as yet pay much, the Chinese are riding on the cars in ever-increasing numbers, and in a few years the company expects to make handsome profits. There is evidently an end of all superstitious opposition.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

It is a curious coincidence that Canada's greatest railroad man, Sir William Van Horne, is a native of the United States and that the greatest railroad builder of the United States, James J. Hill, is a native of the Dominion.

Dr. Leander Starr Jameson, prime minister of Cape Colony, which office he has held for three years, has resigned. Dr. Jameson is the famous Transvaal raider. He was elected to the Cape Legislature in 1900 and became premier in 1904. He was appointed director of the De Beers diamond syndicate in 1900 and of the British South African Company in 1902. He is fifty-five years old.

Dr. Kurtz, director of the Buffalo Academy of Fine Arts, said recently that there "were at least over two hundred living painters in America whose work was of sufficient importance to entitle them to a permanent place in our museums, not to mention many more who had passed away"; and he claimed, with a reasonable show of truth, that no other country could produce so large a number of names of such quality and such diversity of expression.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney was one of the prize winners at the annual exhibition of the Architectural League of New York at the Academy of Fine Arts. Mrs. Whitney collaborated as a sculptor with Hugo Ballin and Grosvenor Atterbury in competition for the special prize offered for the best design submitted by an architect, a sculptor, and a mural painter. Their work was awarded a prize of \$300. The design included an out-of-door swimming pool and pavilion, Mrs. Whitney's contribution being a statuette of Pan cast in green bronze. This forms the only sculptural ornament in the composition and is designed to be placed at the fountain from which the water is to be fed to the pool.

The city of New York has just received a unique gift from Mr. Archer M. Huntington, son of the late Collis P. Huntington. It is an Hispanic museum, in which is housed in princely style Mr. Huntington's extraordinary collection of antiques, manuscripts, marbles, bronzes, books, Hispano-Moresque ware, medals, coins, and letters. The museum stands on a hill just west of Broadway and One Hundred and Fifty-Sixth Street, in Audubon Park. The Hudson is but a block away and the Palisades are almost neighbors of the building. To further create the illusion of being far away from New York City there are trees and isolated villas dotted around. Mr. Huntington has long been a student of Spanish archaeology, literature, and art.

The most distinguished figure in the Druce case, the Duke of Portland, has just celebrated his fiftieth birthday. The sudden transition when he succeeded to the title from comparative poverty to immense possessions left him unchanged. He took up the position of a great landlord and resolved to run his 300-square-mile estate on business principles and with a strict regard to the interests of his tenants and servants. At Welbeck may be seen an almshouse and school built out of money won by the duke on the turf as prizes, for he abhors betting. There are also model dairies, model workshops, and a model fire brigade. Forestry is also one of his chief concerns, for his estate includes nearly 10,000 acres of woodland. He is, above all, a good sportsman. He went in for racing, and ten years of it saw him the winner of two Derbies in succession.

The question whether a man can be at the same time a royal Prussian official and a French subject and lieutenant in the French reserves appears to have been answered in the affirmative in Berlin, where Henri Marteau has been appointed successor of Joseph Joachim, although he distinctly declared that he would preserve his French citizenship and his lieutenancy. The Kaiser himself took a hand in the negotiations, and there has been apparently no adverse criticism in Germany because of the choice of a foreigner for so important and much-coveted a position. The fact that M. Marteau's mother was a German may have something to do with this, and more still the circumstance that Joachim himself had expressed a preference for Marteau as his successor. The young Frenchman is not only one of the best of living violinists, but he has shown signal pedagogic ability as professor at the Geneva Conservatory.

Father Gregory Petroff, the most noted priest in the Russian Church next to Father John of Cronstadt, was deprived of his ecclesiastical rank at a session of the holy synod at St. Petersburg in January and handed over to the civil authorities for judgment before a civil court. An alleged contumely to the church and state was contained in a letter which he addressed to Archbishop Antonius, metropolitan of St. Petersburg, and which was widely circulated in Europe and America. Father Gregory Petroff's career as a pulpit orator was one of the most brilliant. He exercised sway over all classes, multitudes thronging to hear him. At one time he was a great favorite at court and frequently led the family worship of the emperor. Since the beginning of the revolutionary movement he has fallen into disfavor on account of his liberal political views and has been kept under surveillance. Finally, on January 24, 1907, he was condemned by the holy synod to three months' internment in a monastery on account of the Christian-Socialistic doctrines advocated in his paper, *God's Truth*. On March 1, however, he was elected by the Constitutional Democrats to the second Duma.

SOCIETY IN PARIS AND VIENNA.

An English Officer Writes an Entertaining Volume of Recollections.

Among the lighter—the very much lighter—literature of the day must be reckoned this eminently readable hook by "An English Officer." He calls it "Society Recollections in Paris and Vienna, 1879-1904." The author tells us that he was a lieutenant and that he made up his mind to spend his winter vacations in the European capitals and especially in Vienna. Paris he already knew and there was not much of novelty for him there except the halls and parties given by wealthy Americans in the Champs Elysées. These he found amusing from their luxury and from the gorgeous display of toilettes by the American ladies in contradistinction to the general simplicity of French society where lemonade was to be found instead of wine and where jewels were conspicuous by their absence. Then, too, the American girls were more lovely than their French sisters. Miss Fanny Parnell, sister of the Irish leader, was, he tells us, the most admired of all the American girls in Paris, although her Americanism must have been of a rather dubious nature:

The salon of Miss Fanny Parnell was very much frequented of an afternoon at 5 o'clock, chiefly by gentlemen, for not only was she a remarkable beauty, but she excelled in *esprit* and one was never dull in her society for one moment. I met the Duc de Beaufort-Spontin there one day, who told me that often in England he was mistaken for the Duke of Beaufort, from the similarity of names. He amused us very much by saying how often he had received proposals of marriage from the mothers of young girls on behalf of their daughters, but he had always declined them. Once, however, he had made a mistake in refusing a young lady, for happening to travel in a railway carriage with a most delightful lady whom he fell quite in love with, he asked at the station when she got out who she was, and was informed that she was a French countess who had lately been married; and he then discovered that she was the young lady whom he had recently refused to marry without having seen her.

Eligible bachelors seem to be in request among French mothers, and it was sometimes difficult to avoid the toils spread for guileless feet. The author himself was in peril upon more than one occasion, and he had at least one opportunity to meditate upon the axiom that "he who hesitates is lost":

A marquise wrote to me to know whether I would marry her younger daughter, to which Renée Leclerc advised me to reply at once in the affirmative, as she said they were of the highest nobility in France, and excessively wealthy; but I hesitated and waited so long that my answer came too late, and the daughter was engaged to a French count. Years after the marquise wished me to marry her eldest daughter, but it was not the same thing for me, so I wrote and told her that my affection was for her younger daughter, and not for the elder one.

That was an adroit reply, although the marquise may have wondered that the early devotion should have been so slow a foot. But he was not always so adroit. There were occasions when he made a *faux pas* from which recovery was difficult:

Among the English residing in Paris there was a family named Shard, consisting of the father and mother, two daughters, and two sons, who went out in English society chiefly, but were also very intimate with a French lady and her daughter, Mme. de Passy, who lived in the same house with them, and occupied a very fine apartment at the Arc de l'Etoile. I constantly visited both these families, and one day, on calling on Mme. de Passy, I found the girls of both families busily cutting out dresses for a ball, which much surprised me; but they told me that they always made their own ball dresses, and were very proud of doing so. Mme. de Passy was very well off, so her daughter did not require to practice this out of economy; she did it more for amusement. I happened to go to an American ball soon afterwards, and a young American girl asked me what I thought of her toilette. I said I thought it was very pretty, and asked her if she had made it herself, whereupon she answered most indignantly: "No. Did you make your own coat and trousers?" I tried to improve matters, but could never again regain her good graces after this.

Here is a glance at another level of French life, although both of the strange characters referred to were English who found that Paris offered to them a better market than their own country:

Strange to say, at the time I am writing about the two most celebrated women belonging to the *demi-monde* were English, Skittles and Cora Pearl. The former, who became notorious through an English duke, used to be employed in a skittle alley near Bath, when a girl of sixteen, and in after years she came to Paris, where at the time I mention she was famous for her wonderful horses and carriages: everything was so quiet; the harness and livery of her servants, and she herself dressed always in dark colors, so that no one, unless they knew who she was, would have suspected that she was of the *demi-monde*. Cora Pearl, on the contrary, had everything very showy; her carriages were mostly yellow, her servants wore powdered hair, and her own dresses were so conspicuous that no one could help noticing her at once. These women were both on the shady side of forty, I should say; but so made up, it was very difficult to guess their precise age. I never could see any remains of beauty in either of them, though I have heard say that Skittles was pretty in her extreme youth, but the other must have been always *une laideur*, I imagine, though she had a fine figure.

The author had a little pardonable curiosity on the subject of the Paris *grisette* and was unwilling to believe that the race was extinct, although he admits that the *grisette* may have become less sentimental and more mercenary.

There was a time when she was well satisfied to accept a supper or a trifling present from a lover, whereas now she soars higher and demands more elaborate things. With almost a tear in his voice the author approves of Frédéric Soulie's sentiment, "All is egoism and vanity in the world now," and he had his own experiences, too:

I made the acquaintance when I had just passed for the army, of a young girl in Paris, whom I first saw with her mother and whom I took for an American girl, as I thought she was too good looking to be French. Having nothing to do, I followed her and her mother across one of the bridges over the Seine to the Rue du Bac, and saw them enter a house there. I walked about, when suddenly the young girl appeared alone, rushing along the street. I followed her more from curiosity than anything else, and when I overtook her, she said she could not speak to me, but, entering a side street, gave me an appointment for the next day (Sunday) to drive with her at Boulogne. She then told me she was employed by one of the fashionable *couturières* in Paris, and that if she sat up all night to do work they paid her thirty francs a day; that I must never speak to her when she was with her mother, and never in the Rue du Bac, as she was well known by the tradespeople there. I used to meet her occasionally, generally in the Boulevard St. Germain by appointment.

Perhaps it is just as well that the curtain falls when it does. We are not allowed to know what became of Isahelle, for that was her name, but we are told that the greatest pleasure that could be given her was to buy her a stylish hat which cost about forty francs. Let us hope that all went well with Isahelle.

Among the famous men met by the author was Dr. Brown-Sequard, who perhaps was saved only by his physician's diploma from a charge of gross charlatanism. This medical Caligostro was at the height of his fame at the time referred to by the author:

His last discovery was what people called the "Elixir of Life," in which he had great faith, having tried it himself. He told me that he felt quite young in body after having it applied, being an old man at the time. I wrote to him once at Brighton when he was there, to make an appointment to see him, and he told me he had received five hundred applications to see him, and that as he was only in Brighton for a few days mine was the only one he had answered in the affirmative. An American telegraphed to Brown-Sequard to come to New York to see his son, who was ill, offering him ten thousand pounds. Brown-Sequard answered by saying that he would go to Liverpool, and that the American could bring his son there, which would only cost him very little. This was actually done, as Brown-Sequard's refusal to go to New York was deliberate. The story was published in the *Lancet* after Brown-Sequard's death.

Here is a good story related about Lady Cardigan and not without the touch of malice that usually lies not very deeply hidden in feminine wit:

Mme. Adelsberg used to tell a story about Lady Cardigan, who married the Comte de Lancastre because she desired him to become Portuguese ambassador at St. James's, but objection was raised to the comtesse, his wife, so he never became ambassador. When they were married, Lady Cardigan told Mme. Adelsberg in the evening of that day she was horrified to see her husband walk into her bedroom with a nightcap on and holding two glasses in his hands, one containing his glass eye and the other his false teeth; she said she should never forget that talk in her life.

The picture given by the author of Austrian society is unique in its way, and for the credit of Vienna it may be hoped that it is sometimes exaggerated. We hardly like to believe that the young girls of the Austrian capital, as a class, are hopelessly depraved, or that the lady who was considered a model tenant because she had only two lovers was in any way representative. Here is a scene from an entertainment given by Princess Metternich:

One year the Princess Metternich gave what she called a "White Redoute," in which the costumes were far finer. I spoke to a lady in French, who was masked, and she appeared to know all about me. She had seen me at Karlsbad, at Franzensbad, and at Gmund; she told me that she could not possibly tell me who she was, and said it was quite impossible for me to call upon her. She said that she had only been to the Princess Auersperg's ball that season besides this one. I endeavored to find out who she was, and while she was looking for her sister, Count Bellegarde, of the Horse Guards, offered her his arm; the sister took his other arm, and then she went away. I fancy it was the daughter of the Ambassador Prince zu Eulenberg, from her hair and the way she arranged it, and for many other reasons, but I never found out for certain. I asked her to let me see her face, but she only showed me her mouth. I told her that if everything were as perfect as her ears and mouth I could easily guess who she was; but she did not wish me to know, she said, and so I was mystified. The other ladies who spoke to me there I generally guessed by the voice almost at once, though they managed to intrigue other men.

The lady who smokes is not a rarity in Vienna. Indeed, she is the rule, and this is equally true of other parts of eastern Europe:

It is customary in Vienna to sit after dinner in the dining-room, and every one, both ladies and gentlemen, smokes afterwards in the same room, for there are few ladies in Vienna who do not smoke cigarettes. Even quite young girls of the best families in Vienna smoke cigarettes after dinner, either of an afternoon or evening, and it is by no means a rare occurrence to see a young girl at one of the first hotels in Vienna light a cigarette after dinner and smoke it in public. It does not surprise any one; in fact, it is so usual a thing that no one takes the slightest notice of it. The other day some one stated that they had seen in Vienna a lady smoker in one of the electric tramways, seated in the compartment reserved for

smokers. She was quite a young girl, of fourteen or fifteen, and was very well dressed. She pulled out a silver cigarette case, lighted a cigarette, and began smoking, at which the people were rather surprised, as it is not usual for ladies to smoke in tramways; but no one could say anything or raise any objection—it merely created surprise at the time.

These society recollections are certain to give pleasure not only because they are entirely unbiassed and of a perfect good humor, but from a certain felicitous style of inconsequence that well befits the subject. The author seems to have met well nigh every one of note and the picture that he shows us never becomes dull or wearisome. "Society Recollections in Paris and Vienna, 1879-1904," by An English Officer. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Demand Perilous.

Give me of thy delight!
Thy wildest laughter bring;
Bring all thy wreathe'd magic bright
Of smiles to bless and mock my sight;
Thy merriest music sing!
Thy gladness is my triumphing,
Thy joy my need for toil and fight—
Give me of thy delight!

Give me of thy despair!
Thy sorrow's poisoned wine;
My lips thy cup of wormwood dare,
For thy salt bread I make my prayer:
Tears are more deeply thine
Than laughter, and thy deeps are mine,
Though Shame and Pain inhabit there—
Give me of thy despair!

—Homer E. Woodbridge, in *McClure's Magazine*.

France—1792.

Gallant and gay and young was he;
Sweet as the Queen's own lilies, she;
Prince and Princess of high degree.
These two met on the marble stair
That led to the Salle des Fêtes, and there
She caught a rose from her powdered hair.

Careless of courtiers' frowns and quips
Held it against her lovely lips
A moment's space, as the wild bee sips!
A moment's space, and the crowd closed in,
Throb of flute and the violin
Blent with the merry dancers' din.

On the azure riband that crossed his breast,
Jewel-splendored and lace caressed,
He set the flower her lips had pressed.
Life, to them, was a garden spot,
A song, a tread in the grand gavotte,
Treasure and Time, to them, were not.

Dawn crept into the sullen sky;
Throb of flute and the viol's sigh
Died in a madder, fiercer cry:
Roar of rabble, and clang of bell,
Rioted jest and a mocking yell,
Sounds of shame, and the sights of Hell.

The steps are steep to the guillotine;
The red blood oozes out between!
Who goes up with brow serene?
A Prince as proud as a Prince may be,
And a fair little Princess of high degree:
White as the Queen's own lilies, she.

Riband and lace have rent and stain!
Wail, O winds, in piteous pain!
Weep, sad clouds, but ye weep in vain!
Life was a laugh, a dancer's pace!
Death is weary, and sad of face!
God in his goodness grant them grace!

—Meribah P. Abbott, in *Appleton's Magazine*.

The Lower View Point.

I would not have trusted the bee with a sting,
Nor the gnat with a taste for meat;
I would not have hidden in brake and ling
The adder that haunts my feet;
I would not have bristled the hedge with thorns.
Nor poisoned the berries red;
I would not have fashioned the bullock's horns,
Nor riddled the night with dread.

I would not have burdened the sun with spots,
Nor put out the moon so quickly.
I would not set snails in the garden plots,
Nor scatter the weeds so thickly;
But knowing the world is God's, not mine,
I fancy the gnat and the bee,
The adder, the bush, and the horned kine
Must wonder why God made me.

—London Daily Chronicle.

Plato in Egypt.

Plato in Egypt, so the legend goes;
And with the words the picture rises clear,—
The scorching, boundless sands, the deep-browed
seer
Strayed from fair Greece in search of One who
knew.
Paused he not here, where Abou Simhel shows
In tranquil majesty, without a peer,—
A strange stone smile, benignant, calm, austere,
Soulless and satisfied, past joys or woes?
Did he, the wide-souled, who could deeply pry
Into the Cause, could sift the False and True,—
Did Plato ponder here the riddle why
Man frets and seeks? Had Abou found the
clue?
Did Plato, too, depart hence with a sigh,
While still the stone lips smiled as if they
knew?
—E. Boyle O'Reilly, in *Putnam's Monthly*.

William Watson has confessed that his road to recognition as a poet was not an easy one. Not twenty copies of his first volume of poems had been sold ten years after it appeared to persons "outside the immediate circle of my friends and acquaintances," he says, nor did the second volume have much better success. The third hook, "Wordsworth's Grave and Other Poems," went rapidly through three editions and has been selling well ever since.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Miss Mary Johnston is finishing a novel dealing with the period of Thomas Jefferson. It will be published some time this year by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Owen Wister has joined the ranks of authors who are in politics, and has been nominated for City Councilman on the Reform ticket in Philadelphia. Mr. Wister is a personal friend of President Roosevelt, and a staunch Republican in national politics, but his appearance as a candidate is in direct opposition to the Republican "machine" nominee. His home is in one of the strongest "organization" wards in the city, but he has entered on the campaign so vigorously that his chances of election are said to be excellent.

The Macmillan Company has brought out an important philosophical work entitled "The Will to Doubt," by Professor Alfred H. Lloyd of the University of Michigan.

The last work of the late Edmund Clarence Stedman, which has appeared in book form, is his "Mater Coronata," a poem recited at the bicentennial of Yale University.

One of the chief sensations in this winter's Scandinavian book market is the publication (Copenhagen and Chicago: Gyldebrand Publishing Company) of the long-lost manuscript of Ibsen's epic, "Brand." This manuscript, which had been left in the lumber-room of the Scandinavian Artists' Society in Rome, has now, after many vicissitudes and forty years of oblivion, come into the possession of the Copenhagen Royal Library and has been edited with copious and instructive notes by Professor Karl Larsen.

The title of Winston Churchill's new novel, which is to be published this spring, is "Mr. Crewe's Career." Mr. Churchill's previous story, "The Crossing," was published in 1904.

"Federal Usurpation," just published, is written by Franklin Pierce, a grandson of President Pierce. The author reviews critically some of the new powers recently assumed by the government.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

The New York Evening Post has stirred up some pardonable wrath by a contemptuous editorial on the short story. This form of fiction is described as "the lowest type of imaginative literature." We are told that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is nothing more than "whipped syllabus—a pretty confection for young ladies who want to kill time."

Perhaps the writer did not intend to be taken too seriously and was merely posing as the angel who troubled the waters. Ninety-nine per cent of short stories may be worthless; they probably are, but then 99 per cent of long stories, of novels, are worthless, too. Perhaps not much more than 1 per cent of all modern books could enter a valid plea in stay of execution. Boccaccio said: "I will now father modern literature," and he did it by writing short stories. Poe, Rudyard Kipling, and a host of others have followed acceptably in his steps, and if we can be assured of one good one out of every hundred short stories we will tolerate the other ninety and nine and thank the gods of literature that things are no worse.

Shirley Brooks of Punch, by George Somes Layard. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$3.50 net.

We might get a better title for this fine book by omitting the reference to *Punch*. Shirley Brooks was a man of the world who knew every one worth knowing, an inimitable letter-writer, a fine raconteur, and one of the best fellows that ever lived. His connection with *Punch* was an incident in his career, but his life outside of *Punch* would have furnished an admirable biography.

There was a day when Shirley Brooks searched for the *Punch* joke with a magnifying glass and searched in vain. That was when he was attached to *The Man in the Moon* and offered a reward of five hundred pounds and a free pardon to the author of a *Punch* joke for an elucidation of said joke. But when Brooks went over to the enemy, *Punch* "swelled wishily," although for many years Brooks played second fiddle to Mark Lemon, who said that his pen was "the gracefulness in London."

The author has done his work well. He has stuffed his book so full of good things as to make us ashamed of the momentary feeling of dismay with which we noticed that it has six hundred pages. It ought to have twelve hundred, because there is not an uninteresting word in it. It is one of those rare biographies that show us not only the man as he actually was, humorous, genial, and jovial, but also a picture of the world in which he lived, the world of literary London, crowded with famous people and vibrating with great events. This is one of the few striking biographies of the day.

Mosquito Life, by Evelyn Groesbeck Mitchell. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The mosquito became an important citizen when science convicted him of spreading yellow fever and malaria. Indeed, the tale of his offenses tends rather to lengthen than to diminish under the light of research, and he must take an unhonored place by the side of the flea as one of those minute pests that must be exterminated at any and every cost.

The author of the present volume—a substantial one, by the way—has aimed at a thorough treatment of the subject, and certainly nothing of its kind has been better done. Every department of mosquito life has been handled exhaustively and the result is a work that displaces many earlier treatises and records, the last word of science upon the subject. It is interesting to note that in addition to the charges fully proved against him, the mosquito is suspected of spreading leprosy and elephantiasis, while incidentally we are told that fleas also may spread leprosy, while bedbugs are known to take a hand in this felonious work. Our knowledge of the pernicious activities of insects is probably only a little past its dawn. The turn of the filthy house-fly, for example, ought to be near, but in the meantime such valuable works as the present ought to go a long way to popularize information vital to the general health.

Colonial Recipes from Old Virginia and Maryland Manors, by Maud A. Bomberger. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington; \$1.25.

They lived well in the old colonial days and the modern housewife who would like to taste Martha Washington's "Rich Black Cake" may well be startled by the first item on the list, which is "twenty eggs." But the recipes are not all so prodigal as that. Most of them are well within the economical limitations of today and to forget them would be unpatriotic and a sin.

Mafoota, by Dolf Wyllarde. Published by John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

A great many books have been written to show the unwisdom of marrying the wrong man. "Mafoota" shows that even the right man may be married at the wrong time. When Ellice married Eric Hillier her knowledge of matrimony was of that limited va-

riety that we still like to associate with "sweet seventeen." A realization of the unforeseen brings terror and revulsion and she leaves her husband, assumes the name of a friend who has died while on a sea voyage, and takes up her residence with the friend's uncle in Jamaica, who receives her unsuspectingly and with open arms. Life on a ranch introduces her to the mysteries and familiarizes her with the facts of nature, so that when eventually her husband turns up she is ready to fall in love with him again, and this time understandingly. "Mafoota" is a strong, hold hook, but with the reticence and the moderation that are the marks of conscientious and purposeful aim.

The Challenge, by Warren Cheney. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

Even those who are a little impatient of Russian stories will find this one delightful. It is a romance of Russian Alaska and of the old trading posts that were far enough from the centre to allow them to create an individuality of their own and yet Russian enough to be representative of national character and traits. The lieutenant was head of the post, a czar in miniature, exercising his fraternal authority with a curious blending of kindness and harshness. The character of the priest Gvosdef, who kills the superstitious lieutenant by the daily ringing of his ceremonial bell, is adroitly drawn and the author is equally felicitous with his hero and his heroine, simple-minded and over-grown children, very winning, lovable, and human. The author has given us a book that leaves a good taste in the mouth. It is manly, strong, and sincere.

Human Bullets, by Tadayoshi Sakurai. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and New York; \$1.25.

This is a soldier's story of Port Arthur. It has been indorsed by the Japanese emperor and it will be read with unusual interest by those who value unobstructed glances into strange minds. The author saw most of the fighting until he was left as dead upon the field of battle, and although his actual experiences are striking enough, the chief charm of his book is in its reflection of the mind of the Japanese soldier and the curious blending of discipline, dignity, and exalted patriotism that have done so much for his country. The story is worth reading as a narrative of events. As a psychological study it is unique because publication does not seem to have been premeditated.

The Political Opinions of Thomas Jefferson, by John Walter Wayland, B. A., Ph. D. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington; \$1.25.

This handy volume will be useful to political students who are embarrassed by the wealth of literature already existing on the Jeffersonian philosophy of statecraft. In the most condensed form consistent with clearness we have a discussion divided into five heads: "Government," "The American States," "The United States Government," "The United States in Relation to Foreign Powers," and "Concerning Various Questions of Importance." Its concise accuracy commends this little volume to attention.

Electricity Book for Boys, by Joseph H. Adams. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.75.

There is no book better designed than this to give boys a practical interest in electricity or to start them on lines of independent experiment. The subject is presented in just the right way to arouse and hold the imagination without demanding excessive expenditure and with just the proper blending of theory and application.

Henry James: A New Edition.

The new edition of the novels and tales of Henry James is likely to be a landmark in the history of American literature. It is certain that Charles Scribner's Sons have spared nothing in the way of elaborate and artistic care to give distinction to the works of an author who stands at the head of living writers of fiction, both in the New World and in the old. Thanks to Henry James, America holds the laurels for a first place in the world's fiction.

The present edition, which is to be known as the New York edition, will consist of twenty-three octavo volumes, and, of these, two have already appeared—"Roderick Hudson" and "The American." Fifteen volumes will be devoted to the longer novels and the remaining eight will contain the shorter novels and the tales. As a mark of the special effort that has been made to give dignity to this edition, it may be said that Mr. James has devoted many months to a minute revision of all the novels and tales in order that they may appear with his emphasized imprimatur and in the precise form by which he wishes them to be read and remembered. He has himself prepared special prefaces for each volume and these prefaces are in their way unique. In them the author narrates the circumstances in which each book was conceived and executed and himself criticises his own work pungently and impersonally. The prefaces have thus all the interest of confessions, while as critical analyses and general literary

essays they constitute what is practically a new and fascinating work.

The illustrations deserve a word of special praise. They consist of a photogravure frontispiece for each volume. Volume I, for example, contains the best portrait of Mr. James that has yet seen the light, while the selection and production of them all will be marked by a discriminating and interesting relevancy. It needs only be added that the externals of this edition are worthy of the occasion. Binding and topography are faultless, and it would be hard to find a more dignified and impressive addition to the library shelves. The price in cloth is \$2 a volume and in half levant \$4.

New Publications.

A good story for his children is "Dorchester Days," by A. G. Plympton, author of "Dear Daughter Dorothy." Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.25.

R. F. Fenno & Co., New York, have published "The spotter," a romance of the oil region, by William W. Canfield, author of "Legends of the Iroquois." Price, \$1.50.

The evolution of a girl from school days to self-consciousness has seldom been better described than by Mary Harriott Norris in her "Story of Christina." Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington; \$1.50.

An ingenious and useful little book has been written by Mrs. Hermann Kotschmar and published by the Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. It is entitled "Half-Hour Lessons in Music," and its intelligent arrangement should commend it to students. Price, \$1.

The Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington, has published the address delivered by Judge Theodore S. Garnett at the unveiling of the equestrian statue of General Stuart at Richmond, Virginia, on May 30, 1907. Judge Garnett was General Stuart's aide-de-camp and the high level of his speech with its historical retrospect should commend it to attention. Price, \$1.



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GRACE GEORGE IN "DIVORCONS."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

That upper lip of Grace George's, with its piquant double arch, must mean comedy. At any rate, it means humor, coquetry, and charm. This newly successful comedienne has been captivating audiences in New York and London, and is now pursuing the same pleasant practice in the outlying provinces of her home country. One might well conjecture that Sardou's "Divorçons" would prove rather a faded and battered vehicle for a young and winking actress to choose as a means of exhibiting her grace, her talent, and her temperament, yet, truly, one could not, all in a moment at least, recall a better.

Grace George seems to pour her whole self into the mold of Cyprienne, and the fit is perfect. No wonder that she captured London. In the English capital they greatly appreciate the Gallic lightness that affords such marked contrast to the art allied to the heavier British temperament. But, in the mass, the decorous Briton loves not the innuendo which the French so affect; in their more frivolous drama, at least. Grace George gives this effect of Gallic lightness so successfully that, to American eyes, she fits with peculiar felicity into this wittiest of Sardou's comedies.

And to her manner of French vivacity is enchantingly united the prettiest air of innocence in the world. Thus, while Cyprienne is playing with fire, she seems to be as oblivious as a child to the fact that her dainty skirts are in danger of being scorched. So young she seems, so fresh, so full of a bird-like interest and curiosity in the pleasures denied the dull little wrens of sober domesticity, that the play seems to be animated with some of the freshness and charm of the woman who is rejuvenating it.

Miss George's personal appearance, her youthful blondness, her dainty slenderness, are further conducive to this suggestion of partial innocence. Her Cyprienne is a charmingly feminine, bewitchingly inconsistent, enchantingly illogical bundle of caprice, and the eternal womanly is strong in her. Cyprienne is really a very clever, if superficial, bit of character study.

In his later works Sardou virtually gives character study the go-by. He strives for dramatic effects, no matter how rank the motive, or how revolting the situation. He wishes to startle, to inspire fear, horror, overwhelming emotion. But, though he strikes jarring blows upon the nerves of sensation, he rarely makes a deep or abiding impression upon the mind. In spite of the tragic atmosphere which surrounds her, La Tosca as a woman is really an inferior conception to Cyprienne.

One laughs and laughs at the captious little queen of Des Prunelles's affections, but it is not only the idle, unthinking laugh with which one responds to farce pure and simple. There is more than a strain of reality to her, and when she arraigns her husband, and, over his shoulder, all the worn-out roués who take to their "tired arms and burnt-out hearts" young buds of innocence and beauty whose freshness and fragrance shall stimulate anew their jaded susceptibilities, there is more than a suggestion of seriousness to her strictures.

Miss George, as Cyprienne, gives Des Prunelles his rating with vivacious earnestness. Perhaps Cyprienne steps a little out of character when she shows such a knowledge of the situation; that is, of the character, that Grace George gives her. The half-awakened innocence of the young wife would, doubtless, make a Frenchman of the boulevard smile cynically. But it is that very quality which makes a play of such *risqué* situations perfectly acceptable to American and English audiences without at the same time depriving it of point. I heard men using the term "beautiful" in describing the performance, and I doubt not that their extreme pleasure was partly caused by the innocence of Cyprienne, so carefully preserved by that finished connoisseur of fresh rosebuds, Des Prunelles.

Frank Worthing proves to be an excellent choice for the part of the husband. He acts the rôle with considerable discretion, with carefully restrained humor, and with a very successful assumption of the tone and manner of the Parisian *moulin* who is engaged in the settling-down process, with a pretty young wife to make it acceptable. Mr. Worthing still swallows about one-half of what he says, but this is apparently due to some ineradicable quality of voice and articulation, rather than lack of care. What we hear is so well-spoken, in the matter of ex-

pression, that it is a matter for regret that we lose anything.

In the earlier scenes, especially in the first act, Frank Worthing is very distinctly Frank Worthing, rolling his eyes a little too obviously, even though farcically, but the actor warms up to his work, and in the second act, when the wily husband renounces his prettily capricious partner to a legitimized and therefore humdrum lover, who has the further offense of possessing only one-twentieth of his income, the star and her leading man play into each other's hands quite delightfully.

Sardou hit on a very unusual situation when he allowed the husband, by a judicious display of diplomacy, to succeed in persuading his wife to reveal all the secrets of her flirtation. The secrets were quite harmless, and therefore to Parisian and American audiences alike the situation was perfectly allowable. Probably Miss George is most bewitching in this scene, when, with a pretty air of confidence, Cyprienne gayly confides to her husband the details concerning the code of signals between the lovers, and the exact geographical location of the three kisses. And yet, no. She is, to a man, perhaps, most provocative in her jealousy. Jealous women are not supposed to recommend themselves to the masculine taste, yet Cyprienne jealous is decidedly more alluring than Cyprienne indifferent.

But there is still another mood that Miss George made charming; that was when Cyprienne, gleeful as a child over her escape, flees from the lover with his tedious claims, to a down-town restaurant dedicated to gallant adventures, where she feels herself on a tremendous lark with the husband, who is fast assuming the aspect of a vanishing blessing.

Miss George, however, is always charming, and to her inborn attractiveness is added a particularly natural method of acting, and elocution that is distinct, flexible, and highly expressive. It takes considerable art for an actress to make her points clearly with a small, crimson nose tightly clutched, and a mouth muffled by a weepingly bedewed handkerchief. But one of the times when the art of the comedienne is most appreciated is when the husband, metaphorically blessing the lovers, extracts small, doleful squeaks of assent and dissent from beneath the same damp handkerchief, in answer to his artful inquiries concerning the satisfactory disposition of things all round.

Miss George's support is sufficiently satisfactory in the matter of principals. The lover, Gratiac, is played by Douglas Gerald, without distinction or fineness of touch, but with general fidelity to the character as it was conceived by Sardou, and acted by Parisian players. Joseph, the waiter, supplies the only detail of fine finish in the minor support. Joseph is the sort of character that Paris loves, and in the French metropolis it is sure to be acted with the make-up of some popular and well-known waiter at an equivalent of Café Grand Vatel. Mr. William Ricciardi during the few brief moments he is on the stage shows a command of facial expression, and of expression in attitude, that stamp him as a skillful actor, and one of individuality.

The subordinate members of the company are raw, unpolished products. It is easy to imagine the delicately indicated frivolity with which French players would act this scene. As it is, it goes by on a gallop. Each one takes his tea, smiles a society smile, speeds through his lines, and disappears. The social ceremony becomes a mechanical race, reminding one of the cynic's estimate of an afternoon pink tea: "Giggle, gabble, gobble, git."

Miss Zwerin's Piano Recital.

Fannie Zwerin, a young San Franciscan, well known in musical circles, will give a concert at Lyric Hall, Larkin Street near Turk, next Wednesday evening, February 26. Miss Zwerin is an accomplished pianiste and those who have heard her interpret the works of the great masters say that she is destined to make her mark in the musical world. She will be assisted by Max Dolin, the eminent violinist, and Gyula Ormay will act as accompanist. Her numbers will include the Sonata in G minor, Op. 22, by Schumann; Beethoven's Andante, Op. 35; Chopin's Polonaise, Op. 71; an Intermezzo of Brahms; Schumann's "Grillen"; the "Witches' Dance," Op. 117, No. 2, by MacDowell, the recently deceased American composer; the Barcarolle, Op. 50, by Rubinstein, and Liszt's Rhapsody, No. 8. Mr. Dolin's number will be Sarasate's delightful "Zigeunerweisen." Reserved seats may be obtained at Kohler & Chase's.

"Brewster's Millions," to be seen in San Francisco next month, will shortly be presented in Paris by Charles Frohman. The American comedy will be given in French. It will then be running in four countries—America, England, Australia, and France. Charles Frohman is also negotiating for a production of it in Berlin.

Will L. Greenbaum announces the dates for the concerts of Fritz Kreisler, the great violinist, as Sunday afternoons, March 8 and 15, and Thursday evening, March 12, at Christian Science Hall.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell is one of the dramatic stars to be viewed here next month.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The New Alcazar company is giving a thoroughly enjoyable presentation of "Barbara Frietchie," but in spite of its success another play will be put on next week by the management. That powerful drama of seaside life, "Sag Harbor," written by and played in by James A. Herne, will be given with an especially suitable arrangement of the cast. Fred J. Butler will be the Captain Dan Marble, a character on similar lines to those of Uncle Nat in "Shore Acres," a part in which Mr. Butler was eminently successful. All the favorites of the company will appear, and Messrs. Belasco and Mayer will stage the play in handsome style.

At the Princess Theatre for another—the third—week "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" will hold the boards, and this not through the strength of the opera or the charm of its music, but because of the fitness of the company and their ability to do in a most pleasing way all that they attempt. Cecilia Rhoda, Edith Bradford, Zoe Barnett, and Sarah Edwards could not easily be surpassed in their rôles, and the men of the company are no less thoroughly pleasing. Arthur Cunningham, Harold Crane, George Leon Moore, Ned Nye, and W. H. Bray, are principals whose quality is above that offered by any comic opera company the city has ever had. "San Toy" comes March 1.

Grace George will continue at the Van Ness Theatre in "Divorçons" for another week. Her success is positive and unqualified. The play and the charming comedienne are reviewed at length in another column.

A musical comedy company headed by Maud Williams and Frank Harcourt will give three pieces next week at the Novelty Theatre. On Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday evenings, "The Pride of New York" will be offered; Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights, "The Girl from Frisco" will be the bill; and on Saturday at the matinee and at night, "Puck, Judge, and the Girl," will be seen. All three are said to be filled with bright, catchy music. Popular prices will prevail during this engagement.

The new bill at the Orpheum, beginning Sunday afternoon, will be headed by Dumond's Minstrels, street singers, who perform on the violin, mandolin, and guitar. La Sylphe, the classical dancer, will make her first appearance. She was the rage of London last season at the Alhambra Theatre. Fred Watson, singer, and the Morrissey Sisters, dancers, will be seen in a pleasing turn. Carletta, the contortionist, will make his first appearance here. It will be the last week of the Curzon Sisters, "The Flying Butterflies," and also of the Four Amatis, of Violet Dale, and of the English actor, William Hawtrey, and his clever company.

Mary Shaw in "Candida," "Ghosts," and "Mrs. Warren's Profession," will be the next attraction at the Van Ness Theatre following Grace George, beginning on Sunday night, March 1. The engagement is limited to one week.

"The Three of Us," the bright and successful play by Rachel Crothers, will follow "Sag Harbor" at the New Alcazar Theatre.

At the Novelty Theatre, beginning March 1, there will be an elaborate revival of that old yet ever popular spectacle, "The Black Crook."

Robert Mantell will be seen in San Francisco late this season in "Macbeth," "King Lear," "Hamlet," "Othello" (playing both the title rôle and Iago), "King Richard III," "The Merchant of Venice," "King John," and "Julius Caesar." He will also produce Bulwer Lytton's play, "Richebeu," which he has retained in his repertoire through popular demand.

After playing for over a year at the Bijou Theatre, New York, in a series of Ibsen plays, including "Hedda Gabler," "A Doll's House" and "The Master Builder," and presenting successfully for the first time in America Bracco's comedy, "Comtesse Coquette," and lately Owen Johnson's "The Comet," Mme. Nazimova, the Russian actress, closed her engagement at that theatre on Saturday evening, February 15, to appear in Philadelphia and Boston.

Augustus Thomas's telepathic drama, "The Witching Hour," has passed its hundredth performance at the Hackett Theatre in New York.

Just prior to Mrs. Elinor Glyn's departure for Europe James K. Hackett completed arrangements for the dramatic rights of "Three Weeks." The play will probably be by the pen of the authoress herself, with Mr. Hackett as collaborator, and will be produced before the close of the present dramatic season.

Examination of the salary lists of the operatic stars of Covent Garden has revealed the fact that despite the many stories of fabulous sums paid to singers in the last twenty years of the artists regularly appearing at Covent Garden only three have touched \$1000

for a single evening, Melba, Calvé, and Jean de Reszke. Of these three Jean de Reszke and Melba have exceeded that limit, the figures being respectively \$1200 and \$1250. The sum last mentioned is paid to one singer only now holding a contract with the Royal Opera Syndicate.

White Whittlesey is leading man for Julia Marlowe and shared in her success in the presentation of a new comedy by James B. Fagan, entitled "Gloria," at the Majestic Theatre in Boston a week ago.

Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne will leave the vaudeville stage and play Mr. Cressy's drama, "The Village Lawyer," with a full company of prominent actors.

J. F. TWIST, DENTIST, 1476 Eddy Street, near Fillmore. Phone, West 5304.

AMUSEMENTS

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Arthur Cunningham, Ned Nye, Will H. Bray, Sarah Edwards and all the favorites in the cast
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A Companion Piece to "Shore Acres."

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Assisted by Frank Worthing and her London and New York company in Sardou's celebrated comedy

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Matinee Saturday Only

Sunday, March 1—MARY SHAW in "Candida," "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and "Ghosts."

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Sunday, Monday and Tuesday

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Coming—Elaborate production of "The Black Crook."

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Oakland Race Track
Six or more Races each Week Day, RAIN OR SHINE. Races start at 1:40 p. m. sharp. For Special Trains stopping at the Track take the S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street, leaves at 12, thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 p. m.
No smoking in last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.
Returning, trains leave the track after fifth and last races.
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.
PERCY W. TREAT, Sec.

SAN FRANCISCO GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

REVIEW OF EVIDENCE BEFORE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS

February 13, 1908

In Support of Claim for a Rate for Gas of One Dollar per Thousand

Send Out Receipts and Expenses	Total send out for year 1907.....	2,528,767,400 cu. ft.	
	Gross receipts as per statement filed in 1907 from gas sales.....		\$2,065,171.53
	Revenue, \$0.8166 per M. cu. ft.		
Less	Gross expense as per statement filed in 1907.....	\$2,291,672.39	
	Bond Interest.....	\$291,582	
	Sinking Fund.....	90,350 381,932.00	\$1,909,740.39
Valuation of Property	That is to say, the Gross Receipts for the sale of gas for the year exceeded the cost of manufacture, distribution and sale by.....		
	This amount, \$155,431.14, which is 7 per cent on \$2,220,448.85, is, therefore, the only return to the stock and bondholders; that it is inadequate will be seen from the following:		
	The value of the Gas property is shown by the filed statement to be.....	\$17,894,173.27	
Interest on Investment	But in order to eliminate any question that might arise as to inflated values of stock or bonds, the appraisement of the Assessor of the City and County of San Francisco has been taken as fixing the valuation of the property of the Company devoted to gas manufacture and distribution, and this valuation has been taken as the basis of this statement. The Assessor's valuation is as follows:		
	Real Estate.....	\$ 381,470.00	
	Improvements.....	1,224,433.00	
Annual Depreciation	Personal Property.....	2,133,318.00	
	Total.....	\$3,739,221.00	
	Of this amount, \$3,739,221, only \$100,000 is represented by franchise assessment.		
Increased Cost of Oil	It will be acknowledged that Assessors fix valuations on the basis of 60 per cent on real estate and improvements, and 40 per cent on personal property, and on these bases, value of the Gas properties (exclusive of Electric) would be...	\$8,009,800.00	
	A reasonable rate of interest on this valuation, considering the risks of business involved, would be 10 per cent, which is a lower figure than any merchandising business permits itself to earn; but for the purposes of this review, it will be assumed that at least the legal rate of interest would be reasonable, viz.: 7 per cent. The annual interest charge at 7 per cent on \$8,009,800.00 would be.....	\$560,686.00	
	Depreciation should also be allowed, and this can be assumed at 5 per cent per annum. (For argument on this point reference is made to Exhibit No. 5, on pages 546-7, Municipal Reports of San Francisco, 1904-5.) 5 per cent on \$7,124,015 is \$356,200, which amount added to Interest charge gives.....	\$916,886.00	
Recapitulation	This amount the Company should at least be permitted to earn over and above the cost of manufacture by rates to be fixed. The above amount on which depreciation is based, does not include Real Estate or Franchise values.		
	Recapitulating, this may, therefore, be shown in the following manner, based upon the 1907 delivery of 2,528,767,400 cu. ft.: Cost of gas delivered 1907-1908 (exclusive of Bond Interest and Sinking Fund).....	\$1,909,740.39	\$0.7552 per M
	Increased price for 1908-1909 due to increased price of oil.....	158,058.00	0.0625 per M
Increased Sales	Cost of Gas delivered, 1908-1909... In addition to above actual cost, should be added: Interest, 7 per cent on \$8,009,800.....	\$2,067,798.39	\$0.8177 per M
	Depreciation, 5 per cent on \$7,124,015.....	356,200	0.3624 per M
	Making a total cost of.....	\$2,984,684.35	\$1.1801 per M
As the rates to be fixed are applicable for the year 1908-9, conditions during said period, so far as known, must be considered. Oil, which represents 33 1/2 per cent of total cost of gas manufactured and distributed, will advance July 1, 1908, 25 cents per barrel, making an added cost of \$0.0625 per thousand cubic feet, and on basis of amount delivered last year, viz.: 2,528,767,400 cubic feet, a further increased cost of production of.....			\$158,058.00
	This rate of \$1.18, which should be allowed, is based upon actual costs, legal interest, reasonable depreciation, and known added costs for the coming year, and would allow no surplus for dividends, and none for extensions of Gas Plant, which last year alone amounted to \$291,659.36.		
	Therefore a rate of \$1.00 per thousand would not give a revenue in excess of expenses, and at the rate of \$1.00 the Company would be operating at an actual loss, even upon the assumption of an increased delivery.		
Assuming that the sales for 1908-1909 would show an increase of 12 1/2 per cent over 1907-1908, the sales would then amount to.....			2,850,000,000 cu. ft.
	and assuming also that a rate is made of one dollar, the revenue would be.....		\$2,850,000.00
	the expenses due to increased price of oil and labor would approximate.....		\$2,250,000.00
leaving for interest and depreciation.....			\$600,000.00
	or 7 per cent on \$8,555,555. This profit of \$600,000 by the Assessor's figures would afford no more than a reasonable interest on assessed values and justifies a rate of \$1.00 per thousand.		
	An increase of rate to \$1.00 per thousand would only afford an increased revenue on basis of an assumed sale of 2,850,000,000 cubic feet of \$427,500; while figures just quoted show that a profit of \$1,074,944 would afford only compensation at a legal rate of interest on assessed values and would justify a rate of \$1.20 per thousand.		

INTERESTING ITEMS

Street Lamps in Place.	Gas.	Electric.
April 18, 1906.....	5462	984
February 1, 1908.....	4665	1795
Decrease.....	797	Increase, 811

In cost, three gas lamps equal one electric; on that basis the City has now lighted 1636 more lamps than it had in 1906, at a less cost by \$75,000, due to voluntary reduction by Company for street lighting.
The Company disbursed during 1907, for labor alone, \$1,113,753.89.
In the residence district where gas is used for lighting and heating, and not for manufacturing purposes, the average consumption is small, i. e.:

	Total Sales Cubic Feet	Total Number Consumers	Miles Mains	Sales Per Mile of Main in Cubic Feet	Sales Per Consumer Per Annum Per Cubic Feet	Average Monthly Bill Per Consumer in Dollars
Mission.....	620,150,200	18,868	105	5,960,100	32,867	\$2.32
Richmond.....	377,265,000	9,767	67	5,630,820	38,626	2.65
Sunset.....	165,920,700	4,497	33	5,027,900	36,895	2.53

From the gas statistics of eight cities, comparing in population and area with San Francisco, the following is deduced:

Average price per thousand.....	\$ 0.90	San Francisco.....	\$.85
Wages gas makers per month.....	77.00		110.00
Wages service men per month.....	65.00		91.00

RECAPITULATED, the Company should have ONE DOLLAR GAS

BECAUSE that rate would yield only a fair return on the value of the plant as determined by the Assessor for the purposes of taxation, and is not a rate based on inflated values.
BECAUSE the losses sustained by the Company in the past two years should not be permitted to continue by legislation of present rate.
BECAUSE the city should protect the investments honestly made in its midst, which are factors in its prosperity; and, finally;
BECAUSE on any reasonable assumption of increased sales, the profits will not be 7 per cent on an assessed valuation, to say nothing of a value proportionate to a going business, and such as the laws permit any merchandising business to make.

SAN FRANCISCO GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

VANITY FAIR.

Professor Max Muller has made it clear to us that for the real refinements of civilization we must go back to ancient Egypt. What a pity that so much of this venerable wisdom has been lost. What would we not now give for that cunning medicine, odorless and tasteless, that caused the hair to drop out, producing baldness where once were luxurious tresses? Truly we are a decadent people, and brutality has taken the place of a delicate science. There is now only one way to remove the hair from the head of a rival, and society does not smile upon it except under great provocation.

Of course, there were hair restorers as well as hair destroyers in the land of Khem. The fat of a black serpent was highly esteemed and the ground hoof of a donkey boiled in oil was much in favor. Some of the Egyptian ladies pinned their faith to a mixture of roast dog's foot and date stones, while the blood of a black ox boiled with oil was much recommended. Perhaps some of these things might be worth trying as a *dernier resort*, and no doubt any drug store would oblige by filling the prescription. It seems a pity to neglect a possibility.

But in some respects the society customs of Egypt were very similar to our own. Ladies of real pretension dressed in garments so diaphanous that their bodies "shimmered through" the texture. That must have been just as pleasing then as it is now, although the onward march of civilization has taught us that some of these garments may be dispensed with altogether. Then, too, the Egyptians worshiped a god of cosmetics just as we do today. They painted their eyes, and they believed firmly in the beautifying effect of smoke from a brazier that was allowed to envelop the body. The smoke, they said, gave them a pleasing odor, and of course this is a matter of taste. Some people prefer patchouli. The fashions in dress were constantly changing. Sometimes long skirts were correct and these gave place to kilts. Sometimes the sleeves covered the arms and sometimes the arms were left bare. Now the modern woman has never yet tried kilts, and the suggestion may be thrown out as a pleasing novelty. Perhaps the professor could tell us something more about it.

The managers of the London and Paris Dress Exhibition are in a quandary. The agreement between the two cities was to the effect that London should furnish one-half the models and Paris the other half, and now it seems that the necessary girls are not to be found in the English metropolis. Of course, there are plenty of girls; there is never any lack of girls, thank Heaven, but they are not of the required specifications and their figures decline to be poured into the French molds. And so what is a poor manager to do?

The dresses to be exhibited are, of course, made according to the ideals of the millinery Providences. If the available human figures are so ill-advised as to decline to conform to them that is obviously the fault of the human figures for their non-compliance with the eternal fitness of things. In vain have the managers advertised and offered the most enticing pay. Candidate after candidate is examined and rejected, and many of them are sweetly pretty, but those unfortunate figures spoil them all. They have been allowed to grow up innocent of the restraints imposed by the corsetière, and as a result they are hopeless, quite hopeless.

One of the exhibition experts insinuates that it is pure cussedness. He does not use that word, but he means it all the same. He says the average English girl has never learned to wear corsets, and he seems to suggest that a law should be passed to remedy a state of affairs so deplorable. He says "the uncorseted brigade is growing larger in England all the time; moreover, it is considered a very smart fad to discard the corset. The result is that girls who have the most beautiful color imaginable and excellent health have forms that—hang it all! the less said about them the better."

Perhaps the beautiful color, the excellent health and the uncorseted forms are more closely related than our expert would like to admit. There was a time in the dim and unenlightened past when the dress was made to fit the form. Now it seems that the form must be made to fit the dress. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.*

Since the Mayor of New York, momentarily deviating into common sense, has vetoed the aldermanic fulmination against the restaurants that permit women to smoke there is no need to further belabor the sides of the aldermanic donkey. The women themselves have already done this to some effect, and there can be no use in wandering over the battlefield except to slay the slain. Some of the irate females of the metropolis, with that delicate wit that distinguishes the sex, have asked for legislation prohibiting aldermen from eating with their knives in public places, and making it a misdemeanor to use a toothpick. We do not usually associate aldermen with the more subtle refinements of social life, and even Alderman Tim Sullivan is hardly a guide to beautiful manners. It is too much to hope that the aldermen of New York now recognize the extent to which they have made asses of themselves and it would indeed be

almost a pity if any spasm of repentance should check their descent into the gulf of public derision.

American and European newspapers have vied with each other in their fulsome expressions of admiration for the behavior of Queen Amelie of Portugal upon the occasion of the recent assassinations. The queen sought to protect the crown prince, and at the moment when he fell she was trying to heat off with her bouquet one of the assassins who was standing by the side of the carriage.

It would have been enough to say for Queen Amelie that she acted as all mothers have acted from time immemorial. Had it been her lot to face grinding poverty for the sake of her son she would doubtless have done so, as countless mothers have done in all ages. Had it been necessary to endanger her own life by nursing her son through a contagious disease, there is no reason to believe that she would have failed in her duty. Mothers have done this since the foundation of the world. Reverentially speaking, self-sacrifice is their trade. As Queen Amelie did upon a small scale and under the spur of imminent crisis, so countless thousands of mothers of no less assured nobility are doing today upon a large and life-long scale and without the impetus of sudden strait.

It would almost seem that we are surprised to find human virtue or human intelligence in the crowned and coronetted ones of the world. When they do appear we hail them as supernatural and construct a halo for their owners. The queen who visits a sick child in a hospital or speaks kindly to an outcast is acclaimed as an angel of light and mercy, and of a virtue unprecedented upon earth. The prince who makes an intelligent remark on some public question or who writes a passable Latin verse is saluted as a second and a greater Solon or as an incarnation of all scholastic possibilities. It is all rather absurd, because it is now a long time since Europe has furnished either a prince or a princess with an intelligence above a rather low average or of a virtue in any way remarkable. It is an age of royal mediocrity.

But physical courage of a high order has usually been a characteristic of modern royalty. To preserve a demeanor of absolute impassivity under all untoward circumstances has been a part of their training from childhood. The death of the King of Portugal was very sudden, but, *bon viveur* as he was, he would have faced the assassin without a change of color or a tremor. Every crowned head knows that death walks by his side and familiarity with danger has bred a kind of contempt. The life of the German emperor has been attempted on an average once a week since he has been on the throne, but no one would suppose it from the easy unconcern with which he takes his daily and unprotected rides. Leopold of Belgium is by no means a modern Bayard nor is he exactly entitled to wear the white flower of a blameless life. If he is untroubled by conscience it is because he has no conscience, but he takes no precaution against the maniac or the assassin, and he walks the streets of his capital as though he were prepared to meet his God at any moment, which he certainly is not, unless we have been strangely misinformed as to Divine preferences. Alfonso of Spain must know that his life is in constant danger; it has been attempted several times, but he has never shown the white feather even for an instant nor lost the boyishness that is so abounding as to be ridiculous. The Sultan of Turkey is the only European sovereign—if he can be called a European sovereign—who is notoriously a coward. His fear in the streets is abject and pitiful and there is no corner in his palace where he feels secure. But even with Abdul Hamid it is probably not so much death that he fears as the hell that he knows must follow it, for Abdul is the only monarch of recent times upon whom civilization has agreed to confer an ante-mortem as well as a post-mortem damnation.

M. Worth of Paris is contributing a series of articles to *Harper's Bazar*, the first, by the way, that he has ever contributed to any periodical. Speaking of the various tastes of his royal customers, he has something interesting to say of Queen Alexandra. He says that she is a born artist in dress, inheriting her talent in this direction from her mother, the late Queen of Denmark, who carefully taught to her children the rules of good taste:

Queen Alexandra could—often does—trim her own hats and bonnets, and makes root-and-branch alterations in even the most recherché Paris millinery. Never does her majesty permit the extravagance of fashion to invade her immense wardrobe.

She does not ask, "Will panne or stiff brocade be favored?" or, "Will fur be admitted for evening wear?" or "Will tight sleeves last through another season?" No. And not because her majesty is a law unto herself. It is merely because she has exquisite taste and unerringly chooses modes that become her known beauty. The queen gets charming ideas from museums and galleries, and used to design in the tapestry room at Marlborough House under the direction of the late Lord Leighton.

M. Worth is something of a philosopher, and surely if philosophy is ever needed anywhere it is in the trade of the costumer.

He implores women not to pretend by their dress that they are younger than they are, for no policy could be worse:

Instead of dressing ten or twenty years younger than their age, women past their youth would find it a much wiser plan to dress years older than they really are! For what would happen? Why, just this, that people would say, "Why does madame wear a dress so much too old for her?" Surely, that is better than the remark, "Look at that old woman pretending to be a girl!" The happy medium, however, can be acquired with care and taste.

The unfortunate part of the thing is that women who are not young, but who dress as though they were young, really believe that their efforts are successful. We can none of us see ourselves as others see us, but if the old women who trick themselves out like girls could but see the disgusting impression that they make upon others they would very soon be cured. Nothing indeed can be more hideous or repulsive. Nothing indeed could be more unsuccessful, for the dress that is out of tune with age accentuates age and makes it ugly when it might be so beautiful.

Here, too, is another piece of advice that may be listened to when it is the great Worth himself who gives it:

If only girls would buy themselves by degrees pieces of real lace instead of the yards and yards of poor imitations with which they plaster their frocks, I can promise them that every inch of real lace will achieve for them the admiration of some discriminating man. For can it be supposed that men really admire the tawdry odds and ends with which so many women deck themselves, rather as if they were wild savages pleased with the glitter of worthless beads, than educated individuals of refinement who know good from bad, and false from true?

One more extract is perhaps permissible from an article that should be read in its entirety. It is addressed not to young girls, but to women, the women "such as I dress," but it may be taken to heart in California as well as in New York, in London as well as in Paris:

In Paris the woman of true refinement, such as I dress, will not wear at the theatre any cloak or toilette that draws attention to her; but will so mark herself that he who runs may read a "charming woman" by her quiet attire and its exquisite simplicity of design. It is true that the materials are fine—better can not be bought for gold, and the gown fits "à merveille," as we say. But all the effect is entirely unostentatious.

The woman dressed by M. Worth according to his own taste would probably receive scant space in the society columns of our dailies, but the discriminating might accept that as further proof of the refinement that marks a lady.

The Coatless King.

[At the recent royal hunting party King Alfonso created a sensation by taking off his coat. Queen Victoria had to request him to resume the discarded garment.]

The royal beaters beat the game that needed beating, being tame.

It seems a shame, but just the same the step was necessary.

The royal sportsmen have no fun in shooting pheasants that won't run.

Or fly, or sblun the royal gun. You've got to make them scary.

The royal hunters lay in wait and shot at quite a lively rate.

I'd really hate to try to state, with all the noise and racket,

How many birds that day were slain. But young Alfonso—him of Spain—

He just raised Cain. I saw with pain his highness shed his jacket.

Imagine how our blood was chilled, how all the court with horror thrilled,

How almost killed with shame and filled with grief and consternation!

Our blushes hot we strove to bide when he forgot his kingly pride.

We turned aside, politely tried to show no perturbation!

He really didn't seem to care, but stood with all that linen bare

And plugged a hare. King Edward's stare he took no sort of note on!

But presently his lovely queen in his direction seemed to lean

And, with a mien of anguish keen, cried: "Fonso, put that coat on!"

True majesty would rather sweat till every thread were wringing wet

And not forget that etiquette takes no account of weather.

The plumage gay, so I have beard, is mainly all the royal bird;

It's most absurd, upon my word, to shed a single feather.

A royalty in déshabillé! His shirt sleeves to the world reveal!

A subject leal can only feel that thrones will soon be rocking.

Although, of course, we know that kings and even queens have underthings.

True wisdom clings to coverings. Good gracious! It was shocking!

—Chicago News.

The captain of one of the Hamburg-American liners, while on a recent visit to New York, was talking of pride of birth, and he told of a certain brother captain in the transatlantic service: "A German passenger once fell from the deck of his ship into the sea, and a sailor, seeing him disappear with a splash, cried: 'Man overboard!' 'What do you mean with your 'Man overboard'?' shouted the captain, who heard the call. 'Graf Hermann von Finkenstein, Duke of Sualia and Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, is overboard.'"

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Newspaper men were to be excluded from a famous trial. "That's good," one of them remarked. "I hate to be hampered by facts in writing up a case of this kind."

Henry J. Byron, one of the wittiest of English playwrights of a score of years ago, remarked on one occasion: "A play is like a cigar. If it's good, everybody wants a box. If it's bad, all the puffing in the world won't make it go."

A young man who had just entered the office of Jeremiah Mason, the great New Hampshire legal luminary, to study law, asked him where he should begin. Mason, pointing to the books on the library shelves, answered laconically: "Anywhere."

The daughter of an English lady of very high rank had some pain in her foot, which her mother asked the governess to be good enough to look at. The latter, after examining it, said, with deference, "If it were not for her ladyship's exalted rank, I should say it was a bunion."

Speaking of the methods adopted by some of the unions throughout the country in righting their wrongs, Senator Dolliver of Iowa says it reminds him of an Irishman who, upon hearing for the first time the braying of a donkey, remarked, after waiting for the last discordant note to die away, "Faith, you are no doubt in great pain, but I had more sympathy for you before you complained."

John Lawrence Toole, the most popular low comedian of his day, once gave a supper to eighty of his friends, and wrote a note to each of them privately beforehand, asking him whether he would be so good as to say grace, as no clergyman would be present. It is said that the faces of those eighty men as they rose in a body when Toole tapped on the table, as a signal for grace, was a sight which will never be forgotten.

An affable New York police officer who cultivated the acquaintance of the people who passed his corner regularly, says that he missed a German porter who was in the habit of stopping to speak to him every day. A few days later he reappeared and was asked where he had been. "Over in Jersey," he replied. "What part of Jersey?" "I don't know," replied the German. "Funny thing 'bout them towns over in Jersey; they all have different names."

One afternoon Mrs. Murphy appeared at the settlement house, all dressed up in her best bonnet and shawl. A huge black and blue spot disfigured one side of her face, however, and one eye was nearly closed. "Why, Mrs. Murphy, what is the matter?" cried one of the teachers; and then, realizing that she might have asked a tactless question, she hastily turned it off by saying: "Well, cheer up, you might be worse off." "Sure an' I might," responded the indignant Mrs. Murphy. "I might not be married at all!"

This is a fair specimen of the European brand of press-agent literature: Mark Hambourg, the pianist, had many amusing experiences in America. One night he gave a concert in a town very far out West, where of late highway robbery had again become fashionable. Two peaceful citizens were held up and robbed of the contents of their pockets, among which were two tickets for Mr. Hambourg's concert that night. While the concert was going on a note arrived for Mr. Hambourg, in which the robbers returned the tickets, "much regretting that they were unable to make use of them."

During a performance of "The Merry Widow" at Daly's Theatre in London the young King of Spain sat in a box, and between the acts an English baronet presented a Chicago millionaire to the Spanish sovereign. The talk turned—over a fizzy, aromatic drink—to the innumerable titles of the young monarch. He is Emperor of Jerusalem, Duke of Flanders, Lord of Brabant, King of the West Indies, Duke of the Philippines—in short, he has titles to a hundred lands that have been wrested from him by France, Holland, America, and so on. "They used to call me, in addition to my other names, 'the Great,'" said the young king, smiling, "but I put a stop to that. I said that the greatness of Spain was too much like that of a hole, which becomes greater the more you take away from it."

Porter Wright, who was a servant in the employ of Daniel Webster, says the great statesman's sense of humor was infinite. On one occasion a man presented a bill to him for payment. "Why," said Webster, "I have paid the bill before." The neighbor assured him that he was mistaken. "All right, then; call again in the morning, and I will settle with you." As soon as the man was gone, Webster called his son Fletcher, and told him to look over his papers and see if he could not find a receipted bill. To the surprise of both, two receipted bills were found, showing that the bill had been paid twice. Webster put the

receipts in his pocket and said nothing. In the morning the neighbor returned for the money. Webster took his seat under the old elm, and ordered Wright to bring out the decanter. Filling the glass to the brim, he handed it to the man and told him to drink. Webster then began: "Mr. Blank, do you keep books?" The man assured him that he did not. "Then I would advise you to do so," said Webster, and pulling one of the receipts from his pocket handed it to him. The man was covered with confusion, while Webster continued: "And while you are about it you had better get a book-keeper who understands double-entry!" at the same time handing him another receipt. "Now," said Webster, "I am going to pay this bill just once more, but I assure you, upon my word of honor, that I will not pay it the fourth time."

Andrew Carnegie is fond of quoting the witty remark made by an old friend of his in Pittsburg, who for some time held the record for fast horses, but was one day beaten in a brush by a young man. The old gentleman disappeared for some time. He had gone to Kentucky to get a horse that would reestablish his supremacy. He was being shown over a stud, and had already gone past a long string of horses with their records on the stall and the victories they had won. Then he was taken through a long line of young horses with their pedigrees, from which the dealer was proving what they were going to do when they got on the track. The old gentleman, wiping his forehead—for it was a hot day—suddenly turned to the dealer, and said: "Look here, stranger—you've shown me 'have beans,' and you've let me see your 'going-to-be's,' but what I am here for is an 'iser.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

She Came Down "Plump."

A very slim girl named Miss Bratten
Once went to skate at Manhattan.
She soon struck the floor,
Said she: "Well, before
I skate any more I must fatten."
—What to Eat.

Desperate Remedy.

A man with his cook had a row,
But he had to retain her somehow.
So he sent her a lay
On St. Valentine's day—
And they're off on their honeymoon now!
—Taylor-Trotwood Magazine.

Then and Now.

It makes me laugh to hear the people say
Times aint like what they used to be at all;
That they can easily enough recall
When folks could earn a higher rate of pay,
And thus lay up more for a rainy day.
The weather then comes in and gets a whack;
The winters that we're having now, hy jo!
Aint nothing like we had some years ago,
In '65,' or maybe further back.
And there is nothing just the same, croak they,
As once it was in that old hygene day.
But when I ask them if they'd like to see
The old days here and now, they look at me
And shrug, and haven't got a word to say.
—Joe Cone, in New York Sun.

Love Sonnets of a Cowboy.

I didn't used to set around so still
Before I met that teacher I'm the East,
Ner give two whoops because my hair wa'n't
greased.
But now I've shook my pardner, Bronco Bill—
I don't like traispin' 'round with such a pill!
Each day I make sure that my chaps is creased,
And that a ribbon's on my ridin' heat,
And keep a-thinkin' pomes that rhyme with Lil—
Fer that's her name—she's pretty as a peach;
No prairie rose kin match her flowerlike face;
Her voice is low—most women out here screech—
And when I stop and think about my case
I guess the sum of it all is—doggone!
Dan Cupid's got me with his hobbles on.
—Denver Republican.

Two Sides to Every Story.

When people bore you be not swift their dullness
to condemn—
For, ten to one, the chances are they think that
you bore them. —Chicago Record-Herald.

An English View of Roosevelt.

Smack of Lord Cromer, Jeff Davis a touch of him,
Little of Lincoln, but not very much of him,
Kitchener, Bismarck, and Germany's Will,
Jupiter, Chamberlain, Buffalo Bill.
—St. James's Gazette.

Early in his career, when Labouchere, the English editor, was an attaché at Frankfurt, he was once playing whist against a very high German functionary, sitting on his left. Mr. Labouchere led a small card. The lead turned out so well that he won the rest of the tricks. The minister said, "Well, Mr. Labouchere, you won the game by leading that card; but there was no earthly reason, according to the rules of the game, why you should have done so. You have, therefore, won the rubber by accident." Mr. Labouchere said, "I had a very good reason for leading that card." The minister asked what it was. He replied, "I had seen your hand."

A. Hirschman.

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OF CALIFORNIA

Geo. I. Cochran, President Gail B. Johnson, Vice-President

40th ANNUAL STATEMENT

Year Ending Decemcer 31, 1907

INCOME	ASSETS
Premiums—Life and Accident Dept.. \$4,515,690	Loans on Real Estate—First Mortgages
Interest and Other Receipts..... 698,994	Loans to Policy-Holders Secured by Policies
Total Income \$5,214,684	Loans on Approved Collaterals.... 330,755
DISBURSEMENTS	Bonds and Stocks Owned—Value, December 31, 1907..... 4,889,650
Death and Indemnity Claims, Matured	Real Estate Owned—Including Ilhome Office—Value, December 31, 1907
Endowments and Surrender Values. \$1,596,895	Interest and Rent—Due and Accrued
Dividends to Policy-Holders..... 253,586	Outstanding Premiums
Total Paid Policy-Holders..... \$1,850,481	Cash on Hand and in Banks..... 576,977
Commissions and Brokerages to Agents	All Other Assets..... 228,348
Salaries, Legal, Medical and Inspection Fees, Printing, Stationery and Advertising, etc. 347,729	Total Assets \$14,151,765
Taxes and State Department Fees... 76,202	LIABILITIES
All Other Expense..... 190,483	Reserve on Policies—Both Depts... \$12,639,344
Amount Written Off Real Estate Owned	Death Claims in Process of Adjustment
Accident Dept. Expenses..... 349,440	All Other Liabilities..... 68,699
Total Disbursements \$3,612,882	Total Liabilities \$12,834,809
Excess Income over Disbursements \$1,601,802	Surplus to Policy-Holders..... \$ 1,316,956

New Business Written in California During 1907 - \$7,337,000

KILGARIF & BEAVER, Inc.

GENERAL AGENT

SHREVE BUILDING SAN FRANCISCO

Detailed Statement Mailed on Application

BANKING

Security Savings Bank

316 MONTGOMERY STREET

San Francisco, Cal.

Authorized Capital - \$1,000,000.00

Paid-up Capital - 500,000.00

Surplus and Undivided Profits 313,000.00

4% Interest Per Annum

Interest at the Rate of 4 per cent. per annum was paid on Deposits for Six Months ending Dec. 31, 1907

DIRECTORS

Wm. Babcock, S. L. Abbot, O. D. Baldwin, Joseph D. Grant, E. J. McCutchen, L. F. Montague, R. H. Pease, Warren D. Clark, Jas. L. Flood, Fred W. Ray, John Parrott, Jacob Stern.

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Head Office—London

Main Office—Pine and Sansome Streets, San Francisco

Branches—1030 Van Ness Avenue, 2049 Mission Street, San Francisco

Managers: I. Steinhart, P. N. Lilienthal

Capital paid in.....\$1,500,000

Surplus and undivided profits..... 1,362,895

A General Banking Business Conducted. Accounts of Corporations, Firms, and Individuals.

Safe Deposit Vaults at Van Ness Avenue and Mission Street Branches.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital.....\$ 1,200,000.00

Capital actually paid up in cash. 1,000,000.00

Deposits, June 29, 1907..... 38,156,931.28

OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, Emil Rohde; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourney; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

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Surplus..... 483,989

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Surplus to Policy-Holders..... 2,118,394

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

The last week of gayety permitted before the Lenten season begins will be one of the merriest of the winter and Ash Wednesday will find many a tired-out little belle. During the past week there have been three balls and there are two or three more in prospect before the end of the season. The Dillingham Hyde-Smith wedding will be the most important event of the week, although the list of guests will be limited to family intimates.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Elizabeth Bates, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene J. Bates, to Mr. George Hill Stoddard. Their wedding will be an event of the summer.

The wedding of Miss Ruth Adams, sister of Mrs. John P. Jackson, to Mr. Frank Godfrey of Riverside, will be celebrated on Wednesday next at the home of Mrs. Jackson in Burlingame. Miss Ruth Adams and Miss Evelyn Adams, the nieces of the bride, will be the bridesmaids and Mr. Frederick Fenwick will be the best man.

The bachelors who have been entertained at the Gayety Club dances this season have issued invitations to a ball to be given in honor of the members of that organization on the evening of Monday, March 2, at the Fairmont Hotel. The patronesses of the affair will be Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. John F. Boyd, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. Edward Barron, Mrs. William G. Irwin, and Mrs. A. W. Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun have sent out invitations for a dinner to take place on Tuesday evening, March 3, at the Hotel Fairmont.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin will be the hostess at a dinner and theatre party this evening (Saturday) in honor of Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith and Mr. Harold Dillingham and their bridal party.

Miss Jennie Crocker gave a dinner to fifty of her young friends at the Hotel St. Francis Thursday evening. Miss Reid, daughter of Ambassador Whitelaw Reid, was the guest of honor.

Mrs. Louis Findley Monteagle will be the hostess at a bridge party on Monday afternoon next at her home on Pacific Avenue.

The last Greenway dance of the season took place on Thursday evening last at the Fairmont, having been postponed from the Friday before Christmas.

The last dance for this season of the Gayety Club, of which Miss Margaret Newhall is the president and Miss Louise Boyd the secretary, took place on Tuesday evening last at the William G. Irwin home on Washington Street, Miss Helene Irwin being the hostess of the occasion.

The officers of the Presidio entertained at their semi-monthly dance last night (Friday) at the Presidio hop room.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzer entertained at a dinner at their home on Pacific Avenue last night (Friday) in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun. Those present besides the guests of honor were: Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Eells, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Babcock, Mrs. Tewksbury, Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mr. William H. Crocker, and Mr. Joseph Quay.

Mr. William B. Bourn was the host at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week at the Fairmont in honor of Mrs. N. G. Kittle. Among his guests were: Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Casserly, Dr. and Mrs. Harry M. Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Eells, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk, Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Page, Miss Alice Griffith, Miss Elizabeth Ashe, Miss Bourn, Miss Casserly, Mr. M. F. Michael, Mr. Berry, Mr. H. Carrington Wilson, Captain A. H. Payson, and Mr. Richard Tobin.

Miss Helen Baker was the hostess at a dinner on Tuesday evening last at her home on Broadway, before the Gayety Club dance. Her guests were: Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Mr. Gayle Anderton, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. Ralston Curtis, Mr. Herbert Baker, Mr. Philip Baker, and Mr. Leavitt Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark entertained at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week at their home at San Mateo in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun.

Miss Mary Keeney was the hostess at a dinner on Tuesday evening last in honor of

Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith and Mr. Harold Dillingham, the entire party going later to the Gayety Club dance. Those present were: Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Julia Calhoun, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Helene Irwin, Mr. Harold Dillingham, Mr. Walter Dillingham, Mr. Frank King, Mr. Percy King, Mr. Samuel Hopkins, and Dr. Tracy Russell.

Mrs. William Mintzer entertained at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Helen Baker. Those present were: Miss Baker, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Julia Calhoun, Miss Frances Reed, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Mr. Richard Pennoyer, Mr. Herbert Baker, Mr. Frank King, Mr. Almer Newhall, and Mr. Gring.

Dr. and Mrs. John Harold Philip entertained at a dinner on Friday afternoon of last week at their home on Steiner Street. Their guests were: Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mailliard, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hellmann, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin W. Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Wilson, and Dr. and Mrs. Philip King Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin entertained at a bridge party on Tuesday evening last at their home on Washington Street. Their guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan, Dr. and Mrs. James W. Keeney, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mr. and Mrs. George Lent, Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. C. O. Alexander, Mrs. Hyde-Smith, Mrs. Crockett, Mr. Mills, Mr. Mizner, and Mr. E. W. Hopkins.

Mrs. George Cadwalader and Miss Emily Wilson entertained at a bridge party on Friday afternoon of last week at Mrs. Cadwalader's home on Scott Street.

Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall was the hostess at an informal bridge party on Thursday afternoon of last week.

Mrs. J. Le Roy Nickel was the hostess at a bridge party on Wednesday last at her home on Laguna Street.

Miss Betty Angus was the hostess at a luncheon on Friday of last week in honor of Miss Jeannette Wright. Her guests were: Mrs. George Converse, Mrs. George Herrick, Miss Mary Angus, Miss Myra Palache, Miss Dorothy Woods, Miss Anita Davis, Miss Margaret Thompson, Miss Milward Holden, Miss Marian Wright, and Miss Marie Butters.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin was the hostess at an informal tea on Sunday afternoon last in honor of Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William S. Tevis, who has been at her apartment at the Lafayette for some weeks past, left on Sunday evening for her Bakersfield ranch, where she will spend a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bowles are the guests of the Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Metcalf in Washington, D. C.

Mr. George Crocker spent several days last week in San Francisco, returning to his home in New York by way of Tacoma.

Mrs. George Eldridge (formerly Miss Jessie Newlands) has been recently the guest of Miss Jennie Hooker at the latter's apartment at the Lafayette, on Sacramento Street.

Mrs. Harold Sewall of Bath, Maine (formerly Miss Millie Ashe), is visiting in Washington, D. C., as the guest of friends.

Miss Stella McCalla, who spent some months in the East as the guest of her sisters, Mrs. W. G. Miller and Mrs. Arthur MacArthur, Jr., has returned to California and is with her parents, Admiral and Mrs. McCalla, at her Santa Barbara home.

The Rev. Edward Morgan has returned to town, after a visit to Bakersfield as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis.

Mrs. R. Porter Ashe left last week for Philadelphia, where she will visit for a short time. Mr. and Mrs. Ashe will spend the summer months at their San Rafael cottage.

Miss Emma Grimwood, who is spending a month in town as the guest of Mrs. C. O. Alexander, returned last week to her home in Fruitvale for a few days' stay.

Mr. Walter Dillingham of Honolulu will spend several weeks at San Mateo as the guest of Mr. George Cameron.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin will leave in the near future for a visit to friends and relatives in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye of Washington, D. C., left early this week for Havana, where they will spend several weeks.

Mrs. Thomas B. Bishop is at her ranch at Santa Barbara, where she went early in December, and will not return to town for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Ralston have left for Europe, where they will spend some months. Miss Edna Hamilton has spent some time recently in San Rafael as the guest of her sister, Mrs. George Martin.

Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan of New York is at Hotel Del Coronado for a three weeks' visit at the resort. Mrs. Morgan is accompanied

by her sister, Mrs. Hoppin of Providence, Rhode Island; her traveling companion, Mrs. Meredith, and her maid. Mrs. Morgan will spend the remaining part of the winter in California.

Colonel and Mrs. M. H. Hecht left for an Eastern trip last Saturday, and may visit Europe before they return.

Miss Genevieve Harvey has been spending some days in town as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Oscar Cooper.

Mrs. Camilo Martin, who has been abroad for several months, is now traveling in Spain. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor of Boston have arrived here to visit their daughter, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton will leave shortly for Europe to travel until the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gardiner (formerly Miss Edith Findley) left on Sunday last for Boston, where they will make their home.

Miss Mary Joliffe will go abroad shortly for an indefinite stay as the guest of Mrs. Veronica Baird.

Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Dwight Chipman will leave town shortly for their country place at Ross Valley, where they will spend the summer.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Del Coronado were: Mr. C. S. Myers, Mr. H. G. Platt, Mr. Joseph I. Ives, Mr. and Mrs. S. Dennenham, and Mr. C. W. Kelley, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were: Dr. and Mrs. L. Graham, Rev. F. W. Clappett, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Dunn, Rev. J. McGinty, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Grainger, Mrs. W. P. Morgan, Mr. H. G. Martell, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Riggs, Mr. Hubert R. Hill, Mr. W. W. Carson, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Bienenfeld, Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Betts, Mrs. Richard W. Davis, of San Francisco.

Concerts by Signor and Signora Bensaude.

Will L. Greenbaum has arranged for a series of concerts by Signora Julia de Fano Bensaude and Signor Maurice Bensaude, and believes that in the midst of the piano recitals, quartet concerts, violin recitals, and orchestral programmes promised, some good singing will be welcomed.

Signora Bensaude is a dramatic soprano who has met with great success in the opera houses at Buda-Pesth, Lisbon, Madrid, Rome, Venice, Vienna, Dresden, and South America, and Signor Bensaude is well remembered by San Francisco opera-goers as the first baritone of the Ellis-Melba company.

The three San Francisco concerts of these artists will be given at Christian Science Hall Tuesday and Thursday evenings, March 3 and 5, and Saturday afternoon, March 7. On Friday afternoon of the same week they will sing at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland. Miss Grace Marshall will be the accompanist for all these events.

The Paderewski Recitals.

The most popular, and in his way the most wonderful of all pianists, Paderewski, will be the next great star to cross our musical firmament. Will L. Greenbaum announces two concerts by this artist, one in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, next Friday afternoon, February 28, at half-past three, and the other in this city, at Dreamland, Sunday afternoon, March 1, at 2:30. The sale of seats begins Monday morning, February 24, at the stores of Kohler & Chase and Sherman, Clay & Co. There will be no telephone orders accepted and mail orders must be accompanied by check or money order.

Dr. H. J. Stewart announces two concerts by his pupils at Knights of Columbus Hall, on Pine Street, on Monday evenings, February 24 and March 2.

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Hotel St. Francis

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PERSONAL.
Army and Navy.
The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:
Lieutenant-General Adna R. Chaffee, U. S. A., retired, has accepted an appointment as a member of the board of public works of Los Angeles.
Colonel Thomas Wilhelm, U. S. A., retired, on duty with the National Guard of California as inspector-general, was at Army Headquarters last week, regarding the joint maneuvers of the National Guard and the regular troops, in October next.
Colonel George R. Smith, U. S. A., has arrived here and assumed the duties of chief paymaster, Department of California.
Major James B. Goe, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has had the orders directing that he be retired from active service on February 15 amended, changing the date of his retirement to March 15.
Major A. P. Blocksom, inspector-general, U. S. A., who has recently been relieved from duty as inspector-general of the Department of Columbia, has arrived here and is awaiting the sailing of the transport on March 5, when he will leave for the Philippines.
Major Richmond McA. Schofield, quartermaster, U. S. A., having reported his arrival at San Francisco, is ordered to proceed to Jeffersonville, Indiana, and report in person to the depot quartermaster-general for duty as his assistant.
Captain Edmund S. Underwood, U. S. N., has been detached from duty as head of the Ordnance Department, Mare Island Navy Yard, and ordered to assume command of the cruiser *Colorado*, relieving Captain S. A. Staunton, U. S. N. These orders will take effect upon the arrival of the *Colorado* at San Francisco.
Captain Conrad Babcock, First Cavalry, U. S. A., has arrived here from his station in Texas and is, with Mrs. Babcock, the guest of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Eells, until the sailing of the transport on March 5, when they will sail with the First Cavalry for Manila.
Captain Hubert L. Wigmore, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has had his orders amended to direct him to retain his station in Washington, D. C., and will proceed to the Philippine Islands for temporary duty, and to resume his duties in the office of the quartermaster-general upon his return to Washington.
Captain Henry B. Clark, quartermaster, U. S. A., left the Presidio of San Francisco on Monday last for Portland, Oregon, where he has been ordered for duty as depot quartermaster.
Captain Charles Crawford, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Crawford, Presidio of Monterey, were in town for several days last week as the guests of Colonel J. W. Duncan, chief of staff, U. S. A., and Mrs. Duncan.
Captain Ira A. Shirmer, U. S. A., sailed on the transport *Crook* on Thursday as transport surgeon.
Lieutenant Arthur G. Fisher, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been transferred from Troop K, stationed at Boise Barracks, to Troop I, at the Presidio of San Francisco, and has joined his new station here.
Lieutenant Frederick C. Test, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence and left early this week for Omaha, Nebraska.
Lieutenant Louis Miller, U. S. M. C., sailed on Thursday last for Manila.
Contract Surgeon George L. Marion, U. S. A., is ordered to proceed to his home, Elgin, Illinois, and upon arrival there report by letter to the surgeon-general of the army for annulment of contract.
Contract Surgeon Leonard Hughes, U. S. A., accompanied the Third Squadron, Third Cavalry, U. S. A., en route to Fort Sam Houston, Texas, and upon completion of that duty will report to the commanding general, Department of Texas, by telegraph for further orders.
Contract Surgeon John M. Hewitt, U. S. A., accompanied the Headquarters, Band, First and Second Squadrons, Third Cavalry, U. S. A., en route to Fort Clark, Texas, and upon completion of that duty will report to the commanding general, Department of Texas, by telegraph, for further orders.
Batteries A and B, Fifth Field Artillery, U. S. A., sailed on the transport *Crook* on Thursday last for the Philippines.
The Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., is ordered, upon arrival in San Francisco, to embark at once on the army transport scheduled to sail from this port for the Philippines on March 5. Company L, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., now stationed at the Presidio of Monterey, is attached to the School of Musketry at that post until further orders.

An exhibition of the portrait etchings done in dry point by Miss Gertrude Partington opened Thursday at the art-room of Paul Elder & Co., on Van Ness Avenue, and will continue two weeks. Miss Partington has the distinction of being the only woman portrait artist who works in this medium.
E. S. De Wolfe, manager of the old Hotel Picasanton, is now the proprietor of the Grand Central Hotel, at Market and Tenth Streets.

The Sketch Club Exhibition.
The exhibition of paintings which has just been held by the Sketch Club at its quarters at 1625 California Street demonstrates the fact that if there is a San Francisco school of painting it is one that has grown up around Arthur Mathews and is recruited from his pupils. The influence of the master is strongly marked in Mary Brady's "Roadside Oaks," which received the twenty-five-dollar prize offered by the *Philopolis* magazine for the best painting in the exhibition. It is seen in the lowness of tone which is yet warm and luminous, in a certain atmospheric quality as if seen through the mists of late afternoon, and in the almost silhouette-like simplicity in the massing of the oaks. The same influence is marked in some excellent eucalyptus studies by Anne M. Bremer, and in a delightful little water color of the Monterey beach with one lonely pine, painted by Lucia Mathews. Isabel Hunter shows it in her Monterey adobe. Piazzoni, though fresh from winning laurels in Europe, has not escaped it, as his "Pastoral" from the Villa Borghese bears witness. It is the picture of a shepherd at dusk standing watch over a drove of his fleecy, helpless charges. It is full of a tender poetic feeling and breathes the peace of evening; the treatment is Mathewsian.
"The Fates" is by Mathews himself, and represents not the usual withered crones but three young girls bearing the mystery of the future in their beautiful, half-averted faces.
A new note is struck by Alida Ghirardelli, a young San Francisco girl, who, since her return from Europe a year or two ago, has shown promise of becoming one of the strongest of the women painters of the coast. Her "Peasant Family" is a remarkably well-handled group; the baby on the mother's lap has so much individuality and is so skillfully made the centre of the picture; not alone the faces of father, mother, sisters, and brothers, but even the sunbeams from the window seem to seek out its quaint little physiognomy.
Another artist who has a distinct individuality is Carolyn Rixford Johnson. She is a disciple of Whistler and quotes his dictum that although an interior should be kept lower in tone than an outdoor scene it need not be put away down in the cellar. She has contributed to the exhibition several portraits, and is especially happy in her interpretation of children; they are so dear and chubby, they look at the world with such large-eyed wistfulness and are somehow so appealing and altogether kissable.
Keith has honored the exhibition with a canvas, one of his autumn scenes with a glow in it like burnished copper. Olga M. Ackerman has sent in a study of a child, very sensitive in treatment and full of expression. Among other contributions, some exquisitely dainty pencil sketches by Rowena Meeks, and some dashing portraits of young girls, done in charcoal and water color by Eleanor W. Plaw, are noted for their individuality.
HANNAH ASTRUP LARSEN.
Minetti String Quartet Concert.
The next of the concerts by the Minetti String Quartet, the third of the fifteenth series by this popular organization, will be given in the evening instead of the afternoon, a change that will be appreciated by those who have been kept away by other engagements during the day. The concert is set for Friday evening of next week, February 28, and a particularly attractive programme will be offered.
Captain Roald Amundsen, the famous Norwegian explorer, will give a "travel talk" at Christian Science Hall on Friday evening, March 6, under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum.

4

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Some people make the mistake of thinking
they are sure just because they are slow.—
Puck.

"Miserly's dead." "And damned." "I hope
not. I've some pretty good friends in hell."
—Life.

He—Have you any fine-tooth combs? It—
No, but we have some fine tooth brushes.—
Cornell Widow.

Stella—The Columbia boys won't debate
with a cood. Bella—Wait till they marry.—
New York Sun.

Knicker—Think women should smoke?
Bocker—Think what awful cigars the dear
things would give each other!—New York
Sun.

Dyer—Do you think the time will come
when we shall have universal peace? Ryer—
Not unless we adopt trial marriages.—Town
Topics.

"Please give me two hills for my hat, one
for ten dollars to show my husband and one
for twenty to show my lady friends."—Meg-
gendorfer Blätter.

"Do you believe that men and women
should have equal rights?" "Well—I used to,
but since I've been married I don't dare to say
so."—Cleveland Leader.

"Hur'y up there!" shouted Noah to the
centipede. "Well, I'm just about all in," re-
marked the clever animal, making use of a
play upon words.—Puck.

"Do you really love me, John?" "Oh, no.
I wear these summer pants and this tramp
overcoat merely to appear eccentric, that's
all."—Washington Herald.

Mrs. Houlihan (sobbing)—I never saw ye
till th' day before me unforchnit marriage.
Mr. Houlihan—An' I often wisht ye hadn't
secn me till th' day after!—Puck.

"Gone back to your old habits, I see."
"Case of necessity." "How so?" "Must
have something to give up when Lent comes,
musn't I?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mr. Smith (after ill-tempered speech by
Brown)—Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, fol-
lowing the example of Mr. Brown's luncheon,
I shall venture to disagree with him.—Punch.

Phoebe—You would hardly know Freddy
since he got back from Monte Carlo. He
lost all his money there, and— Evelyn—
Hardly know him! Why I shan't know him
at all!—Illustrated Bits.

Old Hunks—When I came to this town six-
teen years ago, real estate in the block where
I live was higher priced than it is now. Old
Hewligns—It would be so in any block where
you'd settle down.—Chicago Tribune.

"Officer," said the police magistrate, "what
is the charge against the prisoner?" "Hav-
ing an infernal machine in his possession,
your honor," replied the policeman. "Anar-
chist or chauffeur?" queried the magistrate.—
Chicago Daily News.

Mrs. Gadsby (hugging dog)—I don't know
what we're going to do about poor, darling
Fido. Mr. Gadsby—Humph! What ails him?
Mrs. Gadsby (in surprise)—Why, haven't you
noticed how irritated he becomes whenever
the baby cries?—Puck.

Father—If you marry my daughter, are you
sure you will be able to take care of her in
the style to which she has always been ac-
customed? Suitor (who is in the wholesale
business)—I'll guarantee it, sir, or—return
the goods.—Pick-Me-Up.

Mr. Stubb (with illustrated weekly)—Mar-
tha, here is a picture entitled "Docking an
Ocean Greyhound." Mrs. Stubb (flaring up)
—I jist don't want to see it. I think there
should be a law against clipping off a poor
dog's tail.—Chicago News.

Mrs. Spenders—I wonder how you'd like it
if I ever got "new-womanish" and insisted
upon wearing men's clothes? Mr. Spenders
—Oh, I haven't any fear of you ever doing
that. Men's clothes are never very expen-
sive.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Would you send a man who uses profan-
ity to Congress?" "I dunno," answered
Farmer Corntossel. "Of course, I don't ap-
prove of profanity; but I'd want him to be
able to hold his own in any of them argu-
ments that come up."—Washington Star.

"Yes," said Miss Jiltham, "he was an old
flame of mine. And when you told him I
was to be married next week, did he seem
sorry?" "Yes, he admitted that he felt very
sorry," replied Miss Gahhie. "Did he,
really?" "Yes, although he said he didn't
know your fiancé personally."—Catholic
Standard and Times.

Mr. Ryley—Why are yez decoratin', Mrs.
Murphy? Mrs. Murphy—Me b'y Denny is
comin' home the day. Mr. Ryley—I t'ought
it wuz for foive years he wuz sint up? Mrs.
Murphy—He wuz; but he got a year off for
good behav'ure. Mr. Ryley—An' sure, it
must be a great comfort for ye to have a
good b'y like that.—London Tit-Bits.

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THIRTY-FIRST YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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General Stoessel a Coward.

It is needless to say that the sentence of death passed upon General Stoessel for the premature surrender of Port Arthur during the Russo-Japanese war will not be carried into effect. Civilization does not look kindly upon capital punishment by court-martial carried out in cold blood and long after the conclusion of peace; and although Russia has done a good many things contrary to modern canons, she will hesitate before committing an act that would do no good and that would disgust the world.

That General Stoessel was unfitted to command at Port Arthur there can be little doubt, but then a great many highly placed officers all over the field of operations were equally unfitted. It seems likely enough that General Stoessel was a coward, but then cowardice is the natural result of a system that destroys self-respect. Military bravery is not entirely a personal virtue. It requires a soil of patriotism, devotion, and self-sacrifice from which to grow. It must have the backing of confidence in the general system, and if the consequence of General Stoessel's defection had been less marked on the fate of the war it would have been almost invisible in the welter of corrupt mismanagement that

eventually forced Russia upon her broken knees. To that extent the unlucky Stoessel may be regarded as a scapegoat.

There is no need to review a mass of evidence that has little meaning except to the expert, but there are one or two salient points that are generally and strongly significant. General Kuropatkin is one of the few men engaged in the whole wretched business whose word is final and who comes out of the ordeal as a soldier should. Kuropatkin says that Stoessel was known to be unfit in the early stages of the war because of his "nervousness," and this is a graceful and diplomatic word. Kuropatkin upon three separate occasions sent an order to Port Arthur superseding Stoessel and appointing Smirnoff in his place, and not only were these orders disregarded, but the duplicates sent to Smirnoff were suppressed. Smirnoff himself wrote to Gurko saying that Stoessel was a coward and that it would be necessary to arrest him to prevent the fall of the fortress, and Gurko related to the court the various occasions when Stoessel gave unnecessary orders to retreat and himself set the example. Very positive, too, was the evidence that Stoessel had made large sums of money by selling eggs and milk to the sick and wounded, and that his wife had acquired herds of cows and flocks of chickens, that she sold the produce at exorbitant prices and eventually disposed of her whole stock before the determination to surrender had been made known. Probably Stoessel could not help being a coward, but he could have helped such a disgusting atrocity as this. No sooner had Port Arthur fallen than stories of this kind began to be told. Newspaper correspondents were overburdened with narratives of an official pusillanimity that had sapped the courage of the defenders and disheartened their efforts, while from the Japanese side we heard endless expressions of surprise that the fortress should have been given up while it was still so strong to resist.

There was, of course, another story and also from the Japanese side. General Nogi himself spoke out strongly for his defeated enemy and bore testimony to the vigor of the defense, and within the last few days Lieutenant Kobayasi of the Japanese army, who was with General Nogi at Port Arthur, has been interviewed in San Francisco and has spoken to the same effect. But neither General Nogi nor Lieutenant Kobayasi can have much knowledge of the personal bearing of Stoessel behind his fortifications nor can they discriminate between his efforts and those of the admittedly gallant men under him. Moreover, it is a fine military virtue to speak with admiration of a beaten foe, and the generosity of these Japanese officers can hardly blunt the edge of the indisputable and direct testimony that was advanced with overwhelming force.

General Stoessel was, of course, one out of many. He was no worse than the grand dukes who are said to have sent whole train loads of Red Cross supplies into Germany to be sold for their own profit. He was no worse than those other generals who by their cowardice thwarted Kuropatkin at every turn and nullified his genius by their sodden stupidity. But the results of his cowardice were infinitely worse. It was of comparatively small importance that Port Arthur should be saved, but it was of vast importance that Nogi should be held there and so prevented from aiding Oyama in the great battles against Kuropatkin. Stoessel's surrender meant the release of Nogi, who instantly made himself felt in those extraordinary flanking attacks that forced the Russian army back and back upon its base. Perhaps the result would have been the same in the long run, but public opinion in Russia may be pardoned for an intense realization that the most tremendous blows ever inflicted upon the morale of the army were dealt by a man who should have been almost harmlessly employed in front of Port Arthur. Stoessel's plea that Port Arthur must have fallen in the long run has therefore no weight. His defense of Port Arthur was merely incidental to his greater duty of tying up Nogi, and as a soldier this consideration should have im-

pelled him to hold on to the last man and the last gun. The world at large will hope and expect that General Stoessel be treated with leniency, but there can be no doubt whatever that had these facts come to light in the heat of conflict there would have been no inclination to protest against the summary proceedings that are usual in such cases.

The Much-Muddled Ruef Case.

It has not been easy during the past month even for those learned in the law and skilled in the windings and the juggleries of its practice so to interpret the proceedings in the Ruef case, occupying Judge Lawlor's court from day to day, that the non-legal mind may comprehend their significance. Even the legal mind has had its difficulties in getting this matter straight, for an eminent ex-judge, questioned by the editor on Tuesday as to the legal status of the case, declared that he could not tell from anything he had read in the newspapers and hardly thought it worth while to take a day off to get the precise legal status fixed definitely in his mind. Nominally Ruef has been on trial for a month, court and lawyers have been busy, the newspapers have been burdened with reports of "proceedings," and yet the trial of Ruef, we are told, has not yet begun.

To fairly get at the meaning of the immediate procedure it is necessary first to look back a moment and to clear the field by an easy process of elimination. Ruef was first arraigned some ten months ago in Judge Dunne's court on a charge of extortion in the French restaurant cases and convicted upon his plea of guilty. A subsequent decision by the Appellate Court in a collateral case practically nullified the whole procedure. The decision of the Appellate Court is now under review by the Supreme Court. This stands by itself and is in no way affected by the procedure now in progress in Judge Lawlor's court.

The present case before Judge Lawlor relates to another matter, namely, to an indictment alleging bribery by Ruef of one Phillips, an ex-supervisor. This case was set for trial a month ago. When it came up, demand was made by Ruef's attorneys that he, Ruef, be "set back" to where he stood at the time when the Phillips indictment was brought against him. This requires explanation and it is to be found in an abstract of the plea presented by Ruef's attorney, Ach. In support of the motion to "set back" the defendant as above outlined, Ruef's demand, urged through his attorneys, is supported by the argument that in his formal arraignment some months ago under the Phillips indictment, the procedure in his own behalf was perfunctory and careless. There was, he alleges, a secret contract between himself, the graft prosecution, and the court that the case should be dismissed, and relying on this contract he did not even read the indictment and neglected to urge his legal rights in connection with it. But for his secret contract with the prosecution he would have studied the indictment carefully and would have urged objections to it on constitutional grounds. Now, he says in effect, the prosecution has broken its immunity contract, upon the faith of which he relied; and upon this condition of facts he demands that he be "set back" to where the case stood at the beginning with the privilege as the procedure is retraced step by step of presenting objections to the indictment—to do now what he failed to do before because under his contract of immunity he did not deem it necessary. The present procedure, therefore, is preliminary to the trial of Ruef in the Phillips bribery case and may be defined as an attempt on Ruef's part to be reinstated in a position where he can exercise certain constitutional rights, which he was induced to forego and neglect on the faith of an immunity contract which the graft prosecution made with him but which it now repudiates.

About this issue the lawyers have been contending

before Judge Lawlor day by day now for a full month with apparently no more prospect of coming to a definite conclusion than at the beginning. Ruef's attorneys claim the right to present proofs of the immunity contract and to this end have introduced affidavit after affidavit—Judge Lawlor having required the evidence to be submitted in this form—with respect to one phase or another of the immunity arrangement. This evidence as it is presented is accompanied by explanations or arguments tending to exhibit the effect of the immunity arrangement upon Ruef in quieting his fears with respect to ultimate results, thereby throwing him off his guard and causing him to be neglectful at points where under ordinary circumstances he would have been alert and watchful for his own protection.

How much time may be consumed in the presentation of this phase of the matter—a phase preliminary to the trial proper—it is not easy to guess. Neither Ruef's attorneys nor the attorneys for the prosecution appear in haste to bring to its conclusion a phase of procedure which by its general irrelevancy to the real issue, its voluminousness and its unnumbered repetitions tends to weariness and through weariness to disgust. Ruef's attorneys manifestly are more than willing to drag out the procedure interminably; the lawyers for the prosecution if less eager for delay are manifestly not in haste to approach the issue. If Judge Lawlor were a man of prompter methods or in a position less personally embarrassing, he might do something toward hurrying matters along, but his course is marked by timidity and caution and by manifest unwillingness to interpose the authority of the court by way of hastening matters to their conclusion. And so this preliminary procedure, artfully expanded and delayed by the attorneys, wears along, confusing the public and tending to general weariness.

The one matter of fresh interest thus far developed in Ruef's effort to be reinstated at the point where he stood in the Phillips bribery case ten months ago relates to details of the celebrated immunity contract. This is the contract, be it remembered, which for many months was maintained as a secret between Ruef, the prosecution, Judges Dunne and Lawlor, and the two rabbis, Nieto and Kaplan—the existence of which was again and again in public and in private denied by Messrs. Heney, Spreckels, and Ruef, and which was exposed under the pressure of the demand upon Ruef to testify in ways suggested and demanded by the prosecution, to which demand he declined to accede. The most complete statement of this amazing bargain thus far made is that presented by Rabbi Kaplan in an affidavit submitted in Judge Lawlor's court within the week. The proposition for complete immunity was originally made by the prosecution, Rabbi Kaplan declares, to Ruef and the members of his family in April, 1907. Kaplan at the request of the prosecution pleaded with Ruef and his family for its acceptance. Ruef was assured by the prosecution that "the corporations were about to throw him down"; and further assured that Spreckels, Heney, Langdon, and Burns had no animosity or hard feeling against him, but on the contrary personally liked and admired him. At the request of the prosecution the two rabbis worked upon Ruef's devotion to his parents, pledging their honor as ministers of religion that the prosecution would keep its agreement with him.

Proceeding to the terms of the immunity contract, Rabbi Kaplan declares that it was agreed that all cases against Ruef should be assigned to Judges Dunne or Lawlor, who, it was represented, would carry out any arrangement the prosecution might make. The two rabbis, visiting the judges in company with Heney and Burns, had oral assurances from these judges necessary to complete immunity. Upon the basis of these assurances Heney told the rabbis they could safely advise Ruef to "come through." Relying on the good faith of the prosecution, the two rabbis did implore Ruef to "come through."

We come now to another stage of this matter. Ruef, so the deposition goes on to say, balked at pleading guilty in the extortion case, but was told by Heney, Langdon, and Burns that he must so plead as a concession to public opinion and to carry out their policy, and that he must be content with a side agreement (to be kept secret) that the plea of guilty should afterwards be withdrawn and the case dismissed. Heney urged Ruef to plead guilty to the extortion charge, declaring it to be a part of their programme, threatening that if Ruef did not do it he would make terms with Schmitz and the corporations, pretending that terms had been sought by them. Langdon advised Ruef to deny any understanding between them relating to the

withdrawal of the plea of guilty. On these general terms and under these circumstances the bargain was made and the contract of immunity signed.

The next phase of Rabbi Kaplan's statement relates to developments after the immunity contract was effected. When Ruef manifested doubts as to the good faith of the prosecution, Elisor Biggy and Detective Burns said to him that they would kill anybody who violated the contract. When the character of Ruef's testimony was discussed between Kaplan and Heney the latter said to the former, "Mr. Ruef is no fool and he will say all that is expected of him in the Calhoun case." At the same time Heney asked Kaplan to urge Ruef to give certain testimony which he (Heney) desired Ruef to give. As late as January, 1908, Langdon and Burns assured Rabbi Kaplan that the agreement with Ruef would be fulfilled.

Coming down to the last days of this extraordinary affair, Rabbi Kaplan declares that when the two judges, Lawlor and Dunne, refused to carry out the agreement, Langdon and Burns proceeded to work with and upon both of them; further that Spreckels and Fremont Older made special efforts to have Dunne keep the agreement. When Heney made public statements in the campaign of October, 1907, that Ruef had not been given complete immunity, Langdon and Burns assured Kaplan that Heney's statements were made in excitement and that they meant no harm; further that the contract with Ruef would be fully carried out. The concluding statement of this extraordinary deposition is that, when talking to Langdon and Burns relative to their promise that the plea of guilty made by Ruef under the immunity contract in the extortion case should be withdrawn, they declined to do it, as they wished to hold that plea over Ruef's head "as a necessary club."

Long as it is, we give this summary of Rabbi Kaplan's deposition because it is the most circumstantial, complete, and authoritative account of a contract the like of which was probably never made before in the United States or in any other country. The light which it sheds upon this whole extraordinary procedure is essential to a fair understanding of it. It should be added that Rabbi Kaplan's part in this case was taken as a friend of the prosecution and primarily for the purpose of assisting it in a work which he thought necessary in the way of cleaning up certain iniquities conspicuous in the life of San Francisco. It should further be added that a deposition made by Rabbi Nieto on Tuesday of this week is in precise accord with the Kaplan deposition as above outlined.

There is still more to come in the way of evidence concerning the immunity bargain before the issue as to whether or not Ruef shall be "set back" can be submitted to the judgment of the court. If we may believe the daily newspapers, Langdon, Heney, Burns, Spreckels, and the two judges, Dunne and Lawlor, will be required under oath to make formal statements covering their knowledge of this extraordinary transaction.

A curious fact in connection with this whole matter is that until on Tuesday of this week, when he was called into court by some special process, Prosecutor Heney has held himself aloof. Likewise until Tuesday Mr. Spreckels, whose assiduous attendance at court has been one of the extraordinary incidents of the graft trials, has absented himself. Quite naturally the absence of these important factors has been noted and made the subject of more or less speculation. It has been whispered about that Mr. Heney is seeking a way to disentangle himself from a situation which through exposure of the immunity arrangement, with its open demonstration of his own double dealing and its emphatic reflections upon his campaign statements, has become too hot for comfort. The suggestion has been made that Heney will never try Ruef, but, before the case comes to the point of actual trial, will find a pretext to pick a quarrel with District Attorney Langdon and thereby get himself diplomatically ousted from his present responsibilities. It is further whispered that Rudolph Spreckels is insisting upon a course of action in this matter at odds with the ideas of Prosecutor Langdon, and that the preliminary phase of the Ruef case is being allowed to drag along in order that Heney, Spreckels, and Langdon may have time to adjust their own difficulties and to determine upon some policy by way of getting out of a hole in which the immunity exposure has put them.

This, of course, is merely gossip. Nevertheless, it has its value, since it goes to the make-up of what we may call the atmosphere of a situation more involved and more confused than at any time, perhaps, since the anti-graft movement began. The one certain fact

which characterizes the situation is that the prosecution is in a sense on the defensive, seeking to save something from the wreck of a credit badly shattered by the Ruef immunity exposure.

Politics and Common Sense.

The political reformer is abroad in the land. Whoever will listen may hear a story of multiplied political wrongs of which California has long been a hapless victim, with another story of how a change in the personal deal will correct all these things and establish the administration of our affairs upon a profoundly moralized and purely unselfish basis. It is the promise of those who are urging the reform movement that their project will set us up in a kind of political millennium free from the wrongs and therefore exempt from such sorrows as we have suffered ever since California came into the Union. That this movement is in its general scope more sincere or intelligent than others that have preceded it, sometimes successfully, at intervals during the past fifty years there is little reason to believe. Disappointed ambition and thwarted interest have undoubtedly a share among the motives back of it. At the same time there is in it undoubtedly an element of moral sincerity and intensity. And as usual in such cases the innocents and the zealots have been thrust to the front to preach with the fire of moral enthusiasm a doctrine which the sinister figures back of the scenes—men practiced if not skilled in the activities of politics—know to be founded in pretense and humbug.

We are being told, for example, by the fire-eyed young disputants of the cause of reform that the principle of political rewards must be removed from our political practice. There must be no bestowal of favors to party adherents, no payment for political service in the form of political preferment. The integrity with which our affairs are to be conducted must be so severe as to eliminate every consideration of "politics." Merit—merit alone—is to be the rule. Again there is to be no "programming." Delegates to conventions are to be selected without anybody's initiative and with no inquiry into the minds, moods, or purposes of the persons chosen. And when conventions come together it must be under no pre-arrangement as to purposes or as to candidates. Politics is to be a free-for-all game left to work out the purposes connected with it, without calculation and in the spirit of any old impulse which may happen to seize upon a psychological moment. There is much else in the scheme of the reformers, but perhaps we have sufficiently stated their plan to illustrate the fine Utopianism—the sublime confidence in the goodness of God and the virtue of man—by which it is characterized.

When nonsense like this is abroad in the land it is a good time to set forth a few primary truths with respect to politics, human nature, etc., which people who do not easily go off the hooks of mental and moral balance should keep in mind. First, the general political life of a community is unfailingly the outgrowth of social, moral, and business conditions prevailing in that community. The politics of any community will surely rest upon a basis comparable with the general character of that community. No sudden change in the personal organization of politics will revolutionize the ideas and practices of a community, broadly speaking, since those who succeed to authority, whatever their pretensions or plans, will either follow in the general courses of community action or speedily get out of the game. To make politics better, it is necessary to elevate the life of the community—to remodel the balance of motives, interests, aims, purposes, and fashions which go to make the spirit of the community. It is not to be expected that these broad statements will be accepted by those who delude themselves with fanciful theories or who fail to discriminate between eccentric incidents and the fixed principles which permanently govern society. What we have said will of course be denied by dreamers, theorists, and blind optimists who since civilization began have been planning to regenerate society by cock-sure devices, turns of the wrist, so to speak, calculated to enforce the rule of abstract virtue and to establish the affairs of men, imperfect as they are, upon the basis of abstract perfection.

We have said that if there should come a general reorganization of our politics, those newly coming into authority must follow certain broad lines of political expediency at odds with the idealistic and whimsical pretensions upon which the reform movement is now being urged. Or, failing in this, they must get out of the game. We mean by this that those who under a new deal shall find themselves at the head of affairs will

have to take upon themselves the responsibilities and labors of leadership. If you are going to have organization you must have leadership; if you are going to have leadership, there must be followers and there must be discipline. Somebody must study the strategy of affairs, and define and enforce the tactics of political action; in other words, somebody must make the policy and lead in carrying it forward. Now, if you are going to have followers there must be some incentive, moral or other, to those who stand on the firing line. Let us suppose, for example, that Messrs. Pardee, Rowell, Dixon, *et al.* shall succeed in getting control of the Republican organization in California: In such case they will have to devise measures and bring the body of the party to their support; and to do this they will be under the necessity of stimulating both the spirit and the interest of large numbers of persons. Our system calls for a vast amount of work for which it provides no payment. Large numbers are willing to give to politics a vast amount of labor; but while they are willing to labor cheerfully for purposes which appeal to their sentiment under leaders whom they respect, they must be sustained by a generally stimulating policy. If elections are won, the results in so far as they are personally advantageous must go to those who make the winning fight. This is simply human nature. Does anybody imagine that those who have borne the brunt of a hotly contested election will without resentment and protest see the tangible results of victory handed over to those who have stood on the opposite side? Does anybody suppose that either friends or foes will be pleased by any such whimsical course of action? To the mind of rationality there is but one answer. Those who have won a fight may not—all of them—demand rewards of a material kind, but they will not with patience or tolerance permit such rewards to be bestowed upon their enemies. A good many political reformers, inspired by high moral ideals, have fancied that they could do this thing and no one of them has ever yet succeeded in doing it. Those who win battles not only want but will have for themselves or for their associates in conflict the rewards, material and spiritual, which belong to victory. And political leaders, from Alexander Hamilton down to Theodore Roosevelt—not forgetting Abraham Lincoln—have recognized this principle and have regulated their conduct by it. Whether this be called the spoils system or by a more altruistic name, the principle is the same and it is a fixed and positive one. Anybody who endeavors to administer political affairs upon any other idea will fail—not only fail, but fail in contempt.

If the present reform movement shall succeed in taking over the responsibilities of Republican management in California, it will have first to formulate policies and to devise means of carrying them into effect. If it succeeds in winning victories it will have in its hands the so-called spoils of victory and it will be compelled so to bestow them as to satisfy the factional or partisan spirit of associates and followers. When it comes to giving out political employment it will be done—it must be done—in such ways as to confirm the friendship and support of those who have made success possible. Any other course would be whimsical and suicidal; indeed, it would be practically impossible, since while arousing the wrath of friends it would do nothing better than excite ridicule and contempt among enemies. This is the rule of politics everywhere. Likewise it is the rule of business. Whoever should conduct his affairs upon any other basis would first get himself despised as a man lacking in the commonest sentiments of fraternity, likewise the first rule of common sense.

In matters of this kind—in politics and in other affairs—the rule at once of propriety, expediency, and of warm-blooded human nature, is that of favor to one's associates and partisans limited always by a scrupulous integrity. The political leader or manager with favors to bestow must consider his fraternal obligations, but he must not if he would preserve the principle of honor carry them to the point of corrupting the public service. He may give preference to his political associates, but he must require of them fitness for the duties which they assume and he must hold them to a severe accountability. He must see to it, if he would hold himself to integrity under his responsibilities, that those to whom he gives preference are capable and honest. No party manager at once capable and honest will do less than this; nobody ought to do more.

In estimating the worthiness of a political organization—and political organizations we must have if we are to cherish representative government—we have a right to inquire if it has carried the responsibilities of political authority faithfully and efficiently? Has the

organization under its control maintained the public service in general accord with the standards of community life? Has it protected the community against waste and scandal? If yes, any further question is futile and ridiculous.

The Temperance Movement Up to Date.

The movement for a thousand-dollar liquor license fee in San Francisco is one which deserves the sympathy and support of every friend of good morals. The advantages of the high license system are manifold. It reduces the number of saloons—good thing number one. It restricts the saloon business to men of financial responsibility—good thing number two. It increases the revenues of the liquor business to the city government—good thing number three. It makes every saloon keeper who pays the high license fee keep watch that nobody shall engage illicitly in the liquor business—good thing number four. It wipes out of existence the cheaper grades of saloons which haunt back alleys and side streets and by their very privacy give an especially sinister character to the liquor traffic—good thing number five. The *Argonaut* is not an advocate of prohibition either upon considerations of principle or expediency. Prohibition we believe wrong in principle and futile as an expedient. The aim in dealing with the liquor traffic should be to restrict and control it to the end of holding it within legitimate and reasonable bounds and at the same time to make it pay in so far as possible for the mischief which it creates. Absolutely to outlaw the liquor traffic has been shown everywhere by experience to be impracticable; to restrain its possibilities of ill-doing—to draw its teeth so to speak—is not only possible but practicable. High license is the means by which this may be done. Experience everywhere shows it. Our own experiment in the shape of an enlarged license fee something more than a year ago has shown that the rule which works so well elsewhere may be made to work here.

The present movement is interesting from many points of view, not least because it shows the effect of certain changes which have come in connection with the commercialization of our daily journalism. We see, for example, a daily newspaper great in its circulation and power of impressing the multitude, if not in its character, openly espousing the cause of high license. It does it to be sure after the methods of a flamboyant sensationalism, but nevertheless it does it. The meaning of this is that the popular journalism of the day is no longer afraid of the liquor traffic; furthermore, that the partnership which for so long subsisted between politics, the liquor traffic, and journalism is largely broken down. In earlier times the saloon was the ally of the intriguing politician at one end of the scale and the newspaper at the other. There was commonly pull enough in politics to hold the newspaper—at least the newspaper of the popular type—to a course not unfriendly to the saloon. With the development of the department store and the growth of the advertising business, the daily newspaper has ceased to be dependent upon politics and therefore has lost its motive of friendship for the saloon. Of itself the liquor traffic was never able to win and hold journalistic support. Its power in this respect always rested upon political association, politics being the real power in the matter.

Harking back to high license, it remains to be said that this is one of the strictly modern methods now being employed widely and effectively to combat the evils of intemperance. The high license movement is one mark of a general social protest against an admitted and colossal evil. Industry no longer tolerates intemperance. The man who drinks habitually and excessively nowadays can nowhere find employment. No railroad company, no manufacturing establishment, no mercantile house careful in its relations with the public will give place to a drinking man. Nobody will intrust expensive machinery in the hands of a man in the habit of getting fuddled through drink. Likewise the day of the drinking professional man has passed, for nobody will consent so to place his interests as to subject them to an infirm or unsteady judgment. In the modern world, in truth, there is no place for a drinking man, and this fact works amazingly for self-control and for temperance.

It is not very long ago when drinking to excess was in a way fashionable. In the memory of one not yet old, every so-called gentleman's dinner saw from one to half a score victims under the table, or if not under it, silly drunk beside it. Now nobody in any respectable company ever drinks to the degree of confusion

and shame. No gentleman's club tolerates a drunkard, the extravagant statements of Dr. Tanner of Melrose to the contrary notwithstanding. Among the decently-mannered youth of the country it is no longer fashionable or permissible to drink excessively. It is, on the other hand, the fashion to conserve and develop one's physical powers and to hold them on the basis of high efficiency. Athletics in our colleges has done this. Athletics has much to be responsible for on the score of neglect of scholarly ideals, but to its credit be it said that it has given to our young men new and better standards of conduct in the matter of drinking and other things vital in relation to physical health and vigor.

An incident will illustrate the point. A young man, the son of a family of the *Argonaut's* acquaintance, came home last year for his sophomore vacation from an Eastern college. In the two years of his absence he had grown out of boyhood into manhood and his family, especially his father, had to get acquainted with him over again. The father noted that at dinner he did not touch his wine glass. And later the father noted with a certain undefined anxiety that he declined the cigar which he offered him. There lurked in his mind as he afterwards confessed the fear that his beloved boy might have grown into a mollicoddle; and this fear became almost a panic when at 9 o'clock the young hopeful announced that he should retire for the night. Perhaps it was because he detected a question in his father's face that he explained: "You see, Dad, I'm going to be on the team next year and that kind of thing isn't won or held unless a fellow makes the most of himself and saves himself at every point." The father's face lost its quizzical and anxious look; the matter was explained—the boy did not drink or smoke or keep late hours because he was struggling for a prize calling for conservation of his powers. It was strength not weakness that restrained him. This little incident is both typical and significant. Sobriety and cleanliness of life have won a vast advance, for today it is creditable and fashionable among young men of education to be sober rather than competent up to the three-bottle limit.

How all these things which go to enforce temperance contrast with the temperance movement of an earlier time, many of us can well remember. It is not so very long ago when temperance agitation absorbed no small share of the benevolent energy of the day. The temperance lecture was one of the fixed institutions of society—of rural society in particular—and something, indeed, of the character of special professionalism attached to the itinerant temperance orator, commonly a reformed drunkard whose chief stock in trade was an exaggerated and shameful presentment of his own debaucheries. It was a movement in pitiful contrast at every point with that which we see today. Probably the merit of the kind of temperance reform of which the late John B. Gough was the foremost champion and exemplar was, that in a sphere of narrow intellectual interests and among a people of isolated habit, it gave a certain stimulus to moral and mental life, and by and through the sympathies which it engendered did something for the advancement of a crude society. But today this sort of exploitation of the temperance or of any other cause would be whimsical, futile, ridiculous.

A Case for Arbitration.

At a time immediately following the disaster when the demand for lumber in San Francisco was heavy and eager, when any price asked was cheerfully paid, the lumber freighting business was about the biggest thing going. There were not on this coast vessels enough to do the work of bringing cargoes from Puget Sound, the Columbia River, and Humboldt Bay; and to meet the requirements of the situation the fleet was quickly enlarged by bringing ships round from the Atlantic. The business being at high tide at every point, sailors, engineers, cooks and waiters, with everybody else having anything to do with the shipping industry, quite naturally advanced their demands. All around there was appeal for higher wages and less work with a new system of over-time charges. Where previously an engineer and two assistants had been employed it was demanded that an extra assistant be put on; and so on in every department. And since the ships were all making money by the shovel-full, the owners yielded the point. With the lumber freight rate at \$9.50 per 1000 feet, the spirit of concession filled the air and everybody was happy.

But times are not what they were. From \$9.50 per 1000 feet the freight rate has dropped to \$4, and where

ten cargoes were offering eighteen months ago, there is now fierce competition for one. The ship-owners, with surplus vessels on their hands and with little doing in the lumbering line, find the wage arrangements made in the flush times of 1906-7 oppressive and impossible. They are trying to reduce expenses, not indeed by reducing the wage rate, but by shortening up their crews and otherwise cutting down. They want to get back to the conditions which prevailed before the disaster—when the work of navigating a lumber ship was done by two watches or shifts as against the present arrangement of three watches. They want to cut out the over-time expense by making offset allowances of time when in port. They want to cut off certain extra men in the engine-rooms, in the cooks' galleys, and elsewhere. But here comes in organized labor with the claim that advantages in the conditions of labor on coasting vessels, gained in the period of active times, shall not be sacrificed because for the moment times happen to be dull. In other words, labor declines to concede anything to the readjustments which changed times are enforcing. There is a sharp clash between the unions representing engineers and their assistants and the ship-owners; and because the men will not work under the conditions proposed by the latter, a good many ships as they come in and discharge their cargoes are being put out of commission—sent over to the creek, as the phrase goes.

As we have already said, there is no serious trouble at the point of wages. Under the schedule proposed by the ship-owners the basic monthly rates are to be what they have been during the past year, namely, for chief engineers \$135 monthly; for assistant engineers, \$100; for second assistant engineers, \$85. When it is considered that in all cases the men are "found," these rates will appear not only to be fair but liberal. The matter in controversy is wholly one of conditions of work, and it is here that the two interests have locked horns in what threatens to be a long, bitter, and useless struggle. And if there shall be no accommodation between the parties there is likely to be a long period of stagnation in local shipping, with loss to the men, loss to the ship-owners, and loss to the public.

The case appears to be one respecting which the principle of arbitration ought to apply precisely. It certainly should not be very difficult to discover where the rights, the wrongs, and the practicabilities of the situation lie. Such a demonstration ought to be easy at the hands of a disinterested board of arbitrators. If left to the parties themselves there will be prodigious economic waste and in the end there will be yielding on the one side or the other, not to equity but to superior force. And when the readjustment shall come, it is certain to be unsatisfactory to one side or the other, because it is certain to be inequitable. The reasonable thing to do—the right thing—is to call in a competent committee, put before it all the facts, and then abide by the determinations it shall make.

The Presidential Field.

The Honorable Joseph Cannon of Illinois, more familiarly styled Uncle Joe, is the latest figure to enter formally into the presidential ring. True, Mr. Cannon's presidential chances have been more or less discussed this year past, but it is only just now that he has consented to be regarded seriously as a candidate. He will have on first ballot the instructed solid vote of Illinois—and probably this is all the votes he will ever get. Seriously it is hardly thinkable that Mr. Cannon should be the nominee. He is past the age when any man ought to aspire to the presidency; furthermore, he is past the time in which his own political ideas and standards were formed. He is still as Speaker of the House of Representatives a highly potential political figure, none the less he is a man whose day is past. His nomination, if it were possible to bring it about, would hark back to systems of politics and administration which the Republican party ought not to wish to restore and which at least it ought not to try to restore. By the country Mr. Cannon would be regarded, and not without reason, as a reactionary, and in the voting he would probably be beaten hands down by Mr. Bryan.

We have now, so far as it is possible to judge, the whole field of presidential aspirants in full view. Illinois at the Chicago convention will be for Cannon, Pennsylvania for Knox, Ohio for Taft, Wisconsin for LaFollette, Indiana for Fairbanks, New York for Hughes. Much might be said for each of these men, but so far we are able to judge no one of them besides Taft and Hughes has the ghost of a chance for the nomination. Probably no one of them with the exception of Taft and Hughes seriously expects it. The

others are in the ring under the favorite son device, which is merely a means of holding out the vote of a State to the end that the best possible bargain may be made for it with the winner.

It looks now as if Taft would go into the convention stronger in his immediate and positive backing than Hughes but still short of the number of votes required to nominate. The vital question is which will be able to draw the votes of the great and powerful States now standing practically neutral when the time comes for action. A common opinion is that Taft will win by sheer momentum. Another opinion is that Hughes, being free from the animosities and resentments connected with the Administration, will prove the more attractive figure. It is a case where perhaps one guess is as good as another.

The Hudson River Tunnel.

On the 25th instant, Tuesday of this week, the Hudson and Manhattan tunnel, connecting Sixth Avenue and Hoboken, was opened for traffic under a ten-minute schedule between terminals. Interest in this event has to some extent been discounted by preliminary reports, none the less it is a thing of tremendous significance. It means nothing less than the cutting out of twenty to thirty minutes from the time between Manhattan Island and the Jersey shore—in other words, it brings New York nearer by twenty minutes or more to the rest of the country. Locally it will make the Jersey side of the Hudson far more accessible than in former times and it will without doubt tend to the spread of population on the west side of the Hudson River.

The successful tunneling of the North River at New York has especial interest for San Francisco on the score of its local suggestions. If a passage for railway trains can be conquered under North River, the same thing may be done under San Francisco Bay. The distance between Goat Island and the western bay shore is hardly greater than that from Sixth Avenue to Hoboken and the engineering requirements of the one project are certainly not greater than the other. It is merely a matter of investment and when in progress of time it shall be cheaper to reach San Francisco from the east bay shore through a tunnel than by ferry, a tunnel will surely be made. It is unthinkable that with the example of North River before us, we shall permanently suffer the delays, discomforts, and hazards of the trans-bay trip under existing arrangements.

The North River tunnel was projected in 1874 by an engineer named Haskins, who was universally regarded by the wise men of that day as a mere dreamer. In spite of discouragements Haskins succeeded in building a brick tunnel some 1200 feet from the Hoboken terminal, but at this point his resources failed him. Ten years later an English company took up the work where Haskins left it off and carried it 1800 feet further, when in turn it failed. The project lay in abeyance till 1901, when William G. McAduo took up the project and drove it to completion under what is known as the steel-ring method. The completed work consists not of a single tunnel, but of four—that is four steel tubes under the river, two at Morton Street and two at Cortlandt Street. The cars used in these tubes are steel and are electrically propelled. They are planned to run in trains of eight and are scheduled to leave either end at ten-minute intervals. This service may be multiplied four or five times if the traffic shall demand it. Especial attention has been given to the problem of loading and unloading cars, which are fitted with large sliding doors in the middle as well as at each end; and platforms are so arranged at terminal stations that passengers may enter and leave the cars at the same time. Those leaving go out on one side and those entering come in on the other side. By this device it is hoped to do away with the congestion which is so unpleasant a feature of other metropolitan systems.

Now serving his third and final term as governor of Massachusetts and with little or no prospect of going to the United States Senate, Governor Curtis Guild is said to have become inoculated with the vice-presidential germ and to be taking his boom for second place on the ticket more seriously than any one else.

James K. Vardaman, formerly Governor of Mississippi, describes Mr. Roosevelt's last message as "a tocsin of war which calls to arms every honest and patriotic American." But it is said that the President is not pleased with these commendations from the Sunny South.

Philadelphia is beginning to talk about celebrating the 225th anniversary of her founding next October, and Mayor Reyburn recommends that the old home week idea be adopted.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

The Honorable Champ Clark of Missouri declared the other day in the House of Representatives that he wanted to see some of the President's recommendations brought to the test of Republican endorsement by a vote, and proceeded to say:

It is said the test of the pudding is in chewing the string, and the test of sincerity here is in votes, more—far more—than in words. It will not require much time to settle the question as to who is most earnestly in favor of whatever good and wholesome propositions are contained in the President's various messages. Voting on them and nothing else will settle it. You Republicans have the right of way. You are peculiarly happy in catching the Speaker's eagle eye whenever you so desire.

The gentleman from New York (Mr. Payne), the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Dalzell), the gentleman from Iowa (Mr. Hepburn), and the other gentleman from New York (Mr. Sherman) never have any trouble in that regard.

Neither does the gentleman from Minnesota (Mr. Tawney), who, with the other four, are the ruling elders in the Republican portion of the House under the general supervision of the Speaker. They constitute the big five on the floor. When any one of that powerful quintet arises and says: "Mr. Speaker," that mighty functionary never asks: "For what purpose does the gentleman rise?" for the all-sufficient reason that he knows the purpose in advance; and if by chance in an unexpected situation he does not know the exact purpose he has such an unflinching trust in their sagacity, and in their loyalty to the machine, that he assumes that it is for the good of the Republican order. Consequently immediate and ungrudging recognition is accorded to any member of the "big five."

This is a pregnant paragraph from a letter to the New York *Evening Post* by its Washington correspondent:

A great deal of the dust and noise of politics that is now attracting attention in Washington will come to naught before June and the time of the Republican convention arrives. When all is said and done, the Republicans who assemble at Chicago will try to pick a man who will have the best chance of defeating Bryan. Other considerations, it is the confident expectation, will not count for much. Here lies the best chance for Mr. Hughes. His aloofness from all factional quarrels in the party, and his undeniable ability, should count for a great deal when the final summing is made.

Ex-Governor Frank S. Black of New York was the chief speaker at the annual dinner of the Home Market Club in Boston a few days ago, and the plainness with which he talked about the present administration at Washington rather startled the members. It will be remembered that Mr. Black nominated Mr. Roosevelt for the presidency at the national convention four years ago. The New York *Sun*, with delighted appreciation, gave up its first editorial column to pithy paragraphs from the address, some of which follow:

The most tyrannical trust in existence today is the political trust. There never has been in the history of this country a bossism so despotic and unscrupulous as that which controls you now.

It has already reached that appalling stage when it is sought to fill the highest elective office in the world by executive appointment without even the safeguard of a confirmation by the Senate.

The new method of punishment is by denunciation instead of by conviction. Nearly everybody is accused, but few are tried. If no crime has been committed it is immoral to charge it.

The credit of our people has been assailed in accents carried around the world.

High places do not always make great men; the sound of water does not always mean the ocean.

A leader is not one who excites the crowd and then goes with it. His supremacy will last only while the blood is up.

We are drifting away from our ancient moorings and losing sight of the qualities that have made us powerful and respected. We are carried by excitement beyond bounds which ten years ago would have filled us with dismay. We have seemingly entered upon a national debauch, and, whirling the big stick, are running amuck through the institutions of the land. A deadly weapon should never be trusted in the hands of those too prone to use it. The thoughtful and law abiding among us are holding their breath and have lost the power to be astonished.

An Albany dispatch to Hearst's New York *American* quotes as follows from William Barnes, Jr., who is prominently mentioned for the chairmanship of the State Republican Committee, and who recently had a conference with President Roosevelt in Washington:

"Don't be surprised at Roosevelt's renomination. It is now a contest between the President and Roosevelt-baters, with Hughes the choice of the Roosevelt-baters. No Roosevelt-water can be nominated. The President will control at least fifty of the seventy-eight delegates from New York. I can find no Hughes sentiment in this State. If there is none here, how do you expect to find it elsewhere? The blunder the Hughes managers have committed is in naming the governor the candidate of the Roosevelt-baters." That has aroused every friend of the President in the country, and if it becomes apparent after the first ballot of the Chicago convention that there is any danger of Hughes's nomination, look out for a stampede to Roosevelt. The President is today the preference of nine-tenths of the Republican party. These Republicans will not tolerate the nomination of a man who is being used by those who personally detest the President, who are constantly and bitterly assailing his policies."

Governor Guild of Massachusetts used the following sentences in a Lincoln Day proclamation, and some of the papers quoting them are seemingly at a loss as to their application:

As always at a time of acute social excitement, the demagogue is a most conspicuous figure. The demagogue by catering to extremists seeks first his own advantage and finds it in turning rational revolution into irrational anarchy. He [Lincoln] despised claptrap. He embodied a cause, not a candidacy. He did not fight fire with fire. He faced hot excitement with cold reasoning and mad vituperation with clear truth.

Some of the Democratic hopes were asserted in a speech by Congressman Champ Clark in the House of Representatives on February 13, a fitting date:

Mr. Clark paid some attention at the beginning to President Roosevelt's letter-writing and other forms of participation in the campaign of 1906, and asserted that not even that "ready letter writer" could write enough letters between now and November to return another Republican majority to the House. The majority was reduced from 114 to fifty-five in the Sixtieth Congress, and in every district where the Republicans received less than 3000 majority Mr. Clark declared that the Democrats had the better chance to elect this year. "And praise be to God, there are forty-five of them." In districts where the Republican candidate had less than 2500, he said, "you are our meat. There are thirty-seven of these and we need to carry only twenty-three to organize the next House."

RAISULI AND THE KAID.

Sir Harry Maclean Is Released and the Moorish Brigand Scores Again.

So Kaid Maclean is again at liberty and the festive brigand and cattle-thief Raisuli adds the trifle of \$100,000 to his ransom account. Sir Harry Maclean may derive some grim consolation from the fact that Mr. Perdicaris and Mr. Varley were valued together at only \$55,000, while W. B. Harris, the correspondent of the London Times, was exchanged for certain Moorish prisoners and may therefore be said to have been worth nothing at all. But perhaps Raisuli is just awakening to the value of the market and his next captive may be placed at a higher price still. But he will probably be good now for at least five years, seeing that the \$100,000 is to be paid in five annual installments. It is also understood that Raisuli is to be under "British protection" for that time, although his record would hardly suggest the need of any protection at all.

Sir Harry Maclean arrived at Tangier yesterday and was good enough to talk freely to the Paris journalists who met him there. Although the Kaid is British by birth he has no actual claim upon British protection, seeing that he has been in the service of the Sultan of Morocco for many years. His salary as instructor of the Moroccan army is \$35,000 a year and he was actually on a mission for the Sultan when he was caught by Raisuli. But the Kaid has been useful to British interests. He was always the "friend at court" and his influence was highly appreciated by his own country during the recent troubles. For these reasons the British government took a benevolent interest in his release and it was in the expectation of British friendship that Raisuli graciously consented to receive the ransom fee on the installment plan.

The gallant old Scotchman seems to have had a rough time in the hands of the Philistines. Raisuli captured him by a trick, and in spite of solemn and sacred assurances that he would play fair. The Kaid had only three or four men with him, while Raisuli had fifty, so that resistance would have been useless. When the treachery was made known to the Sultan he sent two armies against Raisuli, but they do not seem to have profited much by their training, seeing that Raisuli only laughed at them and in the "battles" that ensued none of his men were even wounded. After that the unfortunate prisoner had some decidedly uncomfortable experiences. His mules and servants were taken from him and he was left for a whole day without food and shelter in the burning sun. Then he was hurried away into the mountains and kept on the march so constantly that he developed fever and was sick for a week. But the old warrior seems to have kept up his courage. The Moors themselves say that he treated his captors with silent contempt. "He turned his back upon them and said, 'Shoot me, if you will!' He was never afraid." Eventually he was placed in a tumble-down room with only half a roof. He was not permitted to leave this room at all, which he shared with four Moors and legions of Moorish fleas. He says himself, "We had only a little kettle of water among us and I could wash only my hands and face. We were in a beastly state." Probably the lack of ablutions did not greatly trouble the Moors. The Kaid spent "seventeen never-to-be-forgotten days" in these vile quarters, and on the last night eleven Moors kept him awake till 3 in the morning and he had to leave at 5. "I had a bad time, but I did not let them see that I cared a straw." When he left he was reduced to a skeleton and could hardly stand upright, but with the prospect of a ransom Raisuli relented for a few days and returned his servants and gave him a decent bed.

Negotiations were very slow and the bandit tried to hasten them by renewed severities. Sir Harry confesses that he is fond of the bagpipes, as a good Highlander should be, but he resented the two-stringed fiddle that was played almost continuously to keep him from sleeping. The musicians knew only one tune and they desisted when they became too exhausted to continue, but their endurance was greater than their victims'. At last the ransom price was agreed upon and the Kaid was released to hasten back to the Sultan Mulai Abdul Aziz at Rabat and to remain in the royal service as long as he may be needed. But heaven help Raisuli if that unpicturesque vagabond should ever fall into the hands of his erstwhile victim.

Raisuli has been over-much represented as a kind of Moorish Rob Roy, but there seems to be nothing of the romantic or the chivalrous about him. He claims to be descended from Mohammed, but that is hardly fair to Mohammed, who is not here to defend himself. In any case the descent is a rapid and effective one. Raisuli is forty-five years old and until a few years ago he was only known as an audacious and ragged cattle-thief with the casual murder of a woman to his credit. Even in Morocco a woman-killer is looked upon with a certain disfavor and this particular woman happened to be his sister-in-law, which may aggravate or extenuate the offense according to the point of view. A few years ago he quarreled with the Moorish government, whether for cattle-stealing or otherwise deponent sayeth not, but he went to prison for a time and then escaped or was released to take up the kidnapping persuasion, which he has followed ever since so successfully that he now finds himself with a kind of pension and under the protection of the British government. He must have a kind of natural strength about him or he would not have been able to practice his extortions on the governments of both America and England. However that

may be, he now has unquenchable yearnings for peace and no doubt believes that he is a much persecuted and maligned man. He has even allowed himself to be interviewed and was good enough to explain that he captured Sir Harry Maclean because he was in the Moorish service and in revenge for the "persecution" to which he had been subjected. Now that he has been promised protection "all will go well, and I and my family will obtain the tranquillity we desired." It is to be hoped for the sake of civilization that Raisuli will get all the peace that he can use, but his head would look remarkably well over the great gate of Tangier.

PARIS, February 12, 1908.

ST. MARTIN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Criticism of the President.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—The critics of President Roosevelt remind one, often, of the fable of the Wolf and the Lamb, which runs somewhat thus: A wolf and a lamb were one day accidentally slaking their thirst in the same stream. Says the wolf to the lamb, "How dare you disturb the water from which I am drinking?" "How can this be," says the lamb, "since the current flows from you to me?" "Six months ago you vilely slandered me." "Impossible," says the lamb, "for I was not then born." "Then it was your father or some of your relations." And immediately seizing the innocent lamb he tore him limb from limb. Moral: He who is on mischief bent is seldom at a loss for an excuse.

The critics of the President began by making definite charges in reference to his abuse of the patronage. These charges did not stand the light of investigation and were therefore followed by others less definite and these by others still more indefinite. But in proportion as the charges decreased in definiteness, they became louder and more angry. Now the charges have become so vague that it is impossible to prove or disprove them. But "then it was your father or some of your relations" is the wolfish spirit that pervades them all.

One can hardly take seriously a journalist who, of all others, ought to know how easy it is to spread broadcast unfounded rumor, and how much smoke there may be during a campaign without a spark of fire, when he uses such as the following for argument: "It is hardly possible that every newspaper in New York of high standing, that every correspondent of sober judgment, and that social observers without number should all be mistaken in the opinion that the President during the past two months has employed or permitted to be employed the whole powers of officialdom to beat down the Hughes movement." Or again, "The testimony from Florida to Boston and across the country clear to San Francisco is too overwhelming for effective denial."

It was to voice a widespread and indignant protest against this sort of thing that my letter of last week was penned.

It is true in your last issue you did make one definite charge, namely, the choice of Mr. Hitchcock as manager of the Taft campaign. And this is certainly a matter in which there is room for honest difference of opinion. But the dullest can hardly fail to note that on this transaction you have put the worst possible construction. In fact, it is so habitual with the *Argonaut* to put an unfavorable construction on every transaction in which the President can be implicated that the suspicion naturally arises that you are not seeking truth and justice but rather to condemn, after the fashion of the prosecuting attorney of a certain type.

All this talk about the President forcing Taft on an unwilling people is sheer nonsense. As well talk of forcing wholesome food on hungry men. It would be nearer the truth to say that the people are coercing the time-serving, mercenary, corrupt politicians, and forcing them, to save their political necks, to scurry for the Taft hand wagon.

In your last issue you quote with evident approval the following from the New York Evening Post: "As for the Wanmaker appointment in this city, the President defends it on the ground that it was recommended by the three Republican congressmen from New York County. That, again, is not inconsistent with the fact that Wanmaker was made appraiser in order to aid Taft in New York." Now this, to use our President's strong language, is malignant mendacity, the worst form of misrepresentation, and dangerously near yellow journalism. The *Post* in this case tells a part of the truth and leaves out the vital part which puts the matter in an entirely different light. Now this, in brief, is what the President really said: That Mr. Wanmaker was recommended by the three congressmen and the two senators and moreover was an excellent appointment, a well-deserved promotion for twelve years of faithful service in a subordinate position. This, if true, seems quite inconsistent with the fact (or theory) that the appointment was made to aid Taft in New York.

This strenuous effort to discredit the President and injure Taft's candidacy by spreading broadcast garbled statements and vague, indefinite, anonymous rumors seems to me unworthy of a journal of the *Argonaut's* standing.

BERKELEY, CAL., Feb. 24, 1908.

DANIEL ROWEN.

It is possible that Mr. Rowen's sources of information are more numerous and more important than those accessible to the *Argonaut*, but it is not probable. Mr. Rowen says the charges "did not stand the light of investigation." On the contrary, they did stand the light of investigation, and even the President's denial in his message evades the point of the issue. The journals making the charges have reiterated them since the Foulke letter was published and challenged the President at the point of his manifest evasion; and ready as he is to quarrel with anybody at any time, he has remained silent. Were it necessary the *Argonaut* could reprint columns concerning this feature of an unfortunate complication, including open letters from men of prominence giving names and dates. Mr. Rowen decides from the testimony put before him; that testimony is probably incomplete and certainly opposed by many witnesses. The *Argonaut* decides from the testimony it has seen, which, if incomplete, is certainly uncontradicted.

It may be pertinent to say that Mr. Roosevelt has on former occasions made even more explicit denials of embarrassing statements only to find his denials completely overturned by the facts when made public in the courts. In this connection we may cite the President's statement made in reply to Judge Parker relative to corporation contributions made to the campaign fund of 1904.

The *Argonaut* has neither the intention nor the desire to "injure Mr. Taft's candidacy." It was early in the field with a full if not an enthusiastic recognition of Mr. Taft's eminent ability and attractive personality. It has again and again commended the man and his attainments and this in all sincerity. But it still finds itself justified in criticising the President's efforts to mark Mr. Taft as the one legitimate heir to his place and opportunity. Mr. Roosevelt has done more to injure Mr. Taft in the public regard than any journalist of any color can do.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

George Ade, playwright and humorist, has been elected as a delegate to the National Republican Convention from the Tenth District of Indiana.

James R. Garfield, speaking before the Hamilton Club in Chicago, said that President Roosevelt had averted a rebellion by curbing and checking predatory wealth.

Senator Owen declares that he framed a bill similar to the Aldrich money measure eight years ago, and that it was killed by Senator Aldrich himself in the finance committee.

William J. Bryan and Thomas W. Lawson had a long and earnest conversation a few days ago on a trip from New York to Schenectady, but they refused to divulge the nature of the talk.

The Republican State Committee of Colorado has passed unanimous resolutions indorsing the course of the national administration and favoring the nomination of Secretary Taft for the presidency.

Federal Judge George Gray of Delaware was formally presented to the Democrats of the county for President at a meeting of the Lackawanna, Pennsylvania, Democratic County Committee.

The Taft men in Illinois complain that Federal Judge J. Otis Humphrey, who gave the packers the "immunity bath," is fighting to defeat the Taft movement and to support the candidacy of Speaker Cannon.

The President has sent to the Senate the nomination of Louis A. Coolidge of Massachusetts to be Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, to succeed J. H. Edwards, whose resignation will take effect forthwith.

Representative Stephens of Texas in the Congressional Record hints at the bribing of the Department of Justice in Indian fraud cases and virtually demands that Attorney-General Bonaparte be impeached.

Bourke Cockran sometimes seeks alliterative aid. With Mr. Bryan in the presidential chair, he says, "the plunderers of millions will be given preference in the pathway to prison over the pilferers of pennies."

Noah D. Swayne and P. C. Tadgen have been elected delegates to the Republican National Convention by the Ninth Ohio District Republican Convention. They were instructed to vote for William H. Taft for President "until he is nominated."

Ex-Governor Thomas of Colorado says "there is but one Democratic candidate and he is Bryan." Mr. Thomas went on to remark that if the Democrats fought the enemy half as hard as they fought among themselves victory would be easy.

Representative Burke of Pennsylvania has been elected assistant whip of the House at a caucus of the Republican members. The selection of an assistant whip is made necessary by the candidacy of Representative Watson for the governorship of Indiana.

Secretary Taft, in a speech at Grand Rapids, Michigan, declared that if Lincoln were alive today he would hold the Philippines, would fight the illegal privileges of corporate wealth and in every other way uphold the policies of the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations.

Congressman Theodore E. Burton has been unanimously renominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Twenty-First Ohio District. Congressman Burton and Judge Fred L. Taft were selected as delegates to the Republican convention and were instructed to vote for the nomination of Secretary Taft.

Governor Hughes has been asked to comment on the report that he had formed a "combine" with Governor Guild of Massachusetts and Governor Fort of New Jersey for political purposes. "I'm not going to talk about these reports," said he, "but I will say that no combination for the illegal restraint of trade or for trading has been formed."

Senator LaFollette is determined to force through the Senate his bill to prohibit public officers from receiving telegraph or telephone franks and providing for the regulation of interstate telegraph and telephone rates so as to prevent discriminations. If the committee does not report the bill the senator will address the Senate and try to compel action.

President Roosevelt has appointed William L. Day United States Attorney for the Northern District of Ohio. The appointee is a pronounced Taft man, son of Supreme Court Justice Day, who is one of Secretary Taft's most intimate friends. Frederick G. Withoft was nominated for another term as postmaster at Dayton, Ohio, which is right in Foraker's zone. It is understood that Senators Foraker and Dick, while they were not consulted in either case, have no particular objection to either of the appointees and will not oppose confirmation.

Manager Vorys says he does not believe the rumor that either Senator Foraker or Senator Dick thinks of calling mass conventions in the counties of Ohio preparatory to holding another State Republican Convention. Mr. Vorys added: "They have too much sense to project such a ridiculous course, though some of their fool friends may have conceived it." Former Attorney-General J. M. Sheets of Ohio, asked as to his opinion, said: "I do not believe that Senators Foraker and Dick are ready to be adjudged insane," while ex-State Food Commissioner J. E. Blackburn, belonging to the Taft organization, claims that "We could control any such convention held anywhere in the State."

THE INFANT GOLDEN CITY.

By Jerome A. Hart.

II.

Aboard their steamer again, the two young Argonauts had expected to find all their luggage on deck ready to take ashore. But the ship was a scene of confusion. Of the entire ship's company there remained only the captain and the chief engineer. The rest of the officers and crew had all deserted. The passengers were clamoring for their luggage. They might possibly have got it for themselves out of the baggage hold, but many of them had brought large quantities of other goods that were stored in the cargo holds—such things as portable houses, patent boats, mining machinery, stocks of merchandise, and all manner of things. This they demanded should be brought forth instantly. The captain briskly informed them that if they wanted their stuff they could get it out themselves. An acrimonious controversy took place. One particularly impatient passenger jumped on the captain and shouted:

"Let's hold a mass meeting. Gentlemen, come to order. This man, the captain here, wants to make us get out our own stuff from the hold. Yet everybody tells us that stevedores here are paid wages of an ounce a day—more than sixteen dollars. If every one of us gets out his own stuff he's got to get out some other fellow's stuff too. That's an easy way to get the cargo discharged, and the steamship company will save wages of sixteen dollars a day. If the captain insists on our getting out our own stuff, I move that he pays us stevedores' wages."

"Hear! hear!" shouted the crowd.

But the stubborn captain at first declined to entertain the plan. At last, the impossibility of getting any shore labor forced him to offer half stevedores' wages, or half an ounce a day. This was two or three times as much as most of the passengers had ever earned, so they at once fell to; being young and vigorous, even if inexperienced, they soon had the baggage and cargo straining and groaning in the slings and tackle.

While discharging cargo the captain made the disagreeable discovery that the deserting crew had stolen much that would be useful in the mines. All the ship's spare canvas was gone, and the levitating seamen had even unbent the sails from the yards for tents.

During the confusion over discharging ship, Fox and Burke were separated. It is often so at the end of a sea voyage. Bosom friendships growing out of a seven days' ocean crossing, even acute transoceanic flirtations, suddenly become chilled by the distracting search for lost luggage, and the engrossing interviews with custom-house officers on the pier. It was not strange that the two cabin-mates should each find himself intent on his own affairs.

Fox needed money badly, but even half an ounce a day as stevedore did not tempt him. He was impatient to be ashore. He got out his own luggage, and as he had no goods in the cargo hold, he soon succeeded in bringing his things ashore. When he landed with his luggage he had only ten dollars, and out of that he was obliged to pay seven dollars to transport his belongings to the wood and canvas caravansary where Mike Clancy had engaged him a bed. This left him with only three dollars. But he had a large bundle of New York daily papers. As the steamer's arrival was excitedly talked of all around him, he thought of selling his papers. They brought thirty-four dollars, which increased his capital to thirty-seven dollars.

Many hours had now elapsed since his hurried breakfast aboard ship, and he was growing very hungry. Entering a shabby little eating-house connected with his "hotel," the first person he saw was Burke, seated pensively alone. Greeting him warmly, Fox seated himself, and said:

"I see you've finished your meal. What can you recommend in this Western Delmonico's?"

"I don't know what I can recommend, but I know what I won't recommend."

"What?"

"Eggs."

"Why not? Are they over-ripe?"

"Not that, but the price is over-high. Mike and I came in to get something to eat. As Mike had been so clever to us, he was my guest. We had plain ham and eggs and coffee. Mike ought to have warned me, but he must think I'm a millionaire, I suppose, for he didn't say a word. How much do you suppose the bill was?"

"Can't guess."

"I found that eggs were five dollars each. As we had two apiece, the total bill was thirty dollars."

"Thirty dollars!" gasped Fox. "Why—what—how—" and he relapsed into speechless wonder.

"Well," responded Burke, dolefully, "I am in pawn, and Mike has gone out to raise the wind."

"Never mind—I've been playing newsboy and have just sold thirty-four dollars' worth of New York papers, so I can take you out of pawn."

"But that leaves you only four dollars for your own supper. If you're hungry you never can fill up for four dollars!" exclaimed Burke.

"Suppose I don't eat eggs," suggested Fox. "Then perhaps I can get something to eat for four dollars."

By a careful study of the bill of fare he was able to make out a modest supper within the limit of his purse. Fortunately they were saved from going out into the work, utterly penniless by the timely return of Mike, bringing back with him a small buckskin pouch of gold-

dust, borrowed from a flush friend. The bill was settled, and the three went forth free.

The exorbitant price of eggs still weighed on Fox's brain. "Five dollars for an egg!" he exclaimed. "Is it possible that they always sell for such a ridiculous price?"

"Hen's eggs is high today," explained Mike. "The regular price is two dollars apiece. But the Knights of the Golden Circle give a banquet last night, and all the hen's eggs in town was et up."

"Why do you say hen's eggs?" asked Fox. "What other kind have they got here?"

"They work off sea-gull's eggs on tenderfeet. Them that aint suckers can always tell a genuine hen's egg by the color of the shell."

"How about other things, Mike? Is everything else as high?"

"Yes, pretty much. Sugar, tea, and coffee are all four dollars a pound. A loaf of bread costs four bits."

"Four bits?" asked Fox. "How much is that?"

"Four bits is half a dollar."

"And how much is board?" inquired Burke.

"Good board is eight dollars a day. Single meals costs from two to five dollars, according to what you take. You can't eat no hen's eggs in a two-dollar meal," warned Mike.

"Wines and spirits are high, I suppose?" asked Fox. "Spirits?" said Mike interrogatively, "meaning whisky?"

"Yes."

"Whisky is four bits a drink. Wine is ten dollars a pint."

"What kind of wine?" inquired Fox.

"There aint but one kind of wine; what people here calls wine, that's always champagne; it's ten dollars a pint."

"And how much is it a quart?" asked Burke, with a humorous air.

"I never seen no quarts—only pints."

"Are wages high?"

"Ten dollars a day and men hard to get," replied Mike briefly.

"You mean for unskilled labor, I suppose," said Burke.

"Oh, yes; men with trades gets more. Carpenters gets sixteen dollars a day, other trades similar. Lumber costs five hundred dollars a thousand. If you build a brick house it'll cost you about a dollar a brick when it's done."

"Have to get high rents to make such buildings pay," remarked Fox.

"Pay you a mint of money as soon as you get 'em up," responded Mike. "A shack store knocked together of rough lumber will rent for three thousand dollars a month. Frinstance, here we are coming to the Plaza. That two-story wooden house over yander, the Parker House, rents for ten thousand dollars a month. The one right beyant, the El Dorado gambling saloon, you kin see is part wood and part canvas. Well, it brings in four thousand a month, cold cash."

"If rents are so high, interest must be something astounding. What do people pay here when they borrow money?" asked Fox.

"From eight to fifteen per cent, I hear."

"Per year, I suppose you mean?"

"Oh, no," answered Mike. "I mean per month. Why, there was a Mexican *hombre* here, a spell back, that was hard up. He owns a big ranch down in the south, but he got to hitting the monte bank too hard. He went to old Reese, the banker, and wanted to borrow a hundred thou. Old Reese let him have it for three per cent a month. Old Reese said he done it as a special favor. The greaser was tickled to death at first, until some feller figgered out for him that his whole principal would be gone inside of three years. Old Reese will win the greaser's ranch, sure. No wonder them bankers get rich."

At the corner they stopped and watched the queer crowd crossing the Plaza. This was one of the few spots in the embryo city where there was light at night. Here it was a-plenty. From the glass-fronted gambling saloons, brilliantly lighted with the new "astral lamps," floods of light streamed on the street without. In and out of the gambling hells there marched a motley throng. Not a few languages could be heard. English and Spanish were the dominant tongues, for there were many Mexicans, as well as Peruvians, Chileans, and other South Americans. But Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, and other Europeans were also numerous. There were many Kanakas in the crowd, for Hawaii and the Pacific Coast were then in close communication, and Honolulu was the headquarters for the Pacific Coast whalers. The many sailors could be distinguished by their pea jackets, their broad-brimmed tarpaulin hats, or their glazed caps. Most of the miners appeared in high boots, slouch hats, and woolen shirts. There were even fur-clad Russians in the throng, for the Siberian ships still called regularly at this port, as had been their custom when they kept up the old Russian settlement not many miles away. A costume frequently seen was the Mexican riding dress—peaked sombrero, with heavy silver cord around the brim, short jacket, slashed riding breeches, with silver coins sewed along the seams, and varnished high-heeled boots; this was worn by Mexicans and by other dandies as well. But the foreign costume most frequently seen was that of the Chinese, with their blue blouses and pig-tails; they and the Kanakas performed the humbler functions in the new community. Even from the far-away Levant there came a colony of turbaned Turks and Armenians, whose specialty in the new city was the peddling of candies. Women were

by no means rare, and every now and again there would dash up to the doors of one of the gambling places some Anonyma on horseback, usually in the long riding skirts of the period, often in breeches and boots.

"But say, boys," cried Mike, "this is dry work. Let's go in and git a drink."

Fox was of teetotal training, but he dismissed any tenderness of conscience with the soothing thought that in Rome one should do as the Romans do. Already they had passed by the El Dorado, the Parker House, the Jenny Lind, and the Polka saloons; all of these were crowded, but at last they made their way into the Arcade. The room they entered was a lofty one, some fifty by a hundred feet in size. The walls were handsomely papered, and massive chandeliers with cut-glass ornaments hung from the frescoed ceilings. Along one side of the long room was a gorgeous bar glittering with glassware and burnished brass; behind it stood rows of deft barkeepers in their white coats. At one end was a raised platform where a fine band of musicians was performing. Down the centre of the room were rows of tables at which billiards and pool were being played for high stakes.

"Here, boys," said Mike, "watch for your chance and git in."

Along the bar were serried rows of men; as fast as one set of drinkers filled and emptied their glasses they fell back, and others pushed into their places. When opportunity came the three took a hurried drink, for which Mike proffered in payment his borrowed bag of gold-dust. With finger and thumb the bar-keeper took three pinches of dust, which he put in a receptacle behind the bar.

"Is that the regular price—a pinch a drink?" asked Burke.

"That's what it is," replied Mike. "No wonder these whisky-mills pay. They say that a bar-keep with a big forefinger and thumb draws down big pay. That feller had ought to git big pay—he has a hand like a ham."

The newcomers regarded the scene before them with curiosity. The long room was crowded. All around the walls were ranged monte, vint-un, roulette, rouge-et-noir, rondo, faro, and chuck-a-luck outfits. At each table there was a male dealer, while in the chair which modern Monte Carlo keeps for the *chef de la table* there sat a woman, usually a handsome, black-eyed Peruvian or Chilean woman, in a gorgeous gown, cut low, and blazing with jewels. One particularly beautiful woman, to whom Mike pointed, was casting her rake at the moment, sweeping in a heap of coin and gold-dust.

"That's the Bella Costa," said he.

"Who is Bella Costa?" asked Burke.

"Oh, she's Charlie Costa's girl. Costa is a fancy man, an all-round sport, does a little politics and a good deal of gambling on the side. Him and me is first-rate friends."

Around the tables was gathered a greedy crowd. From their appearance and attire, the gamblers seemed made up of all sorts and conditions of men. When asked about the players Mike glibly rattled off names and conditions. Judges, lawyers, doctors, public officials, mechanics, merchants, and clerks were among them, and many who seemed by their attire to be miners and laborers.

The stakes were often high. More than once they saw five thousand dollars in dust on a single bet, but the ordinary stakes were about five dollars. The women at the tables usually "hefted" the dust, rarely weighing it. The dealers' guess at the value seemed to be satisfactory to all parties. Once a plunger bet twenty thousand dollars in bank-notes and gold-dust. The dust was weighed carelessly, but the notes were scrutinized with much care.

Around each table the players, present and prospective, stood three or four deep. As fast as a man gave up his seat or his place another pushed in. At the back of the tables were stacks of gold and silver coin, heaps of nuggets, and bags of gold-dust piled up to tempt the spectators.

Even the continuous music could not drown the medley of noises. There was the monotonous call of the dealers, the clinking of coin, the thud of gold-dust bags, the clashing of glasses, the click of billiard balls, the popping of corks, the jingling of Mexican spurs. Sometimes, although not frequently, there would break out the clamor of oaths and an altercation. Once two miners behind Fox and Burke drew pistols, but they were at once disarmed by the attendants of the gambling hell. Both the young men expected to see a shooting match, but Mike reassured them.

"It aint considered genl'mly to begin shooting in a saloon," he explained. "If fellers has got any little troubles to settle, why let 'em go outside. If they begin shootin' inside, it breaks up the games, every feller grabs for his stakes, the gold pieces rolls on the floor, the gold-dust gits spilt, and things git all mixed up."

Burke was struck by the loose ideas about coin values. Observation at the gaming tables and conversation with Mike showed him that the "ounce" was quoted at sixteen dollars. This, although under its value, at least seemed to be standard. But the English shilling, the French franc, the Mexican double real, and the American quarter-dollar all passed for twenty-five cents, greatly as their intrinsic value differed. Correspondingly, the French five-franc piece, the English crown, the American dollar, and the Mexican dollar all passed for the same amount—one hundred cents American. Every small silver coin was called a "bit," and passed for twelve and a half cents. Indian rupees, Russian roubles, Dutch and Austrian florins and

guilders, and various South American coins circulated freely at varying valuations. On the gambling tables an octagonal gold-piece called the "fifty-dollar slug," coined by private persons, was often seen. In free circulation were so-called ten and five-dollar gold-pieces, also coined by private individuals; some of these coins Mike won at the table, and Burke examined them with great curiosity.

Midnight was past, and the two travelers, despite their youth, suddenly found themselves growing fatigued and drowsy. So they returned to their canvas hotel and prepared to seek repose in their modest bunks.

"And tomorrow, Dan," murmured Fox, sleepily, "it's ho! for the mines."

"Well, I don't know about the mines," returned Burke.

"Why not?" asked Fox in surprise. "Do you intend to stay here?"

"I've come to the conclusion that it's hard work getting gold in the mines. But here—why, it's easy money! If people here are willing to take sixteen dollars' worth of gold and call it twenty dollars, or eight dollars and call it ten, I'm willing to make the coins if they'll dig the gold."

Fox felt no strong impulse toward exhausting toil with pick and shovel. Yet Burke's peculiar theory of "making money" did not commend itself to him; to his legal mind the procedure smacked of counterfeiting. True, the practice was open, and the community not only tolerated but required it. Still, Fox clearly saw that soon these "money-makers" would be forced to stop—perhaps by the local authorities, perhaps by the Federal; if by the latter, possibly with the penitentiary as a goal. He knew that Burke inclined to political employment; while Fox had the vague ambitions which stir most young Americans, he never had followed the "practical politics" which makes places for keen young men in wards of large cities. In his New England village there was little or nothing of that. So of the chance of making an immediate living out of politics Fox saw no hope.

The next morning he left Burke busily engaged in negotiating with a "banker" for the manufacture of lightweight gold coins, while he wandered around the crowded streets. He had about decided to leave for the mines the next day, but was wondering, with the buoyancy of youth, whether something might not turn up to keep him in the city. He did not attempt, Alnaschar-like, to put his hopes into words; he only dreamed vaguely that some marvelous thing might come to pass by which he might make some money. So thinking, he lifted up his eyes and saw a sign, "JOSIAH STEVENS—GOLD DUST BOUGHT."

"Hum—Stevens," said he to himself. "Josiah Stevens. I have heard so many new names during the past few weeks that old ones sound strange to me. But there is something very familiar about that name. Stevens! Hum! Where did I hear it?"

In vain he cudgelled his brain. Suddenly it flashed across him that the name was in his pocket-book. When leaving the law office in New York his brother gave him a promissory note for four hundred dollars, signed by one Josiah Stevens.

"The drawer of that note has gone with the gold rush," said his brother. "If you run across him, try and collect. The holder has about written it off his books. If you can collect it there will be a tidy fee for both of us."

Fox gazed in the window, where lay trays of coarse gold-dust, heaps of nuggets, piles of small gold bricks or ingots, and boxes of Mexican dollars. Within he saw a sharp-featured man of middle age, with a military bearing, wearing a curious semi-military peaked cap. Fox entered.

"Is this Mr. Stevens?" he inquired.

"Colonel Stevens, sir," replied the sharp-faced man. "Colonel, if you please, and very much at your service. What can I do for you?"

Fox was diplomatic enough to know that the conversation might be begun more gracefully than by referring to an unpaid promissory note.

"I am a new arrival, colonel," he began, "and am going up the river tomorrow to the mines. I came in to see what is the best way to carry funds, and at what rate of exchange I could turn over New York bank-notes."

"Slugs—fifty-dollar slugs, sir—that's the sort of thing to carry. For small change you can use Mexicans and gold-dust. But as for your New York bank-notes—well, we don't go much on bank-notes out here. Sometimes the banks back in the States bust up long before we hear of it. Then we go on using their blame bills in intricate business transactions, and as to who gets stuck for the worthless bank-notes, why, sir, it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to tell."

"Talking of Philadelphia lawyers," interposed Fox, "I have a brother in New York who is a lawyer, and—"

"And I'll bet you're a young lawyer yourself," exclaimed Stevens. "Aint I right?"

"Yes," admitted Fox modestly, "that is, I've just begun to—"

"Well, you've come to the right place. There never was a place where there was so much lawing. Everybody goes to law. Everything is unsettled. There isn't a rich claim up in the mines but what at least three owners lay claim to it. There isn't a valuable corner lot in this town but what there are three or four titles to it—Mexican governor's grant to a civilian, Mexican general's grant to a veteran soldier, royal grant from a Spanish viceroy, grant by the American alcalde of the town, and at least two squatters who

claim it by settler's title. Oh, there's lots of work here for the lawyers."

"How about the fees?" asked Fox with deep interest.

"The fees are all right. If a lawyer wins his client's case, he generally takes half the land. That is, the white lawyers do. Those that aint white take more. The hogs, I notice, get it all before they're through."

"You certainly speak highly of the country for a newcomer in my profession."

"Good for any profession! It's a great country. Everybody can make money here. Why, I came here with absolutely nothing, and look at me now. I'm rated by all the banks here as A1."

"I'm delighted to hear it, colonel—for my sake as well as your own, for I have a little claim against you here. As I was saying, my brother, who is a New York lawyer, entrusted me with this promissory note for four hundred dollars, which as you see is signed by you."

Stevens's jaw dropped as he examined the document.

"Right you are, young man," he said, as he scrutinized it with an uneasy eye, "right you are. That's Josiah Stevens's signature all right, and Josiah Stevens never went back on his autograph."

Still it was with anything but enthusiasm that he proceeded to settle. He calculated the interest at the legal rate in "York State," and then insisted on putting in a deed for two hundred dollars' worth of town lots in the new metropolis of Yubaville.

"And where's Yubaville?" queried Fox, as he accepted his small amount of cash and large amount of land.

"Up on the Uvas River, in the heart of the richest placer diggings in the mines."

"That settles it," said Fox to himself as he again found himself in the street, "whether I become a miner or a lawyer, I am a citizen of Yubaville and I am bound for the mines."

And he turned into an office where he saw a large sign headed "Ho for the Mines!" There he purchased passage for Yubaville on the brig *Euphemia*, Jones, master, to sail the next day, wind and tide permitting, for the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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A HAIL FROM SHORE.

There's a navy moving westward at the Presidential nod,
Ploughing sixteen furrows clear around the Horn.

And the purpose of this cruising forms a puzzle quite amusing
Which the papers solve anew each night and morn.

It's to bid the chesty Jappy not to get too gay and happy—
It's to make the "Powers" weak about the knees,

Till they wail, in wofully chorus, "Gracious Heavens! what's
before us?"

And float hasty flags of truce upon the breeze.
But one fact is undisputed in this destination mooted,—

It is straight for San Francisco that they sail!
Whether they will come to stay, or a social call to pay,

We'll meet them when they've followed out the trail!

They will touch at Southern harbors, 'mid the thundering of
guns;

As a royal fleet he welcomed everywhere,
By those kingdoms where the honorable ruler is a goner

When he shows his face abroad to take the heir;
They'll be jollied up and feted in a manner celebrated

Till their very figure-heads might well be turned;
But we'll cultivate the notion that beside this western ocean

There is "something new in welcomes" to be learned.
For though greetings warm and hearty come from every
foreign party

Still the bond of kinship's one that can not fail;
—They'll believe it when they hear us cheer the fleet as it
draws near us—

Oh, we'll meet them when they've followed out the trail!

We have toiled among our brick-piles, we have risen from the
dust,

From the wreck of what was builded by the years;
And our rehabilitation has been watched by all the nation

As a task quite superhuman, it appears!
But the truth remains forever, that before our own endeavor

Came the Nation's Might to lift us from the ground.
So those Jackies are awaited with a joy unduplicated

In the most enthusiastic port they've found.
Then hear, oh sailors of the fleet—it is not you alone we greet

When we speak you from a distance with our hail;
For the Flag you carry overseas—for Fatherland—it is for
these

We'll meet you when you've followed out the trail!

ALICE WINDSOR KIMBALL.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1908.

The cheapest effective police force in the world is

the Northwest Mounted Police, whose territory extends

from Herschell Island to Kenora—the largest police

area in the world. This entire field is covered

by less than seven hundred men and 520 horses. The

work of the police in the old days was rounding up

horse-thieves, whisky smugglers, and Indian murderers.

Now it is almost everything else; the chief relic of

the old days being, the horse-thief, which in that

country is a hard variety to exterminate. Many of the

mounted police are now posted singly in the new towns,

where they do local as well as patrol work.

In a recent bulletin from the University of California

is given a summary of the evidence prepared

by Professor J. D. Whitney to show that the famous

Calaveras skull, found in a miner's shaft in Bald Hill,

near Altaville, probably came from a cave used by the

Indians for burial purposes.

The well-known phrase, John Bull, applied collectively

to the English nation, first appeared in a satire

called "The History of John Bull," which is generally

attributed to Swift, but which was written by Dr.

Arbutnot.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mme. Marcell Tinayre, the French author, has recently declined the decoration of the Legion d'Honneur.

At the last annual meeting of the New York State Bar Association, Mrs. Harriette M. Johnston Wood was unanimously elected a member, the first woman so honored. Mrs. Wood is the law partner of her husband and the firm sign reads "Wood & Wood."

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, wife of the Irish advocate of home rule, is said to be convinced that Englishwomen will have the full right of Parliamentary suffrage within the next seven years. Mrs. O'Connor was a Texas girl, has lived for thirty-two years in England, and is now on a visit to her native country.

Secretary of State Elihu Root has completed his sixty-third year. During his term he has traveled farther than any of his predecessors in the office. He has visited South America, Mexico, and Canada, and in each instance has carried a message of good will and closer friendship to the nation he has visited.

Mrs. Elizabeth Custer has declared her intention to build a home for impoverished literary women as a memorial to her husband, who fell in the Little Big Horn fight with the Indians some thirty years ago. Mrs. Custer has recently bought a site for the proposed home in Bronxville, Westchester County, New York, and it is said that the building will soon be begun.

Eleonora Duse, the Italian actress, has just bought Lapponi Palace in Florence, and she is to make her headquarters there in future. She was already the owner of a palace on the Grand Canal in Venice, but the damp climate of Venice is unsuited to her. The Palazzo Lapponi was built in 1520. It is a beautiful building, only in need of furnishing and upkeep to make it a princely residence. It is said that she has paid about \$120,000 for it.

Rodolphe Lemieux, postmaster-general of Canada, has returned from his trip to Japan flushed with success. His mission to Tokio to check Japanese immigration resulted in the disruption of nearly all the Japanese emigration syndicates. It was discovered that fourteen out of the seventeen emigration syndicates existing at Tokio were mere unprincipled "rings" or "trusts" for the gathering of passage money, and they have been suppressed as little better than crimping agencies.

The Duchy of Brunswick has been stirred to its depths by the sumptuary decrees of the new regent, the Duke Johann-Albrecht of Mecklenburg. He found that the Brunswickers were altogether too simple and made the wearing of silk hose and knee breeches, a sword and silver buckled shoes compulsory at court functions instead of ordinary evening dress. The Duchess Elizabeth, the regent's consort, is supporting her husband in his reform ideas. She has ordered the ladies to discard kid and appear at court in satin slippers.

M. Gustave Hervé, editor of the Paris *Guerre Social*, has been condemned to a year's imprisonment and a fine of 3000 francs for his abuse of the French army and his covert attacks on M. Clemenceau as responsible for the Morocco campaign. M. Hervé has been five times before the court on similar charges. Three times he escaped punishment, once he served a few months out of a four years' sentence of imprisonment. In his recent utterances he charged the government with prostituting the services of the army to the purposes of high finance and colonial speculation.

Miss Nora Stanton Blatch, granddaughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton and daughter of Harriot Stanton Blatch, is engaged to marry Dr. Lee De Forest, the wireless inventor. Miss Blatch was graduated from the civil engineering course at Cornell in 1905, when she was twenty-one years old, being the first woman to enter that department at Cornell. Soon after graduation she was engaged to design structural iron work for the American Bridge Company. She was then elected a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers, being the first woman to be so honored.

Prince Eitel Friedrich, second son of the Kaiser, who represented his father at the funeral of King Carlos and Crown Prince Luiz, and who stopped in Paris on his way back to Berlin, spent one morning in sight-seeing. Among the places he visited was Napoleon's tomb. A rumor spread on the Bourse that he had visited President Fallières, whereupon the prices of stocks immediately rose. The report, however, was untrue. The prince started for Berlin the same day. He said he regretted he could not stay longer. The Kaiser is said to have been anxious lest some patriotic fanatic try to avenge Sedan upon his son's person.

Mrs. Mead, wife of the famous publicist, Edwin D. Mead, who is one of the leaders of the movement in international peace, and who longs for the Utopian era when peace and amity will dwell among the nations of the earth and all swords shall be beaten into ploughshares, is foremost among those who protest vehemently that the "Star-Spangled Banner," the national anthem for almost a century, is too truculent and bellicose for the average school pupil to learn. Mrs. Lucia Mead Ames started the agitation by her statement that the line in Key's famous hymn, "Then conquer we must, for our cause is just," is inimical to the youth of the nation, since it inculcates a spirit of warfare, even when the nation has no just cause for war against a neighbor.

LIFE IN A HAREM.

An Arabian Princess Lifts the Veil from the Oriental Household.

Apologists for the life of the harem and for the general Oriental status of women are not common in the West and for that reason the "Memoirs of an Arabian Princess" should be received with special interest. Salamah hint Said was the daughter of Seyyid Said, Sultan of Muscat and Zanzibar, and sister of Majid and of Bargash, both of whom succeeded him on the Zanzibar throne. Salamah hint Said escaped from Zanzibar to Aden, where she married a German trader named Ruete and henceforth made her home in Germany, where she brought up her family. She explains that her memoirs were intended only for her children, who at that time did not know that their mother was a princess or more of her early life than that she came from Zanzibar. Upon urgent persuasion she allowed her memoirs to be published in Germany in 1886, and they are now translated into English for the first time.

This biography is certainly a notable hook. There is probably nothing else so authoritative or with more evident marks of intelligence and culture. The author became a Christian, but her Christianity was probably not of the subcutaneous variety. Certainly her defense of Mohammedan customs is always vigorous and generally effective. In the early days of her German life she mistook its novelty for superiority, but there came a gradual recognition that human nature is pretty much the same all over the world and that good laws may be nullified by vice just as bad laws may be counteracted by virtue. She shows us the life of the harem day by day, the domestic machinery of the Oriental household, the thousand and one details of an existence that is known to most of us only through the medium of the "Arabian Nights Entertainment." Assuredly, the picture is a pleasing one, because it removes many misconceptions and shows us the feminine life in the East in a more tolerable guise than is usual. The princess writes with admirable facility. She knows exactly what will interest and her style is always animated and clear.

The life of the harem is by no means so monotonous as is supposed. The ladies have plenty to do, what with devotions, sewing, visiting, music, the toilette, and meals. Except that they are secluded to a great extent their occupations are not so very dissimilar to those of their western sisters:

So it is altogether wrong to suppose that the Oriental woman has nothing to do. True, neither paints, plays the piano, nor dances (as understood here). But those are not the only methods of passing the time. Down there they are all contented; to us the feverish, everlasting chase after new pleasures and enjoyments is quite foreign. From the European point of view, therefore, the Oriental might no doubt be looked upon as a Philistine.

Upon retiring for the night, we dismissed the male servants, who joined their families, living in separate dwellings apart from the house. The oil lamps were usually left burning, the candles only being extinguished. The custom of sending children over two years to bed at a certain hour had died down; they chose their own time, and often their own place, for going to sleep, so that occasionally they would have to be picked up tenderly by slaves, and transported with the least possible noise to their own little cots. Whoever had neither gone out, nor had received visitors, generally retired at 10 o'clock, though some preferred to enjoy the air on the flat, well-swept roof until midnight. At about half-past 7 the fifth and last prayer was supposed to be offered up. But just then one is likely to have company, or he otherwise engaged; hence a rule permitting postponement of the final devotions till bedtime. Women of wealth go to sleep by the assistance of two female slaves; one repeats the kneading operation, the other manipulates a fan. To wash the feet first in *eau de Cologne* is most refreshing. I may have mentioned that women keep all their clothes on, including their jewelry.

Education, of course, is conspicuous chiefly by its absence. The solaces of literature are unknown in the harem, or nearly so, and correspondence with friends or relatives is conducted under difficulties and through the medium of a *cadi*:

A lady summons her confidential slave, and says to him: "Now, Feruz, go to such and such a *cadi*; tell him to write a fine letter to my friend in Oman, and pay him anything he asks." Feruz is then given copious details, all of these to be embodied in the letter. Unfortunately, the *cadi* is pressed and importuned by a dozen other would-be correspondents at the same time, so that he mixes up his commissions. Feruz returns triumphantly to his mistress with the *cadi's* effort, but the lady is cautious enough to make an expert read it out to her. Surprise is the first emotion that seizes her, and dismay follows quickly. The epistle is conceived wrong in every respect; where the lady intended condolence the *cadi* has expressed congratulation, and so on. Thus a letter must be written several times over by sundry individuals before it can be sent.

The author's brothers, who had "acquired penmanship," were naturally much in demand, but where there was no one who had scaled these giddy heights of scholarship the difficulties of letter-writing were very real and sometimes nearly prohibitive.

The death of the author's father, the Sultan Seyyid Said, left a large number of widows, who had to undergo four months of religious mourning before becoming eligible for remarriage. They also had to be washed from head to foot, and as baths were not large enough for wholesale operations this cere-

mony had to be done on the shore, "which afforded a strange and animated spectacle":

My father's will ordered his childless wives to be provided for until they died, the mothers of his children getting but relatively small lump sums. He must have presumed that we would take care of our mothers, since we inherited vastly more than they did. Nor did he judge us wrongly, for I can answer, to the credit and honor of all my brothers and sisters—thirty-six survived my father—that not one abused his tacit confidence. A mother is a mother, whether born princess or purchased slave, and without regard to money or station she has every claim to filial attachment.

The princess is fond of making comparisons between European and Oriental life, and when she speaks on the status of women and their lot in life she is always worth hearing, although her predilections are naturally in favor of her own country:

When I first came to Europe I, too, made the mistake of judging by outward appearances. The smiling faces I saw each time I went out into company persuaded me that the domestic situation in Europe was more conducive to happiness than in my own home. But later on, as my children grew up, and needed less of my care and attention, I came into fuller contact with the world; then I recognized that I had been mistaken, that people and things were other than they seemed. I observed many unions which, going by the name of wedlock, had the apparent purpose of subjecting the fettered couples to infernal torture here on earth. And I have seen enough wretched marriages to prevent my believing that the Christian institution stands much higher than the Mohammedan, or insures much greater felicity. Neither a religion, nor the acceptance of traditional views can guarantee wedded bliss; everything depends on how well husband and wife understand one another. This alone can bring the peace and harmony which render marriage really delightful. I am minutely familiar only with conditions in Zanzibar, though almost equally so with those of Oman. Yet precisely in Arabia and among the Arabs has Mohammedanism been maintained in its purest form, and I may therefore claim to speak for the Mohammedan Orient generally—leaving aside those parts of it tainted by excrescences arising from close intercourse with the Christian Occident.

The author evidently thinks that the debt of the Orient to Christendom is not a heavy one and that true reform must consist of something deeper than a change of creed or even of custom.

The Eastern woman, we are told, enjoys as much social respect as her husband. The main difference between East and West is the retired life, the necessity for a strict veiling of the face, neck and ankles, when in the presence of strange men. Poor women who must necessarily be much in the streets are exempt from these regulations and consequently the rich envy the poor, which is better than the poor envying the rich:

However, the rich woman may go out in the daytime. Should a relative fall ill or die she may go to the house, or she may appear before a judge to represent her own interests, as there are no attorneys. But tradition ordains that she make no use of this privilege except under urgent necessity; inclination seconds tradition, for vanity causes the women to dislike covering themselves up and resembling walking dummies. Although I admit that the Oriental view is extravagant, I find European notions of dress no improvement; the costume worn here by ladies at balls seems to indicate still worse exaggeration in the opposite direction.

The princess does not approve of polygamy, and in fact she says that monogamy is predominant in the East. The law permits a plurality of wives, which, after all, brings its own punishment in the shape of "daily scenes and quarrels." But here again the author discerns a frail human nature that is apt to deviate even from strong conventions and to set at naught the most wholesome of laws:

But what about marriage among Christians, among civilized Europeans? I pass over the polygamy, existing under the name of Mormonism with a Christian sect in a Christian land. Coming to respectable society in Europe, is wedlock really such a sacred institution? Is it not too often absurd to speak of "one" wife? True, the Christian dispensation permits but a single mate, and that is a great blessing. Christianity commands the good and the right, Mohammedanism allowing evil. Yet the prevailing customs and actualities of Oriental life mitigate the had consequences of the law to an appreciable degree, while here sin very frequently takes the upper hand in spite of the law. Almost the sole difference between an Oriental woman's situation and a Western woman's seems to be that the first knows the number and perhaps the disposition and character of her rivals, whereas the other is kept in charming ignorance.

That is very severe, but who shall say that it is unmerited?

The marriage customs are interestingly described. The young people fall in love by deputy and upon the strength of verbal descriptions, although the princess admits that sometimes love finds out the way, as in her own case. The suitor's first step is to see the father of an innamorata whom he knows only by description:

Whenever a young man brings his suit forward, the careful sire commences by asking: "How did you manage to see my daughter?" which inquiry is properly answered with: "I have never had the privilege of setting eyes upon your esteemed daughter, but I know all of her virtues and graces from my relatives."

Only in the event of the suitor being quite unsatisfactory does he meet with prompt rejection at the hands of the father, who usually requests time to consider the offer. This parent then comports himself at home as if nothing had happened, observing wife and daughter narrowly in conversation with them. Casually he lets the remark slip that he is thinking of giving a gentlemen's party soon and when asked whom he intends to invite

enumerates his friends. If he notices any sign of pleasure at mention of the suitor's name he becomes convinced that the women on both sides are agreed. He thereupon states to his daughter that So-and-So has applied for her, and he inquires what her views may be. Her answer usually settles the question; none but a heartless or domineering father will decide without waiting for her consent or refusal.

There is a colored question in Zanzibar, and the princess is a little irritated by a humanitarian movement that trades upon sentiment and ignores facts:

Now, negroes are very lazy, and will not work voluntarily, so they must be strictly watched. Neither are they perfect angels, for they include thieves, drunkards, runaways, incendiaries. What is to be done with these? To let them go unpunished would be out of the question, would mean to invite anarchy. And a creature of that class laughs at incarceration; he would feel immensely pleased at the prospect of resting a few hours in a cool place, to gather strength for new misdeeds. Under such circumstances nothing remains but the lash. This gives rise to a great outcry in certain circles here, that always go upon abstract theory, and disdain studying a practical situation. Yes, flogging is inhuman; but let somebody provide a substitute. By the way, were it not better to administer an occasional whipping in German prisons, than to apply spurious "humanitarianism" indiscriminately to jailbirds of all feathers?

An Englishman is quoted with approval because he characterized the whole anti-slavery movement as "humbug." Perhaps some of it was well deserving of that characterization.

Quotations from this striking book might be multiplied almost indefinitely. It is a human document of no ordinary value, and it is written so temperately and with such a wealth of detail as to command credence. A number of well executed illustrations are a valuable addition to a fascinating work.

"Memoirs of an Arabian Princess," translated by Lionel Strachey. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$2.50.

CURRENT VERSE.

Téméraire.

From the white cliffs, sullen-frowning,
Foe-ward sailed the Téméraire—
Stately, fair,
Rode she with the sunrise crowning
Every sail and spar of her,
And her decks were thronged and ringing
With the shouting and the singing
Of her men—
Stout young hearts their first-fruits bringing
To their England, land most dear;
All their flower and fragrance flinging
At her scarred feet, quently, fair.
Far and wide around her spread
Fleets whose number none might reckon:
Many a craft of Van der Decken,
Manned by England's mighty dead,
Drake and Blake and Nelson there;
And they seemed to guard and guide her,
As half-seen they sailed beside her
On to victory, Téméraire,

From the white cliffs, sullen-frowning,
Foe-ward sailed the Téméraire,
Lurid glare
Of the blood-red sunset crowning
Every sail and spar of her.
But no sound of shout or singing
Téméraire, Téméraire!
Sets thine echoing decks a-ringing,
Here a curse and there a prayer,
All that mans thee, Téméraire;
And no ghost-fleet sails beside thee
Nor may guide thee, Téméraire;
Only voiceless ghosts flit round thee,
Ghosts whose last sad shriek disowned thee—
Hark! it lingers on the air—
"Téméraire! Téméraire!"
And thou glidest into distance, dimly into distance,
where
Sit Defeat and Death, gigantic,
On the night of the Atlantic,
Waiting for thee—Téméraire
—From "Songs and Poems" of T. H. T. Case.

The Builders.

To the builders of the highways that skirt the
cañon's brink,
To the men that bind the roadhead fast,
To the men that grade and the men that blast,
I raise my glass and drink.
Theirs the great Endeavor and the deed of high
Enterprise;
For they fight their fight with naked hands,
'Gainst forest swamps and shifting sands
And the fury of the skies.
To the builders who have fallen, whose graves
mark out the line;
To the blind who nevermore may see,
To the maimed and halt in their misery,
In silence drink your wine.
For them no crashing volleys or roll of muffled
drums,
Only the roar of the great rock-halt
Is their requiem-song when the day is past,
And the final darkness comes.
To the engineers, the wizards, whose word brooks
no delay;
Hearing, the sleeping glens awake,
The snow-plumed hills obedience make,
And lo, the Open Way!
For them no flaring banners when a bitter fight is
won;
No cheering thousands in the street
Their gallant heroes ever greet,
Though dauntless deeds be done.
To the builders of the highways that skirt the
cañon's brink,
To the men that bind the roadhead fast,
To the high and low, the first and last,
I raise my glass and drink.
—Evelyn Gunn, in Canadian Magazine.

NEW YORK AMUSEMENT TOPICS.

Director Conried Leaves the Metropolitan Opera House—Mrs. Campbell's Electra.

Radical changes in the management of the Metropolitan Opera House are to follow the long-expected resignation of Director Heinrich Conried, which has been formally announced by the directors of the Conried Metropolitan Company and the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company.

Director Conried is to be succeeded by a quartet of managers and musical directors, headed by M. Julio Gatti-Casazza, now manager of La Scala at Milan, as general manager. Andreas Dippel, the tenor, is the new administrative manager, and Mr. Toscanini, musical director of La Scala, and Gustav Mahler, formerly general musical director of the Court Opera in Vienna, are to be joint musical directors. In addition to these changes the old system of having the manager share in the profits of the company will be abolished and the new managers will receive fixed salaries.

The reason given by Mr. Conried for his retirement from the active management of the affairs of the company is ill-health. While Mr. Conried's resignation does not go into effect until May, Conductor Gustav Mahler, director of the Court Opera House in Vienna, who has been conducting at New York this season, will take active direction of the company until the end of the season.

Mr. Dippel is familiar with nearly every tenor part that is likely to be sung. He has often saved the day at the Metropolitan Opera House by stepping in at the last moment and singing the part of some tenor who had decided not to appear. If it becomes necessary for him to do this again it is suggested that Dippel as manager would have to take Dippel as tenor aside in a corner and make terms with him. Dippel is said to be the only one of the new managers who understands English and he is also the only one who fully understands American conditions in opera.

The Conried Metropolitan Opera Company, while continuing its corporate entity, will change its title and will henceforth be known under the name of the Metropolitan Opera Company. It has leased the Metropolitan Opera House for the term of five years, beginning June 1, 1908.

E. H. Sothern's revival of "Our American Cousin" and his appearance in the part of Lord Dundreary, created and made famous by his father, is one of the notable events of the dramatic season. The elder Sothern laid down his work in 1881, and twenty-seven years is a long while for the memory of an actor to persist. That Sothern as Dundreary really gave attractive force to a play that otherwise would have failed, even in those days, is certain. But those who never saw the father, who can not draw comparisons, are not likely to worry much over differences, to find fault with the son because he does not always equal his sire. They will be content with something less than a masterpiece of the absurd, grateful for as much as they get of delicious absurdity, which is a very great deal. The man who can sit through Dundreary's story about Sam or hear him read the letter from America without laughing deep and long had better consult an alienist at once. And no mere copy, however faithful, of the father's performance would send these waves of laughter sweeping over the audience. There was no such emotional response when one of the younger Jeffersons copied his father's Rip. There is an actor behind this performance of Dundreary who is not copying but re-creating. Not to give Mr. Sothern this credit is to do him a grave injustice.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell's production of the "Electra" of Sophocles, in the English translation of Hugo von Hofmannstahl's German version prepared by Arthur Symonds, at the Garden Theatre was a disappointment in some ways. It is only when the spirit of Greek tragedy is missed, its language and restraint uncomprehended, its lyricism and ritualistic origin forgotten, that the play can be judged as in any way representative of the "Electra" of Sophocles. It is an attempt to make something new and utter, with the story of Electra as a starting point. It no more pretends to be Sophocles than Wilde's "Salomé" pretends to be the Bible.

Sophocles would not recognize his language or his spirit in such a speech as Electra's to her sister, "Swear to me, mouth upon mouth"; or his play in the abolition of the lyric choruses, or in the total subordination of the part of Orestes, or in the last characterization of the sister, Chrysothemis, in the original so sharply contrasted in spirit with Electra. This is not Sophocles's play, this is not Sophocles's Electra, says Walter P. Eaton in the *Sun*, in a scholarly review. And any criticism of Mrs. Campbell because she does not rise to sweeping heights, fulfilling the conception of Greek tragic poetry, ample and large and nobly eloquent, is utterly futile and beside the point. What she does do is what she should do; she creates by picture and pose and the play of passion over her wonderful face, by smothered voice and haleful outbursts, by body and by speech, a definite and unforgettable portrait of the nursed fury of revenge, of the thirst for blood, of perverted lust. It does exactly what it sets out to do definitely, hence eloquently, and that is to portray the Electra of Von Hofmannstahl.

THE IRON MAID.

A Midnight Horror.

Frank Hodson swore. Before him stretched the long suburban street, its dreary distance marked by rows of twinkling gas-lamps; behind him a waste land, once a garden, now a vast rubbish-heap; and from the brick-fields beyond came the faint, sickly smell of burning bricks; and on the railway embankment, built up above squalid gardens and dismal yards, he could see a red star gliding swiftly away from him. His last train had gone, and the dull beat of the policeman's feet echoed in the silence; nine miles from London and not a chance of a hansom! The Recording Angel doubtless took in the situation at a glance and craved the execration in the approved manner. Hodson had spent the evening with a friend, and, aided by tobacco, and whisky and soda, the hours had fled so quickly that Frank, looking suddenly at the clock, found he had but four brief minutes in which to reach the station, half a mile away. He did his best; but by a fatality the train was punctual and the unfortunate man was left stranded, with no alternative save a nine-mile walk through streets deserted as those of Pompeii. As he mused dolefully over the prospect a porter came out and locked the station door, and from him Hodson obtained a brief direction as to the shortest way to town. He set out wearily, looking at the stretch of lamps vanishing in perspective; and, as he walked, street after street branched off to right or left, some far-reaching and others ending abruptly in a piece of waste ground and a heap of sand. By degrees, as he walked on, the houses improved; the suburban builder had allowed himself a wider scope, and, for the artistic comfort of those whose business kept them all day in the dreary city, had placed twin plaster lions to guard the approaches of each flight of steps. The gardens, too, were somewhat larger; here and there green leaves shone under the lamps, and Hodson smelled mignonette. The road began slowly to climb a hill, and, looking up a side street, he saw the half-moon rise above the plane-trees. Resolutely he pressed on, listening for the wheels of some belated hansom; but into that land of men who go to the city in the morning and return again in the evening the hansom rarely comes, and Hodson had resigned himself a second time to the walk, when he suddenly became aware that some one was advancing to meet him along the pavement. The man was strolling rather aimlessly and looking about him; he was, therefore, no policeman; he wore a silk hat; he was, therefore, respectable. The two men met each other under a lamp, and, strangely enough, found each other an acquaintance.

"Mr. Mathias, I think?" said Hodson.

"Quite so. And you are Frank Hodson. You know, you are a man with a Christian name, so I won't apologize for my familiarity. But may I ask where you are going?"

Hodson explained the situation. "I think I have only about five miles further," he concluded.

"Nonsense; you must come home with me. My house is close by; in fact, I was just taking my evening walk when we met. Come along; I dare say you will find a makeshift bed easier than a five-mile walk." Frank suffered himself to be led along, feeling a little surprised at so much geniality from a casual acquaintance at the club. Mr. Mathias took him up a side-street, and stopped at a door in a high wall. They passed through the still moonlit garden and into an old red-brick house, with many gables, and Hodson sighed with relief as he fell back into an easy-chair. There was a shaded lamp, which threw a bright white light upon the table where it stood, but left the room in shadow, and Hodson could only see that it was long and low, and seemed filled with objects which might be furniture. Mr. Mathias sat down in a second arm-chair and looked about him with a curious smile. He was an odd-looking man, clean shaven, and white to the lips, apparently between fifty and sixty.

"Now I have got you here," he began, "I must inflict my hobby upon you. You knew I was a collector? Yes, I have devoted myself for years to collecting curiosities, which I think are really curious. But we must have a better light."

He advanced to the middle of the room and lit a lamp which hung from the ceiling; and as the bright light flashed round the wick, from every corner and space there seemed to start a horror. Great wooden frames connected with ropes and pulleys stood against the wall; little tables glittered with bright steel instruments, carelessly put down as if ready for use; a screw and vise loomed from one corner, and in another was a saw, with cruel, jagged teeth.

"Yes," said Mr. Mathias, "they are, as you suggest, instruments of torture. Some—many, I may say—have actually been used for that purpose; a few are reproductions after ancient examples. Those knives were used for flaying; that frame is a rack and a fine specimen. But these are all European; the Orientals, of course, are much more ingenious. There are the Chinese contrivances; you have heard of the 'Heavy Death'? It is my hobby, this sort of thing. It gives me the greatest of luxuries—the luxury of terror. But I must show you my latest acquisition. Come into the next room."

Frank Hodson followed Mr. Mathias. The

weariness of the walk, the late hour, and the strangeness of the surroundings made him feel like a man in a dream—nothing would surprise him. The second room was, like the first, full of strange, ghastly instruments; but beneath the lamp was a platform, and on it a figure. It was a large figure of a woman cast in some dark metal, her arms stretched forth and a smile upon her lips; it might well have been intended for a Venus, and yet about it there was a deadly look.

Mr. Mathias looked at the thing complacently. "Quite a work of art, isn't it?" he said. "It's the Iron Maid; I got it from Germany; it was only unpacked this afternoon; indeed, I have not yet opened the letter of advice. You see that very small knob above the breast? Well, the patient was bound to the maid, that knob was pressed, and the arms slowly tightened around his neck. You can imagine the result."

As Mr. Mathias talked, he stood on the platform and patted the figure affectionately. Hodson had turned away, and was gazing abstractedly about him. He did not hear a slight click; it was not much louder than the tick of a clock; but he heard a sudden whirr—the noise of machinery in motion. He turned round. And never has he forgotten the anguish and the terror on Mr. Mathias's face as those relentless arms tightened about his neck, or the shriek that ended suddenly in a choking groan. The whirling noise had suddenly changed to a heavy droning sound. Frank tore with all his might at the iron arms, and strove to wrench them apart, but utterly in vain. The head had bent down a little, and the iron lips were upon the lips of Mathias. It was five minutes before the Iron Maid unclosed her arms.

The letter which had accompanied the figure was found unopened on a table. It was read at the inquest. The German firm especially warned Mr. Mathias to be extremely careful in touching the Iron Maid, as the machinery had been oiled and put in thorough working order.—*St. James's Gazette.*

A curious dressmaking custom was revealed in a case that has just been tried in London, and it would be interesting to know if similar practices prevail elsewhere. A woman ordered a dress from a dressmaker and then refused to pay the bill on the ground that the dress did not fit—a very common excuse among those who have changed their minds. The bill was for \$50 for material and making and the dressmaker, in defending her charges, explained that she had two establishments, one at Putney and the other on Manchester Street. The dress in question had been made at Putney, but if it had been made at the Manchester-Street establishment she would have charged about \$75, although there would have been no difference whatever in material or workmanship. Prices, she said, were regulated by locality, and although Putney is so-called irreproachable, it is not quite equal to Manchester Street. The price of a dress is therefore indicative of geographical location rather than of quality, and for this side light on feminine manners and customs we may be duly grateful.

Mme. Lilli Lehmann, artistically and otherwise self-reliant, had just returned from her "positively farewell engagement," at Bayreuth, (writes William Armstrong in *Ainslee's Magazine*). Meeting Mme. Carreño, she said caustically, and with all the grand air of her Brunnhilde: "Cosima has now written the operas, and I can no longer sing them." But Mme. Materna arrived from the scene with the apotheosis, a fragment that deserves a place in history. Mme. Wagner had insisted upon her ideas of interpretation in certain passages. Mme. Materna, with a firmness worthy of her avoirdupois, had combatted them. "But I learned these things from the master himself," she said finally, thinking the incident hermetically closed. But it was not; quick as a flash Mme. Wagner retorted: "Poor Richard didn't always know himself what he wanted."

A New England paper recently printed the story that the tax assessor of the district of Hanover, New Hampshire, had decided that the students of Dartmouth College ought to pay taxes. Thereupon the students decided that if they could be taxed they also could vote. So at a town meeting the students, who far outnumbered the other residents, united in support of two projects. One was to have erected a schoolhouse 500 feet long and one foot wide, and the other to have laid a board walk from Hanover to Lebanon, about five miles away. Immediately thereafter the tax assessor made up his mind that the students need not be taxed. "Well," said a Dartmouth '95 man when he was told about the anecdote, "that used to be a favorite story when I was in college. I wonder who started it up again."

The famous old horse market in the Boulevard de l'Hôpital in Paris, where Rosa Bonheur used to plod about in man's attire with pencil and sketch book, has ceased to exist. No one who loves horses will regret it, says the *Vegetarian*, for it represented the acme of equine discomfort. The new horse market, in the Rue Brancion, is a model of its kind. It comprises stables and sheds sufficient to shelter 800 horses.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A Boston grand jury has indicted a book dealer in that centre of literary art and incorruptible morals for selling Mrs. Glyn's "Three Weeks." It is suggested that President Roosevelt give to this grand jury national power.

The spring novels promised by A. C. McClurg & Co. are: "Prisoners of Chance," by Randall Parrish; "The Silver Blade," a chronicle of a double mystery, by Charles F. Walk; "Into the Primitive," by Robert Ames Bennett, and "Her Ladyship," by Katharine Tynan.

In *The Bohemian* for March there is a severe article on American theatrical critics by Arnold Daly, the young actor who has won success by unconventional methods.

Lord Cromer's forthcoming work on "Modern Egypt" it is understood will give a full and frank history of Egypt from 1886 to 1892. Lord Cromer considers that the time has not come to discuss without reserve events since the accession of the present Khedive, but he gives the story of the Sudan to the end of 1907. The Macmillan Company will publish the book.

Homer Lea, the author of the new story of Chinese life to be published under the title of "The Vermillion Pencil," although an American by birth, has spent the greater part of his life in the country of which he writes, and has just been created lieutenant-general of the Chinese army of reform. He has written several books about the Chinese in their own language, but "The Vermillion Pencil" is the first he has produced for the benefit of his Western countrymen.

The Outing Magazine for March has, as usual, several well illustrated descriptive articles, among them "The Gondolier of Venice," by Vance Thompson; "The Malignant Everglades," by William Todd; "Through England and Scotland," by Frank Presbrey.

Attention was directed to the curious change in the tendencies authors give to their own work by the news that Thomas Hardy would write no more novels, but would dedicate himself to poems. George Meredith stopped his production short with the end of the century, though he still writes an occasional critical preface. J. M. Barrie, who was skilled in the spinning of stories, is play-writing exclusively. George Moore, after producing a sensation or two, has been content to discard the motives for which they were famous. The course of Kipling seems to have been diverted at full tide. Henry James has entirely discarded his early method

for a new one, which, as in the case of Mr. Hardy, is one of motive rather than one of style. So far as the public in this country may be concerned, the sale of Mr. Hardy's books shows an increasing popularity for the sweeter and less gloomy stories and demonstrates that a new novel of the former type would find literary as well as popular favor.

"Les Maitres Sonneurs," by George Sand, is the first volume in a series of French classics to be brought out by the Macmillan Company.

Hobart, the Tasmanian capital, is the birthplace of Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Her father, Thomas Arnold, son of Arnold of Rugby, was the government inspector of primary schools in Tasmania at the time. Her mother was a descendant of Colonel Sorrell, one of the early Tasmanian governors. In his autobiography, "Passages from a Wandering Life," Mr. Thomas Arnold mentions that he was accompanied on some of his examination tours by his little daughter, Mary Auguste, the Mrs. Humphrey Ward of today.

Spanish men of letters count on the sale of their work a great deal more in South America than in Spain. Perez Saldos, the "Spanish Dickens," and one of the most popular Spanish writers, sells in South America half a dozen copies of every book to every one he sells in Spain.

A new novel by William J. Locke, author of "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," etc., is promised by the John Lane Company. This house is preparing a uniform edition of Mr. Locke's books, of which he now has ten to his credit. He has recently resigned the secretaryship of the Royal Institute of British Architects, which he held for many years, to devote himself entirely to writing.

Concerning the "Hundred Best Books" Clement Shorter says in his recent volume of "Immortal Memories" that there is no possibility of choosing them for any large number of readers, because there are very few books that are equally suitable to every kind of intellect. Temperament as well as intellectual endowment makes for so much in reading. "Take for example the 'Imitation of Christ,' George Eliot, although not a Christian, found it soul satisfying. Thackeray, as I think a more robust intellect, found it well nigh as mischievous as did Eugene Sue. There are great books that can be read only by the few, but surely the very greatest appeal alike to the man of rich intellectual endowment and to the man to whom all processes of reading are incomprehensible." The list which Mr. Shorter gives as that of his own choosing begins, as most lists do, with the Bible.



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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

A correspondent of *The Nation* writes an illuminating letter on the subject of the education of women and the stupid demand that they shall be taught mainly those things that are called practical. The correspondent in question while on a visit to Maine met a woman, the wife of a carpenter and the mother of four very young children. She belonged to a literary club and was devoting two winters to the energetic study of French literature. In answer to an expression of surprise that with such a family she could find time to write papers and to read many books, this carpenter's wife replied, "But it is just because of my children that I must read. I am determined that they shall not have to look for such pleasures outside of their home as I have had to."

Admirable mother and fortunate children. Who can doubt the mental future of a family thus wisely reared, or the value added to the maternal influence by such a recognition of the needs that are not of the body? Who can doubt that this mother was thus better employing her time than by a study of dietetic theories or nursery hygiene? "Man does not live by bread and milk alone."

Somehow Good, by William De Morgan. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.75.

Another story by Mr. De Morgan and with such rapidity as to take our breath away. To say that it is worthy of the author of "Joseph Vance" and of "Alice for Short" is to give it the highest praise within our power.

It can hardly be said that there is a mystery in "Somehow Good." If there is one we are allowed to peep at it without loss of time. We know at once the identity of the man who is stunned into a loss of memory by touching the mechanism of the electric car and who is taken to Mrs. Nightingale's house in Shepherd's Bush. Who else should he be but Mrs. Nightingale's husband, the man she married twenty years ago in India and who left her within a week on the terrible discovery that the poor girl had fallen by the wayside, sinned against rather than sinning. Mrs. Nightingale knows who the man is, we all know it, except, of course, the delicious and irrepressible Sally who is Mrs. Nightingale's daughter, but not, alas, the daughter of her husband. It is a strong situation and painted with inimitable skill. Here is the man whose memory is a blank slowly falling in love with his own wife, who lives in constant terror as the flickering flame of memory threatens to burn brighter and to disclose, and perhaps to renew, the tragedy of twenty years ago. Of course, it all comes right in the end. Memory returns bit by bit, and although the crisis of reacquired identity is severe, it is not fatal. But it is a clever and convincing picture with its infinite detail and unlabored elaboration.

Mr. De Morgan's imagination is bountiful enough to people his stage fully and even to crowd it. But there are no nonentities, no lay figures, no colorless characters. His actors riot before the footlights just for the fun of the thing, and any one of them would make the fortune of the average story teller. Not soon shall we forget Colonel Lund, or Major Roper, or General Pellew, who knew all about Mrs. Nightingale's story and stood by her through thick and thin, while as for Sally she is the affinity of us all, though we are not saying a word against Lætitia Wilson, who could make an easy conquest in Sally's absence.

There may be some censorious ones who will charge the author with straining the law of chance to the breaking point when he carries the injured man to the house of his wife rather than to some other house or to the hospital. To the hospital he would have gone if Mrs. Nightingale had not casually looked into the carriage and recognized him, but then it is just these accidents that are the turning points in the lives of men and nations. The chain of cause and effect always leads back to a triviality, which proves the importance of little things and, incidentally, the philosophy of Mr. De Morgan. Moreover, if the injured man had gone to the hospital we should not have had this shining story and the world would be that much the darker and the drearier.

Railway Corporations as Public Servants, by Henry S. Haines. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

The nine lectures forming this book were delivered at the Boston University School of Law and are supplementary to a previous work on "Restrictive Railway Legislation." The author's great knowledge of his subject and the conciliatory disposition that governs his utterances entitle him to a careful hearing.

He has indeed given us an ample presentation of the problem and a judicial and well balanced consideration of the public benefits conferred by railways and the public burdens imposed by them. Unsparring in his condemnation of railroad abuses and of the arrogance that assumes the existence of rights adverse to the public interest, he declares emphatically against public ownership not on the score of its injustice, but of its practical impossibility. Nevertheless there is no limit

to the right of the State, in the defense of its sovereign power, to modify or change the laws of property. The rules by which individuals may own property are to be settled by law and must have no other basis than law, nor must those rules be allowed upon any account to be adverse to the public welfare. There are no property rights except those defined by the common agreement that we call law.

The chapter on "Recent Federal Legislation" is particularly valuable, as also are the suggestions in the concluding chapter on "The Proper Regulation of Railway Service." The whole book is a useful contribution to a great question and should have its full weight in ameliorating existing relations between railway corporations and the public they serve.

Italy, the Magic Land, by Lilian Whiting. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$2.50.

Miss Whiting is an enthusiast, not only about Italy but about most other things that she has made her own. We shall not quarrel with her upon that account nor for the vivid impress of her enthusiasm that appears upon every page of this striking book. Enthusiasm nowadays is a virtue, and a rare one.

Miss Whiting's aim is to present a picture of the modern past of Rome, beginning with the time of Canova and ending with that of the Hawthornes and Brownings. She does her work exceedingly well. Her enthusiasm unveils hidden things and those who frankly wish to know what they ought to see and what they ought to admire could find no more trustworthy and sincere guide. Perhaps her quotations from other authors are a little longer and a little more numerous than they need have been, but they are always well chosen and illuminating. Perhaps the atmosphere of the superlative is a little too all-pervasive, but this is due to an earnestness that is pardonable and even catching. Miss Whiting never fails to arouse our interest and our sympathy, because she writes at the dictation of real and worthy sentiment and from a storehouse of knowledge and of well-formed opinions. Her book is to be recommended to all lovers of Italy and of art.

The illustrations are particularly good, while the typography is luxurious.

The Altar Fire, by Arthur Christopher Benson. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

These exquisite essays take the form of the diary or autobiography of a literary man who at the height of his career loses family and fortune and who is thus forced to contemplate the refining mystery of pain. It is a beautiful character that is sketched for us, that of a brave and intellectual man with a keen and humorous insight into human nature and with an eternal questioning of the ways of God. He never doubts the existence of a Divinity that shapes our ends, of a force that moves ever upward and onward, shaping the blade of grass and the mind of man, but he can not understand why suffering should be so dominant a part of the mechanism of growth. Perhaps he forgets sometimes that the object of life is not to be happy, as we dimly understand happiness, but rather to hew out a human soul, four square and to an eternal pattern, and that only thereby may we gain the larger happiness that is beyond the reach of time or of events. Mr. Benson's essays, the present collection and those that have gone before, should be read in their entirety. Nowhere else can we find so much grace or such a contagious fortitude.

The Law and the Gospel of Labor, by Luther Hess Waring. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington; \$1.

Those who wish to know exactly how the law stands between labor unionism and society will do well to read this book. They will also learn the extent to which a direct violation of law is responsible for the turmoil and outrage that have become a part of labor agitation.

In these respects Mr. Waring's book is an admirable one, but his concluding chapter on "Labor and Christianity" is not at all admirable and should have been omitted. A mere array of Biblical texts on the duty of brotherly love is not likely to do more than exasperate; especially when it is assumed that these texts have an application in one direction only. If society were willing to listen to the moral law there would be no grievances and no criminal effort to adjust them. In the meantime the asperities of the labor quarrel are not likely to be mitigated by a solemn reminder of Paul's injunction, "Obey them that have the rule over you and submit to them."

The Elimination of the Tramp, by Edmond Kelly. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.

A very pressing problem is here treated succinctly and suggestively and without the misplaced sentiment that often delays the solution of practical questions. A large part of the book is devoted to the Labor Colony as it is to be found in various parts of the world, and we are encouraged to hope that good results might follow an adaptation of the system in America. There are today nearly half a million tramps in the country and "a large

percentage are boys from sixteen to twenty-one years of age, all of them tending to graduate from vagrancy to crime." In his consideration of causes the author has overlooked an important factor. We should like to know how many of these boys have been absolutely forced into vagrancy by a labor-union policy that forbids them the right to learn a trade. We should also like to know what unionism would have to say to any imaginable variety of the Labor Colony wherein any kind of work more useful than the treadmill was permitted. That the author should omit all reference to a social force that creates vagrancy by the wholesale, that stamps the boys of the nation into the mire and holds them there, is a little surprising, but his book is none the less well written, timely, and helpful.

Holly, by Ralph Henry Barbour. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

This is a story of a winsome little Southern girl whose home passes into the possession of a Northerner. The new owner, believing that the house is empty, comes down to stay in it for a time after his illness, and finding that it is occupied he remains as a boarder. Of course, the inevitable happens, and we have a charming romance wherein Mason and Dixon's line is obliterated forever, or at least a good deal of it. Holly is a successful story.

Optimism, by Horace Fletcher. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

The writings of this kindly philosopher are always welcome and helpful, although we may not adopt that peculiar system of food mastication that is called "Fletcherism." Perhaps we should be better off if we did, although Professor Metchnikoff says that mastication, like other good things, may be overdone. But this little book is not entirely about food and no one could fail to be bettered by it.

The Flying Death, by Samuel Hopkins Adams. Published by the McClure Company, New York.

An extravaganza in the way of fiction. A number of extraordinary murders are traced to a pteranodon, a bird-reptile supposed to be extinct. The usual love thread is interwoven in the narrative.

Evelyn Van Courtland, by William Henry Carson. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; \$1.50.

A story involving a murder and the prosecution of an innocent man who is saved by the diplomacy of the daughter of the real murderer. The trial scene is well described.

New Publications.

Cosmo Hamilton is a pleasing novelist and his latest story, entitled "Adam's Clay," is well up to his standard. Published by Brentano's, New York; \$1.50.

"Nicolette," by Evelyn Sharp, is a good story of a girl who leads the unconventional life of the Bohemian artist. Published by Brentano's, New York; \$1.50.

"The Lone Star," by Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., is a thoroughly good story of the Mexican war, and as interesting to boys as to adults. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Harper & Brothers have published "Eben Holden's Last Day a-Fishing," a fine sketch of the old sportsman with his gentle humor, his caustic wisdom, and his simple kindness. Price, 50 cents.

A successful story of the South is "Stella Hope," by Emily Woodson Barksdale. A charming group of Southern girls is presented, while the plot and the local color are fresh and vivid.

Under the title of "When Hearts Were True" the Neale Publishing Company has published four short stories by Willoughby Reade. All of them are good examples of this kind of literary art.



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"COMPROMISED"—"SAG HARBOR."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

At the Orpheum this week Mr. William Hawtrey, a well-known English actor, continues to be the great drawing card. "Compromised," the sketch by Louis Joseph Vance in which he appears, is a striking bit of melodrama, affording not only the star, but his leading lady as well, ample opportunity for the display of some very interesting acting of the melodramatic school. Mr. Hawtrey plays the part of a hated husband in "a sort of Enoch Arden game," as the returned bad penny mockingly puts it to his wife. The actor plays the part with great skill, of which his ability in altering his physiognomy is not the least part. With few if any evidences of make-up, the actor so contracted his eyes and maligned his natural expression as to make himself look a thorough-paced rogue. He was a malicious, taunting, disturbing, engaging presence, every moment of the time he was on the stage, and when death comes by means of the bullet of a fortuitous burglar, who is divided between fear for his own safety and sympathy for the tortured woman, one feels, after the long Wagnerian pause of horror and fear is over, a distinct sense of relief.

The piece is one of those plays that will appeal to all kinds of taste. Melodrama though it be, it is melodrama and realism combined on account of Mr. Hawtrey's very superior method of impersonating the chief rogue. A queer little effect of the play is the manner in which we unconsciously dramatize the emotions of the burglar listening behind a screen, a wrathful, unseen witness to the tipsy, sneering brute baiting the terrified woman, who, thinking herself widowed, has taken to herself a second husband, and thereby made herself subject to blackmail.

The piece is very skillfully constructed, and leads up to a tremendously effective climax. After the curtain goes down we have time to realize that the wife's troubles are not ended. She has saddled herself with a new deceit, in claiming to her second husband to have killed what passes for a burglar, and she has a very pretty problem on her hands in the matter of rectifying her second matrimonial essay. But after all, how can we expect a one-act play to be anything more than an incident. "Compromised" includes an unusually dramatic one, and as Miss Muriel Starr is quite adequate to the demands of the part, although rather heavy in style for so young an actress, and Mr. Hawtrey is immensely superior to what we may generally hope to see on the vaudeville stage, we certainly had a very good half-hour.

Miss Starr, by the way, is quite a beauty, of the type that grows on one gradually. With her rich, glossy hair, her dark eyes, which she knows how to make wild, and desperate, and supplicating, and her warm brunet tints, she is a nut-brown maid who might well be "the beauty of three counties." Stage-worn though her dress was, its autumn-leaf colorings suited her, and enhanced her effect of being unusual.

There are other pretty women on the Orpheum stage this week; Violet Dale for one, who has likewise a pretty, lithe figure and some charming contralto notes. To this must be added some dispraise of her judgment for hiring to San Francisco imitations of actresses whom we have never seen on the local stage. The Amatits Sisters are as German as Frankfurter sausages, and while not exactly pretty, they are worth looking at, being school-girlishly young, roguish—at least Gisela is—and musically gifted. Their musical number had the charm of homeliness, when the four sisters, like a group of girls in the family living-room, took turns in singing and playing, and as a further touch of homeliness, occasionally wandered audibly but serenely from the pitch.

The Curzon Sisters are also pretty. They are a refined looking pair, and delicately built to accomplish such a daring feat as to go through mid-air evolutions while holding to the suspended tackle by the teeth only. The act is simultaneously thrilling and beautiful. The two dainty, frail little figures are far, far up, revolving in space above our heads. Filmy folds of silk float in the air behind them, and as the sisters, with the method made familiar by Lois Fuller and Papinta, manipulate the rods attached to their draperies, the two floating figures assume a beauty so strange, wonderful, and fantastic that they have the aspect of lovely frescoes, limned by the hand of genius, that have floated down from their nest of painted clouds into exquisite life.

"Sag Harbor" belongs to the drama of the drawl; the drama that faithfully—so far at least as theatrics can be faithful to realities—reflects a life full of dullness, and long, inexpressive silences. James Herne had a microscopic eye for the homely trivialities of life, and a shrewd recognition of their paying value when transplanted to the stage. The play-goer who has a well-developed taste for Pinero or d'Annunzio, for Hervieu, for Maeterlinck, for Ibsen, in short, for any dramatist who is cynical, or subtle, or psychological, would probably yawn and drop into gentle slumber while James Herne's simple-hearted men and women were working out their destinies, and threshing out their problems. For, in spite of the realism of detail having been his god, James Herne saw to it that his plays had a dramatic kernel. And in "Sag Harbor" Ben Turner had a problem and one just as agonizing, and apparently as insoluble as those of the more complicated characters of greater dramatists.

The most dramatic scene in "Sag Harbor"—that in which the husband believes that he is learning of the mutual love of his wife and his brother—was, however, followed by a silence so prolonged, which in turn was broken by a Captain Dan yarn so lengthy, so circuitous, and so intrinsically uninteresting, that I am sure all the good wives in the audience who were not nodding had ample time to plan out every detail of the spring cleaning.

Yet, at the Alcazar, so encompassing is the prevailing family atmosphere, that one finds one's self deriving much entertainment, and even keen enjoyment, from the profound personal interest we feel in the appearance and demeanor of each familiar player in a new and unfamiliar rôle. For that reason, "Sag Harbor" is much more endurable when acted by players in whom we feel the friendly interest of habit, than when acted by cold strangers. We therefore nod approvingly at Louise Brownell's clever assumption of a nice, gray-haired, New England old lady; taste with satisfaction the penetrating flavor of Howard Hickman's careful art; mark the fearlessness with which Bertram Lytell accomplishes kissing the real property baby; smile with moderation over John Maher's rural Yankee; wish that Daisy Lovering could have metal worthier of her steel; approve of Mr. Wesner's companion portrait of wholesome old age; cast a passing thought of pity to the poor little painted—and, in the Herne drama, inevitable—baby; wonder laughingly why Captain Dan and his amiable consort hadn't got hitched earlier in life, and venture to rebel occasionally, but always inwardly, at the good-nature with which Captain Dan is allowed the floor without interruption of his longest and dullest periods.

Captain Dan is a nice old chap—honest, kindly, and painstaking in setting right the cross-purposes of those he loved. Granted all that. But he is mortally dull, and James Herne himself, when he assumed the rôle, couldn't make him anything else. Mr. Butler, in spite of his double duties, succeeded in the part, giving the good old busybody his proper aureole of kindness and genuine goodness, but he couldn't be expected to surpass the author and creator of Captain Dan Marble, who—Captain Dan, I mean—like Sunday-school and sermons, is eminently worthy, but something to bear up under.

The beautiful Bertram conscientiously made himself up to look dull, and humdrum, grizzled, complexioned like a Plymouth Rock fog, and woefully spotted and shabby in his raiment. He was true to the part, and he and Thais Lawton made the married lovers, locked in the fetters of New England reticence, real enough and interesting enough to compensate us for the sleepy quietude of the play.

Thais Lawton supplies the much-needed element of youth, beauty, and freshness and fervor of feeling. Her constitutional sincerity lends a charm to all her emotional scenes, and she even succeeds in standing off the somnific effects of the play. Perhaps it is unjust to call names to a play in which they provide a family row, a champagne treat, and a real New England feast. To the inhabitant of a genuine, isolated New England village, these imitations of the original might seem to live lives of feverish gaiety.

In the homes of the characters in Yankee rural drama, somebody is always dropping in, and, indeed, there always comes a climactic moment in every play of this species, when everybody drops in. So it happens in "Sag Harbor," while we in front sit up with feverish interest and watch Thais Lawton dispense brown bread, Bertram Lytell impale a section of salt pork on his fork, and through our opera glasses intently inspect the passage of New England edibles to Alcazaran mouths.

Captain Amundsen's Lecture.

No little interest is being shown in the lecture at Christian Science Hall next Friday evening by Captain Roald Amundsen, the famous Norwegian explorer, whose success in sailing through the Northwest Passage has been the sensation of the decade in the scientific world. Captain Amundsen has given his lectures before the geographical societies of Europe and has been accorded everywhere the highest honors.

The explorer will talk about his wonderful and interesting trip and will show nearly two hundred lantern slides of scenes in the Polar regions. Seats may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. The prices are 50 cents and \$1.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Mary Shaw makes her first appearance at the Van Ness Theatre Sunday night in Ibsen's "Ghosts." Monday night George Bernard Shaw's "Candida" will be given, on Tuesday night "Ghosts" will be repeated, as will "Candida" on Wednesday night, and then for the remainder of the week, with Saturday matinee and Sunday evening following, that much discussed play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," will be the bill. Miss Shaw has been accepted as one of those actresses who portray the problematic, symbolic characters of the Ibsen and Shaw dramas with rare insight and convincing art. Her work is a sufficient attraction in any medium, and has added interest in the characterizations of the playwrights whose dramas give the critics so much opportunity for study and opposing views. It is probable that this production of the three plays mentioned will be the most adequate of any yet seen in this city. Miss Shaw's company is said to be capable in her support.

At the New Alcazar Theatre "Sag Harbor" will give place next week to that bright and interesting play, "The Three of Us." Among the dramatic offerings of two seasons this drama still maintains a place near the head for its unaffected charm. It is well worth the attention even of jaded theatre-goers, and in the hands of the New Alcazar company should prove an attractive offering. Thais Lawton has a part of moving possibilities in Ray MacChesney, and will win additional favor in it.

After three weeks of notable success at the Princess Theatre that war-time comic opera, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," will give place next Monday night to a musical comedy of foreign flavor but no less pleasing effect. "San Toy," the Chinese musical comedy by Edward Morton and Sidney Jones, will be put on, and the long recognized ability of George Lask, the stage director, and Harry James, the musical conductor, guarantees a bright and well-balanced production. The company will be seen to advantage in the cast. Cecilia Rhoda, the attractive and artistic young prima donna, will have the name-part and add another memorable stage picture to her already long line of charming portrayals. Dashing, piquant Edith Bradford will be the Dudley. Zoe Barnett as Poppy Preston, and Sarah Edwards as High Lee, chaperon of the imperial court, will have good opportunities. Arthur Cunningham will be the Mandarin Yen How; Ned Nye will have a comedy rôle in Secretary Li; Ben Lodge reappears as Sir Bingo; and Harold Crane and George Leon Moore will be prominent. There have been additions to the chorus, which was already remarkable in singing strength and good looks. No less than sixteen popular song hits are given in the comedy.

"The Black Crook," still vigorous and attractive after thirty years of stage life, will be produced at the Novelty Theatre next week, beginning Sunday night, by a company of dramatic and spectacular promise. It is said that many new effects have been added for this season, without any sacrifice of the features that have been popular from the beginning. Some well-known people appear in the cast, and there are a number of vaudeville specialties as usual. Popular prices will prevail—from 25 cents to \$1.

The Orpheum continues to present novelties and sterling specialties of freshness and recognized merit, in spite of its long and exhaustive demand on vaudeville capabilities. Next week, beginning with the Sunday matinee, the first place on the bill is given to Emmet Devoy and company in the playlet, "The Saintly Mr. Billings." Della Fox returns, after a long absence, and will sing new and old successes. John Dillon and George Fisher will appear in a sketch, "In Dreamland," which combines farce and mystifying illusions. Kara, the juggler, will offer remarkable feats in dexterity. Les Freres Riego, equilibrists, are last but not least of the newcomers. It will be the last week of the danseuse, La Sylphe, who has created a sensation. She will be seen in the famous "Salomé" dance and others. Fred Watson and the Morrises Sisters, Carletta, the human dragon, and the Dumond Minstrels will also conclude their engagement.

David Belasco's great play, "The Girl of the Golden West," in which Blanche Bates has been starring the last three years, will soon be given its first production in San Francisco at the New Alcazar. No other stock theatre is authorized to present it.

The author of "Brown of Harvard," Rida Johnson Young, has, it is said, furnished Mary Mannering with the best play of her career. It is called "Glorious Betsy," and will be offered at the Novelty Theatre a week hence. Frank Gilmore appears in the leading male rôle of the play in support of Miss Mannering.

Charles Frohman announces that Ethel Barrymore will appear as Rosalind, in "As You Like It," next September, and also be seen in the old comedies, "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The School for Scandal."

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THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.

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VANITY FAIR.

New York is evidently preparing her ascension robes and making ready for translation to those supramundane spheres reserved for the pure in heart. Of course, the fire department has broken down and that may explain this sudden search for the inward and spiritual grace that makes fire departments superfluous. A few weeks ago the metropolis was agast at the audacity of some women who supposed that they had the rights of American citizens and might smoke cigarettes if they wished to. Now it seems that a woman has no right to be hungry unless she has an escort, and that she may be expelled from a restaurant if she be unaccompanied by a man. The reasoning is simple, although inconclusive. The woman without a man is necessarily disreputable and therefore should not be allowed to eat. It is true that there are a good many men in New York, and elsewhere, whose society would blight the mind of a Phryne; but the woman in such company is "respectable," according to restaurant conventions, while the woman who dares to "stand alone," like Daniel, is the reverse. But then Daniel was a man.

The trouble began at the Hoffman House and ended, for the moment, in the Twelfth Municipal District Court. Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch was the complainant, or the victim, or the martyr, according to our individual predilections. Mrs. Blatch, against whose fair fame the finger of scorn has never been pointed, went to the Hoffman House with a lady friend at 6 o'clock in the evening and was informed by the management that she could not be served in the roof garden. Mrs. Blatch replied that she would bring an action for damages, and to this the management glibly but indiscreetly rejoined, "This is a free country, madam. Do as you please." Mrs. Blatch may be pardoned if she has her doubts about the freedom, seeing that she had just been refused the right to have her dinner, which seems to be a rather elementary and uncomplicated right. The subsequent proceedings at the court must have confirmed her skepticism, seeing that a verdict was found for the hotel and Mrs. Blatch was denied her damages as well as her dinner. To the credit of Mr. Caddigan, the manager, it may be said that as soon as the finding was announced he courteously invited Mrs. Blatch to lunch with him, an invitation that was declined by the Spartan plaintiff. She was hungry, but she wanted dinner, not lunch.

It is hard to understand the logic of all this. Is the Hoffman House drawing the line in the right place? Is male companionship a guarantee of virtue? We should have thought otherwise. The woman who makes an acquaintanceship at a street corner and who is then escorted to the Hoffman House may pose on the pinnacle of virtue. The Hoffman House will bow before her and show her to the place of honor; but the woman who holds the mantle of a rigid propriety between herself and the whole male sex becomes a pariah and an outcast if she wants her dinner. She is "undesirable." Evidently we must revise our vocabulary, the Ten Commandments, and the Sermon on the Mount. But what humbug it all is.

Humbug, too, is the bill now before the New York Legislature providing a year's imprisonment for any one who plays for money in a private house or takes a chance in a raffle at a church bazaar. The persons who are guilty of these forms of asininity seem perfectly indifferent to the contempt for already existing and reasonable laws, a contempt that turns portions of New York into veritable dens of infamy, but the moment a man wants to part his hair in the middle or a woman to part hers on one side these dancing dervishes and Mad Mullahs of legislation work themselves into a frenzy of hysteria and prance about the legislative stage in the hope that God will notice them, which is, after all, about the last thing they have any cause to hope for.

The London *Daily Chronicle* is very much interested in the dress exhibition now in progress in England's metropolis. The *Chronicle* is inclined to wax facetious in a mild way at the vagaries that an exhibition never fails to call forth. Why, it asks, do we see so many wonderful and convenient devices at an exhibition that we never see anywhere else? Why are these ingenious contrivances stifled, as it were, so that they die with the exhibition and are never heard of again? Here, for example, is an admirable way of cleaning gloves at home. It commends itself by its simplicity and captivates by its economy. But no one ever hears of it outside the exhibition and no one ever will. London's fair dames, although, like John Gilpin's wife, "on frugal thoughts intent," will continue to send their gloves to the cleaners and pay the usual fee, which it seems is six cents. Then again there is the new bandeau, which entirely dispenses with the hatpin. A bandeau, it may be said, is not a bandage, although the French dictionary says that it is. It is a kind of hat appendage or appurtenance intended to adjust the hat to the shape of the head, and it is used in conjunction with a sheaf of deadly hatpins. Now the new bandeau, the exhibition bandeau, dispenses with the hat-

pin, theoretically, but as a matter of disconcerting fact the shops are just as full as ever of hatpins and will continue so.

Further on there is a stall aggressively labeled "Votes for Women," and this leads the unsuspecting stranger to suppose that votes for women are being sold, like the glove cleaners and the bandeaus, whereas it is the women who are being sold. The attendants look so cheerful that you naturally suppose that they have several votes apiece, but when you go out again into the wide and wicked world you find that votes for women can not be bought anywhere. It is only another exhibition specialty like the other articles mentioned. In writing thus frivolously about woman's suffrage the *Chronicle* scribe is on pretty thin ice. He is nearer to the volcano than we are and he ought to know his danger. How would he like to have his doorbell rung continuously from dewy eve to early morn, as has happened to sundry cabinet ministers whose views on the eternal womanly are not quite as they should be? How would he like to have a squadron of belligerent suffragettes camped on his doorstep?

The Cullinan diamond, presented by the Transvaal to King Edward, is entering impressively upon its new life. It has been sent to Amsterdam to be cut and polished and is now in the Dutch capital in a fireproof safe with a tell-tale burglar alarm, protected by several feet of concrete and two steel doors, and under the constantly watchful eye of policemen, who are changed every two hours.

The firm of Asscher & Co. have been entrusted with the task of cutting and polishing. Mr. Asscher himself went to London to receive the royal commands and has promised to use the utmost diligence in making the great diamond fit for polite society. The factory is fitted with every modern improvement, but special tools have been made to cope with such unusual size. Mr. Asscher prepared the Excelsior diamond a few years ago, and it is understood that he will attend to the Cullinan diamond in person and will not allow it to leave his hands until it is ready for the polisher, who will be Mr. Henry Koe. The work will go on continually all day and for a large part of the night, but it will take a year to finish. The diamond was carried by direct boat from London to Amsterdam and the members of the firm with a staff of detectives went down to meet it. At midnight two carriages containing eight people quietly entered the iron gates of the factory and the stone was immediately placed in the safe, after a little ceremony of welcome.

M. Henri Rochefort has world-wide celebrity in political circles. When he is not in exile from France he is usually preparing to do something for which he will be exiled, but that he is also an art critic of considerable capacity is not generally known. M. Rochefort has just issued a warning that may well be laid to heart by wealthy Americans and others who are disposed to purchase works of art on their face value and without challenging the credentials that are lavishly paraded. It is, of course, the picture dealers in Paris who need to be specially watched, and M. Rochefort tells a good story in illustration of the care that should be used. A customer had bought an authentic picture by an old master in an excellent state of preservation, and expressed his intention of taking it with him. The dealer, on the other hand, insisted strongly on sending it home by one of his employees.

"If you are afraid that we will change the picture, you have only got to write your name on the back," said the shopman.

But the customer had his way. When he reached home he undid his purchase and discovered that a copy of the original canvas had been nailed behind the genuine picture, so that if the customer had placed his signature on the back of the picture he would have written it on the copy. The dealer would have maintained that that was the picture he had bought, and the original would have remained in the possession of the dealer.

M. Rochefort gives several other instances of the tricks employed by those who prey on the wealthy art amateur.

Pascal Taskin, a piano-maker of the eighteenth century, was in the habit of signing his works with his initials. But an ingenious dealer in antiquities catalogued and sold one of these pianos as having belonged to Marie Antoinette and pointed to the letters "P. T." as proof that it had come from the Petit Trianon (Queen Marie Antoinette's favorite residence).

Raphael died at the age of thirty-nine, but, says M. Rochefort, in order to produce all the masterpieces attributed to him, he would have required to work for centuries.

But sometimes it is the customer who allows a bargain to slip through his fingers either through incredulity or a misplaced economy. Such instances are rare, but they do occur, as witness the story told by Mrs. George Cornwallis West, of the days when she was Lady Randolph Churchill and the centre of a brilliant political and social circle. Lady Randolph Churchill's reminiscences in the *Century Magazine* are a rich storehouse of fascinating causerie about interesting people. She says:

"I was very much occupied that winter fur-

nishing, and disposing in the new house what my brother-in-law Blandford used to call my 'stage properties.' It is curious how fond one can become of inanimate objects apart from their intrinsic value. We had many nice bits of old furniture which we had picked up in Dublin, where they had found their way from the dismantled houses of impecunious Irish landlords. Things could be bought cheaply in those days, the artistic craze being confined to the eclectic few. Now collecting millionaires have bought up nearly everything, and what is left is held at fabulous prices. I remember coming across some large painted panels which I found in an old shop in the city. Although grimy and in a deplorable condition, I thought I detected in them real merit. My sojourn at Blenheim among those glorious pictures, I suppose, had educated my eye. The owner wanted some £300 for them, for which they were to be restored and put in good order. Full of my trouvaille, I rushed home with a glowing tale, in the hope of persuading Randolph to buy them. I found him with Mr. Balfour and Sir Henry Wolff, discussing the merits of 'Elijah's Mantle,' which he had just written for the *Fortnightly*. The laughter it provoked reached my ears as I subsequently sat in my drawing-room looking at its bare walls, which, alas! had to remain so. 'Three hundred pounds—preposterous! Besides, we can not afford it'—so Randolph settled the question. I reluctantly gave up the panels, which were sold shortly afterward, and turned out to be Morland's, worth today perhaps £7000 or £8000!"

But such stories are very rare and the collector should not be tempted to relax any of his caution.

Miss Tarbell seems to suppose that the recent financial trouble was due to women.

It is natural that she should think so, as the time-honored maxim of "cherchez la femme" loses none of its force as the world gets older. She says that the idea of the American woman is "to get all she can and to spend it as she happens to." She usually spends a little more than she gets and then when the pinch comes she finds herself confronted with bills and with clamorous demands for their payment.

Women have unfairly acquired a reputation for economy and for no better reason than their love of bargaining. But the woman who makes a bargain is proud, not of having saved money, but of having bested an opponent. And it is curious to note the difference between men and women in the matter of bargains. A man who bought a fifty-dollar overcoat for \$40 would be rather ashamed of the transaction and would certainly not boast of it. But a woman would think it a most meritorious performance and one to be proclaimed from the housetops. She will buy a thing that she does not in the least need if she thinks that she can get it below the market value, and her pride is in the successful play of diplomatic talents that she has acquired through ages of opposition to brute strength. Miss Tarbell seems to think that financial disturbance begins at the base of the social pyramid and not at its apex, and that this has been true of all previous disturbances. Credit is universally strained by the daughters and wives of the people until finally there is a necessary and unsuccessful demand for the settlement of bills, and so the mischief spreads upward until the big financial centres are involved. Miss Tarbell does not seem to advocate any particular law to remedy the evils of feminine extravagance, and this is strange, because women seldom have any other ideas of reform than passing a law, which never reformed anything and never will. But then Miss Tarbell is an exceptional woman.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The radical type of golf enthusiast is exemplified in the retort of a St. Andrews caddie to the university professor: "Onybody can teach a wheen loons Latin and Greek, but gowf, ye see, gowf requires a heid."

An old lady about to hire a cab in London asked the cabman if he could take her to Trafalgar Square. The cabman replied, "No, mum, I can't and I wouldn't if I could, and the next time you want to eat onions bile 'em!"

Senator Hopkins of Illinois illustrated a story with a reference to the alertness of an Aurora bridegroom. "You know bow bridegrooms, setting off on the honeymoon, forget their brides and buy tickets only for themselves? Well, that is what this bridegroom did in Aurora, and when bis wife said to him, 'Why, you only bought one ticket, dear!' he answered, 'By Jove! I never thought of myself.'"

Mandy was a young colored girl, fresh from the cottons fields of the South. One afternoon she came to her Northern mistress and handed her a visiting card. "De lady wha' gib me dis is in de pa'lor," she explained. "Dey's annoder lady on de do'step." "Gracious, Mandy," exclaimed the mistress. "Why didn't you ask both of them to come in?" "Kase ma'am," grinned the girl, "de one on de do'step done forgit her ticket."

A house hunter, getting off a train at a suburban station, said to a boy: "My lad, I am looking for Mr. Smithson's new block of semi-detached cottages. How far are they from here?" "About twenty minutes' walk," the boy replied. "Twenty minutes?" exclaimed the house hunter. "Nonsense! The advertisement says five." "Well," said the boy, "you can believe me or you can believe the advertisement; but I ain't tryin' to make no sale."

Not long ago King Edward was visiting a country house near the scene of one of Cromwell's historic battles. Strolling out one day by himself, he met the village blacksmith returning from a shoeing expedition. "I say, my good fellow," said his majesty genially, "I understand there was a big battle fought somewhere about here?" "Well-er," stammered the blacksmith, recognizing the king, "I did 'ave a round with Bill, the potman, but I didn't know your majesty had heard of it."

A public school teacher had noticed the strong friendship that existed between Tommy and Mary, two of her small pupils. Tommy was bright enough, but not over diligent, and the teacher saw that unless he applied himself, he could not be promoted at the end of the term. "You must study harder," she told him, "or else you won't pass. How would you like to stay back in this grade another year and have little Mary go ahead of you?" "Aw," said Tommy, in a blasé tone, "I guess there'll be other little Marys."

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, in his recently published book of "Recollections," tells a story of Lord Guillemore, famous in legal history as Chief Justice O'Grady. In a case before him the leading counsel for the defense of the prisoner argued that there was no case before the jury. Lord Guillemore was about to pronounce judgment when the junior counsel asked leave to address a few words to the court. The judge replied, "I will hear you by and by, Mr. —." The young man said, "But, my lord, it is on this point that I wish to address your lordship." Lord Guillemore rejoined, "I will hear you by and by, Mr. —. Meanwhile, for fear of accidents, I will direct the jury to acquit your client."

"Pete," the White House bulldog, recently removed by death, had a habit of going away with a well-groomed appearance and a nonchalant manner and reappearing all chewed up. One day last summer he returned while the President was at a tennis game with the French ambassador. "Pete" limped up to the wire netting, looking for sympathy and certainly as if he needed it. He got it from Mr. Jusserand. "Mr. President," said the ambassador, peering through the netting, "your dog seems to be a poor fighter." The President called time on the tennis game and walked over to the netting. "Pete" wagged his tail feebly but loyally. "No," said Mr. Roosevelt, "he's a splendid fighter, but he's a poor judge of dogs."

Few people in Smoke Ridge had ever seen an automobile, so when one of these "red devils" stopped for a few moments in the isolated village, the curious inhabitants gazed at the snorting demon with a mixture of fear and awe, and the owner, who had entered the one general store to make a purchase, heard one rustic remark: "I'll bet it's a man killer!" "Of course it is," assured another. "Look at that number on the back of the car. That shows how many people it's run over. That's accordin' to law. Now if that feller was to run over anybody here in Smoke Ridge, it would be our duty to telegraph that number—

1284—to the next town ahead." "And what would they do?" demanded the interested auditors. "Why, the police would stop him and change his number to 1285."

Dressed in the latest and most approved motor-cycling costume, with goggles all complete, the motor-cyclist gayly toot-tooted his way by Regents Park toward the Zoo. Suddenly he slackened, dismounted, and said to a small, grubby urchin: "I say, my boy, am I right for the Zoo?" The boy gasped at so strange a sight, and thought it must be some new animal for the gardens. "You may be all right if they have a spare cage," he said, when he could find his tongue, "but you'd ha' stood a far better chance if you'd 'ad a tail!"

FUN WITH THE BURR ON.

By Mr. Dooley, in "Opinions" and "Observations," Published by Harper & Brothers.

A ditchbarn is a book that tells ye how many diff'rent things th' same wurrud means. Th' printin'-press isn't wond'ful. What's wond'ful is that annybody shud want it to go on doin' what it does.

Why is England losin' her supremacy, Hinnessy? Because Englishmen get down to their jobs at liven o'clock figurin' a golf score on their cuffs, an' lave at a quarter to twelve on a bicycle.

F'r wan man that goes to a wurruld's fair to see how boots is made, they's twinty goes to see th' hootchy-kootchy, an' that's where th' wan lands fin'ly.

A valley is a retired English gentleman hired by millionaires who ar-re goin' into bankruptcy to wear their clothes. Naked a millionaire comes into th' wurruld, an' naked bis valley laves him.

The las' man that makes a joke owns it. That's why me frind, Chancy Depoo, is such a humorist.

In th' coorse iv his thrainin' a lawyer larns enough about evrything to make a good front on anny subject to annybody who doesn't know annything about it.

Histhry is a post-mortem examination. It tells ye what a country died iv. But I'd like to know what it lived iv.

They's wan thing about th' supreme court, if ye lave annything to them, ye lave it to them. Ye don't get a check that entitles ye to call f'r it in an hour.

They used to tell me that Napoleon Bonaparte was a champion chess player, but he was on'y good because annybody that bate him might as well go down an' be measured f'r his ball an' chain.

If th' Christyan Scientists had some science an' th' doctors more Christyanity, it wudden't make anny diff'rence which ye called in—if ye had a good nurse.

An athlete is a man that is not sthrong enough f'r wurruk.

"Can a man marry on twenty-five dollars?" asked Mr. Hennessy. "He can if he can get th' money," said Mr. Dooley.

A married man can always find wurruk to do. He's got to.

Onwee, which is th' same thing as ingrowin' money.

They'se nawthin' so hard as mindin' ye'er own business, an' an' iditor niver has to do that.

I don't think we injye other people's sufferin', Hinnessy. It isn't acshally injyement. But we feel f'r it.

Th' autymobil season has opened, an' wan iv th' delights iv th' summer colony is to go out iv an evenin' an' see th' farmers iv th' neighborhood pluckin' their horses f'r'm th' top branches iv trees.

Manny men lie because they like conversation, an' they feel they can't impress th' man they're talkin' with without pilin' it on.

If ye don't use wan iv ye'er limbs f'r a year or so ye can niver use it again. So it is with gin'rosity.

They'se as manny dimmycrats out iv th' party as they are in.

Vice is a creature of such heejous mien that th' more ye see it th' better ye like it.

What's wan man's news is another man's troubles.

No matter how bad a painter he is, annywan that can get money out iv an American millyonaire is an artist an' deserves it.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Ted and Willy's Kite.

Willy had the biggest kite
That blossomed in the spring;
'Twould soar almost up out of sight
When Willy held the string.

Its colors showed red, white, and blue,
And, suited to its size,
A long and handsome tail it flew—
Indeed, it was a prize.

Yet Willy often stood aside
And Teddy took the string.
At this the wondering boys all cried,
"It is a curious thing."

"Why, Willy is the larger one,"
The teacher gently said;
"He has been taught to share his fun
With selfish little Ted."

"The kite is Willy's still, you know,
And Teddy's one delight
Is hanging on, away below,
The tail of Willy's kite."
F. H. STEVENS.
SAN FRANCISCO, February 20, 1908.

Incentive Lacking.

I never use bad language; no,
I never do. But then
I never play at golf nor try
To use a fountain pen.
—New York Sun.

More Dough Kneaded.

They are now both sorry they wed,
They see they have made a mistake,
For he's but a winner of bread,
While she has been brought up on cake.
—Boston Transcript.

The Jocund Ballad of King Megraire.

This is the ballad of King Megraire:
Gwendolyn, Madolyn, Mary Jane—
These were the names of his daughters three;
O night black locks to star white knee,
What matter if one of the names was plain?
It mattered a heap to Mary Jane.

These were the suitors to King Megraire
For Gwendolyn, Madolyn, Mary Jane:
Colard and Kay of the Silver Spear,
And Schmid von Schmid out of Grunenmere.
(Why garnish his name with a lofty von?)
A Smith is a Smith be he duke or don.)

Gwendolyn's eyes were a paradise
Of blue, and her waist was a suitable size
For Colard's arm; as for Madolyn,
She was none too fat, she was none too thin;
A squeezable, kissable maid, and dear,
Thought Kay, Sir Kay of the Silver Spear.

But the pick of the girls, it was plain to see,
Was Mary Jane, the last of the three;
And Schmid von Schmid out of Grunenmere
Perceived it first, and he made it clear
To Colard and Kay and to old Megraire,
That the price of his absence was Mary Jane.

Colard was wed in the autumn tide
And Kay in the spring. "It were too much bride
In a single year," said the good Megraire,
"If I finish the summer with Mary Jane;
And to tell the truth, if I really did,
It were too few ducats and too much Schmid."

But the jocund ballad of King Megraire
Is really the hallad of Mary Jane;
She was dark of hair, she was fair to see,
But her wonderful perspicuity
Was her winning card, and she played it hard
In the rubber that made young Schmid her pard.

Their banns were read from the pulpit thrice
And the old King nodded and said, "How nice!
Have I met the maid? It is our intent
To bless the lovers with our consent."
Then his lass uprose 'neath his royal nose
And wedded her Schmid in her Sunday clothes.

Though the King was blind in his dim off eye,
His ears were good; but it would defy
A keener parent than old Megraire
To find in the banns of his Mary Jane
The name preceding the damsel's age
On the family Bible's record page;

For Schmid von Schmid out of Grunenmere
Was Smytherson Smyth of Vert de Mere,
And Mary Jane that we thought so plain
Had bloomed like a daffodil after rain;
It had skipped from Mazie and Margaret
To Miriam Marion Jean Annette!

—Garnet Noel Wiley.

A. Hirschman.

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Surplus.....483,989

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Three or four more days will bring to a close the gayest fortnight of many seasons in society circles. There are to be a number of weddings immediately after Easter, and it is said that several engagements are to be announced before the close of Lent, with the weddings to follow shortly.

It is announced that the engagement of Miss Edith Metcalf, daughter of Captain John B. Metcalf, to Mr. William Falley, no longer exists.

The wedding of Miss Harvey Anthony, daughter of Mrs. Josephine Anthony, to Mr. Spencer Bishop will take place this afternoon (Saturday) at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Herbert Folger, Berkeley. The Rev. E. L. Parsons of St. Mark's Church, Berkeley, will perform the ceremony. Only the relatives and nearest friends will be present. Mr. Bishop and his bride will make their home in Mexico.

The wedding of Miss Ruth Goodman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Goodman, to Mr. George North, will take place at the home of the bride in Napa on Thursday, March 5. They will sail for Tahiti on their wedding journey on March 7.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith, the daughter of Mrs. Eleanor Hyde-Smith, to Mr. Harold Dillingham of Honolulu took place on Monday evening last at the home of the bride on Fillmore Street. The ceremony was celebrated at 9 o'clock by Archbishop Riordan, assisted by Bishop da Silva. Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith, the sister of the bride, was the maid of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Helene Irwin, and Miss Marion Newhall, and the best man was Mr. Walter Dillingham, the brother of the bridegroom. More than a hundred guests were present. Mr. and Mrs. Dillingham have gone to Southern California on their wedding journey and will sail March 10 for Honolulu.

The last of the Friday Evening Cotillon Club dances, under the direction of Mrs. Ynez Shorh White, took place last night (Friday) at the Fairmont.

Mr. Walter Dillingham was the host at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week in honor of his brother, Mr. Harold Dillingham, and Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith.

Mrs. Reginald Knight Smith was the hostess at a luncheon on Friday of last week at her home on Jackson Street, at which Mrs. Ynez Shorh White was the guest of honor.

Mrs. Frederick Funston was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week at her home at Fort Mason in honor of Mrs. Ynez Shorh White.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was the hostess at a dinner on Saturday evening last in honor of Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith and Mr. Harold Dillingham. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Lukens, Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith, Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Marion Newhall, Miss Genevieve Harvey, Mr. Harold Dillingham, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Lieutenant Hornsby Evans, and Mr. Edward Tohin.

Miss Mary Keeney was the hostess at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week, her guest going afterwards to the Greenway hall. Those present were: Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Mr. Roger Bqueraz, Mr. Frank Preston, Mr. Richard Girvin, and Mr. Samuel Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury entertained at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taylor of Boston.

Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall and the Misses

Newhall entertained at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week in honor of Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith and Mr. Harold Dillingham.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Sherwood entertained at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week before the Greenway hall.

Miss Grace Wilson was the hostess at a dinner on Tuesday evening of last week in honor of Miss Roma Paxton.

Mrs. Winslow was the hostess on Tuesday of last week at an informal tea in honor of Miss Josephine Brown of San Mateo.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge entertained at a bridge party on Thursday afternoon of last week at her home on Franklin Street. Fifteen tables of guests were present and others went in later for tea.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon and Miss Florence Breckinridge arrived on Saturday of last week from Paris, and after a stay of a few days at the Fairmont will go to their new home at Menlo Park.

Miss Julia Calhoun, who is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, will leave in the near future for her home in Georgia.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Casserly have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard at Burlingame.

Mrs. Girvin entertained as her guests over the week end at her Menlo Park home, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, and Mr. DuVal Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre have returned to town, after a visit of a fortnight's duration in Portland.

Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Tristan were in town last week for a brief stay, returning to San Mateo, where they are spending the winter.

Miss Emily Carolan has been the guest of friends in Ross Valley recently.

The Rev. William Kirk Guthrie left recently for a brief trip to New York.

Mrs. Gertrude Franklin Atherton has gone from London to Munich, where she has an apartment, and where she will spend some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Taylor of Boston are spending some time at San Mateo as the guests of their daughter, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxtun Beale left on Tuesday last for a month's trip to Honolulu, and on their return will go to San Rafael.

Miss Genevieve King will spend the greater part of March in Santa Barbara as the guest of Mrs. George Armshy.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis and the Misses Frederica and Cora Otis will leave very soon for Europe for a stay of several months. Mrs. Lucy Otis will spend the spring and summer months in Boston.

Mr. George Nickel has been in town for several days.

Miss Genevieve Harvey has returned to Del Monte, after a stay of a fortnight here as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Oscar Cooper. Miss Agnes Tohin has been visiting in San Mateo recently as the guest of relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl spent several days last week in town.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Shreve will reopen their San Mateo home shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney have been in town recently from their home in Rocklin.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy of Los Angeles arrived here last week for a visit and are guests at the Fairmont.

Miss Lucie King has been a guest at Del Monte during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., will spend the spring and summer months in San Rafael.

Mr. Harry M. Gillig has returned to the State, after an absence of several months abroad, and has been visiting his mother, Mrs. John Gillig.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Del Coronado were Mr. F. J. Steinberger, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. A. Galland, Miss Galland, Mr. F. D. Madison, Mr. J. K. Wilson, Mr. Cyrus Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, Mrs. J. L. Welch, Mr. T. K. Stetler, Miss Stetler, Mr. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. G. G. Gantes, Mr. J. R. Sheehan, Mr. James Kearney, Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Crosby and son, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Dr. F. W. Beerman, Dr. S. Robert Jacobs, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Pike, Mr. John Pike, Mr. Alfred Meyerstein, Mr. W. E. Staunton, Mr. John A. Hammer-smith, Mr. F. L. Hilmer, Dr. A. McFadyen, Mrs. George P. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis A. Gould, Mrs. H. V. Ramsdell, Mr. Leland S. Ramsdell, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Woodside, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were Mr. James Crichton, Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Nathan, Mrs. W. F. Fuller, Miss King, Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Neustadtter, the Misses Bruce and Robert Bruce, Mr. W. F. Bowers, Mr. S. Biho, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Cushing, Mr. Randolph V. Whitney, Mr. G. B. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. A. Stein, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Georges, Mr. and Mrs. James Madison, Mr. George F. Miller, Mr. E. Forrest Winslow, Mr. G. S. Schmeidell and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. E.

Freeman, Mr. C. Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Crim, Mr. William Adams, Mrs. Martens, Miss Florence Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Sturdevant, Mr. and Mrs. L. Eugene Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, Miss A. Gam-hert, Mrs. F. Haslett, Miss Louise Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Van Arsdale, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Nelson, Mr. W. E. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Black, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. Meyerfeld, Mrs. F. Schloss, Mr. and Mrs. M. Fleishhacker, Mr. R. E. Levinson, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Jones, Rev. S. J. Lee and Mrs. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, Mr. J. A. Zuck, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. First, Miss Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Kilborn, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Lynch, Miss R. Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Green-haum, Miss L. Perry, Miss A. Langpaap, of San Francisco.

The Bensaude Concerts.

Three novel song programmes will be offered during the coming week by Signora and Signor Bensaude, the operatic and classical singers. There will be a number of Spanish and Portuguese songs rendered that will be entirely new here, and some beautiful classics by Brahms, Grieg, Schumann, and other composers, besides numbers from standard operas, including duets from "The Flying Dutchman," "Rigoletto," "Don Giovanni," and "Don Pas-quale." Miss Grace B. Marshall, the well-known pianiste, will act as accompanist.

The concerts will be given at Christian Science Hall, Tuesday and Thursday evenings, March 3 and 5, and Saturday afternoon, March 7, and the prices are \$2, \$1.50 and \$1. Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

On Friday afternoon the Bensaudes will appear at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, presenting the same programme as at the opening concert in San Francisco. Seats may be secured at the box office of the theatre Monday morning.

No violinist who ever appeared in this city has left a deeper impression than Fritz Kreisler, whom all the critics of Europe proclaim the successor of the great Joachim. All three of the Kreisler programmes are unusual and interesting and they may be secured at the box offices at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s stores next Tuesday morning, March 3. The prices for these concerts will be \$2, \$1.50 and \$1, and they will be given at Christian Science Hall.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., commander of the Department of California, accompanied by Colonel J. W. Duncan, U. S. A., chief of staff, and Lieutenant Hornsby Evans, U. S. A., aide-de-camp, made an official call on Admiral Uriel Schree, U. S. N., on board the flagship *Tennessee*, on Friday afternoon last.

Captain A. W. Dodd, U. S. N., retired, is ordered to additional temporary duty as ordnance officer, Mare Island Navy Yard.

Captain Cameron McR. Winslow, U. S. N., was promoted to his present rank from commander, the promotion to date from January 28.

Captain T. H. Scharf, U. S. N., is detached from duty at the Navy Yard, Mare Island.

Captain James M. Wheeler, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., upon being relieved from duty at Alcatraz Island, will report in person to the commanding officer, Artillery District of San Francisco, for assignment to a company and station.

Captain Edgar A. Macklin, Twenty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., who has recently returned from the Philippines, is ordered to proceed in person to Fort Bayard, New Mexico, and report in person to the commanding officer of the General Hospital at that place for observation and treatment.

Captain Christopher C. Collins, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., was, upon his arrival in the Philippines, ordered to report to the commanding general, Department of Luzon, for assignment to duty.

Captain Edward R. Schreiner, Medical Department, U. S. A., having reported at headquarters, Department of California, is ordered to report to the commanding officer, Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for duty.

Lieutenant Fielding L. Poindexter, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., upon the completion of his examination at Fort Monroe, Virginia, is ordered to return to Hot Springs, Arkansas, and report in person to the commanding officer of the Army and Navy General Hospital, for further observation and treatment.

Lieutenant Frank T. Thornton, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from duty with the Eighty-Eighth Company, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., and ordered to proceed to San Francisco and report to the commanding officer, Artillery District of San Francisco, for duty.

Lieutenant Rollo F. Anderson, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from duty with the Twenty-Ninth Company, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., and is placed on the unassigned list. He will report in person to the commandant of the Pacific Branch, U. S. Military Prison, Alcatraz Island, for duty.

Second Lieutenant Thomas F. McNeill, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., recently appointed from master gunner, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is assigned to the Artillery District of San Francisco.

Second Lieutenant George Ruhlen, Jr., Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., recently appointed from civil life, is assigned to duty in the Artillery District of San Francisco.

Lieutenant Burton J. Mitchell, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence with permission to go beyond the sea, dating from May 15.

Lieutenant Bruno T. Scher, Eighteenth Infantry, U. S. A., who has been on temporary duty at Headquarters, Department of California, sailed last week on the transport *Crook* for Manila.

Ensign K. B. Crittenden, U. S. N., is detached from duty at Mare Island Navy Yard and ordered to the *Fortune*.

Midshipman Victor N. Metcalf, U. S. N., was detached from the *Charleston* upon arrival in a United States port, ordered home, his resignation as midshipman of the navy accepted, and to take effect upon the date of his arrival.

Passed Assistant Paymaster G. P. Auld, U. S. N., is detached from duty at the Mare Island Navy Yard and ordered home.

Assistant Paymaster P. T. M. Lathrop, U. S. N., is assigned to duty as commissary officer of the *Independence*, Mare Island Navy Yard, and additional duty in charge of the torpedo boats and auxiliary accounts.

Passed Assistant Surgeon A. M. Fauntleroy, U. S. N., is detached from duty at the Navy Hospital, Mare Island, ordered home, and granted two months' leave.

Passed Assistant Paymaster J. F. Kutz, U. S. N., is detached from duty on the *Independence*, Mare Island Navy Yard, and ordered to duty as pay officer at the naval station, Tutuila, Samoa.

Paderewski's Recital.

When Ignace Paderewski comes out to charm his audience at Dreamland Rink next Sunday afternoon he will face a multitude such as has never before played to in San Francisco. The fact that he is only allowed one concert for this city by his itinerary has caused an unprecedented demand for seats, and standing room will be at a premium at this auditorium, the largest in San Francisco. Seats, which range in price from \$1 to \$2.50,

are still on sale at the music houses of Kohler & Chase and Sherman, Clay & Co., and, if any remain, on Sunday morning they may be obtained at the Dreamland box office.

His programme, a particularly pleasing one, is as follows: Variations and Fugue, Op. 23 (first time here), *Paderewski*. Sonata, Op. 27, No. 1, E flat, *Beethoven*. "Auf dem wasser zu zingen"; "Soiree de Vienne," A major; "Erkling," *Schubert-Liszt*. Nocturne, F sharp major, Op. 15; Etudes, Nos. 10 and 5, Op. 10; Scherzo, B flat minor, *Chopin*. Chant D'Amour, *Sizowski*. Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 13, *Liszt*.

Paregorical Pinaflore.

When I was a lad I served a term As office boy in a druggist firm. When any near the place grew ill I gave 'em paregoric or a quinine pill. I gave 'em paregoric so carefuller That now I am the ruler of this great naveel!

When I decided to go to sea The ignorance there astonished me. The sailors did not seem to know The stuff that we were sailing on was H2O. But I told 'em all about it so carefuller That now I am the ruler of this great naveel!

In the course of time I hope to know The proper Latin for "Yo, heave, ho." The way to keep a ship secure Is to feel its pulse and take its temperature! I felt its pulse so carefuller That now I am the ruler of this great naveel!

And now, young men, if you should get A fad for living on the briny wet, Devote yourselves most faithfuller To the study of calomel and flaxseed tea. If you study your calomel carefuller You all may be rulers of the great naveel! —Washington Star.

Lyric String Quartet Concerts.

The first of the series of popular chamber concerts at Lyric Hall by the Lyric String Quartet will be given Sunday afternoon, March 22. The programme will include a Rubinstein string quartet, the Grieg violoncello sonata and another work not yet announced. Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt will be the assisting pianiste and will play in the last of the quartet numbers, as well as the sonata with Signor Villalpando.

Season tickets for the four concerts will be on sale Monday, March 16, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Van Ness Avenue store, the rates being \$2.50 and \$1.50 for the series of four concerts. For single concerts the prices will be 50 cents and \$1. Subscriptions will be received by Will L. Greenbaum at Lyric Hall, Larkin and Turk Streets.

The formal opening of the new Peninsula Hotel at San Mateo last Saturday, February 22, was attended by some six hundred guests, including many prominent people from San Francisco, Burlingame, and San Mateo. The arrangements and decorations were notable, and the house most auspiciously introduced. The hotel occupies the site of the old Alvinza Hayward residence, a picturesque situation. It is only thirty minutes from San Francisco, and will be open the year around. Mr. James H. Doolittle, formerly manager of the St. Nicholas Hotel in this city, is in charge of the new hotel, and its most attractive features were planned by him. It has already enrolled a long list of permanent guests.

Mignon, daughter of Emma Nevada, the famous operatic singer, made a successful debut in Milan, February 15, in the "Barber of Seville" at the Constanzi Theatre.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

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"What do you think of the simplified spelling?" "It would be all right, if it wasn't so hard to learn."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Korr—What makes you think that you are going to succeed in business? *Bogster*—Because my partner has \$500,000.—*Somerville Journal.*

"Rastus, I hope you are doing something to provide for the future." "Yes, Mr. Blankley, I surely is. I got married yesterday."—*Town and Country.*

"I always try to treat my maid as if she were a member of the family." "Gracious, how do you get her to put up with it?"—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Mistress—I want a girl for general housework; some one who is strong and willing to do everything. *Bridget*—Do yez take me for a Taft?—*New York Sun.*

Peggy—Was that p'liceman ever a little baby, mother? *Mother*—Why, yes, dear. *Peggy* (thoughtfully)—I don't believe I've ever seen a baby p'liceman!—*Punch.*

Bocou—Do you think it is proper for a man to say things behind his wife's back? *Egbert*—Well, if he's trying to button her dress, how can he help it?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

She—But, Fred, dear, fancy coming in such shabby clothes when you are going to ask pa's consent. *Fred*—Ah, hut, dearest, I once had a new suit ruined.—*The Sketch.*

Possenger—Boatman, hadn't we better bail her out? She's half full of water. *Irish Boatman*—Och, niver mind, sor. Sure she'll run over when she's quite full.—*Punch.*

"To what do you attribute your success in acquiring money?" "Partly to the success of other men in letting go of it," replied the great financier.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

"I've never had any great luck," declared the pessimist. "Neither have I," admitted the optimist. "Made my money by hard work and advertising."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Dentist—Now, open wide your mouth and I won't hurt you a bit. *The Patient* (after the extraction)—Doctor, I know what Ananias did for a living now.—*Chicago Home Herald.*

Plumber—Have you got all we want for Brown's job? *Boy*—Yes. *Plumber*—Wot? You 'aven't forgotten nothin'? Bless my soul, 'ow d'you expect to make a plumber?—*The Bystander.*

"The manager always keeps hack a portion of the villain's salary." "Why does he do that—afraid be'd skip?" "No; but he always acts his part better when he's mad."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

"Is my son getting well grounded in the classics?" asked the anxious millionaire. "I would put it even stronger than that," replied the private tutor. "I may say that he is actually stranded on them."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Church—What's that piece of cord tied around your finger for? *Gotham*—My wife put it there to remind me to mail a letter. *Church*—And did you mail it? *Gotham*—No; she forgot to give it to me!—*The Congregationalist.*

Prospective Buyer—Heavens! It must be a terrible experience to run over a human being! *Auto Demonstrator* (smilingly)—Not with this make of car, my boy; it's equipped with the best shock absorber on the market.—*Brooklyn Life.*

Modest but unsuccessful tyro (who has been flinging the river for hours)—Is there anything I am omitting to do, McWhirr? *McWhirr*—I wadna just say that exactly. But I'm thinkin', ye drink varra leetle whusky for a man whae's killin' no fush.—*Punch.*

"I heard one man," said the playwright, "who attended the premiere of my new play last night, complain that it was so late when he got out." "Yes?" queried the critic. "Yes, and yet the final curtain fell before 10:45." "Ah! perhaps he overslept himself."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"There have been times," said the actor manager, "when I have shed real tears." "Ah, when you have been in great sympathy with the part you were playing," suggested the matinee girl. "No, when I have had my own money in the show," replied the actor-manager, with a tinge of sad remembrance in his tone.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Vicar—John, do you—er—ever use strong language? *John* (guardedly)—Well, sir, I— I may be a little bit keener like in my speech at times. *Vicar*—Ah, I'm sorry, John. But we will converse about that some other time. Just now I want you to go to the plumber's and settle this bill for four pounds ten for thawing out a waterpipe. And you might just talk to the man in a careless sort of way, as if it were your own bill!—*Punch.*

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THIRTY-FIRST YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Injunctions in Labor Cases.

Some of the specious claims made by union labor in asserting its understanding of rights and privileges rest on honest differences of opinion. There is room for argument concerning their justice or their expediency. It is hard to judge the value of methods not fully tested or completely understood. The final effect of compulsory arbitration, the strength or weakness of legal incorporation and responsibility, are still open questions. But there is one assertion made by union labor leaders in and out of season, with growing frequency and accumulating emphasis, that does not belong in the class of disputed views. It is unfounded in fact, corrupting in influence, and criminal in source. Yet it is an assertion that will be reiterated unceasingly through the coming campaign, and endorsed over and over again by union labor speakers and writers, from Samuel Gompers down to the least in the ranks. Worse than this, for it will prejudice many outside of union labor affiliations, the assertion will be used by demagogues of every stripe who hope to profit by any stirring of factional impulses.

This unfounded and destructive assertion is the charge that the Federal courts have misused the writ of injunction in labor cases. That the charge is untrue may be shown by the records. The decisions of the courts are reported and published in full. They are open to examination by any one interested. Even the

most determined and logical of the union labor leaders who make the charge, those who write and speak most often and at greatest length, avoid the record in these cases. They do not cite instances, for they can find none to uphold them.

To publish the facts and figures of the record is to put the brand of falsehood on this charge. Going farther back, it is easy to show that the abuse of the writ of injunction in cases affecting union labor is practically an impossibility. An injunction does not deprive labor union defendants of property. It attempts to restrain and prevent interference with the property of employers, or with workmen employed upon or about the property. The acts against which the restraining order is issued are in themselves unlawful in all countries. When committed they are punishable, but at the expense of time, which is often of greater value than any amount of damages to be recovered. Writs of injunction do not compel defendants to do anything; they command inaction, not action; they aim to prevent the defendants from inflicting injury by interference.

A year ago, when an effort was made to restrict the power of the Federal courts in injunction cases, the judiciary committee of the United States Senate considered carefully the bill brought before it for this purpose. At one of the meetings James M. Beck of New York, a lawyer of ability and standing, read from the record of the courts in every reported injunction case and a summary of this statement shows:

That in seven cases the court had refused to issue restraining orders without a preliminary hearing, not deeming the exigency sufficiently great.

That in every case but one where an injunction was issued without a preliminary hearing the court upon a full hearing sustained the order made.

That in every case but one where the issuance of an injunction was reviewed by an appellate court the injunctive decree was sustained, and even in the one exception the injunction was merely modified.

This, in brief, is the record. It shows the utter lack of truth in the charges of labor leaders and demagogues against the Federal courts in this connection. But they will continue to repeat their assertions. All decisions of the courts—all the courts, in fact—are hated by the agitator who thrives on discontent and ill will for orderly progress. It is not necessary here to point out to these friends of anarchy the danger to themselves, as to all the people, in the destruction of the public sentiment which upholds the courts and sustains the hope of justice. It is enough to make plain the fact that this charge against the Federal courts is without foundation in truth. Union labor men, law-abiding citizens, have not been wronged by injunctions, and in the nature of things can not be.

Mr. Biggy's Opportunity.

The attempt within the week of an alien anarchist to assassinate the chief of police of Chicago has profoundly stirred the country. Thoughtful men everywhere are asking if this be not an effect directly traceable to the too-much liberty which we permit to persons plainly criminal in character who have no real right of residence in this country. Secretary Straus plainly thinks so, and with commendable promptness he has instructed all commissioners of immigration to confer with the police in their respective jurisdictions with a view of securing coöperation of local "detective forces in an effort to rid the country of alien anarchists and criminals falling within the law relating to deportation." We may expect from Commissioner North of San Francisco prompt and thorough action, for Mr. North is a man who knows how to act and isn't afraid to do it. We suspect that Chief of Police Biggy—late Elisor Biggy—may be able to lend effective assistance in this good work. It may be possible that Mr. Biggy knows the names and whereabouts of persons, mostly aliens once removed, who may be fairly classified as anarchists under the Century Dictionary definition:

"One who seeks to overturn by violence all constituted forms and institutions of society and government." If Mr. Biggy knows any such person, he has now the chance of his life. He has only to step to the front to do San Francisco a signal service. If we could thrust out those who are seeking to overturn all constituted forms and institutions of society, it would go a long way toward reestablishing peace, good will, and prosperity in San Francisco; and if, on top of this, we could thrust forth those other alien anarchists, McCarthy, Tvietnoe, and others of their ilk, we would, indeed, soon have a community fit to live in. On the whole, the Argonaut would prefer to see a wholesale deportation of these undesirable citizens even to the elimination of our bubonic rats.

Practical Politics and Other Politics.

There comes from Sacramento a report which illustrates a principle in political affairs which was discussed in these columns last week—not with effect, as we are told, to certain persons who have interested themselves in the work of "reforming" the politics of California to the end of substituting certain sentimental idealism for "organization" methods. Sacramento is the home of Pardeeism and very naturally has been carried off its political feet by the Pardee movement, otherwise grandiloquently titled the Lincoln-Roosevelt League. When it came to electing a mayor last year the so-called Lincoln-Roosevelt Leaguers overmastered the so-called "organization" faction, nominating Mr. Clinton D. White, a Republican of the independent and non-political type and a man of irreproachable character. Mr. White's candidacy was urged upon lofty considerations. It was a case, it was pointed out, where the office sought the man, where there would be entire freedom from ordinary political standards and motives. As mayor of Sacramento Mr. White, it was promised, would give to California the spectacle of an official seeking the right and only the right. The demand for support for Mr. White became scarcely more a political than a moral issue; in the end all distinctions between Lincoln-Roosevelt and "organization" men were lost and Mr. White was carried triumphantly to election over his Democratic opponent.

On the first of January, a short sixty days ago, Mr. White thus accredited and approved entered upon the discharge of his duties as mayor. He has been busy ever since in reorganizing the city government, and so far as we can learn, has justified the hopes—or at least the expectations—of every man of common sense who has taken sufficient interest to follow his doings. But we fear that Mr. White's administration will disappoint various and sundry doctrinaires who insist that however a man may get into official responsibility, once in it he must carry himself above political considerations. This fear is based upon the following report, which we find in the news columns of the Sacramento Union of last Saturday:

Robert Beard, son of former Mayor M. R. Beard, was yesterday dismissed from his position in the city engineering department by City Engineer Randle, at the instance of Mayor White, and the place has been given to Miller Upson. Mayor White, when seen in regard to the matter, stated that Beard was not removed because of incompetency or because of any ill-will that he bore the young man's father, who was the Democratic candidate for reelection as mayor against Mr. White as the Republican candidate at the last election.

"You may call it a shift that follows the change in administration," said Mayor White. "Young Beard was occupying the position of third deputy surveyor and was acting as a rodman. At my request, City Engineer Randle appointed Miller Upson, who is a competent surveyor, in his place. Beard has had no education in the surveying line, but that is not the reason why he was displaced. This is a Republican administration, and it is just as logical that one deputy should be removed to make place for another as for me to succeed former Mayor Beard."

Now there will be those to think and perhaps to say hard things about Mayor White, since in his official

character he has taken a course contrary to that laid down by political idealists. He is distributing the employments subject to his control—the spoils of politics, if you please—in a way to satisfy those who were active in securing his election, even though he has to throw out the son of his Democratic opponent in order to make a place for a political friend. He is doing what every man must do who seeks to hold an active part in political affairs, namely, encouraging his associates and confounding his enemies. This is precisely what men of practical experience expected; any other course would have cooled the ardor of his political associates without having in any way favorably impressed his enemies; and it would in a practical sense have weakened the "cause" for which Mr. White stands by limiting the number and the enthusiasm of its supporters. The *Argonaut*, having little sympathy with the personal movement which carried Mr. White into the Sacramento mayoralty, none the less has no fault to find with what he has done. As the affairs of politics are conducted—as the affairs of politics must be conducted if we are to have an effective political system with vitality and force enough to meet difficult situations as they arise—Mr. White has done what any discreet political leader would do.

Be it noted—and this is an important point—that Mayor White in naming a Republican successor to a Democratic placeholder, selected a man more rather than less efficient, since his nominee is declared to be an "educated surveyor," while the man displaced had no special equipment for the work to be done. The inference is that in making this change there was no sacrifice, but rather a gain at the point of personal competency. And since there was no loss at this important point, there can be no rational criticism of Mayor White. His responsibility to the public is this, namely, that municipal work done under his authority and by instruments of his selection shall be efficiently and honestly done; and if he is faithful to this principle, if he sees to it that the work for which he is responsible is well done and honestly done, nobody has a right to complain if even for reasons purely political, as he has the honesty to declare, he has displaced one man and taken on another. This is the rule in political employment, and it must continue to be the rule, since under no other system can the vitalities and efficiencies of organized politics be sustained.

To those champions of political puritanism who have been representing that the success of the so-called Lincoln-Roosevelt movement in the State will bring us something comparable to a political millennium, we point the course of Mayor White at Sacramento. The practical outcome of the success at Sacramento, it would appear, sufficiently sustains the contention of the *Argonaut* that the choice is not between "machine methods" on the one hand and the courses of a puritanical idealism on the other, but rather between one organization and another organization. In giving the control of her local politics into the hands of the Leaguers, Sacramento has not changed her system, but rather the agents of its operation. And as it has been at Sacramento, so it would be in the State. Success of the so-called Lincoln-Roosevelt League would put the Republican politics of California in the hands of Dr. Pardee, Frank Heney, Lincoln Steffens, *et al.* For one the *Argonaut* would rather endure such political ills as we have than to turn to such uncertain and questionable sources of relief. Whatever the faults of party management in the past, we have not suffered from incapacity, indecision, personal vanity, disappointed ambition, duplicity, and inherent personal weakness. When we shall come to prefer these things to the kind of strength which at least has long carried the Republican party successfully and without scandal—then and not before—we may turn to the "weak brother" and his entourage of chronic oppositionists, fault-finders, cheap conspirators, and muck-rakers.

Since the "League" which proposes to regenerate the political life of the State assumes to draw inspiration from the name of Abraham Lincoln, it may interest its members and the public in general to know what Mr. Lincoln's position was with respect to party administration. Judge George H. Williams, who still lives in Portland, Oregon, a hale and vital but very old man, ought to be a competent witness. He knew Lincoln for many years before he became President. He was a United States judge in the early days of Lincoln's presidency and later a member of the United States Senate. Still later he was Attorney-General in Grant's Cabinet and very recently he was mayor of Portland. We thus call the roll of his higher dignities to show what manner of man it is who speaks. Writing in the *Portland Oregonian*, under date of February

22—two weeks ago—in reply to one who had cited Lincoln as an enemy to the cause of political organization, Judge Williams said:

I knew Mr. Lincoln very well. I knew him in 1847. We lived in adjoining States, and I knew him after he became President, and I know that there never was a more uncompromising party man in the United States than Abraham Lincoln. When he was a Whig, he fought the Democratic party with all his energy while the Whig party continued to exist, and as a Republican he strained every nerve to build up and strengthen the Republican party, and it was by the organization and unity of that party under his leadership, with such Democrats as joined it, that the Union was preserved, and there was the same howl in those days about party domination and sacrificing the interests of the country to party as there is at the present time.

These remarks from one who knew Lincoln well, and who furthermore was a personal witness to the great service done through strong party organization in the extreme crisis of our country, are well worth attention. Let us repeat with the support of Judge Williams's authority that if we are to hold our political life on a basis strong enough for service in great emergencies, we must maintain party organization on a basis strong enough for prompt, definite, and effective action. One way to destroy government is to weaken political organization; a way to weaken political organization is to put it into the hands of weak men like Dr. Pardee and his associates of the fraudulently so-called Lincoln-Roosevelt League.

The whole issue simmers down to one question, namely, shall we maintain our political life on the basis of organization or of anarchy? There are those willing to accept the last-named alternative as a means of evading the abuses, familiar and onerous enough, of organized politics. But men of sense and experience, men who see things as they are, men who prefer lesser evils to greater, will join with the *Argonaut* in sustaining the only system consistent with the vitality of representative institutions. The choice is between organized politics and no politics, ending inevitably in no government—or rather in such government as some Man-on-Horseback would give us.

The Liberal Party in England.

It seems hardly likely that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will resume his place as leader of the English Liberal party. He may retain the premiership for some few months longer, but it is increasingly evident that his age and infirmities—his seventy-second birthday is close at hand and he suffers from heart weakness—must preclude him from the active duties of his position. He may retire from public life altogether or, if he be so ill-advised, he may accept a peerage and become the Liberal leader in the upper house and relinquish the post of premier to some younger man in the House of Commons. But he could hardly do this without painful inconsistency after his campaign against the lords as the sturdy enemies of all reform and the bulwarks of hereditary interests.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has been more successful than was expected. Entirely without the dangerous gift of genius, he has invariably inspired respect from friends and enemies alike, while a certain shrewd common sense has enabled him to hold his party together and even to lay a real grip upon the popular imagination. If his record of constructive legislation is a small one, he has known how to place his failures to his credit by an adroit transfer of responsibility to the shoulders of his opponents. His education bill, for example, was not a particularly good one, but he used its rejection by the lords as a scourge for the hereditary house and a stimulus for his own party. That he has been able to hold his much divided political family in some sort of concord, and even to inspire it with new enthusiasm, is no small achievement at a time when fresh and great issues have played sad havoc with party lines.

It may be that the time has come when a more impressive and magnetic order of mind is needed by the Liberal party. There is no lack of high-class men, but whoever Campbell-Bannerman's successor may be his lot will not be an enviable one. The Liberals have been losing steadily in the bye-elections. The increased cost of living has weighed heavily in favor of the protectionists. The Irish party is always an unknown quantity, and whatever concessions are granted are likely to alienate some Liberal allegiance. On the other hand there is a fine opportunity for a man who knows how to reap where Campbell-Bannerman has sown, who can direct and sustain the animus against the House of Lords, and who knows how to give point and vigor to the hostility of the Nonconformists against the established church and the confederated liquor in-

terests. The Liberal party in England always breaks its ranks except when it is on quick march. It goes to pieces when the forward strain is relaxed, and the man who would lead it successfully must keep it on the move while tactfully adjusting the rather clamorous demands for precedence.

It seems as though the mantle of Elijah might fall upon Mr. Asquith, who is now chancellor of the exchequer. Asquith is a strong intellectual force with a record of important services, a large experience, and a dominating personality. He has all the skill and the mental qualities needed for the position, but he has also the disadvantage of a certain chilliness of exterior, which may be temperamental but which does not conduce to enthusiasm. In English politics Mr. Asquith may be roughly compared with Mr. Root in America. He appeals to the head rather than to the heart. John Morley, who might be his competitor, except that he never competes for anything, is seventy years of age, while Mr. Lloyd-George discounts his unquestioned ability by an extremism that puts him out of the running for the immediate present. This leaves only Mr. Winston Churchill, who is now under-secretary for the colonies, but who is probably still too young to command the support of the Liberal veterans. But Mr. Churchill's time will certainly come, and before very long. He seems to have all his father's ability and none of the unsteadiness of Lord Randolph, while he owes not a little of his character to his brilliant American mother. When the Liberal party shall need genius, immense knowledge and grasp of world affairs, and an exceptional daring, Mr. Winston Churchill will get his chance, and in the meantime it can hardly do better than trust its fortunes to the astute and hard-headed diplomacy of Mr. Asquith.

An Example in Sanitation.

The anti-rat campaign instituted a month ago for protection of San Francisco against the menace of bubonic plague has developed in what is known as the commission district a side-movement of remarkable promise and interest. At a meeting of merchants representing the district named a month or more ago Messrs. John G. Wetmore (of Wetmore Brothers), R. K. Malcolm (of Jacobs & Malcolm), and E. Davis (of Jonas Erlanger-Davis Company) were named as a committee with authority to carry out the suggestions of the Health Department. This committee took its responsibilities seriously and on the 13th of February put into the hands of every merchant in the commission district a schedule of rules to be rigidly observed under inspection. These rules required a sanitary iron barrel for the reception of refuse in front of each establishment with a sufficient number of similar barrels in the rear to hold all offal of every kind. They further require that every store be kept clean at all times both inside and on the sidewalk; that all vegetable matter be gathered from the front of every establishment to the middle of the street; that every cellar or opening be diligently set with rat-traps; that wooden sidewalks and the openings under them shall by the use of poisons be riddled of rats. It was further required that employees be instructed not to sweep dirt or refuse into the street; that teamsters be compelled to clean up grains falling from feed bags or other feed receptacles. The purpose of these regulations was to eliminate rat life by destroying the food which sustains it and by breaking up the harboring places where rats hide and propagate. The work in the commission district was regarded of special importance, since the whole region being devoted to traffic in foodstuffs has for years past been a natural feeding-ground for rats.

We come now to the most interesting part of the story. Messrs. Wetmore, Malcolm, and Davis—the committee above named—having done what the health board asked them to do, have through their enthusiasm in the work determined to go far beyond the official requirement, not only to render the commission district immune against rats, but to make it in fact the cleanest and best-kept section of down-town San Francisco. They have enlarged the project to a scheme for keeping the district bounded by Clay, Front, Pacific, and East Streets—nine square blocks, including thirty blocks of street—not only free from anything that will sustain rat life, but "thoroughly clean and permanently clean." The scheme involves a district organization amply provided with funds by private subscription for cleaning and sprinkling the streets, with the hauling away daily of all refuse and dirt. In presenting their plans to the merchants of the district the committee met with something very rare in voluntary public service, namely, immediate appreciation and ready coöperation. A

subscription paper passed about the district was the means of crystallizing sentiment into cash in sufficient measure to do all that was desired for a period of four months or longer. Thus the committee starts out in its work of turning the commission district, long the most untidy and unclean in San Francisco, into a model quarter with all questions at the point of finance solved for at least a period of four months.

The interest of this movement is largely in the suggestion which it affords to other districts of the city. If the commission district with its necessarily large daily development of refuse matter can be made clean and kept clean, then surely there ought to be no difficulty in making every and any other quarter of the city equally clean. The method adopted in the commission district is one that might profitably be imitated in every neighborhood, for it is only through local coöperation that a work of this kind can be successfully carried through.

We do not question the existence in every district in San Francisco of a sentiment for cleanliness and sanitation comparable with that which has put this movement on its feet in the commission district. There is sentiment enough and liberality enough, but neither sentiment nor liberality nor both together will do this or any other good work on their own initiative. The first necessity is a representative committee really interested and capable by its public spirit and energy to take hold of the enterprise and lead in it—and keep on leading in it. Furthermore, there must be interested, active, and persistent coöperation on the part of the police. The committee in the commission district say frankly that without the assistance given them by Captain Conboy, in charge of the harbor station, they could not have accomplished the work they are now doing. It is further necessary that work of this kind should have the aid of the municipal street department; and at this point the committee in charge of the work in the commission district bears testimony to the interest and coöperation of Mr. Casey, president of the board of public works.

There can be no doubt that if the system adopted in the commission district were duplicated in all parts of the city we should almost immediately give San Francisco a clean bill of health.

A Never-Ending Weariness.

The period since our last writing has not been marked by any incident of special interest so far as the direct line of the graft procedure is concerned. The preliminary phase of the Ruef case—the hearing on Attorney Ach's motion to "set back" Defendant Ruef to the position he held under the bribery indictment in the Phillips case to where he stood when the indictment was first returned against him—still holds the attention of Judge Lawlor's court, although only intermittently. The prosecution, it is represented, is not ready with its affidavits interpreting the part played by Messrs. Langdon, Heney, *et al.*, in the immunity deal, and in mid-week asked for time to do this work. The prosecutors seem as willing as Mr. Ach to put off the real issue, namely, the trial of Ruef on the merits of the charges against him. It goes without saying that there is not in the mind of any reasonable man a question as to Ruef's guilt, but it is by no means certain that the prosecution has in a legal sense an effective "case" against him. The prosecutors, it is said, have been so busy trying to "get something" on the business rivals and personal enemies of Messrs. Spreckels and Phelan as to have failed at the point of developing testimony essential to the conviction of this arch criminal, the organizer, inspirer, and manager of the whole graft game. Possibly the personal "admiration" confessed by the inquisitors and their personal "liking" for him have prevented them from being as vigilant as they might otherwise have been. But whatever their motive for delay, the prosecutors seem entirely willing to allow matters to run on from week to week without really attempting to force the real issue to trial.

The affidavits of Langdon and Heney covering their part in the immunity bargain are understood to be in preparation, and they will probably be before the court by the time this paper reaches its readers. After the prosecutors have had their say, Ruef will have a second whack at the matter, and sensational exposures are expected. It is said that Ruef has privately kept a daily record of his dealings with the prosecution and that when it shall be given to the public it will form a chapter second to nothing yet developed in this whole record of amazing confessions and exposures.

Another development of the week grows out of the

scheme of Ruef to get the principals in the graft prosecution with their allies—including Judge Dunne—on the witness stand for the purpose of questioning them as to their share in the immunity conspiracy. It takes the form of a suit against Spreckels, Langdon, Burns, Biggy, Heney, and Dunne to recover the sum of \$4659.95 which Ruef alleges he was coerced into paying for guards and for household expenses at the private prison, 2529 Fillmore Street, where he was long retained under the general terms of the immunity bargain. Checks signed by Ruef and indorsed by Biggy, with receipted bills for the expenses of the private prison, are declared to be in the possession of Ruef's attorneys. The *Chronicle* of Tuesday morning printed photographs of two such checks, one for \$1201.20, the other for \$1080.40. In his complaint Ruef alleges that in spite of the contract under which it was stipulated that he should not at any time be confined in any prison, he was given the alternative of paying the expenses of the private establishment or of going to jail. From the time he left the former Schmitz residence until the 8th of January, when he was committed to the custody of the sheriff, he paid through Biggy the sum of \$4659.95. He now seeks to recover this amount from Dunne, Spreckels, Langdon, Burns, Heney, and Biggy, with whom he declares he had a contract for maintenance outside of any prison. Ruef probably does not expect to get his money back. What he does hope to do is to put his erstwhile "admirers" and "friends" of the prosecution, including Judge Dunne, on the witness stand and to ask them questions which it may well be believed they can not answer without embarrassment.

From the standpoint of the public, this phase of the case is not without interest; there are a lot of people who would like to know how the immunity bargainners justify themselves first for making the contract, second for persistently lying about it, and finally for breaking it. For example, it would be interesting to hear Judge Dunne's explanation of why he ruled that Ruef should not answer certain questions relating to immunity when he gave testimony in the Schmitz trial. Again, it would be interesting to hear what Mr. Heney can have to say for himself for having again and again and again declared that Ruef should not have immunity when, while these utterances were being made, the contract for absolute immunity had already been signed, sealed, and delivered. Mr. Spreckels, too, could add matter of interest by explaining why, while posing as the financial burden bearer of this whole procedure, he should have compelled Biggy to exact expense money from Ruef himself. And it would be well worth while to hear from Mr. Burns certain details of his relations to his friend Ruef during the period when he was dining, motoring, and chumming with him with the view of "developing" lines of "evidence" needed for the enforcement of charges against certain higher-ups. Whether in fact Ruef will be able by means of this suit to put these several gentlemen on the witness stand where he wants them, is not assured, but there are many who would like to see this feature of the game played for whatever it may be worth to the end of public entertainment, if for nothing else.

The vital interest of the period since our last writing in relation to the graft procedure has been rather collateral than direct and it relates immediately to an issue between the proprietors and editors of the *Bulletin* newspaper—if this utterly conscienceless and despicable sheet may be called a newspaper—and Mr. William Tevis, the well-known capitalist. During the time that the Oliver Grand Jury was finding indictments against a multitude of persons last year there was searching inquiry into certain charges of bribery in connection with a water deal in which the active participants were alleged to have been Mr. Tevis on the one hand and Abraham Ruef on the other. At the time, the *Bulletin*, which then as now was the special champion of Spreckels, Phelan, Heney, *et al.*, printed charges against Tevis which he maintains to have been false and libelous. His answer was to bring a charge of criminal libel against the *Bulletin* at the place of his formal residence, Bakersfield, in the central part of the State. For the *Bulletin* this was a serious matter, since in its eagerness to discredit Mr. Tevis and his water project as against Mr. Phelan and his water project, certain allegations of fact were published which it is declared can not be justified. It appears that under the law any citizen is at liberty to bring a criminal charge in a case of this sort, and a few weeks back one E. P. E. Troy, a local lawyer understood to stand in cordial relations

with the graft prosecution, jumped into the matter by bringing a suit against the *Bulletin* in San Francisco on the score of having libeled Tevis. Here indeed was a pretty kettle of fish. Tevis wished to pursue his own case in his own way, involving a trial not in San Francisco, but in Kern County. The *Bulletin* apparently preferred to be tried on ground of its own selection, under the nominal initiative of a friend, and to pursue the matter at the hands of a friendly prosecutor and before a friendly court. The whole matter as between Troy and the *Bulletin* is generally interpreted as a collusive trick designed not in the interest of Tevis, but rather in the interest of the *Bulletin* itself.

When the Troy procedure was brought to bar last week the true inwardness of the whole matter, with its fraudulent and farcical intent, was made plain. The cards bore all the earmarks of being "stacked"; Mr. Tevis, obviously to avoid participation in a collusive procedure, betook himself out of the jurisdiction of the court, while his attorney, Mr. Packard of Bakersfield, in emphatic and repeated utterances, set the whole matter before the public in a light which exposed its assumption, pretense, and humbug. Such protests were made by Mr. Packard in Tevis's behalf as left not the smallest room for doubt as to the true character of the whole business. In the court procedure, Mr. Troy under oath was forced to admit that he had instituted charges, not in the interest of Mr. Tevis, the nominal beneficiary of his impertinent activity, but rather at the suggestion of one Murphy, a supervisor of San Francisco, commonly understood to be a political agent and puppet of Mr. Phelan, silent partner in the graft prosecution, who has a water project of his own quite as questionable, to put it gently, as the rival project of Mr. Tevis. It does not require a very acute mind to see the interconnection in this web of intrigue and collusion.

The latest phase of this extraordinary side-show is a letter addressed by Packard, Tevis's attorney, to Attorney-General Webb under date of March 1 inclosing a protest against the procedure under the Troy initiative, bearing the same date, addressed to Prosecuting Attorney Langdon. Mr. Packard asks Mr. Webb, in view of considerations set forth in his letter to Langdon, to investigate a procedure which he alleges to be founded in conspiracy, and promoted by fraud to the end of fraud and injustice.

Packard's letter to Langdon printed in the San Francisco papers of Monday is far too long for anything approaching close summarization in these columns. It charges that the basis of the *Bulletin's* attack on Tevis is certain testimony given before the grand jury and illegitimately conveyed to the *Bulletin* by Burns, a detective in the employ of the graft prosecution. Testimony acquired by the agents of the State is now, he charges, being used against the purposes of the State, since the State by the prosecuting attorney is nominally urging the Troy case. It is further charged that proceedings under Troy's initiative were instituted not for the conviction of the defendants, but for their acquittal. The entire proceeding is stigmatized as "a mere subterfuge, intended to afford a channel for the gratification of private malice and to subserve private ends." It is further alleged that "Mr. Phelan and his confederates" have undertaken "to pervert the machinery of the law and to invoke the name and authority of the people of the State of California for base private purposes."

Packard proceeds further to criticize the appearance in the case of Hiram Johnson as representing the interests of the *Bulletin* against the nominal aims of the prosecuting attorney's office, with which he has been associated in collateral matters. He denounces as a "shocking instance of perversion of confidence and violation of law" that the *Bulletin's* attorneys have in their possession a copy of certain testimony taken before the Grand Jury, which testimony has never been made public in a legal way—this in the face of the fact that the Grand Jury returned no indictment thereunder.

Burns, the detective, comes in for arraignment for conduct outside the range of legality, propriety, and decency. The position of Mr. Spreckels with the mutual relations of Messrs. Phelan and Older of the *Bulletin* are duly touched upon. Mr. Langdon is reminded that under all the circumstances the procedure under the Troy initiative is a wretched farce. After reciting certain decisions of the Supreme Court of California in support of his contention, Mr. Packard's letter concludes with this statement: "We think public policy and a fair, just, and impartial administration of

the criminal law of the State make it the duty of the courts to exclude the paid attorneys of private persons from appearing as prosecutors."

These considerations urged in behalf of Mr. Tevis, who is represented as aggrieved and injured by an impertinent, illegal, and fraudulent interference with his affairs, are now before Attorney-General Webb. It is admitted that the charges of Mr. Packard are serious. If he chooses to do so, the attorney-general may exercise supervisory powers in this as in all matters in the hands of prosecuting attorneys. This is plainly the law. Whether or not the attorney-general will regard the matter as sufficiently important to call for action on his part, nobody knows. If he shall choose to act his authority is unquestioned, since he may at any time in his own discretion push any prosecuting attorney to one side and himself take charge of any case.

The *Argonaut* has come to regard this whole wretched business with a deep sense of disgust. It deals with it at this length only because it is informed that many thousands of persons in various parts of the world look to it to carry the record from week to week of a procedure so extraordinary as, to a greater or less extent, to challenge universal interest.

A Case of Bad Manners.

The President's Cabinet is his official family. Whatever a Cabinet officer does is done for the President and theoretically by his direction. Every ceremonial appearance of a Cabinet officer is made in a representative character—as the substitute and personal agent of the President. If Secretary Root visits South America, if Secretary Taft in passing looks in on the Pope, if Secretary Wilson lends his presence to the Pike County pumpkin show, it is presumably by the authority of and for the President. By practice and courtesy each of the Cabinet secretaries represents the President at functions related to the particular department of affairs to which he is attached. Thus in the reception of a foreign potentate the Secretary of State would figure prominently; in a review of troops, the Secretary of War would be a large figure. These official appearances which have come to be regarded as a species of official honors, come to each Cabinet officer in a natural order of things. All this is very elementary and primary, but it needs to be stated in order that we may get a fair view of an extraordinary incident developed in this city a few days back in connection with the coming of the fleet.

The day when the fleet of sixteen battleships departed from Hampton Roads was one of magnificent ceremonies, in which the President as commander-in-chief of the navy was the central figure. When it was asked if the President would come to San Francisco to greet the fleet upon its arrival here, it was given out that he would be represented in the ceremony of welcome by the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Metcalf. This arrangement accorded with the proprieties from many points of view. Mr. Metcalf represents the President in his official character. He was the representative in Congress of an important California district prior to his Cabinet service, and was and is a man of character and mark among us. He is the first and only representative California has ever had in the Cabinet, his selection to that position being really more of a compliment to California than to himself. No doubt it was in the President's mind that in sending Secretary Metcalf as his representative in the reception of the fleet at San Francisco he was paying us a compliment which we as a civilized people, capable of appreciating the significance of things, would duly understand and appreciate. For surely in welcoming our own fleet there should be a special meaning in the circumstance that one of our own citizens—our representative in the inner councils of the national government—is to stand in the post of authority and dignity.

If indeed there was in the President's mind the thought of delicately complimenting California by sending Secretary Metcalf to receive the fleet, he must have been surprised to receive last week a telegram from the committee in charge of the reception at San Francisco asking, if he could not come himself, that he send Secretary Root in his place. What his thoughts were is one of the things which must be left to the imagination. Such a request, of course, could only be construed as a reflection upon Secretary Metcalf, indicating that the San Francisco committee preferred that somebody else should receive the fleet.

Since this extraordinary communication was sent to the President it is explained that the committee meant to disrespect to Secretary Metcalf. This in turn calls

for explanation, for if an act of disrespect be not meant to be disrespectful, it must be understood that those responsible for it are pitifully ignorant of certain simple principles and rules which ought to be familiar to those who assume to represent the public. If the fleet committee did not know that in suggesting to the President that he send Secretary Root as his representative, they were reflecting ungraciously upon Mr. Metcalf, then its members stand in sad need of elementary tuition in the simplest principles of good manners.

The *Chronicle* now points out that "it was the strong hand of the deposed premier of Portugal that preserved order in the capital of that country, and that without his assistance, or that of an equally firm man, the monarchy will be unable to maintain itself." This is practically what the *Argonaut* said immediately after the tragedy, and the *Argonaut* was alone in saying it. How many misjudgements our contemporaries would save themselves if they would more diligently study these columns!

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

There is little comfort for Democrats in the New York situation. This is a summing up of the surface conditions by the *New York World*:

General Stewart L. Woodford's remarks must have been misunderstood by the Boston reporter who quoted him as saying that he did not believe Secretary Taft could carry New York.

It is true that the Republican party in this State has not been so demoralized in twenty years as it is today. Governor Hughes has been repudiated by the most influential element in the senate. His attempts to remove Kelsey and destroy insurance corruption have failed. The Federal machine is arrayed against him. Odell is seeking to return to power. One faction of the party in the legislature is openly in alliance with the most corrupt element in the Democratic party. There is hardly a county in which there is not a Republican split, and in many of them it is war to the knife.

But this profits nothing to the Democratic party if Mr. Bryan is to be the nominee of the Denver convention. He could not carry New York against Mr. Taft even if 100,000 of the Republicans who voted for Roosevelt should stay at home. With John A. Johnson as the nominee the Democrats would have a fighting chance both in New York and New Jersey. Those two States would immediately become debatable territory again, and Governor Johnson could poll at least 100,000 more votes there than Mr. Bryan.

General Woodford has no reason to doubt Secretary Taft's political strength in New York unless he is convinced that the Democratic National Convention will refuse to nominate William J. Bryan.

There is a possibility that both Mr. Harriman and President Roosevelt may be delegates to the Chicago convention. If they should meet on the way, it is probable that the subject of campaign subscriptions will not be mentioned, observes the *Portland Oregonian*.

With shrewd good humor the independent Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* thus considers a remote contingency:

The Republican tactics toward Governor Johnson, in case he should be nominated by the Democrats for the presidency, would be an interesting study. Just how should they deal with him? Having considered him carefully, the Republican tacticians would doubtless instruct the workers to conduct a very polite, almost sympathetic campaign. But the Democratic party as a party would get no quarter. It would be hammered well-nigh to death—death in the fullest sense, of course, being neither desirable nor expedient, from the Republican point of view.

The Washington correspondent of the *New York Globe* affects to see a significant sort of endorsement or approbation current in the capital:

The conservatism of Secretary Taft is being emphasized by President Roosevelt and other friends of the Secretary in discussing the qualities of the Secretary of War in those quarters where there is fear of a continuation of the Roosevelt radicalism. Official confirmation is not given of this, but it is the gossip in political circles and appears to be well founded. The President has had a great many talks about Taft with conservatives among politicians and business men. So have other friends of Mr. Taft. It is made clear in such cases, both by the President and other Taft leaders, that in case Mr. Taft is President the country may expect a chief executive with judicial poise. This does not mean that Mr. Taft will fail to follow the Roosevelt policies. The President is not talking anything of this sort, but what he is understood to be saying is that Taft can be relied on to do nothing harmful to the business and commercial interest and to weigh well his every step.

An unexpected cold *douche* was given the Bryan Democrats in the House of Representatives a few days ago when Mr. Leake a new member from New Jersey, elected on the Democratic ticket, got unanimous consent to speak for five minutes on a subject not connected with the bill under consideration, which would not have been granted had the Democrats any idea of the nature of his remarks. What he said created no little consternation among his political associates, and following his speech an excited conference was held in the rear of the hall by Minority Leader Williams with James of Kentucky, Shackelford of Missouri, and Gaines of Tennessee, who had all manifested their displeasure, and others:

"I have been surprised," Mr. Leake began, "at the usurpation of the prerogatives of the delegates to the Denver convention, but there are some men who believe that this is the time and the place to nominate the candidate on the Democratic ticket, and lest my silence might be construed as an endorsement of the nomination of W. J. Bryan and his policies, I rise for the purpose of making this protest. If I adopted the example of the distinguished gentleman from Nebraska I would vehemently condemn him as he did that distinguished Democrat, the Honorable Grover Cleveland, but I shall content myself with admitting that the gentleman is honest, is consistent and sincere, but that his familiarity with the decalogue better qualifies him for the pulpit than for the presidency. [Laughter and applause.] He has taken the big stick from the President of the United States and, to use his own simile, he is now crucifying the policies of Democracy and American individuality and American ambition on the cross of socialism." [Applause and hisses.]

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

General Gordon and General Stoessel.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 3, 1908.
EDITOR ARGONAUT:—In your leading article of the issue of February 29, 1908, I note you state that in order to enable a general to bravely conduct military operations he must have confidence in the system which placed him in the field. Let us consider a case exactly similar to that of General Stoessel—General Gordon besieged in Khartoum. As General Gordon has himself described it, the British war office asked him if he would undertake the relief of the English garrisons in Egypt. He replied that he would try. He reached Khartoum. What happened to him then? In what way did the British military system back up the confidence reposed in it by the greatest military genius of the time? From what show of promptitude, forethought, and energy on its part did the Christian soldier draw forth that courage which has filled the world with admiration and awe? General Gordon at Khartoum was in much closer touch with London than General Stoessel at Port Arthur was with St. Petersburg. Until within a short period before his death Gordon had telegraphic communication with Downing Street. A traveled sea route, a march always easily conquered by well equipped troops, and his relief would have been secure. There were no frozen deserts and lakes to cross, no ever-victorious army to encounter at the gates of the city. A crowd of tribesmen, whom Kitchener brushed aside in a day, and the thing were done. Stoessel may have had some excuse to doubt his country's zeal; Gordon, from the first month of his confinement, never had any reason to believe that his country intended other than his absolute abandonment.

Comparisons between the courage of the two men are futile. Gordon thrown into the discard, carried himself to the end a tower of strength. Bravery is a thing born into a man, not the offspring of systems and war offices.

CONSTANT READER.

The cases seem to be in no way parallel. General Gordon was not sent to the Sudan to "conduct military operations" but to accomplish the evacuation of the garrisons. His duty, which he gravely misinterpreted, was one of peace and not of war, and was therefore diametrically opposite to that of General Stoessel, whose mission was to hold on to Port Arthur at all costs. Moreover, no amount of perfidy on the part of the British government would reflect on the integrity of the military system, and it was toward the corruption of the Russian military system and not to the policies of the Russian government that our remarks were directed.

A George Washington Memorial.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 2, 1908.
EDITOR ARGONAUT:—At a banquet of the Sons of the American Revolution, held at the Fairmont Hotel, on Saturday, February 22, 1908, in celebration of the birthday of George Washington, the statement was made by the presiding officer that in all the length and breadth of the State of California there is not a monument, memorial, tablet, or mark of any character commemorative of the birth or existence of the greatest man the country ever produced. It was Washington's clearness of sight and moral courage that kept us out of an intervention in European affairs when the country had just emerged from financial anarchy, when it had little cohesion and was loaded with a back-breaking debt. Many whose names we all honor had been carried away by the revolutionary enthusiasm for France. They did not realize the damage we might bring upon ourselves, without any benefit to France, by entering into a war with the most powerful naval country of the world, allied with nearly every other country in Europe against France. Washington alone saw this—was clear-headed enough to realize that it would only mean ruin to us, and that our true policy lay in an entire withdrawal from entangling alliances with nations across the sea.

The statement of the well-known fact, that there is no such memorial, came nevertheless as such a surprise to the guests present that a subscription was started then and there which realized \$170. It was further resolved to start immediately a movement under the auspices of the California Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, for the erection of such a monument. All persons who shall subscribe on or before April 30, 1908, the date of the first inauguration of Washington, will be deemed charter subscribers. All civic and patriotic organizations are invited to cooperate and make their subscriptions, either individually or collectively, to Mr. Edwin Bonnell, treasurer of the society, at the Savings and Loan Society, Montgomery and Sutter Streets, San Francisco. The invaluable cooperation of the press is solicited. In fact, we count largely upon the friendly and cordial assistance of the newspapers.

It remains only to say that the location of the monument itself is a matter not yet decided upon, and that suggestions, when the time for erection approaches, will be welcome.

Thanking you in advance for any assistance you may be able to render, I am,

Yours respectfully,

GEORGE C. SARGENT.

Crosby S. Noyes, editor of the *Washington Star*, who died in Pasadena February 21, was in several respects one of the most striking and interesting figures of the newspaper profession in this country. Mr. Noyes was eighty-three years old and remained in the active service of his paper up to the time he left Washington for a Western trip a few weeks ago. For a continuous period of sixty years he had been in newspaper work, having been a reporter in Washington as far back as the time that Webster, Clay, and Calhoun were in the Senate, and for more than forty years he had been editor of the *Star*. Born on a Maine farm, he was without money when he went to the capital, and it is said that he went part of the way on foot. Mr. Noyes has not only produced a newspaper of exceptional excellence, but has contributed to the profession three sons who have shown marked ability in the same field. These are Frank B. Noyes, editor of the *Chicago Record-Herald* and president of the Associated Press; Theodore W. Noyes, president of the *Evening Star* Newspaper Company, and Thomas C. Noyes, news manager of the *Washington Star*.

Lyman J. Gage was the leading bank president of Chicago before he became Secretary of the Treasury. His experience in banking and finance may be rated as considerable. He now tells the House committee that, after reflection and investigation, he has become convinced that a government guaranty of bank deposits would be just and equitable.

Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court still holds and preaches to the text that public debts are not public blessings.

THE CONGER LOOT.

Spoils from the Boxer Outbreak in Pekin Are Sold by Auction in New York.

I shrink a little from describing the Chinese curiosities that were sold here last week by public auction as the "Conger Collection of Loot," but there seems to be no other expression that is so accurately indicative of its nature. The suppression of the Boxer trouble by the allied forces is a matter of history, although we do not yet know, and perhaps we never shall know, the full tale of murder and outrage that marked the progress of the white soldiers to Pekin. There is no competition for supremacy in the carnival of plunder to which the ancient Chinese city was subjected, and while we should like to forget the ugly story in its entirety if we were allowed to do so it must be admitted that a public auction of spoils is hardly conducive to so desirable an oblivion.

How this extraordinary collection of antiquities came to be in the possession of Mr. Conger, who was United States Minister to China at the time, is not quite clear. No one suggests that Mr. Conger stole them, but then, on the other hand, no one denies that they were stolen. It is patent to the meanest intelligence that they were stolen, and there can be no such thing as a bona fide claim to their rightful ownership in this country. Whether the actual thieves took them to the American Embassy for sale or whether they passed through various hands on the way matters not at all. There can be no such thing as innocent possession anywhere along the line, and indeed the very fact that they were plundered is advertised in enhancement of their value. It would appear that there are no such things as property rights where Chinamen are concerned.

There were about a thousand of these looted articles and that their sale netted over \$37,000 is some indication of their actual value, although it is admitted that the result was disappointing to the diplomat's widow, who expected to receive at least twice that amount. There were plenty of buyers and some keen competition was displayed among those who were anxious for the tangible proofs that the Egyptians had been effectively spoiled. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt bought a large celadon bowl of the K'ang-hsi period and gave \$70 for it. Of course, it is worth a lot more than that. She also bought a collection of dwarf plants and ornaments for \$65 and a brilliant cobalt blue temple jar for \$225. James Steers became the "owner" of a large white hard paste bowl of the Ch'ien-lung period for \$160, another of porcelain of the Yung-Ch'eng period for \$110, and another of blue and white thick porcelain for \$80. Other purchasers were John Ortgen, R. Fulton Cutting, and K. Everett, who bought dishes, vases, carved woods, teak boxes, and the infinite variety of bric-a-brac associated with Chinese industry and art. Everything went cheaply, as though the warning of *caveat emptor* were visibly displayed in the sale room. It may be wondered what the courts of law would say to claims from the rightful Chinese owners of all this treasure and, of course, the identity of many of them is well known and indeed was advertised as "a guarantee of good faith."

Among the articles of unusual interest may be mentioned a bell from the Temple of Agriculture with symbolic characters in high relief, brass ornaments from the harness of a royal elephant, sacred bells from the pagodas, temple gongs, Buddhas of brass, bronze, pottery, and wood covered with lacquer, weapons of all kinds, swords, krisses, bows and arrows, flags, jewelry, costumes, and musical instruments. Every department of Chinese life was represented, from the palace of the emperor to the hovel of the rebel. The white brigands did their work impartially and the produce of their industry is now distributed throughout New York as perpetual reminders of the progress of Christianity and the fate that overwhelms the heathen when he fails to recognize "who's who."

Of course, there have been some protests, but they have been as voices crying in the wilderness. A few newspapers have expressed their indignation that a United States Embassy should be used as a fence-shop, a sort of Fagin den, for the disposal of stolen goods, and that such goods should be put upon the market with an official government guaranty that they are actually what they profess to be, really and truly stolen. Then, too, there have been plenty of individual misgivings and shakings of the head over a proceeding that finds no apologists although plenty of acceptors as of a *fait accompli*. "What," it is asked, "should we think if the positions were reversed, if we had accepted foreign aid to suppress a domestic rebellion, if those who were supposed to help us had inaugurated a veritable reign of terror in our midst and had then advertised in their own capitals a public auction sale of plunder from the capital and the White House, not to speak of spoils from private citizens, rich and poor, and from the churches of the city?" Such a situation would be precisely analogous, and if we want more homely parallels we can find them in any police court where thieves and receivers of stolen property are awarded equal condemnation and equal punishment. But of course in this case the victims were Chinamen, and that makes all the difference. But what must the Chinaman himself think of it all and how does it conform with the "superiority" of which we are never tired of reminding him? What, too, must be the reflections of the Department of State that extends its welcome to the new Chinese ambassador almost on the very day when the stolen property of the ambassador's

imperial family is publicly sold by auction in the American metropolis? The ambassador is not likely to say anything awkward, but his reflections must be interesting.

NEW YORK, February 29, 1908.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Death of Don Alonzo of Aguilar.

Fernando, King of Arragon, before Granada lies,
With dukes and barons many a one, and champions of emprise;
With all the captains of Castile that serve his lady's crown,
He drives Boabdil from his gates, and plucks the crescent down.

The cross is reared upon the towers, for our Redeemer's sake!
The King assembles all his powers, his triumph to partake;
Yet at the royal banquet, there's trouble in his eye:
"Now speak thy wish, it shall be done, great King!" the lordlings cry.

Then spake Fernando: "Hear, grandees! which of ye all will go,
And give my banner in the breeze of Alpuzar to blow?
Those heights along, the Moors are strong; now who, by dawn of day,
Will plant the cross their cliffs among, and drive the dogs away?"

Then champion on champion high, and count on count doth look;
And faltering is the tongue of lord, and pale the cheek of duke,
Till starts up brave Alonzo, the Knight of Aguilar,
The lowmost at the royal board, but foremost still in war.

And thus he speaks: "I pray, my lord, that none but I may go;
For I made promise to the Queen, your consort, long ago,
That ere the war should have an end, I, for her royal charms,
And for my duty to her grace, would show some feat of arms!"

Much joyed the King these words to hear—he bids Alonzo speed;
And long before their revel's o'er the Knight is on his steed;
Alonzo's on his milk-white steed, with horsemen in his train,
A thousand horse, a chosen band, ere dawn the hills to gain.

They ride along the darkling ways, they gallop all the night;
They reach Nevada ere the cock hath harrowed the light;
But ere they've climbed that steep ravine, the east is glowing red,
And the Moors their lances bright have seen, and Christian banners spread.

Beyond the sands, between the rocks, where the old cork-trees grow,
The path is rough, and mounted men must singly march and slow.
There, o'er the path, the heathen range their ambushado's line,
High up they wait for Aguilar, as the day begins to shine.

There, naught avails the eagle-eye, the guardian of Castile,
The eye of wisdom, nor the heart that fear might never feel.
The arm of strength, that wielded well the strong mace in the fray,
Nor the broad plate, from whence the edge of falchion glanced away.

Not knightly valor there avails, nor skill of horse and spear,
For rock on rock comes rumbling down from cliff and cavern drear;
Down—down like driving hail they come, and horse and horsemen die,
Like cattle whose despair is dumb when the fierce lightnings fly.

Alonzo, with a handful more, escapes into the field,
There, like a lion, stands at bay, in vain besought to yield;
A thousand foes around are seen, but none draw near to fight;
Afar, with holt and javelin, they pierce the steadfast knight.

A hundred and a hundred darts are hissing round his head;
Had Aguilar a thousand hearts, their blood had all been shed;
Faint, and more faint, he staggers upon the slippery sod,
At last his hack is to the earth, he gives his soul to God!

With that the Moors plucked up their hearts to gaze upon his face,
And catiffs mingled where he lay the scourge of Afric's race.
To woody Oxijera then the gallant corpse they drew,
And there, upon the village green, they laid him out to view.

Upon the village green he lay, as the moon was shining clear,
And all the village damsels to look on him drew near;
They stood around him all agaze, beside the big oak-tree,
And much his beauty they did praise, though mangled sore was he.

Now, so it fell, a Christian dame, that knew Alonzo well,
Not far from Oxijera did as a captive dwell,
And hearing all the marvels, across the woods came she,
To look upon this Christian corpse, and wash it decently.

She looked upon him, and she knew the face of Aguilar,
Although his beauty was disgraced with many a ghastly scar;
She knew him, and she cursed the dogs that pierced him from afar,
And mangled him when he was slain—the Moors of Alpuzar.

The Moorish maidens, while she spake, around her silence kept,
But her master dragged the damc away—then loud and long they wept.
They washed the blood, with many a tear, from dint of dart and arrow,
And buried him near the waters clear of the brook of Alpuzarra.

—Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads."

In connection with the death of the King and Crown Prince of Portugal it is noted that the members of the house of Braganza have died two at a time since 1640, when the Braganzas came to the throne of Portugal. It is a matter of history that whenever death has entered the family two have been taken within a few hours or days.

Luther Burbank now promises a hardy banana that will grow in the north and thus enable the thrifty householder to step into his dooryard and gather sufficient fruit to make a delicious appetizer for the more serious things of the breakfast.

The body of Ponce de Leon, the explorer, lies in the church of San José in San Juan, Porto Rico, and Florida citizens are trying to secure the remains for burial in the country: he searched for the fountain of youth.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Tom Taggart is no longer Democratic boss of Marion County, Indiana. He was deposed by the voters in convention.

The Washington correspondents all appear to agree that Governor Fort of New Jersey is the real thing in the way of a vice-presidential possibility.

Colonial Secretary Dernburg, discussing the colonial reforms before the appropriations committee of the German Reichstag recently said that one of the first necessities in the administration of German East Africa was the protection of native labor from the oppression of the planters, which almost paralleled the slave-hunting methods in vogue in the Congo Independent State.

Harry C. Smith of Cleveland, Republican, former legislator, and editor of the *Gazette*, devoted to the interests of the colored race, says that "there are nearly 50,000 negro votes in Ohio, enough to swing the State. No self-respecting negro can support Taft. In Cleveland the situation is particularly acute. Nearly all of us are ready to knife him at the polls, if we get the chance."

Whitelaw Reid, ambassador of the United States to Great Britain, in a speech at the dinner of the Pilgrims of the United States at Delmonico's, New York, declared that talk of the obligations of Great Britain to sustain Japan in war against the United States was nonsense. The ambassador said that there was "not the ghost of a possibility of war with Japan," and that there "was every reason to think the Japanese sincerely our friends." Our relations with Great Britain, said Ambassador Reid, were cordial, and there were no serious complications. The ambassador was accorded an ovation when he arose to speak by the 400 members of the society and their guests.

Sun Pao Ki, Chinese Minister to Germany, following instructions from his home government, has suggested that Germany and the United States enter into an agreement to maintain the open door in China, particularly in Manchuria, where, it is represented, Japan is discriminating against all except its own merchants. It is understood that the German foreign office has taken a noncommittal stand, presumably on the assumption that the present trade agreement covers the complaint. China's idea of a special agreement between the United States and Germany appears to rest in the belief that these two alone of the great commercial nations would be likely seriously to oppose Japan. It is reported that Wu Ting Fang, Chinese Minister to the United States, has received instructions identical to those to Sun Pao Ki.

George Leavens Lilley, Member of Congress from Connecticut, is now serving his third term in the House at Washington. He is a member of the committee on naval affairs, and in a recent interview published in the *Hartford Courant*, he expressed his opinions on the question of navy yards with a freedom bespeaking either wide information or dense ignorance, and it is to be feared that the latter phrase correctly describes his condition. He would abandon all the navy yards in the United States except five—those at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Norfolk, and Bremerton. He would keep the yards in Hawaii, in the Philippines, and in Cuba going, but he would cut out all the rest, because, in his opinion, "the other naval stations which we have spent many millions in establishing are an expensive luxury, and of little use or benefit."

Ex-Senator John C. Spooner, speaking before the Sons of the Revolution, at their annual dinner at Delmonico's in New York, February 22, compared George Washington's habits of thought and methods of statesmanship with those that prevail at the White House. "In those obsolete days," he said, "there was an occasional message, and it was always deplorably calm and dignified. At that time the Federal government was only attending to the business of the Federal government, and George Washington was able to appreciate the vital principle that the government was made up of three coordinate and independent departments." Mr. Spooner's comparisons were greeted with cheers by the 150 diners, but at no time was the applause so loud as when he uttered these words: "There is one example which George Washington set that ought never to be overlooked. It is my abiding conviction that never should the American people permit one man to hold the office of President of the United States for longer than eight continuous years."

Twenty-two specific charges are made in a petition asking for the removal of William T. Jerome as district attorney of the County of New York, which has been sent to Governor Hughes by a committee of stockholders of the Metropolitan Street Railway. The petition alleges that Jerome failed properly to prosecute charges of alleged "jury fixing" and the giving of false testimony in street railway cases; that the prosecution of violations of the criminal law by the life insurance companies of New York, as disclosed by the Armstrong committee, has been delayed; that an alleged criminal conspiracy to divert the property of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company of New York into the hands of a few men was allowed by Jerome to go on, hundreds of stockholders being robbed of their money, and that no attempt was made to punish the men alleged to have committed other frauds in connection with New York City traction deals. There are other details hardly less important. Governor Hughes said he would decide on his course after receiving Mr. Jerome's answer.

A TENDERFOOT ALCALDE.

By Jerome A. Hart.

III.

When Fox was ready to leave for the mines, after his brief stay in the city, he was accompanied to the water-front by the only two people there he knew, Burke, and his new acquaintance, Mike Clancy. They helped him stow away in a whitehall boat his limited luggage, for Fox, unlike most of his young shipmates, had avoided embarrassing riches in the shape of patent beds, folding boats, and gold-washing machines. His companions accompanied him out into the harbor, and bade him farewell only when he boarded his ancient craft. For the brig *Euphemia* was an old-timer, and her bowsprit had hung over the docks in many Old World ports. Doubtless that stumpy spar had stuck out from the trim basins at Havre, had lain alongside the Molo Nuovo at Genoa, and had cleared the heads of bulbous Dutchmen fishing in the Meuse at Rotterdam. Now she was reduced to the humble state of a ferry-boat from the Bay to the diggings. The *Euphemia* was small, and her square stern and tub-like bow showed that she belonged to the prehistoric order of naval architecture.

Ancient as was the brig, such was the demand for passage "to the diggings" that she was packed with people. Every berth aboard of her was sold, and deck passengers were numerous. The deck was marked off in squares, one of which was allotted to each deck passenger as a sleeping place at night. By day, however, the decks were shared by all the passengers, who sat on camp-stools closely together. The crowded brig reminded Fox of the Brooklyn or Hoboken ferry-boats on a Sunday when jammed from rail to rail with picnickers and their camp-stools. But this dense mass of humanity on her deck did not make him hopeful of a quick and safe passage. For crossing the East or the North River in a ferry-boat differs decidedly from stemming a swollen stream in an ancient basket of a brig. The water came up nearly to the *Euphemia's* deck; sometimes, when she wore ship, it washed in and out of the scuppers. But those passengers who grew nervous were genially urged by the first officer to "sit quiet and don't git scared," which they strove to do.

They passed through the series of bays, and were hailed off Vista del Rio by a boat which came alongside, putting aboard of them a new passenger. The newcomer, who had a foreign air, looked like a person of some importance. Chance threw him and Fox together after they had passed the confluence of two great rivers. Here they were apparently in the midst of a vast inland sea. The river-banks were faintly indicated by lines of half-drowned willows and sycamores.

Fox regarded the vast sheet of water with surprise, and turning to the stranger, remarked:

"I wonder if such a flood as this is a regular thing here?"

"Regular—no; frequent—yes," replied the stranger. "It is not an annual thing; it probably occurs about every third or fourth year."

"What can be the cause of such an enormous freshet?" exclaimed Fox. "I have seen big freshets in the Atlantic States when creeks and rivers burst their banks, but nothing like this. Why, the water extends as far as one can see."

"The valley is level for hundreds of miles. Near where I got aboard two big rivers join, and above Sacrosanto a third river comes in. The warm rains are melting the snows in the Nevada Range, more rapidly than the streams can carry them away."

"But how can farmers live in a country where such terrible floods take place so frequently?" asked Fox.

"There are more miners than farmers here, and the farmers' rights are not heeded," replied the stranger. "The miners have washed whole mountains down into the beds of the streams, which have become filled up with silt. So the banks will no longer hold the flood waters."

"You seem very familiar with the characteristics of this new land, sir," said Fox. "Have you lived here long, may I ask?"

"I came here ten years before the gold discovery."

"Then you must be familiar not only with the mining conditions, but with those which existed under the pastoral and agricultural rule of Mexico."

"Yes, I am quite familiar with both. But it is a mistake to suppose that mining has existed only since the inrush of Americans."

"Are you not an American?" asked Fox.

"No. Although I have lived in this country for many years, I am not even a naturalized citizen. I was born in Switzerland, and educated partly in Geneva and partly in Paris."

"You speak English with remarkable fluency," ventured Fox.

"The educated Swiss usually speak at least two languages from childhood, and have to learn one or two more. As a boy I spoke French, German, Italian, and Rumanisch, and had to learn English at school."

"You said just now that mining here did not begin with the Americans," repeated Fox.

"Yes, that is true. Mining has been pursued here for many years, both under the Spanish and Mexican governments. It is only fair to admit that most of it has been for silver, and in Old Mexico. But gold was by no means unknown before the so-called discovery by Marshall in 1848. Mexicans had dug gold on this coast many years before that."

"Why was not the discovery made known?" inquired Fox.

"You Americans must not forget the peculiarities of the Latin character. There are some Mexican land-owners here who have concealed the existence of gold on their lands to avoid the inrush of adventurers from other lands—particularly the Americans, whom they distrust and fear."

"But is such a disposition for the world's good? Should not the resources of an undeveloped country be exploited?"

"Exploited? Yes. But with wisdom. Do you think that the Americans are exploiting this favored land with wisdom? You asked me just now about the floods in the rivers. I told you why they were becoming so greatly dreaded. I told you that with short-sighted greed the placer miners were choking up the streams so that the land would one day become an uninhabitable waste."

"But consider the enormous wealth they are taking out of the earth!"

"Well, let us consider it," replied the stranger. "The placer miners are now taking out about fifty million dollars per year. The placers will be exhausted in five years—that means two hundred and fifty millions. When they have finished they will have turned much of the arable land of foothill and valley into a desert waste of cobble stones and tailings. They will have filled up the rivers with their gravel and slickens until lands greater in area than Bavaria or Switzerland will be covered with the sterile silt from their sluices. And thus in their unwise greed they will ruin land which would one day give of the products of the earth in such enormous quantities that every year it would produce half as much as the greedy placer miners would take out in the entire five years of ruin."

"Can nothing be done with the land when the placer miners are done with it?"

"What can be done with it when its rivers and streams are choked up with debris, when its mountain slopes have been denuded of their forests, when the winter snows which used to lie for months under the beneficent protection of the forest trees are melted rapidly under the warm spring sun, when the perennial rivers are turned into torrents, making floods in the spring and leaving sandy deserts in the summer and early fall?"

"But what has happened in other lands where such mining has been done?"

"Where the mining has been wasteful and foolish, as it is here, exactly what is happening here," replied the stranger. "This land, when your placer miners are gone, will be like the Mediterranean land of sand and ruin and gold of which Francesco Petrarca spoke. Then this State will with difficulty support two millions of people where properly husbanded it would support fifty."

"Can you possibly believe that this State could ever support such an enormous population?" asked Fox in extreme surprise.

"Why not?" demanded the stranger. "It has about the same area as France, with infinitely greater resources. It shares the climatic and agricultural conditions of France, Spain, and Italy. Although Italy has been tilled for four thousand years, it is today a fertile country sustaining a dense population. Yet Spain two thousand years ago had a greater population than it has now. Why? Spain was mined by the greedy Romans. The debris of their ancient mines may be seen there today. Much of Spain today is a desert; what is not desert is the part where there were no mines. Vast stretches of territory there will not maintain the hundredth part of the population they had in Roman times. Spain is much like this State in climate and mineral resources. Let the Americans take heed by the condition of Spain."

Fox regarded his new acquaintance with surprise. The earnestness of the speaker and the novelty of his views greatly impressed the younger man. After a pause he asked:

"But is there no way in which the precious metals can be taken out of the earth without ruining the country?"

"Certainly, if mining is done without wastefulness, and without a criminal disregard for the rights of others. Why should all the gold or silver be taken out of the mines all at once or in a few years? Why should it not be like wheat, or cotton, or tobacco? A plantation or a farm, properly tilled and husbanded, should last for centuries and support a family for many generations. Why this haste to be rich? Why mine with such feverish rapidity as to ruin both the land and the land-owners?"

"There is much in what you say," observed Fox thoughtfully. "But it would not commend itself to most Americans. We are notably impatient, and your ideas would be considered rather—" And he politely paused.

"Yes, yes," interrupted the stranger, "I know I am old-fashioned, but it would be well for you Americans if you were a little that way. Your new land will soon be worthless if the wasteful placer miners go on unchecked. Your only chance is that the placer mines will soon be exhausted. So impatient are the Americans that they are not content with the ordinary processes, but are bringing in great hydraulic and dredging engines. With these they will soon have washed out all the gold, the placer mining will stop, the rivers will be choked, and the land will be more than half ruined."

Fox's attention was for the moment diverted from his companion by the first group of buildings he had seen for many miles. It rose out of the water like

an island in an ocean. The group of buildings and clumps of trees were situated on what looked like a table mound leveled off as neatly as if it had been done by the hand of man. This was, of course, impossible, for it was hundreds of acres in extent. It was an unusual formation, for the surrounding valley was so low that it was practically an unbroken sheet of water. Occasionally the tops of a grove of oak trees might be seen. But rising abruptly out of the water was this curious table mound, crowned with its whitewashed adobe buildings, distinctly visible for many miles. Many-acred as it seemed, it was apparently crowded with animals driven in from the surrounding valley when the low lands became covered with water. Enormous haystacks showed that the beasts were well provided for.

Fox looked with interest at the curious highland. It seemed to him that this isolated mound in the flat valley was a kind of geologic freak. He was about to speak of it when he saw his new acquaintance apparently making preparations to leave, so he hastily put a final mining question:

"If placer mining is hopelessly wasteful, what kind of mining can be pursued without injury to the country or to other's rights?"

"Quartz mining," was the reply. "Where the placer miner washes millions of cubic yards of earth into the streams to get a few grains of gold, the quartz miner gets thousands of dollars' worth of grains of gold in a moderate quantity of crushed quartz and amalgam. When these crazy placer miners have exhausted their diggings and are gone, then the exhausted country, if not entirely ruined, may breathe again. Then quartz mining will spring up. It will be a permanent industry."

"Pardon my long series of questions," said Fox, "but being a newcomer and a young lawyer, I am desirous of learning all I can about the legal status of miners and land-owners. Your conversation has greatly interested me. I suppose I need not ask you whether you are a mine-owner?"

"No, I am not. I lived here long before the mining rush, and have confined myself to farming and grazing. But it is with great difficulty that I have kept my land for this use, for it is continually threatened with invasion by the miners."

"And what part of the country do you live in?"

"There is my ranch-house," replied the stranger, pointing to the mound Fox had been gazing at so intently. "My ranch," he added, "extends for some miles up and down the river. But the *hacienda*, as the Mexicans call it, or home place, is there on that table mound. My name is Helmont, and that is the Hacienda de Plancha Grande. But I must leave you. Here is the boat waiting to take me to the ranch-house. Good day, sir."

So it was Captain Helmont, the famous Swiss *ranchero*, with whom he had been talking. Fox looked with renewed interest at the collection of buildings as the boat sped over the shallow waters of the land-locked sea.

Not long after Helmont had gone over the side to take his boat, the brig reached the confluence of the two rivers of which he had spoken. On this water-corroded peninsula the "city" of Sacrosanto was supposed to lie. But when they arrived at the junction of the two streams there was no sign of a city there.

The first officer, a humorous person, shouted loudly, "All ashore for Sacrosanto!" But there was no one for the shore, for there was no shore. If there were any passengers for Sacrosanto, they did not manifest any violent desire to leave the ship. Willy-nilly, they were forced to go higher up. Like the dove returning to the ark, they found no place at Sacrosanto where they could set foot. So the population of Yubaville was increased by just so many intending denizens of Sacrosanto.

When the adventurers arrived at Yubaville, they found the river high there, but at least there was dry ground on which to walk. Yubaville was a typical mining town—a few palaces built of planed boards; scores of houses made partly of wood and partly of canvas; other scores composed of old packing cases, corrugated iron, tin, zinc, and the roughly split shingles called "shakes"; and many hundreds of tents. Through the streets of this mushroom city poured the passengers of the *Euphemia*, seeking for bed and board.

When Fox had found quarters he began investigating the future prospects of the diggings. If he had ever thought of becoming a gold-digger he abandoned the idea at Yubaville. The stories he heard there, from luckless miners, of fever and ague, rheumatism, accidents, cave-ins, robberies, and "hard luck," made him conclude that mining was not in his line. The most successful miners seemed to be those used to hard manual labor.

A curious fear now haunted his mind, which was that the whole mining business was ephemeral. On every hand he heard pessimists predicting that the mines were worked out, that business would "peter out," and that the State was "played out." From his reading he feared that this belief might be correct. All the rich placer diggings of which he had ever read were speedily exhausted—the richer they were in gold the quicker were they gone. If Yubaville, then, the heart of the richest placers, showed signs of being drained, he had resolved to establish himself in his profession elsewhere on the coast where the prospects seemed more stable.

But only two or three days in Yubaville forced him to revise his views. Already some of the diggings, it is true, showed signs of exhaustion, but many diggers

had been picking up specimens of quartz which contained quantities of gold. So dense, so flinty-hard was this quartz, that it defied their primitive means of crushing or smelting; but it was so rich that it gave promise of large rewards when feasible methods should be employed. The river-bars which carried the gold-dust and nuggets were rapidly worked out, so the more intelligent miners freely admitted to Fox; but they maintained that this dust had been washed in past ages down from the mountain quartz-lodes, and that the gold in the streams was as nothing compared to the enormous quantities in the mountain ranges. These quartz theorists began by breaking the rock with hammers and picking out the gold. Then followed simple ore-crushers—the primitive Mexican machines called *arastras*, in which a heavy boulder at one end of a traveler is drawn around an upright spindle by horse-power, cracking the quartz beneath. And at last came the perfected quartz mill, operated by steam power, the roar of whose giant stamps resounded throughout the mines by night and day.

The conversation with Helmont had made a profound impression on Fox. It often occurred to him now as he foresaw the approaching exhaustion of the placer diggings. And likewise recollections of it comforted him when he observed the keener-witted miners "prospecting" for quartz, which kind of mining Helmont had assured him would be a permanent industry.

The promising beginning of quartz mining gave Fox confidence in the permanency of his new home. And long before quartz mining was on its feet there yet remained to find and work the many pockets in which the coarse gold and nuggets were found; likewise the ancient river beds, covered over by the alluvial deposits of many ages, which the ardent miners kept losing, finding, and then losing again.

When Fox had first arrived in Yubaville, it occurred to him, on hanging out his shingle, that he might as well look up his town-lots.

"A lawyer who is a land-owner," he reflected, "will certainly inspire greater confidence in the minds of clients than one who carries all his property under his hat."

So taking the deeds which had been executed to him by Colonel Stevens, he sallied forth to find his land. It was easily found—it lay at the intersection of the two principal streets. He had been assured by Stevens that the land was vacant, but to his amazement he found every foot of it occupied. The structures were of the most transitory character; not so the occupants—they seemed to be fixed.

Fox paused before the most pretentious building, which looked like a prosperous saloon and gambling-house. Addressing a burly individual who was leaning in the doorway, he said:

"My friend, can you tell me who runs this establishment?"

"That's me, Cap," was the reply. "I run it, and I own it."

"But you don't own the land."

"I'd like to know who does if I don't."

"But what proof of title have you got?" persisted Fox.

The saloon-keeper looked at Fox closely, and then raising his voice yelled:

"Squatters! Squatters! Turn out, squatters!"

Suddenly there shot forth from tents and shacks all manner of hard-featured occupants, bearing pepper-box pistols, shotguns, and revolvers.

There was a long and significant pause.

"Ye see, mister," remarked the gentleman who ran the gambling-house, "that every one has got good title?" And he tapped the butt of his revolver significantly.

"So I see," said the disconcerted Fox.

"Have you got anything to say?" demanded a red-headed squatter, belligerently.

"Nothing—nothing at all, gentlemen," returned Fox, suavely, "nothing except good-day."

And the owner of the land in fee-simple withdrew in good order and with a whole skin, leaving the field to the squatters.

An hour later, in the Eclipse saloon, narrating his experience to a group of men who were apparently of the law-abiding class, one of them remarked:

"You show good judgment in not fighting for the land. Possession here means nine points of the law."

"Yes," added another, "and if you want to buy or sell you must give or take actual possession. Now I've got land in this town, and I want to sell it. I've got a lot of fighters holding it for me, each man drawing down twenty dollars a day. But I've got no lawyer and can't give any deeds. All the people that want to buy land ask me for evidence of legal possession. But I don't know what to give them. I don't even know what law we're living under."

"It makes no difference what law we are under," replied Fox, "a contract will hold in the courts of any civilized country, and there will soon be an established government here. The United States will see to that."

"From the way you talk, I s'pose you're a lawyer?"

"Yes," answered Fox.

"In that case," said the perplexed land-owner, "suppose you take the job of making out deeds, or contracts, or something so that I can convey this land. What would you charge? What would be about right? Suppose I were to give you a fourth?"

Fox remembered that Stevens had told him that lawyers usually got a third under such circumstances.

"Suppose you make it a third," said Fox.

"Agreed," said the land-owner, and the bargain was struck.

It was easy for Fox to prepare the necessary documents for conveying title to land. But it was absolutely necessary that there should be a bureau of records and an official charged with the duties of recorder.

Fox therefore determined to call a mass-meeting. He hired a man with a mule and a bell to go around the town and through the claims on the adjacent river banks to summon the busy citizens together after supper. Fox called the meeting to order and thus addressed them:

"Gentlemen, it has been brought to my attention that there is absolutely no way in which a man can give good title to a piece of property here. It is necessary to provide means by which deeds to land shall be properly recorded in a public office. I therefore suggest that you at once elect a mayor in this town, and either choose a recorder, or have the mayor appoint one."

"I move you, Mr. Chairman," said a miner in the crowd, "that we incorporate this town under the Mexican law. About half the population is Mexican, and they understand their laws, but they don't understand ours. Besides we haven't got any yet. Let's incorporate under Mexican law, and elect an alcalde."

"Second the motion," came from scores of voices.

"It is moved and seconded that this meeting proceed at once to the election of an alcalde. All in favor of the motion will signify the same by saying aye."

There was an unanimous roar of assent.

"Nominations are now in order for the office of alcalde," announced Fox.

"I move that the chairman of this meeting be elected," cried a miner.

"You mean nominated," corrected another.

"Oh, you're a smart Aleck," retorted the first. "I mean nominated and elected both to once—see?"

"Hold on!" cried a third. "This man ain't been here but two days—he's a tenderfoot. Now I've got a man who's a lawyer, too, and a good one. He's John Tower, my man is. I nominate for alcalde, John Tower. He's one of the oldest inhabitants here."

"Why he only came here last month," grumbled another voice.

"Well, what of it?" echoed the first speaker. "We ain't any of us been here more than two months, and this chairman has only been here a few days."

"Where do you hail from, mister?" said Tower's advocate, addressing the chair.

"Massachusetts," briefly replied Fox.

"And what's your name?"

"Fox—Samuel A. Fox."

"And where does Tower come from?" demanded another citizen of Tower's proposer.

"Tower is a Texican," was the short reply.

"North ag'in South—a Yankee ag'in a Texican!" came the cry.

Fox was about to call another man to the chair, feeling some delicacy about putting the vote where his own election was at issue. But just as he was opening his lips to do so, the evening stage dashed up. The mass-meeting at once abandoned the hotel front, where Fox was standing, and flocked around the stage-coach.

The coach had brought no news of consequence, and the miners were returning to the discomfited Fox, when one of the passengers exclaimed:

"What's all the row about?"

"It's an election," replied a citizen. "We're incorporating the town and electing an alcalde."

"Who are the candidates?" asked the passenger.

"This fellow here," replied Tower's proposer, pointing to Fox, "is one—he's a Yankee. The only other candidate is John Tower—that tall man there. He's from Texas."

The miners and the newly arrived passengers gazed with interest at the two men. The two chance-chosen candidates looked at each other. Neither spoke as the crowd scanned them, but each regarded the other curiously.

Fox was tall and lean. His body carried no extra flesh, although big-boned and powerful. His prominent nose and large light-colored eyes denoted energy, acquisitiveness, and high intelligence, but a slightly retreating chin and a significant narrowing behind the ears betokening a certain lack of belligerency. He had the scholar's stoop, too—he was evidently a man for the council-chamber rather than the battle field.

Tower was utterly unlike his rival. In physical appearance he was conspicuous, for he was six feet three, and weighed over two hundred pounds. His hair was dark, and under his jutting eyebrows shone cold, steel-gray eyes. His upper lip and cheeks were shaven, and he wore a square beard on his square chin. The whole cast of the man's head and face and torso was square. He had a square chin, a square jaw, and his firmly compressed lips gave him a square mouth, while his massive head and short thick neck were set on broad square shoulders. His general expression was that of physical force and irresistible power.

After their survey of the two men, the crowd seemed undecided. At last one of the passengers spoke:

"So it's North against South—a Yankee against a Texican, hey?" he cried.

"Yes," answered Tower's advocate. "That's what it is!"

The passengers conferred briefly. They turned out to be overwhelmingly Yankee, and began such ardent missionary work among the miners that the cry of "Hooray for the Texican!" soon died away. The vote was by a show of hands. It was quickly taken, and it gave a large majority for Samuel Fox, as alcalde of Yubaville.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Maxim Gorky, the Russian novelist, is spending what it is feared may prove to be his last days at a little Italian village in an endeavor to relieve the ravages of consumption.

Among the sixty Americans recently granted an audience by the Pope was the Rev. P. J. Kavanagh of Lexington. Father Kavanagh unofficially confirms the rumor that two more American cardinals are about to be created and that the choice has fallen upon Archbishop O'Connell and Farley.

It is a pleasing custom in the French Senate to have the oldest member preside at the opening of the annual session. The senator now entitled to that honor is M. Porriquet, ninety-two years old and paralyzed. He was recently equal to the occasion, for he had himself carried in a chair to the Senate and to the platform, where he presided acceptably.

General Porfirio Diaz has been President of Mexico for twenty-seven years. There was an interruption between the years 1880 and 1884, but after the latter year the repeated reelection of the chief executive ceased to be repugnant to the Mexican Constitution. At the end of his present term General Diaz means to retire, as he will then be eighty years old and fully entitled to rest for the remainder of his life.

Miss Mary Garden, whose musical success in New York has been a striking one, is an American girl who received her education and her first plaudits abroad. Miss Garden has now stirred some harmonious strife by her assertion that American music is "debased" and that "of the great modern school of music the American public knows as yet scarcely anything, and it is today quite content and happy with the operas of its grandmothers."

The Honorable David Jayne Hill believes that The Hague Peace Conference produced some substantial although not brilliant results in furtherance of international peace. Dr. Hill was a member of the American delegation and United States Minister at The Hague. He was First Assistant Secretary of State at the time of the former Hague conference and he has now been appointed ambassador at Berlin, a promotion warmly approved in official circles.

Florence Lister-Kaye has become a Roman Catholic in order to marry Captain Vaughan, a nephew of Rev. Bernard Vaughan, the famous priest. Her conversion has so angered her father, Sir Cecil Lister-Kaye, and her mother, Lady Beatrice Adeline, the Duke of Newcastle's sister, that they have disowned her. But her aunt, herself a convert to Roman Catholicism, has taken up the young woman, who is in her twenty-third year. Miss Lister-Kaye is a niece of the Dowager Duchess of Manchester.

Wu Ting Fang, who has just returned to America as Chinese ambassador, has had some disappointing experiences in his own country since his first term of office here. He has been placed more or less in a back seat, having been appointed as secretary to the Wai-wu-Pu, which, according to Chinese ideas, implies a loss of prestige. He has indeed been taken very little notice of except at times when his knowledge of foreign affairs was essential to Chinese statecraft. After the Japanese war Wu Ting Fang became vice-president of the Wai-wu-Pu, and from that time he has risen steadily in favor.

There is a persistent rumor of an engagement between the Princess Patricia of Connaught and the Count of Turin. The Princess Patricia is the daughter of King Edward's only living brother, and it is said that she might have been Queen of Spain had she desired so doubtful an honor. The Count of Turin is the son of the Duke of Aosta, who was once King of Spain, but who abdicated, dying about fifteen years ago. In 1898 the count visited America and was hospitably received at New York and Newport. A short time before his American trip he gained some notoriety by fighting a duel with Prince Henry of Orleans. The Count of Turin is first cousin to the King of Italy.

The Chinese government has granted two years' leave of absence to Sir Robert Hart, after repeated applications for permission to get "one more sight of home and friends before the final adieu must be said," as he wrote recently to a friend. Sir Robert Hart is seventy-three years of age and few men have received such world-wide homage. He has been decorated by Belgium, Austria, Italy, Holland, Prussia, Portugal, and England, while China, of course, has loaded him with her peculiar favors in the forms of buttons and feathers. Speaking of his much-desired leave of absence, Sir Robert Hart wrote: "The months and years are slipping away and both youth and middle age are things of the past. I am now an old—a very old man."

William G. McAdoo, who is at the head of the New York and New Jersey Tunnel Company, is a Southerner. Born near Marietta, Georgia, in 1863, he was educated at the University of Tennessee. He was married in 1885 and was admitted to the bar in the same year. Soon afterwards he became division counsel for the Central Railroad and Banking Company and the Richmond and Danville Railroad Company. In 1892 Mr. McAdoo came to New York, and until 1903 practiced law as a partner of William McAdoo, who, however, is no relation. In the year previous the young Southerner was elected president of the company which has just completed the marriage of New York with the continent by tunnels beneath the Hudson River.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

Francis Arthur Jones Writes an Opportune Biography of the Great Inventor.

Among the notable biographies of the year—perhaps the most notable—is that of Thomas Alva Edison, by Francis Arthur Jones. It is a fine piece of work, carried out with laborious care and singularly successful in its portrayal of the greatest inventor that the world has ever known and one of the wisest and kindest of men.

To a great extent the book has the imprimatur of Mr. Edison himself, the author expressing his appreciation of the time, the cheerfulness and the good-nature with which his efforts were aided by the inventor. Mr. Jones explains that his work is in no sense an exhaustive "life" of Edison, who is still young in heart and enthusiasm and who may well follow the excellent example of his grandfather and great-grandfather, who lived to be centenarians. Mr. Edison says he has "quit the inventing business" and will devote himself henceforth to pure science, but it will indeed be strange if his future career shall be less productive than his past in benefits to humanity.

It is not easy to make representative selections from a book so weighted with good things and covering so wide a field of science and personalia. Edison was born in 1847 at Milan, Ohio, and his youth was full of the hardships and struggles that we usually associate with dawning genius. His schoolmaster, at least, saw no evidences of the great future in store for his pupil and perhaps schoolmasters are the worst of all prophets in this respect. The boy was careless, no doubt. In fact, he says so himself, and there was nothing from the strictly scholastic point of view to justify sanguine hopes:

"One day I overheard the teacher tell the inspector that I was 'addled' and it would not be worth while keeping me in school any longer. I was so hurt by this last straw that I burst out crying and went home and told my mother about it. Then I found out what a good thing a good mother was. She came out as my strong defender. Mother love was aroused, mother pride wound to the quick. She brought me back to the school and angrily told the teacher that he didn't know what he was talking about, that I had more brains than he himself, and a lot more. I talk like that. In fact, she was the most enthusiastic champion a boy ever had, and I determined right then that I would be worthy of her and show her that her confidence was not misplaced. My mother was the making of me. She was so true, so sure of me; and I felt that I had some one to live for, some one I must not disappoint. The memory of her will always be a blessing to me."

Edison made his first record as a telegraph operator in Memphis. A contemporary says "he came walking into the office one morning looking like a veritable hayseed." He wanted a job, and although his appearance was not prepossessing, the office was short-handed and he was assigned a desk at the St. Louis wire, the hardest in the office. At the end of the line was an operator who was chain lightning and knew it:

"Edison had hardly got seated before St. Louis called. The newcomer responded, and St. Louis started on a long report, which he pumped in like a house afire. Edison threw his leg over the arm of his chair, leisurely transferred a wad of spruce gum from his pocket to his mouth, took up a pen, examined it critically, and started in about fifty words behind. He didn't stay there long though. St. Louis let out another link of speed, and still another, and the instrument on Edison's table hummed like an old-style Singer sewing machine. Every man in the office left his desk and gathered around the jay to see what he was doing with that electric cyclone.

"Well, sir, he was right on the word and taking it down in the prettiest copper-plate hand you ever saw, even crossing his 't's' and dotting his 'i's' and punctuating with as much care as a man editing telegraph for rat printers. St. Louis got tired by and by and began to slow down. Then Edison oozed the key and said:

"Hello, there, when are you going to get a hustle on? This is no primer class."

"Well, sir," said the gentleman in conclusion, "that broke St. Louis all up. He had been rawhiding Memphis for a long time, and we were terribly sore, and to have a man in our office who could walk all over him made us feel like a man whose horse had won the Derby. I saw the Wizard not long ago. He doesn't wear a hickory shirt or put his pants in his boots, but he is very far from being a dude yet."

Edison's first invention was a vote recorder, especially designed to prevent election frauds. He was very young and in the innocence of his heart he supposed that such a contrivance would be welcomed by authority, but he was grievously mistaken:

This ingenious instrument worked perfectly, and the young inventor was in high feather over his wonderfully simple yet adequate system for "purifying" the ballot. He had been used to handling press reports, and the time taken in counting votes as well as the ease with which they could be "manipulated" had suggested to him the idea for the invention. So he traveled to Washington, and after some little delay succeeded in exhibiting his instrument to the chairman of committees, who, after examining the machine very carefully, said: "Young man, it works all right and couldn't be better. With an instrument like that it would be difficult to monkey with the vote if you wanted to. But it won't do. In fact, it's the last thing on earth that we want here. Filibustering and delay in the counting of votes are often the only means we have for defeating bad legislation. So, though I admire your genius and the spirit which prompted you to invent so excellent a machine, we shan't require it here. Take the thing away."

Edison lost no time in moralizing, but he resolved then and there to invent nothing that was not wanted, and he kept to that resolution.

Perhaps the popular mind identifies Edison more closely with the incandescent light and the phonograph than with any other of his innumerable inventions. Civilization without the electric light is hardly thinkable, but as a matter of fact its invention is barely thirty years old:

It is interesting at this date, when the thirtieth anniversary of the invention of the incandescent lamp is in sight, to look back and note the buildings which were first illuminated by electric light. It is claimed that the first office building to

adopt the incandescent lamp was that of the New York Herald, where a complete plant was installed, and when that enterprising paper sent out the sailing vessel *Jeannette* to find the North Pole, one of her chief novelties was a complete installation of the Edison electric-light system. She was lost in Arctic seas, and so it is more than possible that some of Edison's first lamps are still reposing beneath the waters of those icy regions.

The first church lighted by electricity is generally supposed to have been the City Temple, London, while the first theatre was the Bijou, Boston, which was lighted by an Edison isolated plant December 12, 1882. There were 650 lamps used, and the first attraction given with the new illumination was, very appropriately, Gilbert and Sullivan's fairy opera, "Iolanthe." The proscenium arch was surrounded by 192 lamps; 140 were placed in the borders, and sixty in the chandelier of the auditorium, making a total of 392 lamps—the balance being placed in different parts of the building. No other method of lighting was provided, and there were no foot-lights.

The first hotel to be lighted by electricity was the Blue Mountain House, in the Adirondacks, where an Edison plant was started in 1881. There were 125 lamps, each with an average life of 800 hours. It was also at this hotel that the first electric lamp was placed in an elevator car—July 12, 1882. The Blue Mountain House is situated at an elevation of 3500 feet above the sea, and was, at the time of the electric-light installation, forty miles from the railroad.

The first electroliner was wired and placed in service some time during 1880, at the residence of Mr. Francis R. Upton, at Menlo Park, near Edison's laboratory. Great care was taken to distinguish the polarity of each conductor, the positive wires being of red and the negative wires of blue flexible cord. The lamps were from the first placed in an inverted position, which is now so familiar, but which was then so novel. This electroliner was shown at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904. The first private residence to be lighted by Edison lamps was that of J. Hood Wright, New York, while the first steam vessel to employ the same illuminant was the *Columbia*, running between San Francisco and Portland, Oregon.

Edison was not allowed to enjoy the fruits of his genius without a prolonged struggle. A whole host of claimants appeared in the field, all of whom asserted their right to the honor and, of course, to its reward:

Over the electric light there has been more litigation than over any other of Edison's inventions. As he himself says: "I fought for the lamp for fourteen years, and when I finally won my rights there were but three years of the allotted seventeen left for my patent to live. Now it has become the property of anybody and everybody. One writer, in a letter addressed to the press, endeavored to show that the incandescent light was used in the thirteenth century."

The first substantial success came with the invention of the stock-ticker and this netted the sum of forty thousand dollars, certainly a fabulous amount for the young genius who had never raised his ambitions to such heights as that. Then came the quadruplex telegraph, the phonograph, the kinoscope, and many other things equally wonderful, many of them indeed being most unrecorded in connection with Edison's name. We are told, for example, that he gave to medical science a remedy for gout, discovering by patient experimentation two successful solvents for uric acid:

It is said that the medical pharmacopœia owes to Edison the discovery of one of the drugs now used in the treatment of gout, viz., hydrate of tetra-ethyl ammonium. The story of its discovery is thus related:

"Edison met a friend one day, and on hearing that he was a great sufferer, and noticing the swellings of his finger joints, asked, with his usual curiosity:

"What is the matter?"

"Gout," replied the sufferer.

"Well, but what is gout?" persisted Edison.

"Deposits of uric acid in the joints," came the reply.

"Why don't the doctors cure you?" asked Edison.

"Because uric acid is insoluble," he was told.

"I don't believe it," said Edison, and he straightway journeyed to his laboratory, put forth innumerable glass tumblers, and into them emptied some of every chemical that he possessed. Into each he fell a few drops of uric acid and then awaited results. Investigation forty-eight hours later disclosed that the uric acid had dissolved in two of the chemicals. One of these is used today in the treatment of gout diseases."

Edison's personality is naturally a matter of widespread interest and it is treated fully by the author not only with a well-justified and admiring sympathy, but with an unusual wealth of anecdote and incident. Edison, we are told, does not regard his deafness as an affliction, as it has saved him from listening to much nonsense. An English interviewer says of him that the "noteworthy characteristic of his face is the attractive smile and the mixture of shrewdness and kindness of the gray eyes. There is no simpler, more open, more unaffected man than Edison living. He seems as if he had no notion that he was anybody in particular. His shrewd, ready common sense is apparent even in the smallest things."

The great inventor has, of course, always been the prey of the interviewer, a fate that falls heavily enough upon those far less prominent. But even the interviewer can not ruffle a placidity and an easy kindness that are a part of his nature. Even the religious interviewer who assumed, after the manner of her kind, that there are no mental privacies or reticences secure from public view found at least a courteous and patient reception, although the fruits of her impertinences may not have been altogether to her taste:

Lady interviewers have occasionally bearded Edison in his lair, but the inventor prefers the masculine species, even if they are sometimes less attractive. Some years ago a lady on a religious paper thought it would be highly interesting if she obtained from Edison his opinion on the "Christianizing of the world" and some facts regarding the best way in which it could be speedily and permanently accomplished. She was an intelligent and bright young woman, but worried a little bit too much about the betterment of that part of the globe where, we are told in the hymn, "the heathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone." She was very courteously received by Edison, who submitted quite quietly to a perfect fusillade of questions respecting his religious beliefs and disbeliefs. After stating that all scientific men, he thought, believed in God, that he hadn't any particular creed, that he considered all religions had some good points, and that he went to church when he felt inclined and not oftener, he was requested by his interviewer to pass judgment on the great question, "Was the world becoming Christianized? If not, would it ever become Christianized?" Edison thought deeply, his brows contracted with the profoundness of the problem, until the young woman began to fear that the question was

beyond him. And then his brow cleared, a smile rose to his lips, his eyes lost their profound expression, and he replied: "Not only do I think that the world in time will become Christianized, but I believe we shall both live to see it." Then as the young woman gave an ecstatic upward glance, he added: "Just look at the way these big improved machine guns are wiping out the heathen."

For the further edification of his guest, Edison explained to her a new church collection plate that he was inventing. The silver coins fell noiselessly upon a velvet lining, while the nickels and pennies rang a bell like a cash register.

Mr. Jones's book contains 350 pages and there is not a dull one among them. It is a record of splendid achievement in the one consistent line of human benefit. It is written exactly as a biography should be written, while the numerous and admirable illustrations are a valuable addition to a remarkable book.

"Thomas Alva Edison: Sixty Years of an Inventor's Life," by Francis Arthur Jones. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$2.

RECENT VERSE.

Remembrance.

Oh, I have forgotten the One-that-was-Fair,
Her form and her features are vague, undefined;
And there is another that's melted in air—
Oh, I have forgotten the One-that-was-Kind.
Oh, I have forgotten the One-that-was-Gay,
There's one, only one, all these years has withstood,
In dreams in the night, and in thoughts in the day,
I only remember the One-that-was-Good!

—Town Topics.

An Old Song.

When all the winds are mellow in the glad spring-time
And hank and fell and fallow blossom-laden,
When every breath's a song and every laugh like rhyme,
Sing hey, the day for youth to meet a maiden!
Then out amid the morning,
Let wisdom waste her warning,
We'll laugh, Dear Heart, and sing, Dear Heart, through all the
golden day!
Red lips are such a treasure
As only love can measure
When all the world is merry in the month of May!

When all the dark is hollow and the wind blows cold
And down the west the tawny sun is sinking,
When every word is wise, and every heart grows old,
Sing ho, the night's a noble time for drinking!
Then drown the wizard sorrow!
Tonight from death we borrow,
We'll laugh, good friends, and quaff, good friends, until the
dawn of day!
Let song and wine remind us
Of loves we left behind us
When all the world was merry in the month of May!

—Brian Hooker, in Harper's Magazine.

The Call of Home.

I'm the old tired woman now, for all that work is done,
I sit here in me daughter's house as any lady might;
It's "Take your ease, old woman dear," from each and every
one,
And willin' hands to wait on mine from morning until night.

But I have the longing on me that is heavier than tears
(Though themselves could never know it from any word I
say).

It's half the way across the world that I would be the day
And back in me own father's house I've left these fifty years.

'Tis not that I'm not happy here, who's living like a queen;
The children's children at me knee, I'd not be leaving these;
'Tis never any word that's come across the miles between—
For aught I know, the parish's self is crumblin' to the seas.

But I have the longing on me that is heavier than tears.
"Oh, take your ease, old woman dear," 'tis well for them to
say;

'Tis just the little well colleen I'd be again today
And back in me own father's house I've left these fifty years.

And to think I left it laughin' with a true lad's hand in mine!
The lips that kissed me goin', oh, 'tis long that they've been
cold!

And little was the grief I had that never gave me sign
That need of it would tear the heart the day that saw me
old.

But I have the longing on me—oh, 'tis well me own time
nears,
Since I'm waiting like a stranger here with those I love the
best.

It's "Take your ease, old woman dear," but oh, 'tis there I'd
rest—

Once back in me own father's house I've left these fifty years!

—Theodosia Garrison, in McClure's Magazine.

When the average citizen learns that one single machine, employing but fifty men, dug in November, 1906, nearly one-third the amount of the whole Panama excavation for that month, on the site of the new Erie barge canal, he falls to thinking, observes the *Technical World*. He has interest enough then to read, perhaps, in the annual message of Governor Hughes that, of the \$101,600,000 voted by referendum in 1903 for the improvement of the 442 miles, comprising the Erie, Oswego and Champlain canals, \$15,000,000 have been allotted in eighteen contracts and all of them today are in the full swing of advanced execution. He learns that the work has been let at a price so much below the State engineer's figures, that despite the increased cost of labor and material, \$2,000,000 have been saved on the preliminary estimate; that the canal locks, owing to this economy, are to be enlarged to admit barges of 2200 tons, instead of the 1000-ton carriers originally contemplated. And when he has digested the significance of these facts he begins to appreciate the quiet, unheralded but self-evidencing progress on the great waterway of the Empire State. For, measured by the standard of results, the progress already achieved on the new barge canal renders it one of the most notable of public undertakings.

The census of the lawyers of New York City shows that there is one for every 250 persons.

WHAT WAS 'THE LADY'S CHOICE'?

By Thomas Nelson Page.

Once upon a time there was a lady who was young, beautiful, accomplished, and very rich. She was, also, very clever. But her most striking characteristic was that she was every atom a woman. She had three lovers, who had been college cronies. She always spoke of them as her "friends." There was a fourth gentleman whom she knew, but by no means so intimately, who was a friend of the other three.

One of the three friends was tall, handsome, athletic, had languishing eyes, a long mustache, and a fine figure; one was clever, almost brilliant, and what some women call "intellectual"; the third was rich, good-looking, and "successful." None of them had any drawback; the first was clever enough; the second was very good-looking, and, like the first, was comfortably off; and the third was neither a fool nor unread. All three were considered good catches by mammas who had marriageable daughters, and were popular.

The fourth gentleman was a silent man, who kept his own counsel, went his own gait, and was thought to be independent in his fortune as he was known to be in his views.

After a season, in which the young lady had been greatly and generally admired, each of the three friends, having observed the growing attachment of the other two, discovered that he was in love with her; each teased the others about her to sound them; each denied the charge, hated the others warmly for the time, and each decided to get ahead of his friends. All three made the fourth gentleman their confidant.

The society beau was the first to declare himself. He had had the best opportunities; had danced with the lady all winter; had the finest figure; had been the best-dressed man in the set; had driven a good team, and had talked easily of Browning's poems and of Kipling's stories. The occasion which presented itself to him was auspicious. It was a spring afternoon in the grounds of a beautiful country-place, where an entertainment was being given by a mutual friend. The spot was secluded; the air was balmy; the flowers were dazzling; the birds sang. He was arrayed faultlessly, and he and the lady were alone. He naturally began to talk love to her, and was about to reach the point where his voice should grow deep and his look intense. He had told her of her beauty; she had listened with a pleased smile and a changing color. He felt that he almost had her. They were at the end of a long flower-bed blue with pansies, which just matched her eyes. He stooped and picked one. As he rose, she said: "A race to the other end—you that side, I this," and dashed off. She ran like a doe. He had a record, and could easily have beaten her, but as they approached the other end, he saw that her path divided there. One fork ran off from him, the other turned into his. It flashed on him in a second; he would let her run into his arms. He waited to let her choose. She chose; and when they returned to the house, he had her answer. He resolved to say nothing of it.

Just afterward the second gentleman found his opportunity. It was after the intellectual entertainment. He had easily outshone all others. She had applauded him warmly, and had afterward congratulated him. He took her into the library. Old books were about them; beautiful pictures were on the walls; the light fell tempered to the softest glow. He recognized his opportunity. He felt his intellect strong within him. He approached her skillfully; he hinted at the delights of the union of two minds perfectly attuned; he illustrated aptly by a reference to the harmony just heard and to numerous instances in literature. He talked of the charm of culture; spoke confidently of his preference; suggested, without appearing to do so, his fortunate advantages over others, and referred, with some contempt, to commonplace men like the fourth gentleman. He praised her intellect. Her eye kindled; her form trembled; he felt his influence over her. He repeated a poem he had written her. It was good enough to have been published in a magazine. Her face glowed. He glanced up, caught her eyes, and held his hand ready to receive her. She lifted her hand, looked into his eyes, and he had his answer. They strolled back, and he determined to keep it all a secret. Passing, they happened upon the third gentleman, who spoke to her; and No. 2, a moment later, left her with him.

He led the way into a little apartment just by. It seemed to have escaped the notice of the guests. It was sumptuously fitted up for a tête-à-tête. Wealth and taste had combined to make it perfect. She exclaimed with pleasure at its beauty. After handing her a chair as luxurious as art could make it, the gentleman began. He told of his home; of his enterprise; of his success; of his wealth. It had doubled year after year. It was hers. He laid before her his plans. They were large enough to be bewildering. She would be the richest woman in her acquaintance. She could be an angel with it. With mantling cheek and glowing face she bent toward him. "It is yours," he said; "all yours. You will be worth—" He paused, then stated the sum. She leaned toward him with an earnest gesture, her voice trembling. He had his answer. As they

passed out through the corridor they met the fourth gentleman. He did not speak. He stood aside to let them pass. He glanced at her lover, but if he looked at her, she did not see it. He was evidently leaving.

"Are you going?" she said, casually, as she passed.

"Yes."

"Is it late?" "I do not know."

She paused, and her lover politely passed on.

"Why are you going, then?"

"Because I wish to go."

"Will you take me to my chaperon?"

"With pleasure."

"With pleasure?"

"With great pleasure."

"You are not very civil."

"I had not intended to be."

"Do you think—"

"Sometimes. This evening, for instance. There is your chaperon."

"I did not think you—"

"So I supposed. You made a mistake. Good-bye."

"Good-bye?" "Yes. Good-bye."

The wedding-cards of the young lady were issued within a few weeks, and ten days later she was married. In the press accounts of the wedding the bride was spoken of as "beautiful, accomplished, clever, wise, and good." And the groom was described as "handsome, stylish, intellectual, and wealthy."

Some people said they always thought she would have married differently; some said they always knew she would marry just as she did. (These were mostly women.) She herself said that she made up her mind that evening.—*Harper's Monthly.*

Booth as Othello.

In *McClure's Magazine* for March, Ellen Terry describes her first meeting with America's greatest tragedian. Miss Terry met Edwin Booth when his spirit had been broken by trouble and hereavement:

"I saw him first at a benefit performance at Drury Lane. I came to the door of the room where Mr. Irving was dressing, and Booth was sitting there with his back to me.

"'Here's Miss Terry,' said Henry, as I came round the door.

"Booth looked up at me swiftly. I have never in any face, in any country, seen such wonderful eyes. There was a mystery about his appearance and his manner—a sort of pride which seemed to say: 'Don't try to know me, for I am not what I have been.' He seemed broken, and devoid of ambition.

"At rehearsal he was very gentle and apathetic. Accustomed to playing Othello with stock companies, he had few suggestions to make about the stage-management. The part was to him more or less of a monologue.

"'I shall never make you black,' he said one morning. 'When I take your hand I shall have a corner of my drapery in my hand. That will protect you.'

"I am bound to say I thought of that 'protection' with some yearning the next week, when I played Desdemona to Henry's Othello. Before he had done with me I was nearly as black as he."

James J. Hill, the railway magnate, insists that he was shown the following letter, received by a traveling salesman from his employer, a necktie manufacturer in New York:

"We have received your letter with expense account. What we want is orders. We have big families to make expenses for us. We find in your expense account 50 cents for billiards. Please don't buy any more billiards. Also we see \$2.25 for horse and buggy? Where is the horse and what did you do with the buggy? The rest of your expense account is nothing but hed. Why is it you don't ride more in the night time? John says you should stop in Boston, where his cousin George Moore lives. John says you should sell Moore a good bill. Give good prices—he is John's cousin. Sell him mostly for cash. Also John says you can leave Boston at 11:45 in the night, and get to Concord at 4:35 in the morning. Do this—and you won't need any hed. And remember, what we want is orders."



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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

The eightieth birthday of George Meredith called forth expressions of esteem that were overwhelming in their volume and delightful in their sincerity. For once the aged novelist surrendered at discretion to the interviewer and stated his views upon any and every topic presented to him. He thought that no man should live more than sixty-five years and he was certain that had he experienced American hospitality he would never have reached his present age. American writers interested him greatly, and he mentioned Mrs. Wharton, Mrs. Atherton, and "my dear Henry James." His own work, he said, was nearly over; he should write a little verse, but no more prose. He spoke gratefully of America for the appreciation that had never failed him, and he wished that he had accepted some of the invitations that had been showered upon him, but then "I should have had to make speeches. I never spoke in public in my life. I can't talk standing up, but if people will let me speak to them from my chair I am very happy to talk—and I never stop."

The Malice of the Stars, by E. W. De Guérin. Published by the John Lane Company, New York.

In many respects this is a noteworthy story, both for its ingenuity of plot and its pleasant narrative style. Janet Foxcraft is a young woman of the people, pretty, clever, and designing, born adventures. She makes the mistake of life when she refuses the young musician, Pilgrim only a few minutes before his accession to fortune is made known to her. Then she goes to Germany as a governess, gets into various kinds of scrapes, summons Pilgrim to her assistance, lives with him for a time, and eventually, beguiles the unsuspecting Sir Prancefold Hoyte into a marriage. She makes a fairly good wife and lives the life of the English country lady and on terms of family friendship with Pilgrim until some of her earlier German liaisons bear fruit in the shape of an inquiry for a parcel of jewels that she is accused of stealing. She takes flight, hides herself, is searched for alike by friends and enemies, there is a mysterious murder, and sensations follow each other in quick succession. It seems that after all Lady Hoyte did not steal the jewels and for this diminution of an evil record we may be duly thankful. The curtain rings down on a reunited family, with confessions all round and general forgiveness.

There is so much of good in this story that it is a pity the author had no clearer conception of the character of Lady Hoyte. Her vices are positive and her virtues are negative. Resembling Becky Sharp in many respects, she is a much worse woman, but yet fails to impress the imagination. We hardly know whether to detest her or to ignore her. The gentle, chivalrous, and intensely human character of Pilgrim is well drawn and so, too, is that of his charming young musical protégée, Philippa, but the machinery by which the clouds are finally dispersed is too intricate and involved, while more than one sensational incident of palpable improbability is pressed into service. None the less "The Malice of the Stars" is a book to be read and enjoyed.

Great Writers, by George Edward Woodberry. Published by the McClure Company, New York.

When Mr. Woodberry, under such a title, selects Cervantes, Scott, Milton, Virgil, Montaigne, and Shakespeare, he probably had no thought of establishing a hierarchy or even of suggesting an order of precedence. Presumably his choice is a matter of personal preference or of familiarity, and he would have no quarrel with Mr. Lowell, for instance, whose "five indispensable authors" included Homer, Dante, and Goethe; or Matthew Arnold, whose "masters of prose" were Cicero, Plato, Bacon, Pascal, Swift, and Voltaire. We may hope that Mr. Woodberry has but made a beginning and that other illuminating and masterly essays are on the stocks.

Illuminating and masterly these essays certainly are. Each one of them, within the compass of a single reading, is a combination of biography and literary criticism that is suggestive and inspiring in the highest degree. For deep and sympathetic comprehension and for virility and condensation of treatment these essays are equal to anything of the kind that has been done.

Mr. Woodberry's insight is nowhere more marked than in the summaries that catch the eye upon every page. He says "Montaigne was one of the great confessors of life . . . he reveals himself and it is the reader who stands revealed." What epitome could be more admirable? Sir Walter Scott is "among the great benefactors of mankind," and his works are above criticism, "invulnerable in the hearts of the people." Milton is the "apostle of liberty" and the "impassioned preacher of freedom because his own soul was free." Shakespeare "seized all life as action in his thoughts." Virgil, more than any other poet, "has been a part of the intellectual life of Europe," and, among the Latin races, "the climax of their genius." In Don Quixote "the point of view is that of a dying age."

Everywhere we have the intellectual eagerness that seizes upon essentials, showing how genius and environment are parts of a harmonious whole. Mr. Woodberry helps us to see the great writers of the world as belonging to the days in which they lived, and as the leaders and inspirers of the days that came after them.

Deborah of Tod's, by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is a notable novel, a remarkable piece of character delineation combined with an original and striking plot. It is an early work of the author, and was first published some years ago. Deborah, the wealthy owner of Tod's Farm in Devonshire, is a young woman of beautiful character and appearance, although with the rusticity of speech and bearing inherited from her mother, who had contracted a romantic marriage with an army officer. When the old *roué*, General d'Alton, accidentally visits Tod's Farm she is sentimentally attracted to him by the fact that he was the commander of her father's regiment, and that he once lent him money without security and was never repaid. The general on his part sees a chance to replenish his finances from Deborah's savings and he therefore marries her, recognizing clearly what a little education will do for his country-bred wife. Disillusionment comes quickly. The general falls lamentably short of Deborah's romantic ideal, and although he in no way ill-treats her she recoils in horror from his manner of life and from the heartless rapidity of the set into which she is plunged. Eventually the general dies and Deborah is left free to a more worthy alliance.

The character of Deborah is sketched with a fidelity beyond all praise. The hayfield and the cider press can not hide for a moment her nobility of character, and she assumes her new duties in London society with undisturbed and forceful dignity and without relinquishing an iota of her moral code, which is puritanical but of a broad, tolerant, and receptive kind. The contrast between Deborah with all her provincialisms and the women of the general's set is a fine study, and it is finely done. As a novel "Deborah of Tod's" is head and shoulders above the ranks and in every way a delightful and wholesome book.

Travers, by Sara Dean. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

Among the stories of the San Francisco earthquake "Travers" deserves a high place. The reversals in individual fate, the personal tragedies produced by the catastrophe, have never been better described.

Travers is an adventurer and a criminal who is actually robbing the bedroom of a wealthy young girl at the moment of the earthquake. He saves her, takes her to the foot of Twin Peaks, cares for her in every way, and in the confusion of measureless necessities shows that his early training as a gentleman can still supply the dominant note in his character. Travers is reformed by the horrors of a week, while the girl finds her own nature in a scene where helpfulness has become the only human asset.

It is a story depending less upon its plot than upon its fine descriptive power. The desolation of the first days has not been better pictured anywhere, nor has the patience, the fortitude, and the heroism that struggled so manfully against despair.

Arethusa, by F. Marion Crawford. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

This is a story of early Constantinople and of Arethusa, a Venetian woman, who sold herself into slavery to save her foster-mother from starvation. She is purchased by a wealthy Venetian who needs a companion for his wife and incidentally something more than a companion for himself. Arethusa is a woman of forcible character, and although she is a slave she plays a large and successful part in a plot to overthrow the Emperor Andronicus and place his father upon the throne. Of course, there are endless adventures described under a semblance of historical accuracy, but we are neither convinced by the history nor captivated by the heroine. Mr. Crawford has a cunning hand and nothing that he writes can fail to interest, but "Arethusa" is not his high-water mark.

The Black Bag, by Louis Joseph Vance. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; \$1.50.

Mr. Vance knows how to write a good sensational story. Not until the end of the book do we fully understand the mystery of the jewels in the "black bag," nor why a very charming girl should be chased through empty houses in London and up and down Europe by a band of interesting adventurers. The character of Philip Kirkwood, who has lost everything in the San Francisco fire, and who would be quite willing to lose it all over again in defense of the heroine, is well drawn.

Sport Royal, by Anthony Hope. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

When Mr. Jason casually laid his red handkerchief upon the hotel table in Heidelberg he had no reason to suppose that an act so

simple would draw him into a maelstrom of intrigue and violence. He might, of course, have withdrawn from a situation that involved him in an obviously dangerous mystery, but then Mr. Hope's heroes never do withdraw and moreover this particular hero was already in contact with the exquisite Princess of Glottenberg before he realized that the fire was hot enough to burn him. The dainty little lady made use of Mr. Jason for the purpose of her own liaison and then she laughingly plunged a dagger into his side, but things of this kind usually happen when Mr. Hope's young men take their walks abroad and we should be disappointed at anything less prosaic.

The Loom of the Desert, by Idah Meacham Strobbridge. Published from the Artemesia Bindery, Los Angeles; \$1.75.

This collection of stories should take a high place in the literature of the desert as actual transcripts of life and strong in their realism. Nothing better of their kind has been done, nothing with such a palpitating atmosphere of the plains or so saturated with the spirit of the scene. The incidents themselves are invariably dramatic, generally grim and gray, while their treatment has a spontaneous art that fascinates and holds.

New Publications.

The McClure Company, New York, have published a revised and enlarged edition of "Hoyle's Games," well printed and illustrated.

The Macmillan Company, New York, have published "The Truth," a play in four acts by Clyde Fitch, illustrating the value of the homely virtue of veracity. Price, 75 cents.

"Familiar Faces," by Harry Graham, is a collection of clever rhymes and caricatures on some of the familiar things of modern life. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.

Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, have issued a new and revised edition of "American Communities and Coöperative Colonies," by William Alfred Hines, a useful book of reference for those who are interested in strange human enthusiasms and deplorable human superstitions and credulities.

From the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, comes a little volume of much humor by Gelett Burgess, entitled "The Maxims of Methuselah." Its scope is sufficiently indicated by its sub-title: "Being the Advice Given by the Patriarch in His Nine Hundred Sixty and Ninth Year to His Great Grandson at Shem's Coming of Age, in Regard to Women."

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MARY SHAW IN "CANDIDA."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

The company surrounding Arnold Daly gave us no better, or more enlightening performance of George Bernard Shaw's "Candida" than was given by Mary Shaw and her support this week at the Van Ness Theatre. In freshening up my recollections of the more remote performance in order to make comparison, I can but acknowledge that Dorothy Donnelly acted the part of "Candida" as it should be acted. Yet, in spite of the vividness of first impressions, it is Mary Shaw, and Mary Shaw only, who, in my eyes, has rounded out the outlines of the character to actual life. True, the outlines are marvellously, almost too much so, in spite of Candida's being thirty-three years of age, and the presiding and active deity of a simple, economical, middle-class home. But in all other respects she satisfies, entirely satisfies, one's idea of the Candida whose acquaintance we first made in the book, away from the actualities of the stage.

Candida is a woman possessed of what the poet calls "divine insight." This gift inclines her to moderation, balance, an absence of a tendency toward extremes, in spite of her singularly independent convictions. The trait is expressed in every tone of Mary Shaw's voice—which, by the way, is a singularly pleasing one—in every motion, even those little caressing gestures of fond possession which Candida bestows upon her husband. Her acting is so thoroughly founded on nature, that we scarcely stop to think it is acting, but abandon ourselves unreservedly to the pleasure of observing an actress who disturbs our sense of illusion by no perceptible artifice or lapse into momentary insincerity.

The reverse is the case with Mr. Pratt, who, as the Reverend James Morell, husband and lover of Candida, is unfortunate enough to have his otherwise admirable acting permeated by a rooted insincerity. At first it seemed possible that this lack of genuineness of tone might be an endeavor on the actor's part to convey a sense of what the poet taxed the parson with being—a windbag possessed of the gift of gab, who loved not righteousness so much as the importance of being the oratorical apostle of righteousness. But the Reverend James has his hour of suffering and humiliation. That "miserable little nervous disease" the poet, speaking with "the inspiration of a child and the cunning of a serpent," lays his finger on a tender spot in the good man's inner consciousness. The reverend gentleman, being a good and just man, has some bitter, self-questioning doubts; and, besides, he suffers for the first time in his life the pangs of jealousy. And still the insincerity was there, probably based on a fundamental inability on the actor's part to sink himself in his rôle.

Quite a remarkable impersonation was that of Eugene, the poet, by Mr. Aylmer. This actor, who is young and slender, wore a drooping, Robert Burns wig, which is a veritable inspiration, it is so much in character. His thin, restrained tone, which spoke of physical repression save during those moments when it rang with the exultant joy of passionate self-expression, his quick, nervous, aimless, youthful strides through Candida's small sitting-room, the absorbed, inward look he wore, of one who has passed his young life in self-communion—all these were equally in character. No hint, indeed, of the actor's real individuality escaped. As Mary Shaw was Candida, so he was the poet.

Miss Pettes gave an excellent comedy sketch of Prossy, the typist, bestowing upon that waspish but tender-hearted maiden a very clever make-up of lean plainness, that I strongly suspect concealed actual comeliness. There are few scenes in modern comedy that are richer than that in which the young poet, long misunderstood and nurtured in loneliness and neglect, lays his unconsciously probing finger on poor Prossy's secret, while inveighing against the shyness of those who go through life solitary, not daring to ask for love. In the glistening eye, the dreamy gaze which spoke volumes during Prossy's momentary abandonment to the charm of the sympathy, the intuitive comprehension that spoke in young, truth-inspired accents, one recognized that Miss Pettes was also able to enroll herself as one in the little band of artists.

Mr. Pitman gave an exceedingly neat study of an Anglican curate, and Mr. Cahill an equally clever portrayal of a cockney contractor.

Thus the performance was a particularly

well-balanced one, and for the second time we have seen "Candida" as the author would have us see it. Nevertheless there was, though an appreciative, not a large audience. Still, Shaw is not, and probably never will be, popular with the mass of theatre-goers. His plays, skillful though they are in construction, masterly in dialogue, and original in theme, have an irritating effect of inspiring in the mind of the spectator a doubt as to whether he is absolutely sure of just what the author is getting at! Shaw loves to unveil conventions, and the average man dearly loves conventions. He simply dotes on hammering at popular gods, and the public objects to attacks on its popular gods. Shaw likes to seem wicked while in the pursuit of morality, merely for the exquisite delight of befuddling honest John Bull. In "Candida," that inspired poet, with his passionate outpourings of undiluted truth, and Candida, with her large, serene independence, and that well-balanced sense of discretion which prevents her from abandoning herself to the enjoyment of any sentimental phillanderings with her young worshiper, between the two of them get us slightly mixed.

Candida herself is almost lovable. But Shaw never quite succeeds in making his characters wholly so. Likable they can be; amusing, highly provocative of interest, entertaining in the extreme. But the eccentric author has loosed from his brain a throng of equally eccentric characters. Here is Candida, quietly leading a domestic, lamp-cleaning, onion-peeling existence, as the wife of a conventional, God-fearing preacher, and suddenly she springs upon him and a startled audience that famous sentiment about the shawl—"I would give them both," she says, meaning her goodness and purity, in order to allay the heart-bunger of the lonely poet, "as gladly as I would throw my shawl to a poor woman, if there were nothing else to restrain me." The restraining influence happens to be her love for her husband.

We start, gasp, wonder, and fall to parsing, analyzing, dissecting the strange and startling assertion. What does she mean? Does she—would she? Yes, she does, she would. For she means Free Love. That is the bee that is perpetually buzzing in Shaw's bonnet.

So the fair, comely, placid, motherly Candida is a crank. You agree, of course, that a crank—or one of the numerous kind of cranks that differ from the rest of the world—is one who has the courage of his convictions. Candida apparently has the courage of hers. She says, and she believes it, that if she loved the poet she would follow him. I'd be willing to lay a wager she wouldn't, but we'll never know.

I have a deep, dark suspicion that it's the same way with Mr. Shaw. The Irish eccentric is happily married, and therefore feels no obligation personally to demonstrate the reasonableness and practicability of his convictions. But I'd be willing to lay another wager that Mr. Shaw has a strong preference for respectability, and that, if he and his wife had a falling-out, there would be no ensuing wild breach of the British conventions that he affects to deride. And furthermore, since Shaw is Shaw, and is not given to self-deception, I suspect that he is perfectly aware of his innate leaning toward safe, comfortable, unagitating respectability, and—being equally aware that he would have no following in Britain if he abjured the guiding conventions—is immensely tickled over the series of shocks which the British public permits him to administer to its diverted self.

It was most clever of Shaw to end up "Candida" as he does. The play, on the surface, has a moral ending, which makes it sufficiently acceptable to that same British public. To be sure, the morality is only chance morality, because Candida only chanced not to love the poet. But she conceived it her right to love whom she pleased and mate with whom she pleased, and that one was her husband. Result, a suppositiously moral ending. But, says Shaw, and George Meredith as well, living in matrimonial alliance with some one you do not love is not a highly moral state, being conducive, through the resultant hatred engendered, to immorality. So the ending, they would agree, reasoning upon the plane of abstract ethics, would be equally moral if she had linked herself to the puny poet.

And then we come right down to the issue,

which these gentlemen, on account of their blameless lives, must necessarily evade—shall a human being forsake his matrimonial partner, if he or she so wishes, for some other more congenial mate? Candida says yes. Shaw, tacitly, says yes. George Meredith only recently took up the gauntlet, and virtually said yes. All of which does not in the least prevent "Candida" from being a highly interesting, thoroughly absorbing, and, except to the ultra-Shawists, rather puzzling play. For instance, what does the poet typify? Apparently he is George Bernard Shaw's idea of truth, struggling feebly, and thoroughly discredited and misunderstood, in a world of fatuous errors. The world continues to hug its errors, while truth it utterly rejects. So the poet goes, solitary, "out into the night." Candida alone understands him. And Candida, who represents ideal womanhood, chooses her parsonic "windbag" because, so Shaw intimates, he is the weaker of the two, and woman loves man, not for his strength, but for his weakness, to which she ministers, and over which she throws a veil.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

At the New Alcazar Theatre next week "At Yale," a comedy of college life, will succeed "The Three of Us," which is attractively presented. There are a number of novel and entertaining stage effects in the college play, and the company has parts well suited to the talent of its members. There is probably no stock company in the country that offers steadily so high a standard of excellence.

Mary Mannering comes to the Novelty Theatre next Monday evening for a two weeks' engagement in "Glorious Betsy." The play is a romantic comedy by Rida Johnson Young, author of "Brown of Harvard." Miss Mannering has a company which includes a number of well-known and talented dramatic people.

It is not enough to say that "San Toy" is on at the Princess Theatre for a two weeks' run—one may have seen the piece before; but George Lask's production with the Princess company is different. Cecilia Rhoda is as charming as ever, and that is the highest praise; Edith Bradford is still a sparkling draught of music and airiness; Zoe Barnett, earnest and sincere little artist, was never more pleasing; Arthur Cunningham is a ponderously funny mandarin with two taking songs; Ned Nye shows another view of his comedy art in pigeon English; Harold Crane sings "Tommy Atkins" so that orchestra circle and balcony ring with applause; Ben Lodge has a screaming character part; the chorus is tuneful, and the Amazon guards led by Maybelle Baker are a bright array of good form. Costumes and stage settings are pretty and appropriate. The piece is not a "Belle of New York" or a "Florodora," but it is the same company, now secure in popular favor.

"Brewster's Millions," described as the most original comedy presented in a decade, and which has crowded the theatres of New York, London, and Chicago for many months past, will be the inviting attraction at the Van Ness Theatre for two weeks, commencing Monday night, March 9.

Edwin Stevens returns to the Orpheum next week, beginning Sunday afternoon, and will be warmly welcomed in his sketch, "Cousin Kitty." Joseph Hart's company, "Polly Pickle's Pets in Petland," will be another big attraction. Loney Haskell, the monologue artist, is another newcomer. It will be the last week of Della Fox, Kara, Les Frères Riego, and Emmet Devoy and company.



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VANITY FAIR.

Who was it said that a tailor is the ninth part of a man? That may be true of the tailors of effete monarchies, but Mr. Lionel Creamer of the Merchant Tailors' National Exchange, lately in session at New York, scorns the insinuation. He has patriotism enough for a ward convention and his soul is stirred within him at the thought that American legs are still encased in British trousers. With a confusion of metaphor, the result of righteous indignation, he demands that the men of the United States shall strike off their English shackles. He means, of course, their English trousers, but the mistake is a creditable one. Rising to the heights of a sartorial Patrick Henry he says, "But as for me, give me something distinctly and independently American—or I wear nothing."

Gently, Mr. Creamer, gently. Give us time. It is a dread alternative. Even here in sunny California the February climate will bite sbravely upon our bare legs, and what must it be in New York? And then, too, there is the police force, as patriotic a body as ever lived, but with old-fashioned ideas about men who "wear nothing." And they are stricter still in New York, Mr. Creamer. Why, they won't even allow women to smoke cigarettes there, and unless we are much mistaken the stern and disapproving eye of authority in the shape of the board of aldermen is already upon you. Unescorted women are excluded from restaurants in New York, but even no escort at all is better than a trouserless escort. We must reconsider this matter, Mr. Creamer. As a battle cry, a rallying shout, a defiance to effete Europe, a heroic twisting of the lion's tail, "American trousers or nothing" is magnificent, but there must be moderation in all things. The board of aldermen will get you, Mr. Creamer, if you don't look out.

In the good old days it was thought disgraceful for a man to allow a woman to pay the bill at a restaurant. But *nous avons changé tout cela*, as Molière's physician said to his patient who thought the heart beat on the left and not the right side of the body. We have changed all that, and nothing is now improper, or indelicate, or unmanly in an age that undertakes the reversal of the sexes as the least of its tasks.

A New York restaurateur says that many of his lady customers keep an account with him in order that they may "treat" their men friends without the embarrassment of actually handing over the cash. But there are other ladies who have no accounts, who can not dine at a restaurant without an escort, and whose companions are not financially prepared to pay the bill. In such cases either the lady must pay the bill with her own fair hands and as inconspicuously as possible, or she must surreptitiously hand the money to her impecunious escort in order that he may pay it. Perhaps we need not waste much sympathy upon the man who puts himself into such a humiliating position: his feelings can not be of the sprinking or diffident order, but it would certainly be interesting to look into the secret places of his mind as he receives the money passed to him under cover of the menu and pays the bill with a woman's cash. Presumably he waits until they are outside before handing her the change. Perhaps he keeps it. Somewhat more graceful is the woman who says, "Oh, I want this bill changed. Please let me pay and then you can fix it with me later." Such a form is certainly preferable, but the subterfuge can not be of much solace to the man, who must surely feel that his little brother the lap dog has somewhat more cause for self-respect.

The restaurateur says that some of these women frequent the public dining-rooms for business reasons. Perhaps they are dress-makers or milliners who want to see the latest hats and gowns *in situ*, or perhaps they merely wish to imitate for their own use the latest creations from Europe. "It's nothing unusual for our waiters to find sketches of hats and gowns on the bill of fare, showing plainly what some of these well dressed women come for. Combinations of colors will be jotted down beneath sketches and all sorts of funny details, like buttons and braid, will be mentioned."

The European diamond merchants are gravely perturbed because they have large stocks of diamonds on hand that they can not sell. It may be said at once that the cause of such a had market is not the money panic—although it has done its part—as a gradual recognition on the part of society circles that diamonds are bad form. Of course, the best people have known that for a long time, but now the second-best people are awaking to the same fact that diamonds, like rouge, should be used in almost imperceptible quantities.

One of the biggest jewelers in the world, interviewed by a *Daily Mail* representative, says that diamonds have been going out of fashion for some years past. There are still some people who buy them as an investment, while numbers of women do not value any stones but diamonds. But they belong to the detestably vulgar class who dress, not to be beautiful, but to show their wealth. "No one," he says, "can be in doubt about the wealth of the wearer of a flashing tiara, a glittering dog collar, or a thickly incrustated ring." Such women, of course, are beyond

the reach of appeal. It only remains for them to attach a price tag to their barbarous bedizenments, and we shall probably see this ere long.

But among really smart people there is a decided leaning toward what is called the "new art" in personal adornment, and this is due not so much to economy as to a change in taste. Pearls, turquoises, sapphires, and many of the new-fashioned stones are much more beautiful than the diamond, which is cold, hard, and unsympathetic. The sort of people who fill their houses with old furniture and hang artistic papers upon their walls look upon diamonds as vulgar ostentation. They prefer jewelry of a more reticent charm.

Austrian jewelers, who stand nearly at the head of their trade, scarcely ever use diamonds. Certainly they never mass them in a cluster such as we so often see nowadays on the *nouveaux riches*. Another point against the diamond is that it can not be worn except at night, except, of course, by those unutterables who would put on jewelry to do their morning marketing in. Other stones of a softer nature, such as pearls, can be worn quite as well in the afternoon as with evening dress. An Amsterdam merchant says that all over the world there are lots of diamonds locked up in iron safes that their possessors would be glad to dispose of. "Why? Ab, who can say. Better ask De Beers." But a question to De Beers is just about as fruitful as a question to the sphinx of Egypt. Like Brer Rabbit, the De Beers Company "goes on sayin' nuffin'."

When the Empress Eugenie left the Palace of the Tuileries for the good of her health after the battle of Sedan she had no money in her pocket. It will be remembered that her departure was precipitate and that the vast treasures of the imperial palace appeared at that supreme moment to be insignificant in comparison with her life—a point not entirely beyond the range of legitimate dispute. When it came to paying the cahman, the empress, who was already entitled to the prefix "ex," drew a bracelet from her arm and handed it to the driver, with the assurance that if he would send it after her to England she would reward him with double its intrinsic value. But the cahman was not "having any." Perhaps he had been reading his Bible and had learned to "put not thy trust in princes," nor in empresses, ex or otherwise, nor indeed in anything bearing the name of Bonaparte. Moreover, a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush, so he promptly took the bracelet to a pawnshop and realized upon it, as better men than he have done in times of financial stringency. A member of the Cbaulnes family found this bracelet in a curiosity shop after the clouds had rolled by and bought it, recognizing its identity and its strenuous history. The purchaser, to his credit, wrote to Eugenie and offered to send her the bracelet, but when she learned into whose hands it had fallen she begged that it be kept as a souvenir of a degenerate Napoleon. A few weeks ago the present Duc de Chaulnes was the owner of that bracelet, but it is now the property of the Duchesse de Chaulnes, who was Miss Theodora Shonts.

It is a pretty story, whether true or not. The only singular feature about it is that the Empress Eugenie should have voluntarily surrendered her claim to an article of value upon which she could lay her hands. It is so unlike her.

Miss Lydia Kingsmill Commander is the author of a book on race suicide, which ought to be celebrity enough for her. "Instead of which," we find her haranguing a crowd of outraged suffragettes at Madison Square, New York. There were several men present by way of a stimulus to the scathing denunciation that hurtled from the lips of Miss Commander. There is nothing like having the foe in front upon these strenuous occasions.

Miss Commander was speaking about the influence of women in public affairs when she suddenly caught sight of a timid and sprinking biped in trousers who was trying to be inconspicuous and to convince himself that matter has no existence. Then the male sex in general caught it, and serves 'em right, too. "You all know," said Miss Commander, "how a man keeps house." The sisterhood groaned their assent and the men grinned and then tried to look as if they'd suddenly thought of something—"Ashes all over the table; egg shells on the kitchen stove; every bed unmade; every floor unswept; every dish dirty; and the man sits in the midst of it, smoking his pipe, perfectly content." Miss Commander wanted to add "dirty beast," but remembered she was a little lady and refrained. Instead of that she said "don't deny it." There being limits to human valor, no one did deny it, and the men hoped by an attitude of groveling humility to escape anything worse. Miss Commander paused in her triumphal progress for a moment as if to dare the routed foe to uncoil even an inch of the tail between his legs. "And when the woman does come home what does she do? She cleans up." Applause from the women and involuntary groans from the men, but alas, they were not groans of penitence. Nothing will ever persuade the average man that there is any virtue in washing a dish so long as a

clean one remains upon the shelf, or that there is anything reprehensible in a bed that has become a plaster cast of his favorite nocturnal shape. No, Miss Commander's picture of an extension of the "cleaning up" process is not an alluring one. The domestic cyclone is enough.

A modern European writer believes he has bit upon the reason why women read improper books. Living in Europe, no doubt he has plenty of material upon which to base his judgments, but we should hardly have thought that there was any mystery about the question. It is strange how fond some people are of translating the obvious into the mysterious. Women read improper books—when they do—for the same reason as men and it is because original sin is not yet extinct. But the writer in question says:

Even the sanest and strongest women find it impossible to wring the real truth on any personal subject from a man. If women read novels that should never be read, they do so because they wish to obtain the true facts of life. That they gain nothing but distorted views that shock

and mislead their minds is one of the greatest pities in the world.

It is probably true that no woman understands men and that no man understands women. Where the moral codes are entirely different there can be no real confidences, however successful may be the pretense. But if the truth can not be wrung "on any personal subject from a man" what hope is there of finding it in a book?

Lady Bell's "Topics of Conversation" contains many suggestions for the hostess. Here is one that is entirely novel and not without its suggestiveness:

"I would strongly advise the anxious hostess to remove the wheels from her arm chairs as the wings of a bird are clipped, and have these more serious chairs dotted about in places where they will remain sometimes in couples and sometimes alone. But in either case let there be smaller chairs near which can be lifted and brought up to the side of the greater one; there must never be a sitting place for two without the possibility of at least another person joining them."

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The itinerant Irishman's grace after meat goes one better than the English farmer's "There," with an accompanying slap of the waistcoat. The Irish wanderer, having enjoyed a rare square meal, ejaculated with the fervor of his race, "Thank the Lord for the next; I am sure of this."

A well-known actor says that while his company was touring the South not long ago, he went into one of the "clubs" in a South Carolina town, where the dispensary system is in vogue. "What have you in the shape of periodicals?" the player asked of the dusky attendant. "Corn liquor, sah," promptly answered the attendant, "beer, and wine, hut mostly corn liquor, sah."

In Kansas City the police even arrest on Sunday musicians who give concerts. "But," says the marshal to the grand jury, "several persons who participated in the Philharmonic Orchestra's concert this week got away. We were unable to catch Beethoven, Rossini, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and R. Wagner, whose names appeared upon the programme. I would suggest that warrants be issued for them."

A very dignified bishop, after a long journey to conduct a service in a distant village, was asked by the spokesman of the reception committee if he would like a whisky and soda to keep out the cold. "No!" replied the bishop emphatically, "for three reasons. First, because I am chairman of the Temperance Society; secondly, I am just going to enter a church; and, thirdly, because—I have just had one."

An English visitor to Carnoustie last summer was one day starting a match when his caddie asked to see his cigarette case, and when it was handed to him coolly put it in his pocket. The visitor expostulated. The caddie responded: "It's a richt, sir. I'll gie it back to ye after the roond. Ye see, I've gotten hauf a croon on ye, an' I dinna mean ye to smoke till ye win! Gang on. I'll take care o' ye a richt."

David Belasco was talking about matinee idols. "Strange," he said, "the fascination that they exert upon young girls. I overheard the other day a literary conversation that is apropos. Two bald men were conversing. 'Did you ever read Shakespeare's "Love's Labor Lost"?' said the first. 'No,' growled the second headhead, "but I've taken my hest girl to the theatre, and heard her rave all through the show about the leading man's heavenly hair."

Two brothers were being entertained by one who was anxious to avail himself of their financial acumen. But, as ill luck would have it, the talk veered to other things. "Do you like Omar Khayyam?" thoughtlessly asked the host, trying to make conversation. It was the elder brother who plunged heroically into the breach. "Pretty well," he said, "but I prefer Chianti." Nothing more was said till the hankers were on their way home. "Jimmy," said Abe bitterly, breaking a painful silence, "why can't yer leave things yer don't understand to me? Omar Khayyam aint a wine, yer cuckoo; it's a cheese!"

Henry James lives at Rye, one of England's cinq portes, but recently he left Rye for a time and took a house in the country near the estate of a millionaire jam manufacturer, retired. This man, having married an earl's daughter, was ashamed of the trade whereby he had piled up his fortune. The jam manufacturer one day wrote Mr. James an impudent letter, vowing that it was outrageous the way the James servants were trespassing on his grounds. Mr. James wrote back: "Dear Sir: I am sorry to hear that my servants have been poaching on your preserves. P. S.—Excuse my mentioning your preserves."

Pat, a stout Orangeman from Munster, married Bridget, a native of Cork. In the parlor of their home on one wall hung a framed picture of the Pope, and on the other an equally elegant chromo of King William crossing the Boyne. Bridget was asked one day by an inquisitive friend how the religious peace of the family was preserved. "Poine," was the reply. "On the 12th of July Pat gets a little extra patriotic, when he is out with the 'bys.' Then he comes home, takes the Pope's picture from the wall, jumps on it and goes to bed. Then I takes King William down and pawns him, and with the money buys another Pope, and then in the mornin', bedad, Pat has to go down and get King William out o' pawn. Shure, we get along foine!"

The late Theodore Thomas was rehearsing the Chicago Orchestra on the stage of the Auditorium Theatre. He was disturbed by the whistling of Albert Burridge, the well-known scene painter, who was at work in the loft above the stage. A few minutes later Mr. Thomas's librarian appeared on the "bridge" where Mr. Burridge, merrily whistling, was at work. "Mr. Thomas's compliments," said the librarian, "and he requests-me-to state

that if Mr. Burridge wishes to whistle he will be glad to discontinue his rehearsal." To which Mr. Burridge replied, suavely: "Mr. Burridge's compliments to Mr. Thomas; and please inform Mr. Thomas that, if Mr. Burridge can not whistle with the orchestra, he won't whistle at all."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Eternal Problems.

Why, oh, why, will a chubbly man,
With a face like a chimpanzee,
Insist on dressing as loud as he can
And pose for all to see?

Why, oh, why, will a pretty girl,
With a fight and fluff bang,
Smilingly part her teeth of pearl
To emit a flood of slang?

Why, oh, why, will a woman fair,
On hailing a cable-car,
Pass empty seats with a haughty air
To sit where the smokers are?

—Chicago News-Record.

In a Dry-Goods Store.

"Where are the linens kept?" she asked.
"Down-stairs," was the reply.
She sweetly smiled and grabbed her train,
And quickly hastened by.
Once down, she ventured to inquire,
"The linens are they here?"
"Just three rooms over to the right,
And straight back in the rear."
At last she reached the point proposed.
"The linens?"—like a crash
The answer came, "Across the store,
Then six rooms over—Cash!"
Again she jostled through the crowd
And faintly asked the clerk:
"The linens, please?" "Upstairs," he said,
With a tantalizing smirk.
She reached the top quite out of breath;
"The linens, sir?" she said.
"In the annex building, five floors up,
And then walk straight ahead."
Accomplishing the long ascent,
Her temper sorely tried,
She sharply asked the man in charge,
With wrath she could not hide:
"Will you tell me where the linens are,
Or if they're in the store?"
"We used to keep them, ma'am," he smiled,
"But do not any more."
—Mittens Willett.

Advice to an Ambitious Poet.

Take an old farm with a field of sweet clover,
Flowery pots and a firmament blue,
Daisy-crowned meadows and larks flying over,
Have a love scene between Silas and Sue.
Sing without mention of grief or of sadness,
Pleasures of home life be free to rehearse,
Make the rimes sing with a echo of gladness—
Then you'll have what is styled "newspaper verse."

Take something dreary which you may hang Care on,
Stygian blackness, remorse, and regret.
Do not forget to make mention of Charon,
Sing something eerie of ghosts you have met.
Write so no reader can quite catch your meaning,
Let your rime go then for better or worse,
Top-heavy stanzas with madness careening—
Then you'll have what is styled "magazine verse."
—Roy Farrell Greene, in Puck.

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Authorized Capital - \$1,000,000.00
Paid-up Capital - 500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits 313,000.00

4% Interest Per Annum

Interest at the Rate of 4 per cent. per annum was paid on Deposits for Six Months ending Dec. 31, 1907

DIRECTORS
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THE WESTERN NATIONAL BANK
Of San Francisco, California
Condition at the close of business, February 14, 1908

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....\$1,670,343.86
U. S. Bonds to Secure Circulation 1,000,000.00
U. S. Bonds to Secure U. S. Deposits.....1,000,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures.....30,000.00
U. S. and Other Bonds \$903,412.86
Cash, Sight Exch. and with U. S. Treasurer 587,618.14

\$1,491,031.00

\$5,191,374.86

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock.....\$1,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....162,350.84
National Bank Circulating Notes.....999,997.50
U. S. Deposits.....1,000,000.00
Clearing House Acct. \$ 295,107.00
Bank Deposits.....62,514.11
Individual Deposits.....1,671,405.41

\$2,029,026.52

\$5,191,374.86

OFFICERS—Wm. C. Murdoch, President; F. L. Holland, Vice-President; J. K. Prior, Jr., Second Vice-President; Wm. C. Murdoch, Jr., Cashier; George Long, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS—B. C. Brown, Charles Brown & Son, Hardware; Chas. E. Hansen, President National Breeding Co.; F. L. Holland, Vice-President; Henry Lachman, Capitalist; Wm. C. Murdoch, President; Wm. C. Murdoch, Jr., Cashier; Jas. K. Prior, Jr., Vice-President; John H. Speck, Speck & Co., Real Estate.

The Anglo-Californian Bank, Ltd.
Established 1873
Head Office—London
Main Office—Pine and Sansome Streets, San Francisco
Branches—1030 Van Ness Avenue, 2049 Mission Street, San Francisco
Managers: I. Steinhart, P. N. Lilienthal
Capital paid in.....\$1,500,000
Surplus and undivided profits.....1,362,895
A General Banking Business Conducted.
Accounts of Corporations, Firms, and Individuals.
Safe Deposit Vaults at Van Ness Avenue and Mission Street Branches.

French Savings Bank
The French Savings Bank Building, 108-110 Sutter Street.
THE FRENCH-AMERICAN BANK
occupies offices in the same building.
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DIRECTORS—J. E. Artigues, O. Bozio, J. A. Bergerot, John Ginty, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, N. C. Bahin, George Belaney, H. de St. Seine.
Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

The German Savings and Loan Society
526 California St., San Francisco
Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 29, 1907.....38,156,931.28
OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President, Emil Rohte; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourney; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS—N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, J. W. Van Bergen, F. Tillmann, Jr., E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

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WASHINGTON DODGE, Pres.
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Market and Church Sts., San Francisco, Cal.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Until the last moment before Lent began the gayeties of the social world continued, but Ash Wednesday has brought a cessation to all frivolities. Those who are remaining in town are devoting themselves to church-going, charitable work, and bridge-playing, with visits to the tailor and dressmaker as well. Many of the leading people of society have either gone south or abroad or are contemplating an early fitting. Several weddings immediately after Easter will bring the wanderers back, as well as the arrival of the naval fleet during Holy week.

The engagement is announced of Miss Constance de Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, to Mr. Joseph Oliver Tohin. No date has been arranged for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Greenleaf of Charlestown, Massachusetts, to the Rev. George Maxwell of Christ Church, Sausalito. Their wedding will take place within a few weeks at the home of General Charles Greenleaf, U. S. A., retired, in Berkeley.

The engagement is announced of Miss Olga Sutro, daughter of Mrs. Therese Sutro and the late Gustav Sutro, and Mr. Philip Irving Manson, brother of Dr. Josef I. Manson. The wedding will take place in the immediate future.

The wedding of Miss Grace Irene Gwinn and Mr. Fred Howard Pierson will take place Monday evening, March 9, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence H. Pierson, 1727 Vallejo Street.

The wedding of Miss Florence Nightingale Boyd, daughter of Mr. Grant Boyd, to Dr. Richard Godfrey Brodrick, took place on Friday evening of last week in the chapel of Trinity Church, the Rev. Dr. Clappett officiating. Miss Ellen Page, the bride's cousin, was the maid of honor and her only attendant and Dr. Herbert Moore was the best man. After their wedding journey, Dr. and Mrs. Brodrick will make their home in this city.

The members of the Gayety Club were the guests of honor at a dance given on Monday evening in the hall room of the Fairmont by forty of the bachelors who have been the guests of the Gayety Club during the past season. The chaperons of the dance were: Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. John F. Boyd, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, and Mrs. Edward Barron.

The officers and ladies of the Presidio entertained at an informal dance at the post last night (Friday).

The last of the Friday Night dances, under the direction of Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, took place at the Fairmont on Friday evening of last week.

Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall was the hostess at a luncheon on Friday of last week at her home on Scott Street, at which Mrs. Whitelaw Reid was the guest of honor.

Mrs. Garret McEnerney was the hostess at a luncheon on Monday at the Fairmont in honor of Miss Georgie Spieker. Twenty-five guests were present.

Mrs. George Gibbs was the hostess at a luncheon on Friday of last week in honor of Miss Augusta Gibbs Foute.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun entertained at a dinner on Tuesday in the Red Room of the Fairmont Hotel, at which seventy guests were present. A musicale followed, in the hall room at 10 o'clock, to which about one hundred guests were invited. Supper was served at midnight. The guests at the dinner were:

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Garret McEnerney, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Joseph Crockett, Mr. W. B. Bourn, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Scott, Mr. and Mrs. McLaren, Mr. and Mrs. William Minter, Mr. and Mrs. Pillsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kohl, Mr. Black, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Herrin, Mr. and Mrs. James Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Eells, Mr. Edward Greenway, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson, Mr. and

Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. D. Ogden Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin, Mr. William H. Crocker, Mr. Mullaly, Mr. Holbrook, Miss Crocker, Miss Newhall, Miss Burden, Captain Jackson, Miss Keeney, Miss Julia Calhoun, Mr. Dillingham, Miss Helene Irwin, Mr. Richard Tohin, Mr. Warren, Miss Breckenridge, Mr. Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt, Mr. Lawson, Mr. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, Miss Elizabeth Newhall.

The guests at the musicale were:

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Anderson, Dr. and Mrs. Anderson, Miss Baker, Mr. Herbert Baker, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Cushing, Miss Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Creswell, Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering, Misses de Young, Mrs. and Miss Foute, Mr. and Mrs. James Follis, General and Mrs. Trevelyan, Mr. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Ford, Mr. William Fisher, Misses Griffith, Miss Florida Green, Mr. and Mrs. William Gwin, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hammond, Misses Hammond, Miss Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Homer King, Misses King, Mr. Frank King, Mr. and Mrs. James Langhorne, Miss Langhorne, Mr. James Langhorne, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Livermore, Miss Livermore, Mr. Jorman Livermore, Mrs. Constance Maynard Dixon, Miss Dixon, Miss Moore, Dr. and Mrs. MacMonagle, Mr. and Mrs. Fred McNear, Miss Maynard, Mr. Benjamin G. Maynard, Mr. Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Peyton, Captain and Mrs. Charles Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinsky, Mr. Eyre Pinkard, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney Palache, Dr. and Mrs. R. Knight Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stringham, Mr. and Mrs. Will Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Taylor, Mrs. Sallie Stetson Winslow, Miss Brown, Mr. Harry Stetson, Dr. Edward Morgan, Misses Joselyn, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith, Misses Havermeier, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. Arthur Brown, Mr. Percy King, Mr. DuVal Moore, Mr. Dick Girvin, Mr. Sidney Pringle, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Burnett, Mr. Young, Mr. William Paige, Mr. Frank Preston, Mr. Derby, Mr. Brett, Mr. Raymond Armshy, Dr. Russell, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Mr. Cyril Tobin, Mr. Joe Tobin, Mr. Stuart Lowry, Mr. and Mrs. Montague, Mr. Stott, Mr. and Mrs. Drown.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin entertained at a dinner on Saturday evening last at the Fairmont, their guests being Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, and Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels.

Mrs. Sallie Stetson Winslow was the hostess at a woman's dinner on Saturday evening last at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mrs. George Harding of Philadelphia. Fifteen guests were present.

Mr. Russell Bogue was the host at a dinner on Monday evening last at his home on Sacramento Street, the party going afterwards to the Bachelors' Ball at the Fairmont. Those present were: Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Maude Payne, Major and Mrs. McKinsty, Mr. Virgil Bogue, Mr. Frank Preston, and Mr. DuVal Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Marshall entertained at a dinner on Saturday evening last at the Claremont Country Club. Their guests were: Mr. and Mrs. William Bull Pringle, Dr. and Mrs. Odell, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, Miss Persons, Miss Pringle, Miss Hess Pringle, Miss Rockwell, Miss Mary Starr, Dr. Shad Beasley, Mr. Gayle Anderson, Mr. Gloucester Willis, Mr. Sidney Pringle, Mr. Beck, and Mr. Royden Williamson.

Mrs. E. N. Hibbs entertained fifty guests at bridge in the Green Room of the St. Francis Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague entertained at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Taylor of Boston.

Miss Marie Churchill was the hostess at a dinner on Friday evening of last week, her guests being Miss Anna Weller, Miss Marcia Fee, Dr. Raison, U. S. N., Midshipman George Barker, U. S. N., and Midshipman David S. Howard, U. S. N.

Mrs. John F. Boyd was the hostess at an informal bridge party on Friday afternoon last at her home on California Street.

Miss Augusta Foute was the hostess at a bridge party on Thursday evening of last week in honor of Miss Florence Breckenridge. Six tables of guests were present.

Miss Bertha Sidney Smith was the hostess at a tea on Monday of last week in honor of Miss Margaret Brown of Denver, Colorado.

Miss Eleanor Vernon de Fremery was the hostess at a tea on Tuesday last at the De Fremery home in Oakland in honor of Miss Ray Wellman.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Hewlett had as their guests for the holiday week-end, at the Hewlett ranch in Napa, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Harwood, Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Allen, Mr. and Mrs. J. Brockway Metcalf, Miss Jessie Wright, Miss Marian Huntington, Miss Grace Wilson, Mr. John M. Young, Mr. William Goldshorough, and Mr. Philip Paschel.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helene Irwin will leave in a few weeks for the East, and will sail about the end of April for Europe, where they will travel for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant sailed on Saturday last from New York for Europe, where they will travel until the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dillingham (formerly Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith) will sail on Tuesday next for their home in Honolulu.

Miss Claire Nichols, who has spent the winter in the East as the guest of relatives, will return here in about a fortnight.

Mr. Walter Dillingham will sail on Tuesday next for his home in Honolulu.

Mrs. Walter S. Newhall of Los Angeles has

been the guest here recently of Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance I. Scott motored to Del Monte last week, accompanied by Miss Margaret Newhall and Mr. Athole McBean.

Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick and Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick will leave next month for Europe, to remain abroad during the summer.

Baron von Schroeder has returned from his ranch in San Luis Obispo County and is at the Hotel Rafael. Baroness von Schroeder and the Misses von Schroeder will arrive some time this month from the south and will join Baron von Schroeder at the hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood have gone recently to New York for a stay.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Schmiedell of Ross Valley have recently been visiting at Del Monte as the guests of Mrs. Henry Schmiedell.

Miss Frances Thompson left last week for Santa Barbara, where she is the guest of Miss Betty Hammond.

Mr. H. C. Callahan and the Misses Callahan have given up the Allen house on Jackson Street which they have occupied during the winter. They will be guests at the Hotel Victoria for several months before going to their home at Mountain View.

Mrs. Helen Hecht has returned to San Francisco, after an absence of fifteen months, spent in visiting in New York, Boston, and the summer resorts in Europe. She is staying at the Hotel St. Francis with her brother, Mr. Bert R. Hecht.

Mr. Beverly Tucker has returned to Merced, after a stay of a month here.

Mrs. Uriel S. Schree, wife of Admiral Schree, U. S. N., has gone south, after a week's stay at the Fairmont, and will follow Admiral Schree's flagship, the *Tennessee*, from port to port.

Miss Virginia Jolliffe and Miss Gertrude Jolliffe have been the guests of Miss Jennie Crocker recently at the latter's home in San Mateo.

Mr. Gardiner Williams is here from his home in Washington, D. C., for a stay. He is a guest at the Fairmont.

Miss Enid Gregg has returned to her home in San Mateo, after a visit of a week's duration in town.

Mr. Joseph L. Eastland and Mr. W. Frank Goad have returned from a trip to Tahiti.

Mrs. Ynez Shorb White sailed on the transport on Thursday last for Manila, where she will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. John A. Murtagh, until her marriage to Captain Carroll Buck, U. S. A.

Miss Helen Bowie has been in town this week from her home in San Mateo, as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Bowie-Detrick.

Mrs. William J. Dutton and Miss Molly Dutton, who are touring the world, will spend Easter in Rome, where they will be joined by Miss Azalea Keyes from Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Kilpatrick of New York have taken apartments in the St. Francis, pending the completion of their residence in this city.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army
and navy people who are or have been
stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Major-General Adna Chaffee, U. S. A., retired,
arrived last week from his home in
Los Angeles for a visit.

Major-General Adolphus W. Greely, U. S. A.,
and Mrs. Greely sailed on Thursday last
for Manila, where they will visit for a few
months. General Greely, who is now on
leave, will be retired from active service
March 27.

Brigadier-General John B. Bahcock, U. S. A.,
retired, arrived here last week from his
home at Fort Clark, Texas, for a visit.

Colonel J. W. Duncan, U. S. A., chief of
staff, Department of California, has completed
the inspection of the officers' schools, the non-
commissioned officers' schools, and the en-
listed men's schools in this department.

Colonel John Biddle, U. S. A., chief en-
gineer officer, Department of California, re-
turned on Friday of last week from Hono-
lulu, where he has been on official business.

Major Augustus P. Blocksom, inspector-
general, U. S. A., and Mrs. Blocksom, sailed
on Thursday last on the transport for Ma-
nila, where Major Blocksom will report for
duty as inspector-general of the Philippines
Division.

Major Beecher Ray, paymaster, U. S. A.,
arrived on Friday of last week from the
Philippines on leave of absence.

Commander J. P. Parker, U. S. N., was de-
tached from duty at the Norfolk Navy Yard
on February 29, and will sail on March 10
for the Pacific Station, where he will assume
command of the Cavite Navy Yard.

Commander Henry C. Gearing, U. S. N., is
relieved of command of the Navy Yard, Ca-
vite, and ordered to assume command of the
cruiser *Chattanooga*.

Captain Conrad Bahcock, First Cavalry, U. S. A.,
and Mrs. Bahcock (formerly Miss
Marion Eells) sailed on the transport on
Thursday last for Manila. They have spent
some time here as the guests of Mrs. Bah-
cock's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Eells.

Captain Eugene P. Jervey, Jr., Tenth Cav-
alry, U. S. A., was ordered relieved from
treatment at the Army General Hospital, Pre-
sidio of San Francisco, and for temporary
duty at headquarters, Department of Califor-
nia, until the sailing of the transport, when
he departed to join his regiment in the Philip-
pines.

Captain Francis A. Pope, Corps of Engi-
neers, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at the
United States Military Academy, and will
proceed to Fort Mason and report, on April
15, to the commanding officer of the First
Battalion of Engineers, for assignment to duty
as commanding officer of Company A of that
battalion.

Lieutenant Anton Jurich, Fourteenth Cav-
alry, U. S. A., was operated on recently at the
General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco,
on account of a gunshot wound received nine
years ago, and is recovering rapidly.

Lieutenant Thomas A. Jones, Coast Artil-
lery Corps, U. S. A., Fort Baker, has been
granted one month's leave of absence.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Del Coronado
were Miss L. Feldman, Mrs. T. N. Feldman,
Mr. W. W. Torrey, Mr. E. V. Crowell, Mr. Paul M. Henry, Mr. T. J. Connor,
Dr. and Mrs. Henderson, Mr. H. M. Meyers,
Mr. L. M. Zriel, Mr. William H. Morrison, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at The Peninsula
Hotel, San Mateo, were Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Grow,
Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Howell, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Gunn,
Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Radke, Mr. Donald McDonald,
Miss Louise Elliot, Mrs. Edward Mills, Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Gahs,
Mrs. Isaac Sachs, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rosenfeld,
Miss C. K. Nicholson, Mr. Louis Rosenfeld, Judge and Mrs. J. M. Trout,
Mr. and Mrs. A. Repsold, Captain John Barneson,
Mrs. H. W. Hyman, Dr. W. C. Chidester, Mr. E. W. Chapin, Mr. Harry S. Dana,
Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Goodman, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bradley,
Mr. W. W. Carson, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Moseley, Mr. and Mrs. Phil B. Beckert,
Mr. and Mrs. John B. Casserly, Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Hihherd, of San Francisco.

The Kreischer Concerts.

Seldom, if ever, has a more interesting
programme of violin literature been offered
our music lovers than Fritz Kreischer has ar-
ranged for his opening concert at Christian
Science Hall, Sunday afternoon, March 8.

The opening number will be Haendel's A
major sonata, followed by Bach's beautiful
Sonata in G minor for violin unaccompanied.
Then comes a group of old Italian and French
works by Martini, Franccour, Couperin, Por-
pora, and Tartini, that no other violinist
would attempt to play in public, but under
the masterly how of Fritz Kreischer they fairly
sing themselves into the hearts of his audi-
ence. The third group of works will consist
of Dvorak's "Canzonetta," a Wieniawski
caprice, and one of the difficult Paganini
works.

His Thursday evening concert will be
equally interesting, and besides classics by
Bach, Corelli, Gluck, Pugnani, and others,
will contain two typical Viennese dance
waltzes by Lanner, and Wieniawski's "Airs
Russe." This programme will be repeated in
Oakland Friday afternoon at Ye Liberty
Playhouse.

Seats for the San Francisco concerts are
on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s stores, and
for the Oakland concert they will be on sale
Monday morning at the theatre box-office.

Crypt Cafe at the Fairmont.

The new Crypt Café is located on the Sa-
ramento-Street side of the Fairmont Hotel,
and is easily reached by the broad stairs that
are just under the grand staircase in the
lobby. The room is large and well arranged
—there are cozy nooks where business men
may talk over private matters while at their
lunch. In the centre are small and large
round tables about which congenial spirits
may gather. No detail has been overlooked
to make this place unique. John C. Kirk-
patrick, general manager of the Palace Hotel
Company, with whom the idea of the Crypt
first originated, has ordered special menus
for the patrons of this room.

6

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9:45 A	8:45 A	10:42 A	7:25 A
1:45 P	9:45 A	11:46 A	1:40 P
	10:45 A	1:48 P	4:14 P
	11:45 A	2:48 P	
SATUR- DAY	1:45 P	4:15 P	SATUR- DAY
	2:45 P	5:15 P	
4:45 P			9:30 P



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Sunday Time

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"Why is Jones raising a heard?" "Oh, I believe his wife made him a present of some ties."—*Leslie's Weekly*.

"What is instinct? It is th' nachral tendency iv wan whin filled with dismay to turn to his wife."—*Mr. Dooley*.

The Sunday comic supplements will be allowed to continue. The law is against amusements.—*New York Evening Mail*.

Madge—Why did you refuse him if he is such a prudent man? Dolly—He said he thought if he got married he could save more money.—*Puck*.

Patience—Don't you think great pianists are born? Patrice—Well, I don't believe any child is born with as much hair as a pianist has to have!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Ethel—Have you heard of Jack's engagement to Eleanor? Harold—Dear me! No. Then Jack has finally succeeded? Ethel—No; succumbed.—*London Tatler*.

She—I bear Miss Chatter is talking of getting married again. He—Didn't know she was ever married. She—She wasn't; I said she was talking of it again.—*Comic Cuts*.

First Sportswoman (after jumping a stile)—Come along. Do have a try! Second Sportswoman—Oh, it's all very well for you. But I'm going to be married next week!—*Punch*.

Reporter—I suppose you don't know what the senator thinks about this tariff reform business? Senator's Private Secretary—No; no more than you do. I only know what he says about it.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Mistress—Jane, I saw the milkman kiss you this morning. In the future I will take the milk in. Jane—"Wouldn't be no use, mum. He's promised never to kiss anybody but me."—*London Illustrated Bits*.

Tom (at the musicale)—Don't you think Miss Screecher sings with considerable feeling? Jack—Not so I can notice it. If she had any feeling for the rest of us she wouldn't sing at all.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Wouldn't you like to play a game of chess?" asked the man with the derby hat, as the train started from New York. "I won't have time," replied the man addressed; "I'm only going as far as Chicago."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Madame (to the nursemaid, who has just brought home her four children from a walk)—Dear me, Anna, how changed the children

look since I last saw them! Are you quite sure they are the right ones?—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"The office should seek the man, you know." "That's all right," replied the avowed aspirant, "but I gave it a fair chance, and it seemed diffident."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

"And do you mean to say you prefer Chollic? You told me that you always feel so perfectly at home with Algic." "So I do, but with Chollic I feel as if I were at a restaurant."—*Harper's Bazar*.

"Pardon me, sir," began the portly person in the railroad train to the man who sat next to him, "but what would you say if I sat on your hat?" "Suppose you sit on it and then ask me," suggested the other. "I did," admitted the portly persop, calmly.—*Harper's Weekly*.

"Things look rather run down around here," remarked the man who had returned after many years to his native village. "Run down? I should say so," replied the friend of his youth. "There's an automobile comes through here about every three minutes."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Harvey—You should have seen Hotayre swell up at that mindreading seance the other night when the blindfolded lady actually told him the number of his automobile. Beattie—But he has no auto. Harvey—Of course not. But he looked astounded and acknowledged she was right.—*Puck*.

"Well," said the young lawyer, after he had heard his new client's story, "your case appears to be good. I think we can secure a verdict without much trouble." "That's what I told my wife," said the man, "and yet she insisted at first that we ought to engage a first-class lawyer."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Lazy Lewis—I was told dat de farmer wot lives on dat hill paid his hands jist de same whedder dey worked er not, so I went an' hired t' him. Tired Thomas—Den youse played off sick, I reckon? Lazy Lewis—Yep, an' at de end ov de month I found dat he never paid nobody nothin' nohow.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Well," said the Devil, "I will let you off if you can think up three tasks which I can't accomplish." "All right," we observed, "bring us the Great American Novel, an interesting vaudeville show, and a fountain pen that won't leak." The old boy shrieked terribly, but there was nothing for him to do but to acknowledge gracefully that he was beaten.—*Puck*.

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THIRTY-FIRST YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Citizens' Rights Sustained in Nevada.

The Western Federation of Miners, whose immediate centre of activity is in southern Nevada, is finding, after a long period of license, that no class and no interest may permanently sustain claims and demands for special preferment and privilege. As all the world knows, the Western Federation by sheer force of numbers and by the terror inspired by its crimes has long controlled the mining camps of Idaho and Colorado and more recently of Nevada. Its latest demands were met not long ago by denial and resistance, and upon the initiative of the mine owners certain matters of privilege involved in bitter controversy were taken before the United States District Court at Reno. The plea of the mine owners was for protection of their property and of the men in their employ against interference on the part of the Western Federation. The case was bitterly fought by the unionists, who urged the right to maintain close surveillance over the properties which provide employment for miners, to maintain "pickets," and to do various other things in line with the general practice of trade unionism in its more advanced forms, all to the end of supporting the demand of unionism for monopoly of labor. Judge Farrington has, by a decision handed down last week, swept out of court this whole mass of sophistry, pretension, and

arrogance. He sustains the time-honored principles under which the right of every citizen to earn his living undisturbed by any other citizen is guaranteed. He declines to accord to union men any right or privilege which may not equally be enjoyed by independent workmen. He denies to the unionist the right to maintain "pickets" at the mines or by any other means to annoy or harass non-union men or to limit the rights of the mine owners.

Some day, let us hope, San Francisco will advance to the stage of respect for law and for citizens' rights that will lift it in a legal, moral, and social sense to terms of equality with southern Nevada. The day is not very far distant, let us hope, when that system of espionage of which "picketing" is an incident may be discredited and penalized here as it is in other civilized communities. Let us further hope that the time may come when any worthy citizen independent of a social or fraternal affiliation may enjoy the right to earn his living in any worthy trade unassailed by unionistie hoodlumism, and without discrimination on the part of weak-kneed employers. We can even find courage to hope that the day may not be very distant when the San Francisco police will be employed in the enforcement of the law and in protection of the inalienable rights of citizenship, rather than in coöperation with an arrogant and criminal unionism.

The Supreme Court Has Spoken.

The most important development of the week in connection with the graft cases is the decision rendered by the Supreme Court on Monday upholding the recent judgment of the Appellate Court in the Schmitz extortion case. The confirmation is sweeping and overwhelming, covering all points completely, leaving no basis of reason or justification for the denunciation with which the decision of the last named court was greeted, when it was rendered some two months ago, by those who felt themselves aggrieved by it. Especial emphasis, too, attaches to the confirmatory decision, due to the fact that, like the decision of the Appellate Court, it is unanimous. We have therefore a duplicated and cumulative judgment from two courts—twelve justices all told, men of the highest standing for professional learning and for personal honor—without one protesting or dissenting voice. Now, it is to be hoped, no further question will be raised by anybody as to what the law of California is with respect to the points recently at issue.

The decision as it now stands confirmed by the highest authority sustains absolutely the contention with which readers of this paper are familiar, namely, that however guilty an accused person may be in a moral sense, nevertheless he may not be arraigned for one crime and convicted of another. It still remains necessary for those who conduct criminal prosecutions to know the law sufficiently and so to conform to it in their pleadings as accurately to specify the crime upon which any given procedure is based. As the Argonaut remarked some weeks ago, the fault in this matter lies not with the judges who have declared the law, but rather with those who in drafting the complaint against Schmitz and Ruef so bungled their work as to allege an offense which the law does not define as a crime. There was, Heaven knows, in the infamous acts of Ruef and Schmitz enough to constitute a legal crime. There ought to have been in the prosecuting office wit enough and legal skill enough with a sufficiently close attention to the work in hand to draft an indictment that would stand the test of legal reasoning, in other words, of critical examination and judgment. The failure at this point must be set down either to the ignorance, the indifference, the carelessness, the over-confidence—or all these together—of those who have taken it into their hands to represent the people in the character of criminal prosecutors. They must stand condemned, if for nothing else, at least for bungling a job where the public had the right to expect scrupulous attention and high profes-

sional skill. And in this connection we can but wonder if the members of the prosecuting staff had given to their legitimate work—if they had put at the point where their responsibilities lay—the energies spent in futile and questionable ways, they might not have achieved more satisfactory results. Either these prosecuting agents deceived the public or they had clear and sufficient cases against both Schmitz and Ruef. And yet they have failed to make this first case stick through such failure to define their charges and through such neglect of legal forms as would have shamed a law student six months along in his professional studies. The failure, as the decisions both of the Appellate and Supreme Courts make plain, is directly due to faults which the simplest legal judgment, not to mention common sense and plain honesty, should have obviated.

The effect of this decision upon the general prosecution of Eugene Schmitz is, of course, not final. The charge of extortion to which the decision directly relates is but one of forty or fifty accusations resting against Schmitz and upon which indictments have been found. If these indictments, all of which stand upon charges presented by Messrs. Langdon, Heney, and their associates, were justly returned, then there ought to be no serious difficulty in gaining a conviction under at least one of them. Presumably, since many indictments have been brought under their initiative, the prosecutors have evidence that will convict. They still have or should have the game in their own hands, and it is hardly possible that among so great a number of formal accusations there has been such blundering in every instance as to render future efforts ineffective. What they should do now is to select from the many indictments in their hands one that will stand the test of critical judgment and, proceeding upon that one, to do what they have again and again assured the public they could do. True, the position of the prosecutors is not what it was, for since the beginning of the graft campaign there has been on their part a pitiful deterioration of moral credit. They stand today discredited not alone by their bungling in the case which has been thrown out of court, but by the general course of a procedure fairly reeking with the vices of selfish and malicious motives, double dealing, falsehood, intrigue, and chicanery. That they now have the power to rise above this record, we very much doubt. It is to be feared that through the exposures of time and events they have lost the capability of turning even the evidence in their hands to effective account. It is to be feared that their moral power is so vitiated and broken that the good work which they might easily have done at the beginning is now no longer possible at their hands. Those who recall the warnings of the Argonaut given again and again to the prosecution at times when it was turning away from the straight and narrow path of plain duty, will not wonder at the outcome. At least, the Argonaut does not wonder at a result which it clearly foresaw and which it foreshadowed with all the emphasis at its command.

Nothing, perhaps, in the course of this extraordinary incident has been so serious as effects growing out of passionate and denunciatory criticism by the prosecution, its allies, and sympathizers, of the Appellate Court decision. At home and abroad it has been represented that our courts are dishonest and therefore that there is no judicial protection for property in California. This calumny, spread broadcast and accredited by high moral pretensions, has done more to destroy the good name of California, to poison and vitiate the spirit of confidence, than any other of many adverse things which have happened us during the last two troubled years. We have a city to rebuild and we are helpless without the coöperation of other communities. Yet in the face of this situation there have been those ceaseless in misrepresentations tending to blacken our character as a people, as regardless of law and therefore unworthy of credit. Already our borrowers, by which title we designate those who are seeking means to re-

build San Francisco, are discovering the adverse effectiveness of a campaign of systematic libel. Already we are discovering in the form of discriminating rates of interest how terrible has been the damage done to San Francisco by noisy and persistent assaults upon that credit which here as everywhere rests upon the character of courts of justice. Who, let us ask, can calculate the weight of the blow given to community welfare by those who in their folly or in their malice have put upon California the burden of general distrust of the integrity of our courts? Shame upon those who have done this cruel wrong!

A Thing Wholly Vicious.

At one of the leading theatres of the city during the past week there were five performances of George Bernard Shaw's "unpleasant" play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession." The patronage given to this exploitation of a vile production may be accounted for in part by the reputation of its author as an audacious, clever playwright, but much more by the fact that the play had achieved the notoriety of police interference in New York through alleged indecency. The value of that kind of advertising is always quickly recognized in the show world. As an evidence of this it may be noted that the first presentation of the play in San Francisco was at one of the flimsy sheet-iron and canvas establishments that sprang up in the early days of reconstruction, a place that for a time had tried to attract the public with cheap and vulgar farces and burlesques. "Mrs. Warren's Profession" seemed suited to its purposes, but the effort to trade on the bad reputation of the play was a failure. The few who saw it did not have the hardihood to talk about it.

The character of this play not only unfits it for public presentation, but places it beyond critical consideration as a piece of dramatic literature. It is not possible to discuss the characters and topics of the play except with obscure terms and vague allusions. Even the subject of the title can not be named without offense—the author himself was unable to do so, in the caption or in the play. There is but one English word which describes the profession, or business, or trade, that Mrs. Warren followed, and that short, ugly word is not tolerated in modern literature. "Procuress" is its nearest verbal relative, but that term is inadequate and incomplete, for it represents but one phase of Mrs. Warren's activities and indicates the circumscribing of her powers. Some have believed it to be sufficient to say that the play is not intended for young people. That is but one of its offenses. It is not for old people or for middle-aged people with clean minds and unspoiled taste.

There are six persons in the play. One is a young man who accuses his father, a clergyman, habitually and in public with ignorance and hypocrisy, and rallies him about an earlier confidence concerning a compromising folly of his youth. He tells the young woman, after his first interview with her mother, that the elder woman is "rowdy and a bad lot." Another character is a worn-out old *roué*, the business partner of Mrs. Warren, who boasts to the daughter of the 35 per cent netted by their "houses." Among the most effective and technically clever bits of acting in the play are those of this simulated walking ulcer, in his attempts to ingratiate himself with the young girl, the one innocent though not unsophisticated character. A clergyman, represented as one who has made amends for youthful vice by going into the church, and who is still a canting, lying coward, is the figure of chief importance, next to Mrs. Warren. It is hardly necessary to say more of the latter. She is proud of her success in her profession, and has had her daughter brought up as a "respectable woman." The daughter is a girl just out of boarding-school, but with a worldly knowledge, a contempt for conventions, and a skill in question and answer, that are nearly marvelous. The sixth character is an artist, whose only claims to notice or to existence are his shady acquaintance with Mrs. Warren and his commendable reluctance when asked to explain it.

These are the personages whose intentions and speech make up the play. Through four acts the five despicable creatures revolve about this boarding-school young woman with a shrewish tongue, who finally rids herself of them. She has refused the money and the tentative social honors offered her and begins work in a law office. The lesson enforced is that all society is corrupt or complaisant. The moral offered is that the daughter of a depraved woman will turn from her mother with loathing when she arrives at years of discretion and a knowledge of the shameful truth. The

topic is no more suited to stage exposition than the vices and contagion which the white race has carried to the black and red peoples.

This play is not offered as a treatise on gynecology, with terms and descriptions eloquently informed for those to whom it might properly be addressed. It is fiction, with imaginary characters, of hypothetical impulses. It is not, like "Du Barry," an attempt to picture a historical episode and reconstruct from portraits and memoirs the figures that moved in it. It is a familiar and contaminating exposition of depravity, with unanswered arguments for its perpetuation and compensations delivered by the depraved. It can not offer even the sentimental plea for existence that is urged for "Camille," "Sappho," and "Zaza," for it is not a story of human passion and weakness, of repentance and expiation. It is, briefly, an unscrupulous bit of advertising.

To those who have a sincere regard for the drama, to those who resent any attempt to defile the springs of literature, the play is an affront that is hardly to be passed in silence. The measure of its destructive influence is greater than that of the merely trivial, the flashily meretricious, for it is skillfully constructed and seriously addressed. Its influence will persist long after the play has lost the power to fill a theatre. The audience that endured it last Saturday night was made up of all sorts and conditions. Couples of youthful appearance as well as of middle age had the high-priced seats, while men old and young, and boys, were on the outer and rear fringe in appreciable numbers. During the progress of the play there was little applause, and even that came at curiously inapt periods. At the end the people went out quickly and with little chatter of comment. This is not surprising. It is not easy to guess just what was said of the show by the youth to his sweetheart, by the husband to his wife. It is easier to imagine the irreverent remarks of the unaccompanied men and boys. There are Mrs. Warrens in San Francisco, and even if few of them cared to see on the stage a literary version of their accomplishments, it is hardly probable that they objected to this high-class advertisement of their profession.

A Bay Tunnel Project.

We note the organization of a company for the purpose of tunneling San Francisco Bay somewhat in line with a plan discussed in these columns within the month, the whole matter being a revival of a project conceived some thirty years ago. The example of the Hudson River tunnels is unquestionably the immediate suggestion in this matter, for if the Hudson River can be tunneled successfully on both sides of Manhattan Island, there is no reason why a similar success may not be achieved here. Assurance at the points of good faith, of energetic initiative, and of financial resource are afforded in connection with the new movement by the names of F. M. Smith, F. C. Havens, E. A. Heron, H. Wadsworth, and Dennis Searles. These men have done things before in a large way and may be said to have the habit of carrying forward big enterprises successfully. If they shall go seriously at the business of tunneling San Francisco Bay there will be none to doubt the outcome.

The names connected with this new proposal sufficiently indicate its connections and affiliations. Whatever Mr. Smith and his associates do will be done in connection with what is known as the Key Route system of transportation, which with its associated land enterprises is transforming the whole trans-bay region. The plan plainly enough is to bring Key Route trains not merely to the pier head east of Goat Island, but to a terminus—perhaps to several termini—in San Francisco. Carried into execution, it will reduce the time between central points east of the bay and San Francisco to thirty minutes or perhaps a still shorter period, making the east-bay region as accessible as the Western Addition. What this will imply in relation to the general development of San Francisco, and particularly to the regions across the bay, can be more easily imagined than described.

If as suggested the Key Route people shall enter upon the work of tunneling the bay it will mean almost immediately a similar work on the part of the Southern Pacific, and probably the Western Pacific as well. No transportation company doing business with San Francisco can permit itself to be outdone by any other. Whatever facilities one company makes for itself others will surely duplicate. This principle has been signally illustrated in the history of the Hudson River tunneling. It is only six or seven years ago that the North River enterprise, long regarded as a dream of

colossal folly, was taken up practically and earnestly, and it is only two weeks ago that the under-river route was opened to regular traffic. Yet today there are thirteen tunnels either wholly or in part constructed under the two channels of the Hudson River, and still others are projected. Doubtless we shall have a similar experience here, not only one tunnel but several.

In the nature of things, the work of tunneling so wide a reach as the space between the east and west shores of San Francisco bay will be very costly, but there are no problems connected with it. It is merely a matter of investment, and when it is remembered that approximately thirty millions of persons cross San Francisco Bay every year, it will be seen that the earning power is great enough to prompt almost any conceivable financial venture.

Mr. Bryan's Programme.

The Democratic party of Nebraska assembled in convention at Omaha on the 4th instant was from start to finish a Bryan ratification meeting. By formal resolution it characterized Mr. Bryan as "the ideal American citizen—the ideal Democrat." This sweeping indorsement was followed by the adoption of a platform largely drawn by Mr. Bryan and of interest as foreshadowing the Bryan national programme, for which organized Democracy will stand in the coming national campaign.

Bryanized Democracy "believes with Jefferson" in States' rights as distinct from centralization. It objects to the substitution of Federal remedies for State remedies in connection with transportation and other abuses. It insists that foreign corporations shall submit their legal disputes to the courts of the States in which they do business. It favors the election of United States senators by direct vote, regarding this reform "as the gateway of all other national reforms." Asserting its hatred of trusts and predatory corporations, it demands (1) a law preventing the duplication of directors among competing corporations; (2) a Federal license system for corporations under which their powers shall be limited. It demands immediate revision of the tariff. It favors income and inheritance taxes, national irrigation work in the arid West, the preservation of forests, liberal appropriations for the Panama Canal and for interior waterways, and a liberal pension policy. With respect to railroads, Bryanized Democracy demands an enlargement of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission with legislation prohibiting fictitious capitalization and establishing transportation rates "where they will yield only a reasonable return on the present value of the railroads." It opposes any financial legislation excepting such as puts the power of initiating emergency and all other currency in the hands of the government. It favors the eight-hour day. With respect to what are called the labor issues, Bryanized Democracy would (1) so modify the law of injunctions as to prevent the issuing of the writ in industrial disputes except after notice to defendants and full hearing; (2) it would permit trial before a judge other than the one who issued the writ; and (3) it would have a jury trial in all cases where the alleged contempt is committed outside the presence of the court. It renews the demand for restricting emigration of Orientals.

We give this summary of the Nebraska platform, since beyond a doubt it represents the general lines upon which Mr. Bryan will contend a third time for the presidency of the United States. On the whole, there is nothing new in Mr. Bryan's plan—nothing that he has not urged before. He has always been for tariff reform, likewise he has always been "friendly" to the claims of labor; likewise he has always been disposed to check the free activities of corporations. In truth, his programme is more remarkable for what it omits than for what it asserts. There is, it is to be noted, no effort to revive the silver issue, likewise no urgency of the scheme of national acquisition of trunk railway lines advocated by Mr. Bryan immediately after his return from his famous journey around the world. There is, in brief, nothing in Mr. Bryan's programme calculated to stir anybody's blood. There is no "ring" to any feature of his platform.

The truth is that Mr. Bryan is his own platform; and to know what he stands for and what he would be likely to stand for in the presidency, we must study his temperament, his habits of thought, his personal history, rather than anything that may be put forth as a scheme of party policy. Furthermore, it is to be borne in mind that if Mr. Bryan should be elected he would be under the necessity of dealing with a Republican Senate securely entrenched for at least four years.

This, it hardly needs to be said, renders Mr. Bryan's radical proposals, whatever they may be and whenever he shall get around to them, of no special significance, since in any event he will have small chance of imposing them upon the country. In considering Mr. Bryan as a possible President, the practical question relates not so much as to his views with respect to national legislation as to his tendencies as an administrator. For while he would not as President be able during the next four years to do much with the laws of the country, he would as President exercise large powers at the points of interpreting and enforcing the laws. But Mr. Bryan is not likely to be President, therefore it doesn't matter much practically what his tendencies are.

A Deluge of Affidavits.

If the *Argonaut* were to give up every inch of its sixteen pages to the presentation of affidavits filed within the week in Judge Lawlor's court in connection with Abraham Ruef's demand to be "set back" to where he stood prior to his immunity intrigue with Heney *et al.*, there would hardly be room enough for all. First came an affidavit by a housemaid employed last summer in Ruef's private prison declaring with a wealth of confirmatory circumstance that she overheard a conversation between Ruef and Detective Burns in which the latter sought by cajolements and threats to induce the former to testify to "facts" which he, Ruef, declared to be outside the truth. This was followed by an affidavit on the part of Ruef himself setting forth in great detail circumstances which many have suspected in connection with his treatment in the private prison. He details not only one but many interviews, all tending to hope of reward or fear of vengeance to make him "come through" with testimony sufficiently "strong" to convict Patrick Calhoun. We shall not undertake even to summarize a document which runs to great length and which may be had in full by any curious reader from many easily available sources. It is enough to say that Ruef's statement, if true, is sufficient to brand the prosecution as guilty of a dozen gross offenses, in which perjury, subornation of perjury, plain falsehood, and criminal intrigue figure as commonplace incidents. The purpose of all this is to sustain Ruef's demand to be "set back"—that is, to have restored to him certain rights of procedure lost because of his reliance upon the good faith of the prosecution under its contract of immunity. Among other arguments in Ruef's demand to be "set back" is this, namely, that the indictment returned against him in the bribery cases was based in part upon his own testimony, given under the general guaranty of his promise of immunity.

Equally important and very much longer—for it runs into the prodigious volume of 65,000 words—is a counter affidavit filed on Tuesday by Francis J. Heney with a view to meeting charges made by Ruef and others whose affidavits have preceded his own. To understand the general significance of this voluminous statement, it is necessary to consider the situation in which Mr. Heney found himself previous to putting it forth: He was charged with having stated falsely in the course of a political address in the campaign of last October that complete immunity had been asked for by Ruef but denied. He was further charged with falsely stating to the Ford jury that no pledge of complete immunity had been given. In support of these allegations stands the immunity contract itself, made and signed in May of 1907, with the more recent affidavits of Reverend Kaplan and Reverend Nieto detailing circumstances under which the immunity bargain was made. Let it be recalled that the testimony of the two clergymen detailing the circumstances of the immunity deal distinctly connects Mr. Heney with the statutory crime called subornation of perjury. For, be it remembered, the story of the clergymen is that at the famous midnight meeting a bargain was struck under which in return for complete immunity Ruef was to give certain testimony desired by the prosecution. Two of the four parties to that meeting, Kaplan and Nieto, have spoken positively; a third party to it, Judge Dunne, thus far resisting invitations, suggestions, and processes, has contrived to maintain silence. A time had come when Mr. Heney must speak, for he has lain under these several implications and charges since January 18, when Langdon gave the immunity contract to the public and when a day or two later Kaplan and Nieto gave out confirmatory statements.

Two courses have lain open to Mr. Heney and there has been much speculation as to which horn of the dilemma he would seize. He could (1) admit the facts

as stated by the clergymen and give them such color and justification as he could; or (2) he could deny the story outright and denounce it as a fabrication. In his affidavit filed on Tuesday he takes the latter course. Despite the specific engagements of the immunity contract itself, despite the circumstantial allegations of Ruef, despite the positive sworn declarations of the two clergymen, Mr. Heney gives the lie to the whole business. He affirms that Ruef was never promised complete immunity, but was given to understand that he must accept sentence for extortion. It was, he says, expressly stipulated that no request for leniency would be made by the prosecution in the extortion case unless Ruef's testimony proved to be of as much benefit to the prosecution as it was understood that it would be, and further unless Ruef should furnish corroboration of his testimony. The attempt of Supervisors Wilson and Gallagher to deal with Ruef at the Little St. Francis Hotel on an immunity basis was without the authorization of himself or Langdon. The entrance into the case of Kaplan and Nieto, he declares, was upon their own initiative. It was affirmed by Ach, so Heney declares, that Ruef would in his testimony under the immunity engagement implicate certain "big people," specifically naming Schmitz, Calhoun, Ford, and Herrin. He further declares that no promise was exacted, as Kaplan and Nieto assert, from either Judges Dunne or Lawlor, that cases against Ruef should be dismissed.

This is by no means a complete summary of Mr. Heney's affidavit or even an outline of it. No satisfactory summary could be given of a document of 65,000 words in such space as the *Argonaut* has at its command. We have thought it sufficient for the purposes of this writing to set forth Mr. Heney's sweeping denial, extraordinary and amazing as it is in the face of the many circumstances by which it is disputed. His whole statement is in fact a defense exonerating him from any part in the immunity deal by alleging that there was no such deal—this, be it remembered, in the face of the immunity contract itself, which has been officially given to the public plus the testimony of Ruef and the two clergymen. Under these circumstances, Mr. Heney's sweeping denial must be admired for its boldness, even if it be not commended at the point of credibility. His defense completely exonerates him—that is, if he can make it good.

But here—at the point of making good—Mr. Heney has to face not only the facts and conditions above set forth, but a succession of events all tending to his discredit. If there was no contract for complete immunity with Ruef, why on January 16 did Langdon go with Burns and Ruef to Judge Dunne's chambers and beg Judge Dunne to permit the plea of guilty under indictment 305 to be withdrawn? Why on January 9 to 16 did Langdon and Burns conduct a series of negotiations with Ruef in connection with carrying out the immunity arrangement? Again, the immunity contract was made public on January 19 and Nieto's complementary statement was made public the same day. During the several weeks intervening between these developments and last Tuesday the whole course of Heney's associates has tended to acknowledgment of the existence of the complete immunity arrangement. The fact has been tacitly acknowledged by prosecuting organs and by various public procedures. Why has Mr. Heney until now remained silent while there was being said and done by his associates and apologists unnumbered things inconsistent with the truth of his present allegations? Among other things, why did Judge Dunne decline to stand by the arrangement for immunity if no such immunity existed; and why did Langdon and Burns in Heney's absence undertake to bring Judge Dunne to terms?

We can see no possible way by which Mr. Heney's statement can be made to coincide with unnumbered facts and events, including the immunity contract itself and the positive testimony of two clergymen who could have no motive to tell a falsehood, combined with acts of Heney's own associates. The conviction is overwhelming that Mr. Heney, finding himself in a hole, has endeavored to brazen the thing out, to sustain by a bold front a position which has no leg of fact to stand on. Possibly he has done what he has done by way of pitting his own word against that of Kaplan and Nieto and thereby saving himself against the penalties which the law provides for bribery and subornation of perjury. Probably he expects from Judge Dunne a statement in relation to the famous midnight meeting confirmatory of his own statement and at odds with the testimony of Kaplan and Nieto. In that case the evidence will stand two against two—the public being left to determine as between the Lady and the Tiger.

The several affidavits above referred to by no means complete the tale. As the *Argonaut* goes to press, a sworn statement at great length and in precise line with that made by Heney two days previously comes from Mr. Langdon. Abe Ruef, too, comes to the front with still another chapter in this delectable history; and it is promised that his attorney, Ach, will enter into the proceedings as a witness by affidavit in rebuttal of statements made by Heney. We are in the midst of a deluge of affidavits and yet it appears that only a beginning has been made. What hope there may be for survival of the truth and for safeguarding justice in the midst of this wild turmoil of passion, vituperation, and perjury, the *Argonaut* will not undertake to prophesy. It is weary to dejection and disgust of the whole wretched business and prays for the day when San Francisco may wash its hands of the whole vile crew, and return to normal and decent things.

The Church and the Criminal.

A singularly futile attempt to make sectarian capital from the murder of a priest in Denver ought not to go unnoticed. The assassin was a Sicilian and his victim was engaged in public worship when the shot was fired. There is no doubt that the murderer was an anarchist if that is indeed the correct term to apply to the homicidal maniacs that appear all over the world at irregular intervals. He says himself that he did not intend to commit murder, but only to hit the vessel that the priest was carrying. He also says that he mistook the dead man, who was a German, for some other priest with whom he had once quarreled in Sicily. It does not, of course, matter much what he says, except as showing the ferocity by which such wild creatures are animated. No measures against them can be too severe.

But now comes the *Monitor*, ready and eager to profit religiously from a crime that has no religious significance whatever. There is not a scintilla of evidence that the dead man was murdered because he was a priest, or that anarchists have any special hostility against the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church. Out of the great number of similar crimes that have disgraced the last two decades we do not remember that any previous victim was a priest and we can not, therefore, accept the church in its self-selected light as the one immovable bulwark against anarchist crime or a main object of anarchist vengeance.

The arguments of the *Monitor* are amusing in their assumption of popular ignorance. It asks us what we can expect but riot, murder, and sudden death so long as the "yellow press" is allowed to say disrespectful things against the Catholic church. In explanation of a crime in Denver where the victim happened to be a priest we are reminded that a "yellow" newspaper printed a picture of the burning to death of a woman by monks, and another picture of Abelard and Heloise in each other's arms. What, we are asked, must be the inevitable result of such things, and as a reply we are asked to consider the crime in Colorado!

Could anything be more puerile? Does the *Monitor* mean to say that women have never been burned and butchered by order of the church, or only that such things ought not to be referred to in modern society? Does the *Monitor* mean to say that the mutual sentiments of Abelard and Heloise were always of the undemonstrative kind, and that the vows of convent and cloister have never been violated in the history of Christendom, or only that such lapses should be buried in a polite oblivion? Does the *Monitor* further suggest that a belief in the horrors of religious persecution, or in the occasional human frailties of monks and nuns, is evidence of anarchic tendencies and ought to be punished by deportation or otherwise? It would seem so.

Now, if the *Monitor* means merely to deprecate a needless crimination and recrimination between religious systems it has our hearty accord, but if it is trying to take advantage of an unrelated crime by a maniac in Denver in order to discredit its own legitimate opponents, then it is making a tactical mistake and one that must recoil. The history of the churches, of the Catholic and of all others, with some few exceptions, is one long continued story of persecution, and such a thing as woman burning is a mere monotonous incident in that story. In the earlier days the opportunity to persecute was mainly in the hands of the Catholic church, and therefore its record of persecution, and of woman burning, is the longest. Other churches with lesser power have shorter records, but the spirit was the same. Surely this is not in any way open to dispute. Presumably the *Monitor* does not ask us to believe that

the circumstantial and voluminous history of every country in Europe, so far as it relates to persecution by Catholics, and woman burning by Catholics, is all one vast myth, that such things were never done in Holland, or in Spain, or Italy, or Germany, or England? Must we really repudiate the unchallenged history of the world at the risk of being deported as anarchists, or do we become anarchists only when we venture to speak or write of such things?

By all means let bygones be bygones and let us forget the cruelties practiced by Catholics upon Protestants, by Protestants upon Catholics, and by both Protestants and Catholics upon Jews, infidels, and unbelievers, at the same time taking good care that opportunity shall never again bring temptation in its train. But to suggest that a casual newspaper reference to historical events many centuries old could have produced the crime at Denver or any other crime is unworthy of the *Monitor* because it is so puerile.

A Horror—and Its Lesson.

Since the Iroquois horror at Chicago three years ago, nothing has so distressed the country as the school disaster at North Collingwood, a suburb of Cleveland, on the 4th instant. Out of three hundred children in attendance upon a public school nearly two hundred were crushed or burned to death as a result of conditions which ought never to have existed. The school building was too high; its halls were too narrow; all but one of its too few exits were impassable through disuse; doors opened inward, therefore could not be opened against a crowd of little ones who rushed against them. And because of these things two hundred children came to the cruellest of deaths. It was nothing short of wholesale murder, and the guilty ones are those who defied all rules of common sense in the construction of the school building and who permitted it to be used in spite of its obvious faults.

San Francisco is in a position to turn this cruel and awful object lesson to practical account. We are about to renew upon a wholesale plan the school houses destroyed by fire two years ago; and in doing it we ought, with the Collingwood incident in mind, to have a care to protect our children against just such conditions as wrought the terrible results last week. We ought to have special care, in view of the fact of our liability to earthquake shocks and therefore to panic in schools. No school house in San Francisco ought to be more than two stories high. Every school house ought to be so constructed as to provide at least four exits for each floor. Every stairway ought to be so protected as to limit the liability if not the possibility of a general crush in which so many little ones were beaten down and trampled to death at Collingwood. Of course, such a system of school buildings would be costly. The cheaper way is to pile story upon story, as in times past, involving from three to five stairways between the higher floors and the street. But because it is cheaper to build school houses of several stories is no justification for doing it. If we do this—if we follow the old fashion for the sake of economy—some sad day we shall pay the penalty in just such a wretched incident as that which has spread mourning throughout Collingwood.

Of course, we shall be tempted by architects to pursue conventional schemes of building. Your average architect is always devoted to what he calls an artistic ideal. His aim commonly is to make a beautiful picture. Leave the architects alone and they will give us school houses beautiful to look at, unmarred by outside means of exit. But what is wanted is safety rather than beauty. If we can get both together, well and good; but if one must be sacrificed, let us save that which will safeguard us against such horrors as that of Collingwood.

A Good Work Well Done.

If there be anybody to doubt the practicability of thoroughly cleaning the streets of San Francisco, we invite him to a close inspection of the district bounded by Clay, Front, Pacific, and East Streets. It will be remembered that in last week's *Argonaut* we spoke in detail of a movement inaugurated in the district named, which is largely devoted to the commission business and which has long been notorious for the bad character of its streets and for their accumulations of dirt and miscellaneous refuse. The movement for cleaning up the district is now less than two weeks old, yet today there is no section of San Francisco that can match it for tidiness of appearance and for the thoroughness with which the work of sanitation has been done. The work includes not the streets alone but the insides of the

stores, the Colombo vegetable market, and the sidewalks throughout the district.

In the success of the district project for cleanliness and in the enthusiasm aroused by this accomplishment, still another form of ambition has been developed. Having now the cleanest streets in San Francisco, the commission men are eager to have the best streets as well. In cleaning the streets the ten thousand broken places and chuck-holes which have existed since time immemorial have been more prominently brought into view; and at the same time practices of inattention and delay in street matters hitherto regarded as a matter of course have become offensive and onerous. The committee under whose initiative the district was cleaned up—Messrs. Wetmore, Malcolm, and Davis—are now pushing hard for re-paving, with the idea of making the thirty blocks of street within their district smooth and uniform as well as clean. It is a case where one good achievement has prompted another; and in the end we are likely to see a district long regarded as hopeless in its conditions, lead the van of progress.

The work accomplished in the commission district has had the good effect of stimulating ambition in the contiguous regions. On all sides there have been requests for the extension of the improvement district to include neighboring blocks, with volunteer assurances with respect to assessments to cover the cost. However, the initiators of the commission district clean-up can not see their way towards enlargement of the sphere of their responsibilities. They can not take in more territory without increasing their administrative burden, and this manifestly would be an injustice. What they can do, however, is to supply an object lesson with the example of methods by which similar results may be attained. If there is any other district in the city ambitious to exploit itself in the matters of cleanliness and sanitation, the commission district will cheerfully show how the thing may be done. In this connection we may quote certain questions and answers which a prominent merchant of the commission district, legitimately proud of what has been done, has compiled. From this modern catechism we quote a few sample paragraphs.

Question—How can we raise money? Answer—*Raise it.*

Question—How can San Francisco be clean? Answer—*Clean it.*

Question—How can we do it? Answer—*Do it.*

There is undeniably a certain swagger of neighborhood conceit in these questions and answers, but the *Argonaut* will not undertake to say that it is not justified. The commission district has indeed "*raised, cleaned, and done it.*" If any other part of San Francisco is ambitious of the same kind of comfort, advantage, and distinction, the way is open. All that needs to be done to accomplish all that the commission merchants have done is to come together earnestly and go to work. There is the whole secret.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

What does the twice-defeated and persistently perennial presidential candidate from Nebraska mean by proclaiming that the "Roosevelt policies were mine," asks *Leslie's Weekly*. How long since Mr. Bryan on the Democratic side or Mr. Roosevelt on the Republican side, or any other man on either side, has taken over from his party the making of its policies? It used to be the party's policy that we talked about. Now it seems to be the policy of a single person. We are exalting the man and forgetting the party. Formerly the platform, carefully written by the delegates in national convention, was regarded as the official statement of its policies. Now a single person presumes to speak for all in his party. Have times so changed that one man is to usurp the functions of all? Any candidate of any party who would say in his letter of acceptance that he stood on the platform of the party, but that he reserved to himself the privilege of rewriting it to suit himself, repudiating parts of it and accepting other parts, would create a party revolution and invite disastrous defeat. The purpose of a national convention, as much as the choice of a ticket, is to recite in the most formal way the party's doctrines for which the candidate must stand. If he can not accept the platform he can not honestly and fairly accept the nomination. If the delegates thought that he would not stand on the platform they formulated they would cast him out as unworthy of consideration. When Mr. Bryan, therefore, speaks of his policies he takes a revolutionary attitude toward his party, challenging its opposition and inviting another and inevitable defeat.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* (Dem.) says of the broken deadlock in Kentucky: "The political death of Beckham, like the physical death of his ally, Hargis, was logical. Each reaped as he had sown. . . . If it is also the end of Beckhamism it will be the beginning of reanimated democracy. The senator-elect is an old-line, thorough-going Republican, and regrettable as it is that a sound exponent of democracy could not be elected, the elimination of Beckham, both now and in the next campaign, clears the way for the party to kick the remnants of the shattered machine out of its path and come into its own again."

Herman Ridder of the New York *Staats-Zeitung* called at the White House February 29 and urged the President to carry out his pledge to the newspaper publishers that he would use his efforts to secure the removal of the duty on wood pulp and print paper. When the big delegation of publishers called on the President several months ago to talk about the alleged oppression by the combination of paper manufacturers,

Mr. Roosevelt assured them that he was entirely in sympathy with their desire that the duty be removed. He said, however, that as there was to be no tariff revision this year the matter would be urged upon Congress purely as a measure to prevent the wholesale destruction of our forests. He said that if there should be a free importation of wood pulp from Canada the drain on our own forests would be much smaller. At the same time the removal of the duty would whack the paper trust. The President did not say whether he thought the Canadians would withhold the imposition of an export tax in case of the repeal of the wood pulp duty by the Congress of the United States.

We presume the platform of the Republican convention will point with pride to the increase of the Philippine Islands from 1200 to 1341 under this administration, says the Boston *Globe*, as a tag to comment on the new map of our Oriental possessions.

The Republican United States senators whose terms expire March 3, 1909, are: Allison of Iowa, Ankeny of Washington, Brandegee of Connecticut, Dillingham of Vermont, Foraker of Ohio, Fulton of Oregon, Gallinger of New Hampshire, Hansbrough of North Dakota, Hemenway of Indiana, Heyburn of Idaho, Hopkins of Illinois, Kittredge of South Dakota, Long of Kansas, Penrose of Pennsylvania, Perkins of California, Platt of New York, Smoot of Utah, and Stephenson of Wisconsin.

The Democratic United States senators whose terms expire March 3, 1909, are: Bryan of Florida, Clarke of Arkansas, Clay of Georgia, Gore of Oklahoma, Johnston of Alabama, Latimer of South Carolina, McCreary of Kentucky, McNary of Louisiana, Newlands of Nevada, Overman of North Carolina, Stone of Missouri, Teller of Colorado, and Whyte of Maryland.

The following will be the electoral vote of the States in 1908: Alabama 11, Arkansas 9, California 10, Colorado 5, Connecticut 7, Delaware 3, Florida 5, Georgia 13, Idaho 3, Illinois 27, Indiana 15, Iowa 13, Kansas 10, Kentucky 13, Louisiana 9, Maine 6, Maryland 8, Massachusetts 16, Michigan 14, Minnesota 11, Mississippi 10, Missouri 18, Montana 3, Nebraska 4, Nevada 3, New Hampshire 4, New Jersey 22, New York 39, North Carolina 12, North Dakota 4, Ohio 23, Oklahoma 7, Oregon 4, Pennsylvania 34, Rhode Island 4, South Carolina 9, South Dakota 4, Tennessee 12, Texas 18, Utah 3, Vermont 4, Virginia 12, Washington 5, West Virginia 7, Wisconsin 13, Wyoming 3. Total, 483.

Electoral vote necessary to choice, 242.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Word About Trouble-Makers.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 9, 1908.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—The peculiar attitude of the instruments of publicity in this country toward Japan can hardly be accidental. It offers every evidence of design. Our people must be very sober-minded or the United States may be found engaged in the ignoble task of pulling chestnuts out of the fire for some other nation.

M. Clar, a Frenchman, was in New York recently, emitting interviews in which he declared that war between the United States and Japan is necessary and inevitable. Indeed, he said war would be on now, had he not forbidden the French to loan money to Japan to finance it!

After M. Clar ceased talking and sailed away home, another Frenchman landed in New York and as soon as his baggage had passed the custom house, announced that he had already learned that the government at Washington was preparing an identical note to the Powers against Japan respecting the "open door" in Manchuria.

Backing up these extraordinary things, the American press has abounded in "news" regarding the Japanese. It was extensively published that Japanese had been discovered in two of our navy yards, making notes and maps and plans. Private inquiry of the superintendents of the two yards developed that nothing of the kind had occurred, but this disproof, if given to the press, was not published. Then a man was said to have been seen in the night prowling near a State armory of the National Guard in this city, and the daily papers said it was a Japanese who was trying to steal the regular army maps and plans of the batteries and defenses of San Francisco which were in the State armory! Rather promptly it was shown that no such maps and plans were in the armory, but this exposure of the first story had no circulation. Readers of the daily press and of the Associated Press dispatches will recall the number of such stories, all untrue, that have been printed in the last six months. But, though false, they have had considerable effect upon American sentiment, and their very falsity and injustice have had a reflex effect upon public opinion in Japan.

These vain and vague tales have served as a background for the numerous organizations of European aliens in the midst of us, formed to urge exclusion of all classes of Asiatics. If the people, misled by the press, believe all the stories about Japan's warlike intentions and about Japanese spies and map and plan thieves, then they will tolerate the threat of the meeting of exclusionists in Colorado which recently threatened that it would force congressional action by bloodshed. Following this threat to force the nation's hand by murder, Mr. Tveitmo's exclusion convention in Seattle, demanded exclusion of all classes of Asiatics, and resolved that if this were not done at once, then Mr. Tveitmo and his followers would "take the law in their own hands."

Most grievous of all, behind this cloud of lying rumors and this mob of European aliens, tags President Wheeler of the California University, shouting to a New York audience his approval of it all.

Now, it will be well to remember that Russia has not abandoned her ambitions in Eastern Asia. She entered Manchuria on her way to Peking with the other Powers to rescue the legations during the Boxer rebellion. When the rescue was effected she agreed with the other Powers on a date for the evacuation of Chinese territory. The rest kept their agreement and she violated it, and began fortifying her military positions and strategic points in Manchuria on Chinese territory. The United States insisted that she cease this and keep the agreement to evacuate China. Russia in reply fixed a date for withdrawal. When this supplemental agreement matured she was still on Chinese soil and still fortifying. Spurred by another note from the United States, she fixed another date, and when this third agreement matured she was still fortifying on Chinese soil, and never did leave it until she was chased off, overthrown and defeated by Japanese arms and valor.

Now Russia and France, her ally, seem to be combined in an effort, worked through all the instrumentalities of publicity in this country, to embroil the United States in a war with Japan. On our part such a war would be an exhibition of wickedness and weakness unparalleled in the world's history. Wicked because without reason and weak because we would become the instrument of Russia's revenge upon her manly foe. Such a war would instantly enable the re-occupation of Manchuria by Russia and leave her free to pursue at will her ambitions that were smitten by the brave resistance of Japan. She could then proceed to first bully and then dismember China, and the suspended tragedy of the Orient would reopen.

It is unthinkable that the people of this country can be induced to play so mean a part, even though urged to it by Tveitmo, the yellow press, and a university president.

F. M. B.

A NEW OLD LONDON STAGECOACH.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt Revives the Glories of the Brighton Road.

Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt has invaded England with an army of seventy-two horses, and not for mere purposes of exhibition and prize-winning, but with the high ambition to lower the coach record from London to Brighton. Sixty-four of these horses are of the regular coach-drawing kind, and they include the famous team of prize grays. There are also two reserve grays and half a dozen other animals for private use. Special arrangements were made for them on the steamer *Minneapolis* and they have just arrived at Tilbury Docks, none the worse for the perils of the deep with the exception of one skewbald, which was very lame and was therefore the object of special solicitude on the part of the veterinary examiners, whose duties would otherwise have been purely nominal. As to the condition of the remainder there could be no doubt whatever. A week on the water had stimulated their vivacity to the point of unruliness, and one of the first among them to enter the box-cars showed his sense of the unfitness of things by kicking out the partition and landing it successfully on the platform with two men underneath it and one on the top. The special train of twenty-four horse boxes was speedily loaded without other mishap, and under the watchful eye of Mr. Vanderbilt himself, and it steamed off to London with the right of way over all other traffic.

The Brighton road is the road *par excellence* for coaching and the scene of the present revival of an interesting and graceful sport. The traveler through England needs no reminder that the stagecoach was once the only means of communication and that the railroad is among the rankest of parvenus. Dotted all over the country are the old coaching houses, large, low, and rambling buildings for the most part, bearing the names that are almost historic, and disclosing their ancient and honorable record by a vast stabling accommodation and the traces of a cheery hospitality for which the demand has passed away. It needs no great effort of the imagination to reconstruct the scenes of their youth or to fill the air with the sounds of the postillion's horn and the crack of the driver's whip. For the most part the old inns have fallen from their high estate, but they are ready to resume it and the revival of coaching may do something to that desirable end.

Mr. Vanderbilt does not propose to make a few spectacular runs over the Brighton road, but to establish a service all through the summer months and to adhere to a schedule as rigid as was ever laid down for a railway train. Nor is he to figure merely as a patron of the road and to leave to others the practical execution of the time-table. He will drive his coach, the "Venture," with his own hands, and Mr. Vanderbilt has a reputation for the true professional spirit. Mr. Wilson, his manager, will usually accompany him on the box seat, and Mr. Wilson is something of a horseman himself.

A word about the road and the record may not be amiss. It is just fifty miles from Kensington Church in London to the Aquarium in Brighton. The old coaches used to start from the White Horse cellars in Piccadilly, but the preferable departure point is now the clock tower at Westminster. This makes a total run of about fifty-two miles over a road that is everything that a coaching road ought to be, and Mr. Vanderbilt hopes to do a schedule time of about three hours and three-quarters, starting at 11, stopping one hour for lunch, and reaching the Brighton Aquarium at 4:45 p. m. The old professional time was about one hour longer than this, so that Mr. Vanderbilt's regular time-table will be a respectable one. He will, of course, make some special efforts at record-breaking and these will be occasions to test his horsemanship to the utmost.

The list of records over the Brighton road was begun by the Prince of Wales in 1784. He rode from London to Brighton and back by way of Cuckfield in ten hours, and in the same year he drove a three-horse tandem in four and a half hours. In 1832 the "Criterion" coach was driven to Brighton in three hours and forty minutes, and this is the record that Mr. Vanderbilt has to confront. With the picked horses at his command he ought to be successful.

The conditions are, of course, different. It may be that they were not very particular in timing such performances over seventy years ago, and that the driver was allowed a liberal benefit of the doubt at a time when stop watches of precision were still in the future. On the other hand, the Brighton road was then a busy highway, and the main artery of traffic from the metropolis. Driving then was not quite so easy as it is today when the road is nearly deserted in favor of the railway. But perhaps taking one thing with another the conditions are not so very unequal, and if Mr. Vanderbilt can lower the record and maintain a steady performance he will help to introduce into England a new type of horse and one of which Englishmen have been a little shy.

Mr. Vanderbilt takes no half measures. He is to establish great stables at Redhill, and when these are in operation the Brighton road will resume something of its old appearance. In 1828 there were sixteen permanent coaches running between London and Brighton and it took nearly \$300,000 a year to keep them going. Over \$500,000 a year was spent by the traveling public upon this one road stretch of fifty miles, and however much the railway may have saved in time and money, we have certainly lost proportionately in a feature of picturesque romance that now seems likely, to some

small extent, to be revived. Of course, it can never approach its former magnitude, nor is it desirable that it should, but it will afford delight to those who can appreciate the extent to which English scenery gains in beauty when seen over a horse's head. And there is no more exquisite scenery of its kind than is to be found on the Brighton road. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, February 27, 1908.

OLD FAVORITES.

Je Suis Americain.

He got to Paris late at night,
So tired he couldn't stand,
He'd three valises by his side,
A guide-book in his hand,
He singled out a hackman from
The crowd. Said he, "My man,
Just drive me to the best hotel."
Je suis Americain.

The Jehu drove him to the Grand
By course circuitous,
And charged a price which was—well, by
No means gratuitous.
The stranger paid; then registered,
And to the clerk began:
"I want the best room in the house—
Je suis Americain."

They showed him up to twenty-blank,
Upon the parlor floor;
Two candles on the mantel-piece,
A gilt plate on the floor;
But, ere he slept, he mused, and thus
His lucubrations ran:
"Tomorrow I'll make Paris howl—
Je suis Americain."

Next day he to the summit of
The Arc de Triomphe hied.
"Vell, vat you zink of zis?" inquired
A Frenchman at his side.
"This? This is nothing," answered he;
"Deny it if you can;
You ought to see our Brooklyn Bridge—
Je suis Americain."

Into a gilded restaurant
He chanced to drop one day;
The waiters' jargon fairly drove
His appetite away.
"Confound your dishes, cooked," said he,
"On the Parisian plan!
I want a plate of pork and beans—
Je suis Americain."

Where'er he went, whate'er he did,
'Twas always just the same;
He couldn't, it appeared, forget
The country whence he came;
And when, once more at home, his eyes
Familiar scenes did scan,
He doffed his hat, and cried, "Thank God,
Je suis Americain." —Anon.

In the Catacombs.

Never lived a Yankee yet
But was ready to bet
On the U. S. A.
If you speak of Italy's sunny clime,
"Maine kin heat it, every time!"
If you tell of Etna's fount of fire,
You rouse his ire.
In an injured way
He'll probably say,
"I don't think much of a smokin' hill.
We've got a moderate little rill
Kin make yer old volcano still;
Pour old Niagara down the crater,
'N' I guess 'twill cool her fiery nater."
You have doubtless heard of those ancient lies,
Manufactured for a prize;
The reputation of each rose higher
As he proved himself the bigger liar.
Said an Englishman: "Only tother day,
Sailing from Dover to Calais,
I saw a man without float or oar,
Swimming across from the English shore,
Manfully breasting the angry sea—"
"Friend," said the Yankee, "that was me!"
Mindful of all the three-told tales,
Whenever a Yankee to Europe sails,
The people try every sort of plan
To rouse his astonishment, if they can.
Sam Brown was a fellow from "way down East,"
Who never was staggered in the least.
No tale of marvelous heat or bird
Could match the stories he had heard.
No curious place or wondrous view
"Was ekil to Podunk, I tell yu."
They showed him a room where a queen had slept;
"Twan't up to the tavern daddy kept."
They showed him Lucerne. But he had drunk
From the beautiful Mollichunkamunk.
They took him at last to ancient Rome,
And inveigled him into a catacomb.
Here they plied him with draughts of wine
(Though he vowed old cider was twice as fine)
Till the fumes of Falernian filled his head,
And he slept as sound as the silent dead.
They removed a mummy to make him room
And laid him at length in the rocky tomb.
They piled old skeletons round the stone,
Set a "dip" in a candlestick of bone.
And left him to slumber there alone.
Then watched, from a distance, the taper's gleam,
Waiting to jeer at his frightened scream
When he should awake from his drunken dream.
After a time the Yankee woke,
But instantly saw through the flimsy joke;
So never a cry or shout he uttered.
But solemnly rose and slowly muttered:
"I see how it is. It's the judgment day,
We've all been dead and stowed away;
All these stone furinner's sleepin' yet,
An' I'm the first one up, you bet!
Can't none o' yu Romans start? Say, come!—
United States is ahead, I vum!" —H. H. Ballard.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

In his address at Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts, on Washington's birthday, Congressman Burton said, "The corruption of the country has been overestimated."

The State Republican Convention of Kansas instructed its delegates for Taft, but made no attempt to outline a platform. Senators Long and Curtis were chosen as two of the delegates.

Governor Curtis Guild, Jr., of Massachusetts has refused to be moved by another of the periodic appeals for a pardon for Jesse Pomeroy, and has replied to his petitioners that "Massachusetts cares neither for lynch executions nor for lynch pardons."

Governor Johnson of Minnesota finds his fame a financial asset. He receives many requests for his appearance on the lecture platform and has an assured future in that line, should he persist in declining higher political honors or a continuation of his present labors for Minnesota.

President Roosevelt welcomed the delegates to the International Congress on the Welfare of the Child, under the auspices of the National Mothers' Congress, at Washington last Tuesday. He said in his address, "This is one body that I put even higher than the veterans of the Civil War."

Senator-Elect Bradley of Kentucky is an independent sort. He has declared against Taft, and the reported effect is that the declaration surprised and confounded its hearers. Once when Mark Hanna wanted Bradley to come to Washington for a conference when the national administration did not think he was running things right, he wired Mr. Hanna that it was as far from Frankfort to Washington as it was from Washington to Frankfort.

Congressman Mann of Illinois stirred his Republican colleagues to laughter one day last week with a sarcastic allusion. He had objected to an appropriation for the Washington-Alaska military telegraph system because the fund was to be available "until expended," and the Constitution provides that no money shall be appropriated for a longer term than two years. Mr. Hull of Iowa rose to remark that the same thing had been done before, and to this Mr. Mann replied, "But the attention of the Comptroller has not been called to the language of the Constitution. The next administration might read the Constitution."

Senator W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts is said to regard the Taft contest in his State as a direct blow at him and the beginning of an effort to drive him out of public life, according to certain prominent Republicans who have visited Washington lately for the purpose of ascertaining just where the senator stands in the present contest for the Republican nomination for President. Senator Crane is quoted as declaring without reservation that William H. Taft will never be President of the United States. These same people claim that Senator Crane has a working agreement with every one of the other candidates for the presidential nomination not to throw their strength to Taft, after it is decided that efforts to nominate their favorite sons would be futile.

James R. Garfield was temporary chairman and Attorney-General Wade H. Ellis permanent chairman of the Ohio Republican State Convention. Representative Theodore E. Burton of Cleveland, chairman of the committee on resolutions, presented the report of the resolutions committee. The first plank to be greeted with applause was that relating to labor and capital. The recommendation in favor of the merchant marine and an adequate navy called out an outburst of cheers, and from that time until the reading was completed the enthusiasm evoked by the platform steadily increased. The report concluded with the plank indorsing the candidacy of W. H. Taft, and, as soon as the delegates caught the drift of the indorsement, they broke in on the reader with a yell that caused him to pause for several minutes. The report was unanimously adopted amid wild applause, and Chairman Burton was given an ovation as he returned to his seat.

The deadlock in the Kentucky legislature on the election of a United States senator, which had lasted two months, was broken February 28 by the victory of William O. Bradley, ex-Governor J. C. W. Beckham being defeated by the narrow majority of one vote. Representatives Lillard and Mueller and Senators McNutt and Charlton, anti-Beckham Democrats, voted for Bradley with the Republicans. Bradley's first great political triumph was when he was elected governor, he being the first Republican governor of the State. He is the second Republican ever elected to the United States Senate from Kentucky. W. J. DeBoe having been the first, and DeBoe's election may be attributed to Bradley's political shrewdness. Senator Bradley entered the Union army at the age of fifteen. By a special act of the legislature, in which he had served as a page in the senate, he was admitted to the practice of law. In 1870 he was elected county attorney of Garrard county. He was three times defeated as a candidate for congressman, but received a heavy vote always. He was delegate at the National Republican Convention at Chicago and seconded the nomination of U. S. Grant for President. In 1884 he was a delegate to the Republican National Convention and chairman of the Kentucky delegation. In 1888 he was placed in nomination for Vice-President and received a handsome vote.

Many of the Americans in Europe now are enjoying themselves in motoring over the splendid roads in the delightful atmosphere of Southern France. One just returned from a motor tour says he met a party of his compatriots in a touring car at about every twenty-five miles of his journey.

YANKEE AGAINST TEXAN.

By Jerome A. Hart.

IV.

When Fox had at last established a bureau for recording titles, the squatters in the town began slowly to succumb. They did not yield gracefully, but at least they yielded—gradually. Public opinion, the "unwritten law," the "higher law"—these are fickle, fluctuating, inconstant things. But public opinion when crystallized into written law or record is much less volatile. The *vox populi* when engraven on the stone tables of the law is more god-like than when the people still are shouting.

In the mines there was still much "claim-jumping," but these matters the miners regulated according to miners' law. Their regulations varied in the different camps, yet in all of them there was a certain rude justice. A man had to work so many days per month to hold his claim. Partners or groups of miners could hold claims by rotating in the working. As there was much illness among the miners, a group would thus hold a claim for weeks with only one day's work per week per man.

Day after day Fox gazed on gaunt miners, yellow with fever and ague or wasted by dysentery, borne in from distant cañons by their comrades on stretchers made of boughs. Day after day he congratulated himself that he had not attempted such hard and exhausting toil, but had confined himself to a calling for which he was fitted by physique and training.

For matters were going well with him. The land which he had acquired as his first Yubaville fee he had kept patrolled by armed guards night and day. Thus he had held it secure from "jumpers." Being in undisputed possession, he succeeded in selling half of it for twenty-five thousand dollars, and was able to give good title through the registry bureau which he himself had founded. Seeing by the newspapers that a cargo of ready-made wooden houses had arrived at the Bay, he had a lot of them shipped up the river. Although he paid a stiff price, it came back to him manifold. When placed on his lots in the heart of the town, the houses brought him in a monthly rental of some two thousand dollars. Furthermore, by the gradual momentum of legal methods, the squatters on lands within the town were disappearing. His deeds from Colonel Stevens, which at first had been contested by squatters with "shotgun titles," had at last prevailed, the lands were cleared of squatters, and his title established and recorded. Thus, even at this early period of his stay, Fox was becoming one of the rich men of the town.

The only cloud on his horizon was the enmity of Tower. From the day that they had both been nominated for alcalde by the crowd at the mass-meeting, Fox felt that Tower was his enemy. Even without their rivalry, the two men were antipathetic—there could have existed between them no feeling save that of cold dislike. But the feeling of hostility grew stronger. Wherever Fox turned he seemed to be brought face to face with Tower: in the courts, in the social life of the town, which was entirely in the saloons; in the political life of the infant community, these two men seemed ever to confront one another. Some of their acquaintances took sides. There was a certain henchman of Tower, one Judge Bandy, who seemed to make it his business to be offensive to Fox. At times, only Fox's cool temperament enabled him to curb his anger over the intentional churlishness of Bandy.

But Fox kept a tight rein over his temper. His passions were well under control. He was a type of the young business or professional man from the New England or Middle States—a type frequently successful in the mining towns when the miners failed. Of Massachusetts birth, of New York training, of scrupulous external honesty, punctilious in business and political affairs, he was yet internally cold, hard, and selfish. He had that curious kind of conscience permitting him to deal with people and things which would cause a man with a delicate sense of honor to recoil. To him, in matters involving honesty, the seeming or the external was the essential. By early training he was religious; yet when surrounded by scoffers and brawlers, he laid aside his religion like a garment. Of an abstemious temperament, and refraining from drink because it interfered with his clearness of mind and his capacity for work, he yet frequented drinking saloons because it was there that clients were to be found. Himself of carefully studied financial integrity, he did not scruple to use shysters and blacklegs as tools to accomplish his ends.

In an ordinary community his type of character would have been invulnerable. But in the strange medley of humanity where his lot was east there soon developed his weak point—it was his lack of physical courage. In the curious maze of men and circumstances which chance commingled in those stormy times, the man who would be masterful was forced to be sudden and quick in a quarrel. Many of the most worthless ruffians around him were physically brave. Physical courage was the rule, the lack of it the exception. But there, as everywhere, it sometimes happened that the man who sought to be a leader did not possess this quality. He might conceal its absence for a time, but the day would inevitably come when some man, infinitely his inferior in every quality save this, would put him to the test. Then, if he showed the white feather, no matter what his ability as lawyer, doctor, or politician, it meant ruin.

Fox for a time had been adroit enough to avoid any

disclosure of his secret weakness. Even when the test did come, it was not so conclusive as to damn him irrevocably in his townsmen's eyes. It came one day. In his justice's courtroom, Bandy grossly insulted Fox. When this took place, the courtroom loungers saw Fox grow white to the lips. This came from his fatal physical fear—fear partly of Bandy, whom he knew to be a brawler and a ruffian. But it was not alone fear of Bandy—it was fear also of his own fall in the eyes of his townsmen. He knew how pitiless the criticism he would have to undergo, yet he knew of no way to avoid it save by a physical encounter with Bandy. And such an encounter, he was forced to admit to himself, he feared.

With these thoughts weighing heavily on his mind, Fox one day went to the office of his friend, Judge Laun. Like himself, Laun was a Northerner; like himself, a Democrat; and Fox's visit was ostensibly to chat over business and politics. In reality his object was to gather from Laun some idea of the town's opinion of him and his feud with Bandy. He knew that Bandy was merely the creature of Tower, and he was anxious to learn what Tower's followers were saying about the affair. He did not need to force the conversation, for Laun at once began:

"Have you heard of the coming appointment for county judge?"

"No," replied Fox; "is the County Government Act already in operation?"

"It goes into effect next week, and I hear that Bandy is to be our county judge."

"Bandy!" cried Fox. "How comes it that the governor thinks of appointing him?"

"The governor is a Southern man, and prefers to appoint Southern men. He has offered the position to Tower, but Tower does not want it—he believes there will be more money and more glory in his law practice and more chance for political advancement later. The story runs that he has declined the judgeship in favor of his henchman, Bandy. Tower will find him extremely useful in that post," closed Laun, looking scrutinizingly at Fox.

"Yes, very useful; to have a body-servant like Bandy as his private and particular appellate judge will certainly be of service to Tower in his law practice," sneered Fox, bitterly.

"You must not overlook the fact that you as alcalde are acting justice of the peace, and that all of your decisions are subject to review by Bandy."

"I shall not forget it. If I remain in a judicial position it behooves me to see that my decisions are not reversed. When the cards are stacked against me to such an extent, I would be better off as an attorney pleading before Bandy than as a judge whose decisions are subject to his review."

Laun nodded significantly. "Yes," he agreed, "and as an attorney you will be personally in court to defend yourself as well as your cases."

"What you say of Tower also applies to me," said Fox. "For some time I have been thinking of giving up judicial functions. I can make much more money and acquire more fame by trying cases instead of hearing them. What you say decides me. I shall resign my office today. By the time Bandy is seated on the bench I shall be practicing at his bar."

"And if he indulges in any unwarrantable language toward you, as I believe he will, I advise you to resent it at once, otherwise your standing at the bar and in the community will be irretrievably damaged."

"As an attorney I shall have a better chance to resent it," remarked Fox.

"You understand, Fox, this is said in all kindness and out of the most friendly feeling," went on Laun. "I do not for a moment suspect you of a lack of courage, but your training and mine inclines us toward scrupulous respect for the courts and the law. Such is not the case with many of the men around us, and we must shape our conduct according to their lawless canons if we would be respected by them."

"I understand and appreciate your motives, and thank you for your friendly frankness. I think this fellow Bandy is a drunken brawler, and not much to be feared. But he is one of Tower's crowd."

"And Tower," interrupted Laun, "is a much more dangerous man. What is the cause of his enmity against you?"

"I scarcely know. We accidentally became rivals for the post of alcalde as soon as I arrived here, and I was successful. I saw then that Tower had conceived a dislike for me, which seemed to grow more intense every day. After a while he took no pains to conceal it."

"On the contrary, he has gone out of his way to display it," replied Laun. "He is an uncomfortable man to have for an enemy."

"Do you know anything of his history?"

"Very little, except that he is from Texas. But I see old Colonel Ruffle across the street. Look—there he is in front of the Magnolia saloon. We'll go over and casually mention Tower while buying him a drink or so—he'll open up!"

Colonel Ruffle, in effect, when properly approached and tapped, poured forth a flood of information about Tower. He had known him in the Lone Star State, it seemed, in the days when Sam Houston was struggling to save the infant republic.

"Southern man, huh?" repeated Colonel Ruffle, as he paused and meditated. "Well, yes, I suppose so, but not of the old South, huh. I should call Tower a Texan rather than a Southerner. In years to come Texas will probably come to be called of the South, but she is not yet so considered in the minds of us Southerners of the old South."

"But he is of Southern blood?" queried Laun.

"His ancestors have been Southerners for generations, huh," replied the colonel. "His colonial ancestors came from Georgia, his grandfather from Tennessee, his father from Mississippi, and he came here from Texas. You gentlemen, being from the No'th, may not know that there are distinct zones in the South. I come from ole Virginia, huh, and there we raised our niggers to keep, not to sell. Sometimes a family in reduced circumstances had to sell niggers to dealers from the Gulf States, but it wasn't generally done. Along the gulf, though, in the black zone, they raised niggers for sale just as these Mexicans here raise sheep and cattle. The planters in those black-belt States looked on niggers very differently from us in ole Virginia. They had a certain calm, cruel pitilessness toward them which gave them a great advantage over us. Personally, I can not help regarding niggers as human beings—of a low order, it is true, but still human. I have never been able to divest myself of a certain sympathy in dealing with and about niggers. It is a deplorable weakness and has at times cost me much money and trouble," concluded the colonel, in a tone of sincere vexation.

"Then Tower went to Texas with Houston?" suggested Fox.

"Exactly," replied the colonel, "about the time that the trouble began. For Tower takes to trouble like a duck to water—he has been fighting ever since he was sixteen."

"Rather an early age to begin as a fighter," remarked Laun, smiling.

"I refer now, gentlemen, to the conflict of life," explained the colonel, "for at sixteen Tower's father died, and he found himself burdened with the care of his widowed mother. He undertook the charge of his father's plantation, and naturally his education suffered. But his mother's speedy death soon left him alone in the world. He sold the estate for what it would bring, and hastened to Texas."

"How old was he then?" asked Fox.

"A mere boy, huh—although very tall and strong, he was actually only seventeen when he joined Houston's army. He fought with desperate valor, gentlemen, as did all those high-spirited young men who went from the older Southern States to the Texas territory along the Rio Grande. The venturesome spirit in their Southern blood and their contact with what they believed to be an inferior race, made them indomitable and irresistible." And the colonel paused—partly for breath, and partly to consume the unfinished portion of his beverage.

"Tower must have been one of those early Texans who won their independence from Mexico," observed Laun.

"Yes, huh—among the earliest, huh. He assisted at the bloody birth of the New Republic. He fought under Sam Houston, and was one of those veterans who turned over to the United States the Lone Star Republic as a Lone Star State—the only one of our commonwealth which had come into the sisterhood as an independent nation carved out of the flanks of another by the Cæsarean operation of the sword."

Here Colonel Ruffle paused with the mien of a man who was deeply impressed with admiration for his own rounded period.

Laun waved his hand interrogatively toward the bartender.

"Thank you, judge—yes, I will take another," admitted the colonel, with a negligent air.

"If Tower became a soldier at seventeen," asked Fox, "how did he acquire the education necessary for a legal career?"

"As soon as Texas had won her independence he took up his neglected books," resumed Ruffle. "He entered the law office of a kinsman, where he studied so faithfully that he was soon admitted to the bar. His keen intellect and his strong common sense speedily made him a good lawyer. Added to these qualities, his fearlessness and a certain rugged directness of purpose made him a good judge, for he was soon elevated to the bench."

"I have heard that he is a violent-tempered man," remarked Laun. "That disposition does not accord with the judicial temperament."

"Very true, huh," assented Ruffle. "He has an ungovernable temper when aroused, and that does, in a way, unfit him for the bench. But strangely enough, his temper does not disturb his judgment in the ordinary affairs of life, such as duels, shooting scrapes, courtroom affrays, and the like. He is quite calm in moments of peril, and danger only seems to set his nerves all the more firmly."

"Did you ever see him in a courtroom affray?" asked Fox, with an appearance of interest.

"Yes, huh, once I saw him in such an affair, but his quarrel was not with the judge, huh," replied Ruffle, with a suspicion of a twinkle in his eye. "A defeated opponent in court, somewhat heated with anger and drink, approached him and leveled a cocked pistol at his breast. Tower did not flinch or waver. Extending his hand he said in even tones: 'Give me that gun,' and taking it from the hands of his assailant, he uncocked it, and put it in his own pocket."

"A remarkable test of a man's coolness," commented Laun.

"Yes, huh, very remarkable," answered the colonel. "But he is at times as impetuous as he is cool. That is shown by his relations with women. For long periods of time he does not heed them—does not seem to think of them at all—does not appear to know that they exist. Yet several times in his life he has suddenly developed an overwhelming passion for some

woman. Then this passion would devour his whole being, and he would watch her with a tigerish jealousy?"

"But Tower has never married, has he?" inquired Fox in surprised tones.

"Never, suh," replied the colonel briefly. "The affairs I refer to are—er—platonic attachments. Of those he has had several, and each has been worse than its predecessor."

"He does not seem to be much of a lady's man," remarked Laun.

"He decidedly is not," responded the colonel. "Tower is taciturn, cold, stern—frequently morose, even with his intimate friends. One might think that a man of so stern and inflexible a character would prove repellant to the other sex. But it has not seemed so. That sex is as inconsistent as it is charming, and never was there a truer word than the old saw, 'Kissing goes by favor.' Gentlemen, I give you the Ladies, God bless them!"

The sex with its vagaries was duly pledged, and Laun continued his investigations.

"Has Tower fared well financially, do you think, colonel?" he asked. "Or is he like the rest of us poor lawyers, just making a good living?"

The colonel meditated a moment. "I do not think he ever saves a dollar or that he has a dollar saved, suh," he replied. "When he came here, he rushed into mining first, like most of us, and went broke. Then he took up the law again. At once he jumped into a large practice, and continually receives big fees. His clients swear by him, for he is not only an able lawyer, but of scrupulous honesty and spotless honor. But he is utterly indifferent to the accumulation of money. He spends freely and his expenses are large. He maintains a young lady, who is a ward or adopted daughter, together with her companion, a Southern gentlewoman, formerly of wealth, and of one of the first families of Missouri. Keeping up such an establishment down at the Bay means a lot of money. But I don't believe he owns a twenty-five-foot mining claim or a fifty-vara lot in the whole State."

"I hear that Tower does not sympathize with the Vigilante movement throughout the State," remarked Laun.

"He is extremely hostile to the Vigilantes," returned the colonel. "He is a strong Law and Order man. Although from a turbulent frontier State, he has a great respect for the law."

"You say that Tower has a great respect for the law," commented Laun, "yet is he not a duelist? Has he not been in many affrays?"

"He could scarcely be called a duelist," responded Ruffe, "for he has only been out in one regular affair of honor. That was with rifles, and both men—er—missed. The affair was arranged without further exchange of shots."

"Have I not heard of some extraordinary duel on an island in the Mississippi in which he was a principal?" queried Laun.

"Oh, yes, there was a little affair of that description," replied the colonel nonchalantly, "but it could by no means be called a regular affair of honor. It was, in fact, deplorably irregular. However, it turned out all right."

"What was the result?" asked Fox.

"Tower killed his man," replied the colonel laconically.

Laun lifted his eyebrows. "What were the particulars, colonel?" he inquired.

"I have forgotten the cause of quarrel," responded Ruffe, "but no reconciliation or arrangement was possible. It was agreed, as you say, that the duel should be fought on an island in the Mississippi, the principals to be left there all night. At dark the seconds brought their principals to the island from opposite banks of the river, coming in skiffs with muffled oars, so that the place of debarkation would not be betrayed by any sound. Each man was armed with a bowie knife only. In the morning, at the hour agreed, the seconds returned to the island. There they found Tower's opponent stark and stiff, with many knife-wounds on him, each one a death-stab; while Tower himself was sorely wounded, but unruffled and calm."

"A desperate encounter indeed!" exclaimed Laun; "there is no long-range work possible with knives."

"Tower believes, like Caesar's soldiers, that a short sword is long enough if you get close enough," said the colonel. "He once challenged a man to fight with pistols at five paces. Just think—five paces! Why the muzzles would almost touch!"

"What was the upshot?" inquired Fox.

"The other man weakened," said the colonel concisely. "But I forgot to mention a very pretty little touch to that island affair. James Bowie, the gentleman who originated the bowie-knife, was a warm friend of Tower. He loaned him his toothpick, and it did the business for the other fellow. Interesting, aint it?"

"Very," said Laun dryly.

"In consequence," continued the colonel, "and as a token of gratitude to Bowie, Tower declared that for the rest of his life he would carry a bowie-knife. And he has kept his word. Always carries one—has the scabbard fastened by a spring to the arm-hole of his vest. But it's past 3 o'clock. I have an appointment, and must tear myself away. Gentlemen, I bid you good evening." And hanging his hook-handled cane over his arm, the colonel strode jauntily down the street.

"If those two cold-nosed Yankees were trying to pump me about Tower," he muttered with a chuckle, "I hope the information I gave them will make them feel good. Anyway, it's all true."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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A PARIS CHANGE.

An Ominous Lull in Literary, Journalistic, and Even Political Activities.

From the observations of a well-informed and thoughtful English visitor, published in an editorial department of the current issue of *Blackwood's Magazine*, the following extracts are chosen as significant:

A vast change is coming over Paris, which it is impossible even for the casual visitor to ignore. It is not that the brightness and gayety have gone from her streets. It is not that she has ceased to be, what madame called her, the *cabaret* of Europe. The old brilliance is still there, the old hospitality. But something is gone. A certain dullness and uniformity seem to be settling down upon her mind. Is it the influence of the *entente*? Can it be possible that the French are doing their best to acquire the gravity of the Anglo-Saxons? Or shall it rather be ascribed to the fog, which every year grows thicker and thicker on the banks of the Seine?

Whatever be its cause, the change is everywhere visible. To look at the journals, with the memory of ten years ago fresh in your mind, is to measure an immense distance between now and then. Not that we would accept a country's press as a proper index of its character. Our knowledge of men and papers is not deep enough to permit us to find a formula which shall express one in terms of the other. Rival circulations must be nicely calculated, the classes must be differentiated to which this or that journal makes appeal, before we can discover the genuine representative of the people. But there are certain characteristics which once distinguished the press of France from the press of England, and these characteristics are fast disappearing. Briefly summed up, the broad difference between French and English, as indicated in their journals, was that the Englishman wished to know, the Frenchman wished to be amused. To the Parisian facts were as nothing. He cared nothing for accuracy or the latest intelligence. He was content if he were given a whimsical, ironic view of life and politics. The journalists who wrote for him shaped the truth to his opinion, deeming it superfluous to mould his opinion by the discovery of the truth. That this method led to a vast deal of misunderstanding on either side is evident. It created among other things that strange ideal of a Briton—rabbit-mouthed, big-buttoned, thick-booted, and bloodthirsty—which even now is not wholly effaced. It filled the French mind with the strangest falsehoods concerning Britain's malevolent interference with the interests of the world. It elevated our government, no matter which side was in power, to a sort of malign Providence. It was fantastic, amusing, and absurd. It was born of romance; it illustrated the ancient truth that for the curious the wish is father to the thought; and it insured with a constant surprise a constant gayety.

But this indifference to the facts of the moment produced a better style, a keener love of literature, than ever were found on our side of the Channel. To take a conspicuous example: the *Journal*, edited by Fernand Xau, was as good a print of its kind as ever entertained an appreciative public. Its news was scanty and untrustworthy. It displayed an ignorance of what was happening in the world that, to our prosaic minds, seemed indefensible. On the other hand, it had a distinction of phrase and thought which has rarely been equaled in Britain, and only in reviews. It spent no money in foreign telegrams. It recked not what was happening in the Balkans. The space which might have been devoted to the ponderous, machine-made leading article was given to poems or short stories. As many distinguished writers made their first appearance in the *Journal* as in the theatre of the Chat Noir. Never was a worthy ideal more worthily sustained. A file of the *Journal*, twelve years old, would be as good to read now as its numbers were when they came hot from the press. And today a complete revolution has taken place in the conduct of the paper. It is a busy, hustling collector of news. It has eyes and ears in every quarter of the globe. It packs its columns with facts which are stale by breakfast-time, and with rude cuts, which approximately represent a man or an event, which will be forgotten tomorrow. In other words, the *Journal* has attained to our own ideal of practical information. It has laid aside its own character and assumed that uniformity of shape which belongs not to France but to the whole world. Once it was an artist, alone and aloof; now it is the familiar maid-of-all-work, who may be matched anywhere you will, in England or America.

And side by side with the entertainment of *conte* or poem there thrived in the Paris of ten years since—so long ago, it seems before the flood—the frank and undisguised pamphlet. The unscrupulous virulence of MM. Rochefort and Drumont flourished unchecked even by the duel. These men were artists in scurrility and nothing else. They had practiced the trick of abuse so long and with so energetic a persistency, that they carried nothing else in their wallet. Of constructive policy they were supremely innocent. They did not wish to do, but to undo. They hated Jews and Freemasons. Therefore they equipped with nose and apron every one of whom they disapproved. They said nothing fresh, because they could pack into one column all their views on every conceivable question. They vaunted their patriotism in the very moment of insulting the fatherland. They had nothing to offer their subscribers save new insults, fresh specimens of invective. They followed their sinister art for its own sake. They knew nothing; they learned nothing. They

respected neither truth nor decency. But it may not be said that they were not craftsmen. Bad though his influence has been, you can not withhold admiration from Henri Rochefort, who for forty years, with intervals of imprisonment, placed daily a fresh and malevolent insult on the breakfast-table of France.

And they, too, are gone, the chartered libertines of abuse—gone or disregarded. M. Rochefort no longer conducts his *Intransigent*. He has wearied his public. He has lost the allegiance of the cabmen who were once his staunchest allies. He has no resource but to chatter in the *Figaro*, like the boulevardier which he is said to have been in the dim past, or to slip a furtive insult into an evening paper. And as for M. Drumont, he flatters his one idea unperceived. Jew-baiting as a sport has declined in interest, and his tireless researches in Oriental anthropology no longer arouse a flicker of curiosity. We do not deplore the cessation of scurrility. We freely acknowledge that irony, as cultivated by M. Hardouin in the *Matin*, is at once a prettier and more useful weapon than insult. At the same time, we can but regret our Rochefort and our Drumont. In Paris, at any rate, the game of scurrility was understood, even though it were played without rules, and the fact that it was played at all was one safeguard against uniformity.

For it is uniformity which threatens Paris, as it threatens the rest of the world—uniformity, which is own brother to lethargy. Every day her enterprise becomes commercial rather than artistic. While her journals prefer the collection of superfluous facts to the play of a delicate fancy, her literature lacks the courage and imagination which once illuminated it. Until lately Paris might justly claim to be the home of lost or losing causes. Her young writers were ready to attack any citadel which might fall before valor and originality. They took the keenest pride to be in, if they did not head, the movement. They paid a loyal homage to the prince of poets, whether it was Stéphane Mallarmé or Paul Verlaine. They thought it no shame to fight under the banner of Symbolism or Decadence. They proclaimed their allegiance, and wore their label with a grave courage. Their very extravagances proved their sincerity. Nothing in the world's experience seemed so important as that they should realize their dreams of artistic perfection. The reviews in which they proved their talent and preached their gospel were read by few except themselves; yet they marked a genuine impulse, they expressed a definite aspiration. And now the leaders of these forlorn hopes have passed beyond the stage of experiment. The best of them have justified by performance the hopes of their youth. They have not hung their harps upon the wall; they are not even disbanded. It is doubtless a source of pride to them that the one review which stands aloof from official literature—*Vers et Prose*—still depends for its success upon the energy of those who distinguished themselves in the field of letters ten years ago. The worst is, there are none to succeed them. Apollo no longer haunts the Latin Quarter. The *cénacles* are dumb, and journalism takes what was meant for literature.

And if the pupils be rare, where are now the masters? Who have accepted the torch handed on by the great age? Where are the successors of Hugo and Balzac, of De Musset and Banville and Verlaine—even of Daudet and Goncourt? It seems as if the men of letters had taken refuge in politics or the theatre, and left the ancient field, once so gloriously tilled, to the gossip of history. Nor are the politics of France so wise or so beneficent that they deserve a sacrifice, though their outward calm might deceive a casual observer. It seems as if the republic has at last achieved a stable government. The country, tired of quick changes and the devastating Affair, is apparently at peace with itself. The *entente* with England, the admirable conduct of the expedition to Morocco, have helped to reassure the French citizen. But peace has been obtained by a policy for which some day a heavy price will be exacted. The separation of church and state has been carried out swiftly and without a great deal of argument. The religious orders have been driven to Spain or to England. The houses which they have been forced to desert have been turned to one secular purpose or another. The disturbances which took place when the inventories were made were easily suppressed, and seem to be forgotten. The deputies of France flatter themselves that secularism is at last triumphant, and the Conservative press of England, which would properly resent the smallest hint of disestablishment at home, and is determined to fight to the uttermost for religious education, has applauded the action of the French Catholics. Yet the battle is not yet won, and France, by the very violence of her suppression, has made reaction inevitable.

The British Mint has been turning out copper coins at the rate of four tons daily in an attempt to cope with the famine in pence in London and the provinces. This stringency always becomes most acute toward the end of each quarter. The explanation is very simple. Nearly all the English gas companies have adopted the penny-in-the-slot system of selling gas. The automatic meters are emptied at the end of each quarter. The popularity of this system of supplying illumination is shown by the fact that during 1907 pennies weighing 1336 tons were taken from the meters in London belonging to the Gas Light and Coke Company. This means an average of 400,000 pennies a day.

The great Oxford dictionary, which has been under way for a generation, has reached "pre."

ACROSS WIDEST AFRICA.

Henry Savage Landor Tells the Story of Twelve Months in the Dark Continent.

Mr. Landor's book about Africa is not likely to be superseded for a long time to come. It will remain the standard authority on the vast region that he covered, and it will also remain as a record of human courage and of splendid triumphs over difficulties and dangers of no ordinary kind.

In crossing "widest Africa" Mr. Landor began his journey at Djiberti in French Somaliland and he finished it at Cape Verde. Even by the most direct route this would be a formidable undertaking, but Mr. Landor made wide zig-zags, visiting Somaliland, Abyssinia, the Bahr-el-Ghazal, the Miam-Miamo, the cannibals of the Congo, the deformed races of the Shari and the Cameroons. He gives us the latest word, almost the only word, of the Lake Tchad deserts, of the ferocious Tauregs and Haussas, and of the many other strange tribes that have been but little more than names to the average white man. His work is a condensed mass of information, geographical, botanical and ethnological, and the whole of it is enlivened by a shrewd humor, an imperturbable good temper, and a keen recognition of everything interesting and salient. His studies of native life are unsurpassed. It is veritably a new world to which he introduces us, a world that is sometimes likable, sometimes horrifying and repulsive, and one that never fails to lay its hold upon the imagination.

"Across Widest Africa" is in two volumes, the whole work requiring some nine hundred pages of clear and legible type. It might have been much longer without losing any of its charm, for Mr. Landor as a raconteur leaves nothing to be desired, and it would be hard to find an order of mind that would wish to skip a single page or even a paragraph. It is readable from start to finish, a remarkable record of a remarkable journey.

It is easy to select extracts from this monumental work. Suitable passages can be found upon every page, and while they can hardly give any idea of scope they may at least illustrate a felicitous style while giving some hint of the characteristic energy not only of the book itself, but of the man who wrote it. Here, for example, is a glimpse of the difficulties attending the selection of servants, a matter of no small importance where the life of the traveler may easily depend upon the fidelity of the attendant. In this particular instance the search was for a cook:

This is the sort of conversation we generally had with the candidates for this highly important post:

"What do you intend to do?"
"I am a cook."
"What can you cook?"
"Oh," said one with delightful frankness, "I can do nothing. What can you expect from an Abyssinian cook?"
"What wages do you expect for doing nothing?"
"Not less than thirty dollars a month, clothes, shoes, and blankets."

I suggested that thirty lashes of the *ourbash* per minute would be a more appropriate pay for his services, so another cook was examined while the preceding one left grumbling.

Of course, one got the usual procession of "hoys" with French and British certificates, praising in the phenomenal qualities of the various servants discharged, but travelers should always be careful in employing these certificated domestics, as certificates are passed round, when one "hoy" has obtained employment, to his friends. One certificate does, indeed, for many people. For instance, one certificate I examined, brought to me by a young "hoy" some seventeen or eighteen years of age, read that "The hearer of the present certificate, my faithful servant so-and-so, although over fifty years of age," etc.

There were dangers to be met almost from the beginning of the journey and an encounter with the Danakil is representative of many such dangers and of the intrepidity with which they were met:

The Danakil are a morose, ill-natured, and suspicious people, with evil manners and cruel faces. I nearly got into trouble with them in endeavoring to take a photograph of the scene at the well. When I pulled out my camera, they all made for their spears, which were huddled against the trunk of a tree, and with suggestive signs and angry words gave me plainly to understand that I must go or they would hurl their weapons. I snapped them all the same; but we had quite a row with these fellows, and they insisted that we must not stop even to look at them near the well. My Abyssinian soldiers were so scared that they made things a great deal worse; they behaved like silly children and took refuge behind me. I refused to go away from the well until it suited me, as it is fatal in any country to show weakness, and it was all I could do to prevent the Abyssinians running away. The Somalis behaved well and were quite cool and collected. When all the Danakil had gradually left off using violent and threatening language against us, I pitched my camp some fifty yards from the well up on a high position.

The Danakil, it seems, have a weakness for killing white people and mutilating them in a horrible way, and it was indeed close to this spot that the French newspaper correspondent Dubois-Dessaulle was murdered and mutilated.

A picture of another kind comes from Balthi, a typical Abyssinian village at which the explorer made his camp:

No sooner had we arrived than an old woman came into my camp with two large hags of barley, a load of firewood, two gourds, one of fresh, the other of curdled milk, and one large jar of native wine, the whole of which she presented to me.

"I have no husband," said she; "no father. No one to whom to give all this. I have only this little child. So I give all to you."

"Pray not the child," I hastily replied. "But I will take the wine, the milk, and the barley."

On my rewarding the lady with brand-new silver dollars, her eyes gleamed with joy, and she expressed her gratitude by throwing herself down to kiss my feet and then my hands. The latter she kissed first upon the knuckles, then under the palm. Her little child was, after much shaking, made to imitate the good woman's example. The end of it all was that the infant was further persuaded to throw his arms round my neck, and he kissed me on both cheeks with quite unusual fervor. The child had a dirty face. The old lady returned to camp many times to express again her gratitude—she said—but I took great care to keep mother and baby at a distance.

Even kisses from dirty babies may be overdone. Extremes, whether of hate or of affection, are to be avoided.

Mr. Landor's description of the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia is amusing, but it is easy to see a strong and a generous personality behind the picture. But the emperor certainly has his trying peculiarities:

This is practically what happens every minute of the day at the palace: Menelik with his head bandaged in a white *shash*, as it is called, a sort of silk kerchief, and with a cheap French felt hat with a large brim, far back upon his skull, is pondering with some foreign minister over some political problem of great importance to his country, let us say, the projected railway between the sea and Adis-Ababa. The emperor is deeply absorbed in thought.

Enters a servant, who whispers in the emperor's ear, regardless of the presence of the foreign representative of a great European country:

"Your majesty, the carpenter wants some more nails to mend the verandah."

"Here are the keys. Give him twenty nails," says the emperor. "If he needs more, come again to tell me."

The emperor is again in deep thought. Intruder number two comes up and whispers that a mule has escaped from the palace.

The emperor jumps down from his throne—a high packing case covered with Oriental carpets—slips quickly into the shoes which he had discarded, and hastens to his telescope, scanning the country all round with it, in order to see whether the missing animal can be detected from the hills near Adis-Ababa.

No signs being apparent of the emperor's wish to resume the conversation about the railway—the escaped mule being much more important to him than all the railways in the world—the foreign minister vainly attempts to drive the emperor again to his throne. Attention is called to the interrupted discussion. The emperor on his side endeavors to induce the minister to come and look for the mule.

The subject of the railway is again tactfully approached, and the conversation, thinks the minister, is proceeding satisfactorily, when a fresh disturber comes in to inform his majesty that the machinery in the mint adjoining the palace has stopped, so down goes the emperor to see what has gone wrong, and can not be removed from the workshop until the machinery is set going again. He then calls for pieces of lump silver and gold, and with his own hands amuses himself in striking fresh coins, which he then places in his pocket.

By this time the foreign minister is getting anxious about the railway, and would like to argue some of the points of interest which might concern both his country and Abyssinia; but Menelik will convey his illustrious visitor instead to examine a patent rifle or pistol which has just been sent to him as a present, or else will press him to listen to such sweet songs as "Honey, My Honey," on a talking machine which has been sent over to him. This over, the emperor will enter into a lucid and graphic description of how he succeeded in hauling up a beam which should support the roof of a new church he is building here or there in the neighborhood of Adis-Ababa. Anything, in fact, distracts him when he is made to talk about affairs of state.

Perhaps there is more diplomacy here than would appear on the surface. The most astute Secretary of State must sometimes wish that he also might avail himself of the distraction of an escaping mule. At least, it must be admitted that Menelik usually gets his own way, as more than one European government has found to its cost.

Here is another picture of the emperor in an act of submission to the interviewer where-in he did at least keep his imperial temper:

Menelik was extremely jovial and polite to me, undoubtedly because of Sir John's introduction, and also I think, perhaps, because I assured the emperor that I wished nothing from him. I wanted no concessions, no decorations; nor did I come to buy or sell anything. It must have been rather a relief for Menelik, as the majority of foreigners who visit him worry him considerably, trying to obtain something or other.

It was arranged that the next morning I should go and call again and he would give me a sitting for the portrait. He would then put on his regal robes for me and a huge gold, jeweled crown, a sort of gigantic mitre.

"Oh, I do so hate putting it on," said the emperor jokingly. "It is so heavy and it hurts my head. I much prefer my felt hat."

"Can you paint my portrait in fifteen minutes?" said Menelik to me, "and can I wear my crown and cloak only for one minute, as the cloak is hot and the crown is heavy? And can I talk to Sir John while you are painting me?"

When the crown and cloak were produced, I was really sorry for the emperor, and there and then agreed to his terms. Then I was sorry for myself, as, indeed, it meant painting under difficulty. I would try, anyhow, and see what I could do. The emperor promised to let us know the next morning at what time he would sit.

The ordeal duly came off, although Mr. Landor overslept himself and was late for his appointment. But it didn't matter much;

We had kept the emperor waiting half an hour, but Menelik was gracious in his manner, and again expounded what a nuisance it was to have to dress up in his official robe.

When it came to the crown, Menelik exclaimed, childlike, "Feel the weight of it," and he handed the regal emblem first to Sir John and then to me, all the time laughing heartily. "The last time I wore it, it gave me a terrible headache for several days. That is what comes of being an emperor," he soliloquized.

In fact, when the crown was placed upon his head, Menelik made an excruciating grimace, as if it caused him intense pain.

"Mind you, only for one minute by the watch," he ejaculated as he was half smothered under the heavy golden jewelry.

I took two lightning sketches of him and then hastened to take several photographic negatives, in order to have a record of the detail, as so many and complicated were the jewels upon his headgear and so uncommonly elaborate the ornamentations upon his yellow robe—not to speak of the European decorations of all sorts covering his entire chest—that it would have been quite impossible for any man to draw all that detail, which has to be reproduced with accuracy in a picture, in so short a time.

Although he pokes a good deal of fun at Menelik, he is, says Mr. Landor, "one of the most charming, thoughtful men I have ever met." That he is a man of great ability is sufficiently proved by his political record. Here is a final glimpse of a remarkable man:

Each time the emperor wanted to pick his teeth, blow his nose, or arrange the white *shash* around his head, a screen was made by the attendants round, raising with outstretched arms their shawls round the throne, thus obscuring the emperor from the sight of the people. It was considered *infra dig.* to the emperor he seen by the public in such earthly pursuits.

By this time the afternoon had come. Menelik was incessantly urging me to eat and drink more. I had long ago reached a hursting point, and I can not tell the suffering I went through in order to please the emperor. Every time I caught Menelik's eye more food and drink were pressed upon me, and a constant stream of delicacies kept pouring in for me to try.

It would be hard to give too much praise to this striking book. Our knowledge of Africa is meagre enough. It is still the Dark Continent and the Unknown Land. A veil of mystery hangs thickly over its vast territories, and it will be a long time yet before its strange peoples come very visibly upon the stage of scientific knowledge. Mr. Landor has done a pioneer work. He has done it with impressive courage and resource and he has recorded it with impersonal accuracy and with a charm that is beyond praise. The appearance of the work is in every way worthy of its subject. The typography is bold and comfortable and the illustrations are numerous and unique.

"Across Widest Africa," by A. Henry Savage Landor. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The comparative rarity of the nude in Japanese art may be partly due to the power of the Buddhist tradition and Christian or Western example (observes an art critic in the *New York Evening Post*), but is more attributable to the fact that nudity was common and uninteresting, while the science of dress was of the first importance to all ranks of society. One rank was not allowed to wear that of another. Position was indicated and wealth shown by dress. Not only was dress used symbolically, but also to indicate moods and states of feeling. The lady and the geisha had very different robes, hair dress, and ornaments for the hair. The human figure seemed of little importance. Europe, however, had the Greek past behind it, with the worship of the unadorned man and woman. Then the necessity of wearing clothes for warmth has introduced a confusion of morality with clothedness. So that while artists have insisted on studying and reproducing the nude, the moralists have fought against and tried to ignore it. The result is a singular paradox. In Japan, a country where nudity is a commonplace, and in nowise shameful, pictorial art has neglected the human figure and does not scruple to violate its proportions, bent solely on obtaining decorative effects through marvelous color schemes of clothing; while in Europe, where nudity is considered shameful, where even the children go clothed, and the nude is studied with great difficulty and at great expense, art has carried to the highest point the cult of the beautiful human form.

The remainder of the estate of the American dentist, Dr. Evans, who shielded the Empress Eugénie after the fall of the empire, has finally been sold at the Palace of Justice, Paris. It consisted of the house on the Avenue Bois de Boulogne, where the unfortunate empress took refuge when she was trying to escape to England. Dr. Evans died in 1897, but the estate has not been settled till now, owing to complexities of French law and various lawsuits which were instituted by relatives and heirs. The sale of the famous house, sometimes called "Eugénie's refuge," which brought \$444,000, increases the amount of the entire estate to \$4,000,000.

Manuel II, the boy king of Portugal, is directly descended from Pedro IV, who in 1826 abandoned the Portuguese throne for that at Rio de Janeiro. His daughter, Maria de Gloria, a child of seven, became queen under the regency of her Uncle Miguel, brother of Pedro. Miguel deposed Maria and Pedro came back from South America, drove his brother from the country, and resumed the throne. Miguel died in exile in 1866, leaving a son, who is still a pretender.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Botha, sister of General Botha, now prime minister of the Transvaal, has been married in London to R. C. Hawkin, secretary to the Eighty Club. The bride and bridegroom received about five hundred presents, among the donors being Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, General Botha, General Sir William Butler, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gladstone.

Premier Price of South Australia is probably the only man in the world who as a journeyman mason helped to erect the government building over which he presides as premier. He was born in 1852, emigrated to Australia in 1883, was elected to Parliament ten years later, became the leader of the labor party, and two years later was chosen as premier.

Frederick C. Penfield, the husband of Mrs. Weightman Walker of Philadelphia, who contests with Hetty Green the right to be known as the richest woman of the United States, is well known in Boston, having been associated with Josiah Quincy and other Boston men in various business and political matters. Mr. Penfield was consul-general at Cairo during the Cleveland administration.

Minister L. A. Coromilas is the first resident envoy ever sent by Greece to America. He is a bachelor and one of the most striking looking foreigners that have ever come to this country. The newly arrived envoy is a fluent French and German linguist, and already speaks English fairly well. He gained his first knowledge of our tongue from reading the works of Mark Twain, with the aid of a dictionary.

Miss Sylvia Green, daughter of Mrs. Hetty Green and that lady's heiress, is to marry Matthew Astor Wilks, a member of the Union and Knickerbocker clubs. Mr. Wilks is a great-grandson of the original John Jacob Astor and the son of the Rev. Mark Wilks, who was chaplain of the British Embassy in Paris. The Reverend Mark on coming to America was persuaded to forsake the ministry and go into business, and he found the change so advantageous—strictly from the worldly point of view—that when he died he left a fortune of very respectable size.

Eugene Ysaye contradicts a report that the fashionable world of St. Petersburg had presented him with 30,000 rubles, the intrinsic value of the two Stradivarius violins stolen from him in that city. He says, moreover, that he does not want to hear any more about them. He wishes to forget the great loss, but a sympathizing public will not allow him to do so. "There are those who want me to buy new instruments, others who think they do me a great favor by offering sympathy, and still others suggest plans for the recovery of my violins. The instruments are gone. I expect never to see them again, and I wish people would stop reminding me of their loss."

If Mr. Trussell, acting manager of the London Hippodrome, can get his way, the famous Moroccan bandit Raisuli, the captor of Mr. Perdicaris and later of Sir Hector Maclean, will soon make his appearance on the London stage. Mr. Trussell is already on his way to Morocco, armed with letters of introduction and an unlimited credit and he intends to find Raisuli and use his blandishments upon him to the best possible effects. The chief danger seems to be that when Raisuli discovers how complete is Mr. Trussell's financial equipment he may make him a prisoner in order to extort either a still higher salary or a commensurate ransom. Raisuli also is in the show business.

Not every one who is familiar with William Butler Yeats, poet, mystic, and playwright, is aware that he is the distinguished son of an equally distinguished father. Nor does the elder Yeats suffer as did the father of Felix Mendelssohn, who was, so said the wags, the son of his father, Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher, and the father of his son, the composer. John Butler Yeats is a cultivated Irishman who had made his name in Dublin and London as a portrait painter before the arrival of his son William Butler Yeats. The elder Yeats has now been in New York for some time executing portrait commissions of well-known society men and women. Mr. Yeats especially excels in black and white work.

Probably no sovereign ruler rides a hobby so thoroughly as the Prince of Monaco, whose studies in oceanography are conducted regardless of expense. This prince's newest vessel for carrying out his deep-sea researches is the third he has possessed. The boat is called the *Princess Alice II* and is provided with the latest things in laboratories and appliances for deep-sea fishing. The prince, who to a large extent designed the vessel and her fittings, also commands her on his frequent expeditions in search of the wonders of the deep. He takes with him on every voyage a staff of seven or eight servants learned in the science of oceanography and also an artist, whose duty is to photograph every rare specimen as it is brought up. On shore the prince maintains the Oceanographic Museum in Monaco, where there is a unique collection of deep-sea fauna and flora, and where his staff of scientists are constantly at work on their researches.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

An essay on the Italian novelist, Antonio Fogazzaro, and his masterpiece "The Saint," will form one of the chapters in William Roscoe Thayer's volume of studies in Italian life and letters, entitled, "Italia," to be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. next month.

In the March *St. Nicholas* begins a series of novel animal stories for younger readers entitled "The Bear Family at Home," and "How the Circus Came to Visit Them." These stories are the work of Judge Curtis D. Wilbur of the Juvenile Court of Los Angeles County, California, and were told first for the entertainment of the writer's own children. Additional interest attaches to these stories from the knowledge that Judge Wilbur inaugurated juvenile court work in Los Angeles, and has carried it on with splendid results.

The Reverend R. Hugh Benson, one of the three famous Benson brothers of England, has written a novel, "Lord of the World," which will be published this month by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Among the special articles in the *North American Review* are: "The Truth About German Expansion," by Baron Speck von Sternburg; "For a Parcel Post," by Postmaster-General G. v. L. Meyer; "Prospects of Aerial Navigation," by Professor Simon Newcomb; "An English View of the Panama Canal," by Archibald R. Colquhoun; "Psychopathic Rulers," by Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton; "The Romance of the Diamond," by Sir William Crookes; "The New Ireland," by Sydney Brooks; "Corporations in Modern Business," by George W. Perkins.

Alice Brown's story, "Rose MacLeod," now appearing as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly*, will be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in April in book form.

The news of a posthumous novel by Ian Maclaren has come as a surprise, and it appears from the English reviews of it—it has not yet been published in this country—that this last novel is not unworthy of his powers. It is entitled "Graham of Claverhouse," and its hero is the dashing officer who figures in Scott's "Old Mortality." Ian Maclaren follows his fortunes from the time when he was a cornet of horse under the Prince of Orange, and is said to deal with his character very fairly. It is now agreed by historians that Claverhouse, while severe in carrying out his orders, was not the fiend of Presbyterian tradition.

The Century Company has issued in book form the story, "Come and Find Me," by Elizabeth Robins, which has been running as a serial in the *Century Magazine*.

Following the recent reorganization and change in management of the *New England Magazine*, the first number of the magazine under the new management has been issued. It commemorates the 150th anniversary of the founding of the magazine. The president of the new company is Bertrand L. Chapman, and the editor of the magazine is Rhey T. Snodgrass. It is announced that hereafter the magazine will be devoted more than ever to matters of New England.

Moffat, Yard & Co. announce for immediate publication a volume of essays by Nathan Haskell Dole to be entitled "A Teacher of Dante and Other Studies in Italian Literature." Brunetto Latini is the teacher Mr. Dole studies in the titular essay, showing how he greatly influenced the compositions of the *Inferno*. The other essays are: "Alfieri and Tragedy," "Dante and the Picturesque," "Lyric Poetry and Petrarca," "Boccaccio and the Novella," and "Goldoni and the Italian Comedy."

The Macmillan Company has just brought out a new edition of Gertrude Atherton's story, "The Californians." Many admirers consider this the best of her books.

Mme. Marcell Tinayre, the writer of "La Maison du Pêché," has received the decoration of the Legion d'Honneur and startled all France by refusing to wear it, as it was the emblem of an order instituted by the first Napoleon and designed for military men. It is now awarded without distinction of occupation, and within the last few years women as well as men have been honored with it. The book which brought Mme. Tinayre her fame has become almost a classic, yet she has never written anything to equal it since.

Francis Thompson, recently dead, wrote many of his poems under the spell of the charming Meynell family, as a writer in *Harper's Weekly* recalls. Wilfred Meynell it was who saved Thompson from despair, and possibly from death, at a time when he had sunk to so low an ebb as to be glad to earn a few pence bolding horses in the street or running errands. "The Sister Songs," his second volume, were written about Mr. Meynell's two little daughters, Monica and Madeleine.

Josephine Daskam Bacon, who as Josephine Dodge Daskam made her first literary impression with short stories, is a native of Stamford, Connecticut, and a Smith College girl of the class of '98. Each reminiscence of her youth is bound up with a particularly active sense of humor, and it is a question whether

any school or college girl ever had a livelier career—something to which the abundant anecdotes told by her classmates are testimony. After the short stories, Miss Daskam published "The Memoirs of a Baby," which excited attention when it first appeared serially in *Harper's Bazar*. The fact that Mrs. Bacon's habit is to restrain herself from being over-prolific carries the conviction that a new story from her pen is really about something and worth the telling. Four years ago Miss Daskam was married to Mr. Seldon Bacon. Until recently her residence was New York City, but at present she is living in the country not many miles outside. Mrs. Bacon's friends in describing her say that she talks as she writes, crisply, sometimes bitingly, and with refreshing originality in word and phrase. "Ten to Seventeen," her new story, has much humor and fancy.

The poet Swinburne is understood to be at work upon a drama, "The Duke of Gandia," his first undertaking in verse for some time. The Duke of Gandia was the eldest son of Pope Alexander VI, and almost nothing else is known of him save that he was probably murdered by his brother, Caesar Borgia.

Miss Elfrida Everhart, reference librarian, of the Carnegie Library of Atlanta, and instructor in the Southern Library School, has completed the manuscript of what should prove to be an exceptionally useful and valuable library tool—a "Handbook to United States Public Documents." The Handbook will probably appear some time in the spring.

CURRENT VERSE.

Envy.

My songs were once of the sunrise:
They shouted it over the har;
First-footing the downs, they flourished,
And flamed with the morning star.

My songs are now of the sunset:
Their brows are touched with light,
But their feet are lost in the shadows
And wet with the dews of night.

Yet for the joy in their making
Take them, O fond and true,
And for his sake who made them
Let them be dear to you.

—W. E. Henley.

So Many Joys.

I have so many joys. One joy, of lovely sights
That down my days defile and dream along my
nights:
My soul is like a room with mirrors all set round,
Where Beauty, once beheld, hath infinite rebound.

I have so many joys. One joy, of movement free,
That makes me sister to the winds and to the sea.
Oh, verily, my hand hath pleasure all its own;
My feet that press the turf distinct delight have
known!

I have so many joys. One joy, of hearts that
speak—
That, ere a word can pass, will tell me what I
seek:
Such joy there is in being loved, but vaster joy
In loving. These twain joys there's nothing can
destroy.

I have so many joys. In yielding homage, one.
Such glorious creatures God hath made beneath
the sun!
For some of these, and their white faith, and
deeds sublime,
'Twas given me to meet as on toward God we
climb.

I have so many joys. One, memory linked with
hope;
For, even as those stars struck out in heaven's
cope,
Are shining, still, these thousand years upon the
earth,
So, all the loves I've lost, still shine upon my
hearth.

I have so many joys. One joy of loneliness,
And one, unnamed, that hears me whither none
may guess.
Nay, not myself. For out of self afar I wing;
And only know, returning, I my joys must sing.
—Edith M. Thomas, in *Century Magazine*.

Two Cities.

MEMPHIS.

Death lives in her foundations, and her days
Are willow-mourners by the water-side.
No more the Nile, around his marble bride,
Flings arms of brightness like a yellow haze;
No more the marching Ages, with amaze,
Before her beauty in obedience hide,
For she is dead; and, with her, Isis died;
And not a slave Osiris now obeys.

When the young Years went naked yet of names,
Singing, she woke, all wonder,—that white ark.
Whence Music wandered, like a mystic dove
Exploring God! Now over her loud fames
Oceans of silence unremembering move;
And she is named the Mother of the Dark!

ROME.

Her eagle gaze hred empire! A vast dome
That overarched the ages, a dread cone
Hurling death's lava, a loud trumpet blown
Behind the hush of Carthage; such was Rome!
Reaper of triumphs, scourge of shore and foam.
Aloof, austere, she sat her august throne;
Then dashed to darkness like some comet lone,
Trailing the awe of nations: such was Rome!

Ruin is written on her aged brow,
Charactered with red chronicles of crime;
And only Death lives in her Forum now.
The Colosseum, like a marble cast,
Matches her giant stature,—shows to Time
The mighty mother of a mighty past!
—Leonard Charles Van Noppen, in *Success Maga-*
sine.



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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Sir James Knowles, who died in London on February 13, was equally successful as a literary man and as an architect. He founded the *Nineteenth Century* and acted as its editor until his death. He originated the Metaphysical Society in 1869, and he was editor of the *Contemporary Review* from 1870 until 1877. Among his architectural works may be mentioned Aldworth, the Surrey residence of Lord Tennyson; Kensington House; the Thatched House Club; the Albert Mansions, and various churches throughout London. Under his control the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Contemporary Review* exercised a strong influence, literary, social, and political, throughout the English-speaking world. Sir James Knowles was educated in London and in Italy and he was twice married.

Come and Find Me, by Elizabeth Robins. Published by the Century Company, New York.

When Nathaniel Mar told a story to little Jack Galbraith of arctic Alaska and of the gold that lay hidden in the tundras, he did not know that he was lighting a fire in the boy's heart that only arctic horrors could extinguish. Nor did he himself know that he would be drawn back irresistibly to the far north or that by his early and unused discovery he was the pioneer of the Alaska gold fields.

The author has written a fine book and one that appeals to human interest at many points. Nathaniel Mar, after he settles down in the California town of Valdivia is something of a failure. In spite of his splendid character he has not quite the grip upon affairs that means success. His wife is hard and unsympathetic. His sons give him the benevolent contempt that is the filial reward of unsuccess. His fine daughter Hildegarde is the only one to believe in him, and when after twenty years' service he loses his position in the local bank and in the sheer desperation of weariness goes north after the treasure that he knows is there, she decides to follow him and wean him from his resolve never to come back with empty hands.

The description of the Alaskan gold fields is a fine piece of realistic work. From the pen of a woman it becomes impressive. It would redeem even a weak plot and the plot is a strong and romantic one. Striking dramatic situations follow each other closely from the time when Hildegarde sets out upon her adventurous journey to her meeting with her father and her discovery of Jack Galbraith dying alone in the Alaskan hut. We see Louis Cheviot under Hildegarde's influence slowly throwing off the selfish crust of the business man, following and protecting the girl in her perilous wanderings and disclosing the magnificent resources of resolution and manliness that lay beneath the surface. "Come and Find Me" is a story of many facets and they are all clear cut and brilliant. Every character is distinctive and every incident vivid. It is a remarkable book with the widest human appeal, a book to be read slowly and to be remembered.

The Tents of Wickedness, by Miriam Coles Harris. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Leonora Hungerford is educated in a French convent and is then brought by her wealthy father to America. Society life offends her religious susceptibilities at every turn and she takes refuge from a horrifying laxity of morals with a family in Connecticut. There she meets with well nigh every phase of religious belief, continues a romantic relationship begun on the Atlantic steamer, and eventually returns to New York to find that her dissolute father is about to marry an equally dissolute divorcee. The father dies, the woman runs away, and Leonora is rescued from a maze of trouble and perplexity by her marriage with the hero. It is a very well-told story.

Unfortunately, the motive is too much in sight all the way through. The book is intended to show the superiority of the Catholic faith to all others, and while every phase of Catholic practice is painted in the brightest colors, all other creeds are carefully dimmed in proportion. Indeed, we get very weary of religious disputations and of the elaborate differences between tweedle-dee and tweedledum. Most of the religious characters are very tiresome people who combine an intolerable amount of piety with a minimum of utility, and while Leonora herself is in every way admirable, we are not sure that she "lived happy ever after." Indeed, we have our doubts.

Hypnotic Therapeutics in Theory and Practice, by John Duncan Quackenbos, A. M., M. D. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$2.

There could be no better evidence than this book of the solidity with which hypnotism has established itself in the scientific fabric of the day. Stripped of everything that is unproved, of the last vestige of superstition, and with credulity held rigidly at arm's length, Dr. Quackenbos applies the most rigid of scientific methods to a domain of knowledge that, more than any other, has been invaded by the charla-

tan and exploited by the pretender. He shows us with commendable restraint and accuracy the exact extent to which hypnotism has been harnessed to therapeutics, and while his book makes no pretense to finality it contains everything that has been proved and that is now unchallengeable in this particular branch of research. It takes some courage to walk ahead of the procession, and the author is to be commended for the caution and accuracy with which he tries to hasten the speed of the main body of his confrères.

In his treatment of the subliminal self the author is particularly happy, because he is neither arrogant nor dogmatic. He legitimizes a vast body of popular experience by relating it to psychological laws of which we are getting our first glimpses, and he cuts the ground from under the feet of the charlatan by showing how those laws may be used in simple and natural ways. It is only by such efforts as those of Dr. Quackenbos that the science of psychology can ever come to its own or be released from the antics of materialism and he is to be congratulated upon writing a book that is in no way final, but that fulfills its whole and important mission by lifting its subject still further on to that basis of exact science and indisputable fact that is needed for its development.

The Literature of Roguery, by F. W. Chandler. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; two volumes, \$3 net.

Professor Chandler's work is part of an intelligent scheme for the consideration of English literature by types rather than by its division into chronological periods. He shows us the extent to which the rogue has been pressed into the service of literature and incidentally the hold of the anti-hero upon the popular mind. Roguery, we are asked to remember, is not villainy, which implies malice. There is no clear line between the two, but the former is less vicious.

First of all we have the rascal as he appears in the early literature of Spain, France, and Germany, with an examination of the drama, jest books, popular tales and satires. The rogues of Elizabethan and Restoration Fiction are well handled, and so, too, is the Picaresque Novel in the eighteenth century. We have a consideration of Romantic Roguery from Scott to Bulwer, Adventurers Afloat and Ashore, the rogues of Dickens and Reade, of Borrow and Thackeray, while, coming to more modern times, we have the New Realism, and Raffles and company. The work is done with elaborate care. It is the only thing of its kind and it will not soon be surpassed.

Professor Chandler advances the only possible defense of the modern detective story. There was a time when the rogue was the popular hero and the desired of all beholders. Perhaps to some extent he is still, but his chronicler has at least the grace to place the laurels on the head of his natural enemy, the detective. The world has gone ahead morally and intellectually, but the rogue is stationary. Therefore he is less interesting than he was and the detective takes his place. Professor Chandler has made a good beginning to a series that should have high literary value.

Confessio Medici, by the writer of "The Young People." Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.25.

Physicians all over the world might read this volume with much benefit to themselves and not without some advantage to their patients. And the patients also might read it with safety and with some sorely needed increase of wisdom. For there are no confessions here as that word is ordinarily used except confessions of ignorance. There are no secrets disclosed and the atmosphere of the consulting room is nowhere apparent. We have simply a number of exquisite and philosophic essays on the medical art in its broadest aspects, apparently pervaded by a realization of what the science of medicine might be and how far it falls short of its ideals. The passing years have brought to our physicians an increase of knowledge but not of wisdom, have opened store houses of fact ungraced by humility or by recognition of the undreamed-of depths beyond. The author does not say all this, but he seems to mean it. Otherwise why does he talk so much about Ambroise Paré, the great French surgeon, who was born in 1510 and whom the author calls "a good example." Paré knew neither Latin nor Greek and he learned all his art from experience and research. He used to say, "I dressed him and God cured him." It was always God who worked the marvels that followed human skill and Paré's piety was sincere. It was a part of his art.

These essays are delightful to read. They are wise and shrewd, instinct with a knowledge of human nature, with benevolence and with a humility that recognizes its own shortcomings rather than its own attainments.

The Stem of the Crimson Dahlia, by James Locke. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is a romance after the style of Anthony Hope. Markham, a young American, finds himself involved in one of the unending succession of plots that periodically disturb the depths of Turkish politics. Miss Ewing, also an American, has thrown herself for some dubious reasons into a scheme for the disposition of Prince Ferdinand and the inde-

pendence of Bulgaria, and Markham is involuntarily enlisted upon the same side, first through his impetuous meddling with what does not concern him, and secondly through his attraction to the bright eyes of his com-patriot. There is a maze of intrigue, enlivened by abduction and murders, and we feel genuinely relieved when Miss Ewing is persuaded that she can better employ her time than in the devious ways of Oriental plotting.

Life and Times of Stephen Higginson, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$2.

The writing of this biography needs no justification. It is, indeed, so important a contribution to history that it should have been done before, and that it is now done so vivaciously and well is a matter for congratulation.

Stephen Higginson was one of the first American shipmasters to testify before Parliament as to American colonial matters; he was a member of the Continental Congress in its closing days; he was second in command during the first effective resistance to Shay's Rebellion; he was the first to argue from that peril the need of a stronger government; the first to suggest that the voices of nine out of the thirteen States could make the Confederacy into a nation; the first to organize and equip the American navy under Jefferson's administration. Such a record as this justifies the careful attention of the biographer and an even fuller treatment than the author has given us. A number of fine portraits and other illustrations add to the value of a useful and well-written book.

The New Crusade, by Charles Edward Jefferson. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is a collection of sermons and addresses remarkable not only by their impassioned energy, but by their entire freedom from dogma and creed. The author's religion is one of daily life and conduct, of charity and helpfulness, and of the righteousness that exalteth a nation. The evils of civilization press upon him as a portent of disaster that can be avoided only by a manifold reform of the individual by the individual himself and by an awakening of the spirit of cooperation among men of good-will. The author is always stimulating and helpful. He speaks from the level of the pew and he never irritates by arrogance or the pretense of spiritual authority. Perhaps he assumes too much when he supposes that national regeneration can come through the churches, but this detracts nothing from the unusual vigor of his utterances nor lowers the high moral plane from which he speaks.

The Magistrate's Own Case, by Baron Palle Rosenkrantz. Published by the McClure Company, New York.

Lord Farington is mysteriously murdered in the park at Homburg and suspicion falls upon Herr Saarbrücken, whose beautiful wife was not only loved by Farington but was his heiress. The case is placed in the hands of the magistrate, Fritz Sterner, and is eventually brought to trial with sensational results. Saarbrücken is liberated and the actual murderer identified, although in a way that is unsatisfactory to reasonable expectations. It is a detective story of a rather high order and it has a peculiar interest from the light that it throws upon German criminal procedure.

Doctor Ellen, by Juliet Wilhor Tompkins. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York.

Doctor Ellen is a woman physician who gives up her city practice and goes, with her young sister Ruth, to live in the Sierras and to minister to the uncultured people of mountain villages. It is not the most attractive of themes, but it is very attractively handled in the vivid picture that it gives of prejudices almost insurmountable and of ignorances that have almost the force of religious creeds. There is a simple and pleasant love story, while the self-sacrifice of Dr. Ellen and its reward is finely described.

New Publications.

"Two in Arcadia," by Lucine Finch, is a collection of verses with colored illustrations of remarkable execution and not to be otherwise specified. Published by Brentano's, New York.

Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, have published a volume of evangelistic sermons by the Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D. D., entitled "The Sinner and His Friends." Price, \$1.30.

"Abbie Ann," by George Madden Martin, will be welcomed by those who took "Emmy Lou" to their hearts. Abbie Ann is just as charming and lovable and just as worthy of popular adoption. Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.50.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, announce a third edition of "Bachelor Betty," by Winifred James. The popular appreciation given to this delightful book is well deserved. There can be nothing better in the way of dainty characterization. Price, \$1.



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"GLORIOUS BETSY" INGLORIOUS.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Mary Mannering is a very pretty woman. She has been a beautiful one, and still is, at times. She is most changeable in her appearance, having had many ups and downs during her professional visits to this city. It was ups, emphatically ups, during her first few engagements here; downs, emphatically downs, during her appearance in that fatuous and boring play, "The Stubbornness of Germaine." Ups again on her next visit, when she played the part of the pretty young American wife stranded moneyless in some German spa. Ups again, now, on the whole, although the first radiance of her beauty has passed away.

As Betsy Patterson, she has many costume opportunities. Betsy appears in the first act costumed in the Directoire style with a rakishly plumed poke bonnet, chestnut curls drooping coquettishly over her laughing face, and a gay silk scarf playing hide and seek with the prettiest of snow-white napes.

Betsy appears in the second act tiarred and all-glittering in the festal robe in which the Baltimore belle received and entertained royalty.

Betsy appears in the third act in a handsome but ineffective, because too-clinging, garment of leather-colored plush, with furred cap, or hood, to match.

Betsy appears, broken-hearted, in the fourth act, in something equally picturesque, and gracefully antiquated in style. No need to specify. The picture by this time is becoming dimmed by too much repetition. For, mark you, it was always and only a picture. So much for Betsy's clothes. And how about Betsy herself? Never mind the millinery. What about the flesh-and-blood woman?

Well, Betsy, as pictured by Mary Mannering, is a fine young woman, with a figure that, though undeniably an excellent one, has lost its early slenderness; a very handsome pair of eyes that are too self-consciously and fatiguingly coquettish and provocative in their glances; a mouthful of faultless dental pearls that are too much on the face-scape; a smile that needs longer and more frequent vacations; a voice full of caressing inflections, with excellent tone quality, but which is made to do duty for the lack of real depth of sentiment in the piece, by flinging its volume about too aboundingly—a device, by the way, which Viola Allen employs, when she drops the legitimate and takes up with such popular puerilities as "In the Palace of the King." For the display of physical or vocal force will often be hailed by an audience as an exhibition of real acting, when there is no legitimate opportunity for such.

There is none such in "Glorious Betsy." It, too, is popular puerility. The entire play is conceived and written in the spirit of artificiality. It is meant to meet the popular demand. I suppose it succeeds, although at some of the emotional, or supposedly emotional climaxes, the audience—quite a good-sized one, by the way—struck me as being rather tepid in its response.

Miss Mannering evidently has no illusions about her latest dramatic vehicle. With as many stars as there on the stage, each one can only feel too thankful if he or she has a vehicle at all. Think of Max Fisman, for example, in "The Man on the Box." And the subject of Miss Mannering's piece would seem to be a good one.

The love affair of Jerome Bonaparte and Betsy Patterson is one of the greatest romances in America's social history. It provides the only distinguished point at which the social-matrimonial history of the royalty of Europe and the aristocracy of America has touched. The episode is sufficiently romantic and touching, it would seem, to provide enough sentiment and pathos for a most moving play. Nevertheless, "Glorious Betsy" is hopelessly commonplace, and thoroughly superficial.

I find Betsy herself a very tiresome young woman; just about as tiresome as those smirking, self-conscious young charmers on the advertising curtains that wear you out between waits. There is no more to Betsy than there is to them. She has no flesh and blood. Stick a pin in her, and it comes out on the other side of the paper. Betsy's love and her vanity, and her coquettishness with her lovers, are all very shallow and musical comedy-ish. When, at Napoleon's command, she renounces Jerome, you feel that she is romantically dramatizing her sorrows. When she comes home broken-hearted, you are skeptically cold. When, in the twilight, with closed eyes she voices her longing for her lost lover, and

Jerome Bonaparte automatically steps in, instead of feeling a wild thrill of romantic joy, you stodgily regard him as a useful piece of machinery, fitting in with mechanical exactness at the point that makes the whole piece of mechanism move smoothly and with precision.

In fact, I consider "Glorious Betsy" to be one of the most irritating kinds of drama extant.

Indifferent as a real lover of drama feels toward musical comedy, in it he can have amusing comedy, music, and spectacle. In farce-comedy he can have a good, honest laugh, occasionally, if it be of the clever kind. In melodrama of the better class he can respond with the thrill of fear, suspense, or excitement. But "Glorious Betsy" is sheer artifice. Its very title is provoking, revealing as it does, exactly the shallowness, the insincerity, the artistic barrenness which lies behind it.

It is the sort of play which minimizes the artistic possibilities of the actors that play in it. I well remember that when Mary Mannering first came here in "Janice Meredith," a bird of the same feather, it was impossible to discover that in Robert Drouet, her leading man, she was supported by an excellent actor, whose quality of rare sincerity was totally extinguished. He was buried in his rôle. It took another play to dig him out and show us that he was not a mere automaton.

The case is similar now with Frank Gilmore. Mr. Gilmore is a very agreeable actor. He pleased us as Angel in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"; he was happily placed in "A Bit of Old Chelsea"; he was only a piece of stage property in the midst of the artificialities and carpentered elaborations of "Mary Magdalen," and so he is now in "Glorious Betsy."

If possible, Betsy Patterson and Jerome Bonaparte are deadlier now than before "Glorious Betsy" was written. For this vain, spoiled, shallow, restless Betsy, with her staggily tossing curls and her side-glancing coquettishness, and Jerome with his operatic cloak and his labored and entirely unconvincing French accent, have served but to cast a cheap and inartistic heightening of the time-dimmed colors of the two historical portraits, which seems to rob them of their authenticity.

The introduction of the characters of John C. Calhoun and Henry Clay is another bid for the favor of the masses whose verdict makes or unmakes popularity. Young Clay and Calhoun, played by Messrs. Balfour and Barkland, are merely two characterless puppets, who exhibit no traits and foreshadow no renown, and Mr. Trevor's Irish lover is but an echo of the traditional air.

Whew! Having thus blown off a large cloud of steam, I will add that "Glorious Betsy" is played about as well as we can expect a piece of its type to be acted. Miss Mannering's beauty and her ample knowledge of the technique of acting, are sufficient to carry her through with such grace and spirit as to render her auditors partially oblivious of the fact that she is deficient in that finer quality, that rare glow of charm and tenderness which, for instance, enabled Julia Marlowe to make Clyde Fitch's "Barbara Frietchie" seem almost worth her while.

All the secondary characters in the play are so very subordinate to those of the lovers as to make them and their affairs of no moment whatever, and they scarcely call for mention. Helen Macbeth and Maud Turner Gordon faithfully represented two automatons, one pretty, the other pettish. Napoleon, personated by John Webster, makes a brief appearance. Mr. Webster gives him a forbidding and rather sinister appearance, and the brief apparition fails to be instrumental in lifting the play from the atmosphere of the commonplace.

Mr. Herbert Carr was a satisfactory Patterson père. Some inarticulate but agile darkey comedy seemed to please the audience. The costuming, in reflecting the styles of the period, lent, or should have lent, grace and distinction to the figures on the stage, if Rida Johnson Young, the author, had not failed to endow them with manners reflecting the elaborate social courtesies employed during the epoch that is pictured in the play.

Kreisler's Farewell Offering.

The farewell concert of the greatest of all the violinists, Fritz Kreisler, will be given this Sunday afternoon, March 15, at Christian Science Hall, and an unusually brilliant and interesting programme will be offered. It comprises "The Devil's Trill," by Tartini; Viuextemps's Second Concerto; Romanze in A major, by Schumann; Weber's B flat major "Larghetto"; Mozart's Rondo in G major; the beautiful paraphrase on Wagner's "Siegfried" themes, by Wilhelmj; a new Bohemian Fantasy by Smetana; and a Spanish Dance by Ferdinand Arbos. The box office will open at the hall on Sunday at 10 a. m.

Kreisler has roused his audiences during the week to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and his farewell will be marked by a warmth that will assure him of a hearty welcome whenever he elects to return.

The newly organized Calvary Choral Society of two hundred voices, under the direction of Marshall W. Giesemann, will assist in the great May Festival to be given here by the New York Symphony Society Orchestra under Walter Damrosch.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

At the Van Ness Theatre all this week Robert Ober, as the hero of "Brewster's Millions," has shown how he got rid of a million dollars in a year, though the usual run of had luck was always in his favor. The comedy is full of original and interesting situations, and the fun is constant yet never forced or boisterous. Especial care has been taken with the staging of the piece, and some of the effects are distinctly notable, particularly the storm scene. The company is capable in all its parts, and the play will go merrily another week with the prospect of increasing rather than of diminishing interest.

Mary Mannering and "Glorious Betsy," at the Novelty Theatre, are reviewed at length in another column. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings of next week, the last of Miss Mannering's engagement, a new play by E. Booth Tilton, written especially for the star and entitled "Memory and Tomorrow," will be produced. It tells a story of woman's faith and sorrow, and presents several scenes of dramatic power, and promises to be a genuine addition to Miss Mannering's repertoire. The last performance of "Glorious Betsy" will be on Wednesday evening.

"The Girl of the Golden West," one of the greatest of David Belasco's plays, will be offered for the first time in San Francisco at the New Alcazar Theatre next week. So much has been written of this great success, and of Blanche Bates, who has won in this the praise of all who have seen her, that the mere announcement of its production here is sufficient to insure a record attendance at the theatre, if capacity figures had not been reached many times before. Managers Belasco and Mayer will outdo themselves in preparations for this event, and the stock company has reason for as great enthusiasm. "At Yale" is going well this week, but next Monday night the real sensation of the spring season will be seen. It is not probable that many theatre-goers will miss it.

The Princess Theatre will offer next week, beginning Monday evening, one of the greatest musical-comedy successes of past seasons in New York and London, "The Country Girl." Arrangements for its production here were made with George Edwardes, manager of Daly's Theatre and the Gaiety Theatre in London. New scenery and costumes have been prepared, and under the management of George Lask, stage director, and Harry James, conductor of the orchestra, there can be no doubt of its correct and complete interpretation. The company is well suited in the distribution of parts. Cecilia Rhoda will be Marjorie Joy, the village belle, and add another success to a long list of varying impersonations, each marked by understanding and sympathy and sung and acted with charm and distinction. Edith Bradford, Zoe Barnett, and Sarah Edwards will have opportunities that each will take advantage of. Arthur Cunningham, as the Rajah of Bhong, will have the best rôle since his addition to the company, and will fill it handsomely, though it will not be easy for him to gain a higher note of appreciation, for his songs are always applauded to the echo. Ned Nye, Harold Crane, Ben Lodge, George Leon Moore, and Oscar Apfel will do more than retain the favor they have won. The music of this piece is said to be especially taking.

The bill at the Orpheum for the week beginning next Sunday afternoon includes some sterling attractions. Clayton White and Marie Stuart head the list, and they are old favorites here. They will offer a new one-act comedy, "Cherrie," which has had good notices everywhere. The Montrose Troupe of acrobats is a European importation that will offer a novel act. Olympia Desval shows a company of trained ponies and dogs. Carroll and Cooke are described as "rapid-fire" comedians, and are said to be actual fun-makers. It will be the last week of Edwin Stevens, who will give "An Evening with Dickens," assisted by Tina Marshall; Loney Haskell, the monologist; and Polly Pickle's Pets.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell will be seen at the Novelty Theatre during the week of March 23, for six nights and two matinees.

"San Toy" will be given at the Princess Theatre up to and including Sunday evening.

Wilton Lackaye will be the next attraction at the Van Ness Theatre, opening his engagement on Monday night, March 23, with his latest success, the Hall Caine story, "The Bondman."

Musical criticism should be adapted to its audience. An enthusiastic Canadian of musical tendencies and a practical Chicago man who also enjoys "the three B's" were talking of the ways of the Mendelssohn choir and its conductor. The Canadian spent his strength on the magnificent attack, superb ensemble, and finally on the qualities of the leader, whom laurel wreaths fail to discompose. "Yes," said the Chicago man, after the Toronto man was out of musical terms, "the choir is a corker and that little chap who swings the stick is a crackerjack."

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VANITY FAIR.

The London county council has decided to run special street-cars for women only. The experiment will be watched with some curiosity at a time when women are peculiarly vociferous in demanding equal rights with men. The London county council is to give them full measure with something of a makeweight.

Why should it be supposed that women will take advantage of an arrangement that seems to show an insufficient knowledge of human nature? Some time ago the German railroad authorities established a system of specially labeled cars for newly married couples, but as the newly married couples naturally avoided these cars as they would the pestilence they were speedily removed. The women of London are not likely to be any more appreciative of this special measure for their relief.

Of course, women do not like to be overcrowded, but they would rather be overcrowded by men than by other women; they do not like to be pushed, or jostled, or trampled upon, or placidly ignored, but all these are reasons why they would rather travel with men than with their own sex, and while the women may travel in any car they please, the men must keep rigidly to their own. The miseries inflicted upon women in overcrowded cars are due more to other women than to men, and if it is true that no man should propose to a woman until he has observed her treatment of her little brother, there can be no such infallible test as a woman's behavior upon a street-car. It is then that the naked selfishness of her character comes brazenly to the front, her utter disregard of the most elementary human rights of others, her cynical contempt for every interest and every comfort but her own. The last thing that the traveling woman wishes for is the exclusive companionship of her own sex.

A writer in the February issue of the *American Magazine* believes that women's manners to each other are improving. It is to be hoped so, for they could hardly get any worse. She says she can remember the time when in the sleeping-car, on the street-car, at the hotel, even on the sidewalk, women were almost uniformly selfish and supercilious. The writer in question may still be in the first flush of an exquisite youth and still remember all this without putting any breaking strain upon her memory. She continues:

"Do you remember the comedy of rising in the old Pullman car when the woman's washroom could be locked? The early riser would bolt herself in and make leisurely toilet, while a rapidly increasing crowd of angry half-clad women packed at the end of the car, venting their impatience by jostling, pounding on the door, appealing to the authorities. I have seen this selfish occupation of a toilet-room carried so far that the train officials were obliged to eject the selfish one, and I have been told by good authority that the nuisance became so great that it led to the substitution of the open room. But the open room did not end the trouble. If you could not be kept out you could be made most uncomfortable by those who preceded you, by the woman spreading the contents of a large suit case over three-quarters of the room and grumbling because she did not have the remaining fourth; by the woman who left the washstand sprinkled with powder, bowl unwiped, and soiled towels heaped everywhere; by the woman who elbowed and crowded and cast black glances.

"But I see and hear very much less of all this. In a recent trip across the continent there were eighty women in my car, and one of them confided in me toward the end of the trip that there had not been a morning when they did not put themselves out to button one another's waist."

It is hardly likely, therefore, that the cars "for women only" will be largely patronized. They would certainly not provoke a very spirited competition among the conductors.

Washington society circles are laughing consummately at a contretemps involving Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Mrs. Perry Belmont. It is, of course, understood that these ladies purchase their costumes in Paris and that they pay liberally for special "creations" that shall be quite unlike anything else. The society lady does not look for beauty and would hardly know it if she saw it. But exclusiveness is something that comes well within the range of her comprehension and she must have it at any cost. What, then, was the horror of these ladies when they met at Mrs. Richard Townsend's and found that they were identically attired in costumes of white and silver that were obviously made at the same establishment and from the same model. Of course, the ladies kept their feelings below the surface, but not very far below. The gritting of their teeth was not exactly audible, except to the imagination, but if the Recording Angel can really see into human hearts, a power he is popularly supposed to possess, he must have earned quite a good deal at overtime that night.

These things will sometimes occur and the confidential dealer in second-hand clothing profits by them. One of these gentry in Washington now has two white and silver costumes to dispose of, while there are two irate ladies who will never again wear white and silver unless those colors should become fashionable in paradise.

The same thing happened once to Mrs. Nicholas Langworth before her marriage. She

met her counterpart at a reception given by Colonel Morrell in the person, or, rather, on the person, of Miss Alice Ward, who is now Mme. Rivoirano of Madrid. Fortunately good sense prevailed; the incident was closed by a mutual laugh and both young women wore the gowns until the end of the season. Upon still another occasion Mrs. Mark Hanna, Mrs. Foraker, and Mrs. Kean met at a luncheon in gowns so precisely alike as to be almost indistinguishable. They were all supposed to be exclusive, and they all came from Paris, and, of course, from the same establishment. The fact of the three ladies being the only representatives present of the senatorial circle caused a distinguished visitor to ask if it was customary for those in the same official set to wear similar costumes, to appear in uniform, so to speak.

An English newspaper that cultivates the habit of delirium whenever the subject of socialism is mentioned, admits to its columns a correspondence on the important question of the minimum income upon which a man may safely marry. The newspaper is a halipenny one, it professes to appeal to the masses rather than to the classes, and it toils perspiringly and unsuccessfully in the footsteps of Mr. Hearst.

The correspondent started with the speculations of a would-be Benedict as to the possibility of his being able to make both ends meet on an income of \$5000 a year. He was fearful of taking the rash matrimonial plunge upon a sum so beggarly, but he was not quite without hope that, after all, love would find out a way. But he was undeceived. The stern finger of warning was shaken at him by another correspondent, a kind of moral idiot who had "been there" and had tasted the miseries of improvident marriages. This second correspondent was well qualified to speak from bitter experience. His own income had been over \$30,000 a year, but it had been reduced to somewhere in the vicinity of \$15,000 by a fall in the value of land. He had hoped that with rigid economy he would find it enough, but alas "I soon found I had made a bad mistake." He had to give up all his pleasures. True, he still has a couple of automobiles, but one is a motor hrougham for his wife and therefore of no value to him, while the other is a mere twenty-horsepower and consequently of no value to any one. Poor wretch, what wonder that his life should be crowded with bitter memories of the free and happy days before penury and want had come in the train of a wife.

We hate to harrow and lacerate the feelings of our readers, but there is worse to come. Our friend goes on to tell us that there was a day—a pre-matrimonial day—when he thought nothing of losing \$100 over bridge at his club. He can do so no longer, as he can not afford to lose \$100—at least, not more than once or twice a week. His little trips abroad have come to a stop and vacations must be spent at home instead of on the Continent. He is crushed at every turn by a grinding and degrading poverty, and in the goodness of his heart he stands at a sign-post at the parting of the ways and implores the doubtful traveler to turn his back forever on the road that leads to marriage. How any one should propose to live as a married man on \$5000 a year "beats one altogether. It simply can not be done."

And this precious drivel, and much more of the same kind, appears in a newspaper with a very wide circulation among a class of readers whose average income is probably about \$15 a week. How do they like it? Does it make Socialists of the foolish ones among them? How do they relish the placid and insolent assumption that the world is made up of two classes of people, those who have an insufficient supply of automobiles and who are therefore wretched and those who have enough of them and are therefore happy? Is the average reader stirred to indignation and contempt, or is he mesmerized into a comfortable feeling as he goes to his work on the top of an omnibus that his newspaper associations have lifted him into the realm of "high life" and that he, too, belongs to a class that mourns over a diminishing land value and wonders how the wolf can be kept from the door on a miserable and niggardly income of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars. The weak mind of the immortal Mr. Toots derived a certain satisfaction by indicting imaginary letters to himself from eminent men, and perhaps the ten-dollar-a-week London clerk feels something of the same emotion when, by the expenditure of a half-penny for a morning newspaper, he can gain admission to society realms which, with the eye of flesh, he can see only from the far-away outside. The homastic letters over which he gloats were probably written by a footman or a hairdresser. But what does he care about that? They have the right touch about them, don't you know.

The official organ of American tailordom finds much that is reprehensible in the sartorial adornment of our public men. These faults have been pointed out before and that there should be a continuing negligence in such vital matters is deplorable. Take, for instance, our esteemed President. What excuse can he have for being a "poor dresser," and why do his clothes have "a no-more-no-less, from-mills-to-man look"? Then, too,

there is Secretary Taft, who "dresses very well for a fat man." This is personal and unkind, but then there is nothing sacred to the tailor. His is an honorable profession, but it does not conduce to hero worship. Secretary Taft should "avoid the dinner jacket." No doubt the Secretary will do so in future, especially when he is told that "his enormous girth makes his dress vest look like a belt." We were afraid for the moment that there might be some kind of party animus in this and that the cloven foot of the third-term movement might be in the doorway. But not so. All parties, cliques, and factions look alike to the tailor, and Speaker Cannon is as great an offender as any one—more so perhaps. He is "a total loss so far as clothes are concerned." There is no salvage whatever, no redeeming features. It is true that "once in a while he looks pretty good, but the most of the time he looks like ———." Like what? It is to be hoped that the tailor was not verging upon profanity, although there is a forcible and inelegant monosyllable that irresistibly suggests itself. Vice-President Fairbanks is not much better. As in the case of Secretary Taft, there are architectural difficulties to be overcome and he is "a difficult man to drape correctly." But there is nothing parsimonious about the Vice-President except his supply of adipose tissue; his clothing is of "costly material, but in full dress he looks as comfortable as a man hanging from a tree." Who would suppose that a tailor had such power of descriptive condensation? Senator Beveridge is dismissed briefly as a "swell dresser," while Tim Woodruff "looks like a cozy corner."

The French Red Cross Society reveals the interesting fact that among the nurses sent to the seat of war in Morocco are several ladies of the best families in France, who undertake the ordinary and often repulsive drudgeries of the hospital and carry them out efficiently. The secretary of the society says that one of these ladies when he called to say good-bye had just done a big day's washing. The shirts were of the coarse, heavy kind usually worn by the soldiers, while the lady was the daughter of a director of the ministry of foreign affairs. The secretary adds "it is extraordinary."

So of course it is, but what is more extraordinary still is the fact that these ladies stipulate that their names shall be kept from the newspapers and that the public shall know nothing of what they are doing. One of these ladies told the secretary that never once had she heard an impolite word from a soldier, while General Druce says, "I walk in front of them when I am in the hospital, but

when I am outside I walk behind." Strange as it may seem, not one of these delicately reared women, so used to Parisian luxury, has suffered in health from this experience. And Casablanca just at present is not exactly a health resort.

A report from London says that the apron, once the badge of household work, has been honorably received into society circles. The guest at afternoon tea is now furnished by her hostess with a dainty little lace or brocade apron, embroidered or hand-painted and tied with ribbons. There was a time when afternoon tea consisted only of innocent trifles that could hardly do damage to the most delicate dress fabric, but the function has now become somewhat more serious with the advent of scones, muffins, and cakes filled with cream or custard. The tiny serviette was nearly useless as a defense, while the pretty tea apron solves the problem and saves many an awkward stain on dress material. It can be made in a variety of materials, muslins lined with soft washing silks being the most popular. These tea aprons are made very short and without hihs and they are fitted with tiny pockets holding a Japanese serviette in cream paper patterned with red roses. The innovation seems to be on common-sense lines, and that is more than can be said for society changes in general.

Beginning with the year, stricter rules are being enforced, at the personal instance of the emperor, in the matter of dress at gala performances at the opera in Berlin.

The tickets for the New Year's performance of "Aida," at which the emperor and empress and members of the court were present, declared imperatively that ladies must wear décolleté evening dress and gentlemen evening clothes with white ties. Those who did not conform to this direction were refused admission. Hitherto evening dress, as understood in London or Paris, has been the exception.

Another innovation on gala nights was the closing of the refreshment department at the opera, where many of the audience have been accustomed to consume lager beer and sandwiches between the acts.

"I want some collars for my husband," said a lady in a department store, "but I am afraid I have forgotten the size." "Thirteen and a half, ma'am?" suggested the clerk. "That's it. How on earth did you know?" "Gentlemen who let their wives buy their collars for 'em are almost always about that size, ma'am," exclaimed the observant clerk.—*Everybody's Magazine*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay. Epigrammatic and Otherwise:

The Rev. Dr. C. M. Lamson, once president of the American Board of Foreign Missions, was called as a pastor over a parish, and was undergoing examination before a council when the question was asked him: "Do you believe in a hell?" The retiring clergyman of the parish sat beside him, and, giving him a nudge, said: "Tell them yes; if you don't now you will before you have been here six months."

Blumenthal, the great theatre manager of Berlin, was once talking with Tolstoy about Ibsen, and said: "I have put a good many of his plays on the stage, but I can't say that I quite understand them. Do you understand them?" "Ibsen doesn't understand them himself," Tolstoy replied; "he just writes them, and then sits down and waits. After awhile his expounders and explainers come and tell him what he meant."

Théophile Gautier was once instrumental in securing an engagement at the Théâtre Historique for a blonde young woman of no particular talent, but with the supremely innocent face of a pre-Raphaelite maiden. "Othello" was then being rehearsed. One day the girl came flying into Gautier's library. "What's the matter now?" asked the poet. "The matter is that they want to give me a 'rotten' part." "What part?" "Desdemona."

O'Connell had got a man off at one time for highway robbery, and, at another, for burglary; but, on a third occasion, for stealing a coasting brig, the task of hoodwinking the jury seemed too great for even his powers of cajolery. However, he made out that the crime was committed on the high seas, and obtained an acquittal. The prisoner lifted up his hand and eyes to heaven, and exclaimed: "May the Lord long spare you, Mr. O'Connell—to me!"

The old soldier was in a talkative mood. "Did I ever see Wellington? Why, of course I did. I was lying on the ground when I heard the sound of 'osses' 'oofs, and soon a voice called out: 'Is that you Saunders?' I knewed the voice in a hinstant—it was the Dook of Wellington. 'Yes, sir,' sez I, most respectful. 'Come 'ere,' sez the dook. I riz reluctant from the ground, for I was tired out. He sez to me when I came near him: 'Saunders, I want you to go back 'ome.' 'Why?' sez I. 'Because you're killin' too many people,' sez the dook. And 'ome I went!'"

The late Catholic Bishop of Raphoe used often to tell this story with much enjoyment: "I was suddenly called," he said, "from my home to see an unfortunate sailor who had been cast ashore from a wreck, and was lying speechless on the ground, but not quite dead. 'The life's in him still, your reverence,' he stirred a little." So I stooped down and said to him: 'My poor man, you're nearly gone; but just try to say one little word, or make one little sign to show that you are dying in the true faith.' So he opened one of his eyes just a wee bit, and he said: 'Bloody eyes to the Pope!' and so died."

When Thomas B. Reed was in his glory in Washington he had a habit of asking embarrassing questions of young members to get a laugh on them. One day Reed was holding court in the lobby and Robert G. Cousins of Iowa, then a new member, came in. Cousins was big and awkward, and had a nervous habit of rubbing the back of his left hand with the fingers of his right. Reed saw him. "Young man," he said, "did you ever have the itch?" Everybody laughed. Cousins was flustered, but he stiffened up in a moment and replied: "I never had the presidential itch," and that quivered Mr. Reed for the remainder of the afternoon.

A country politician in Pennsylvania managed to get elected to the legislature at Harrisburg for one term. When he came back he built himself a fine house, costing about twenty thousand dollars. His old neighbors, who knew he had no money before he went to Harrisburg, and who knew the salary of a Pennsylvania legislator, were curious to discover where the returned statesman got means to build the house. So, one day, a committee waited on the man who built the house, and the spokesman said: "Jim, it may be none of our business to your thinking, but we think you owe it to us who sent you to the legislature to explain where you got the money with which you built this house. You didn't have a cent before you went to Harrisburg and owed everybody in the place. How about it?" "Why," said the builder, "it's simple enough. You see, when we were in Harrisburg, we didn't keep a hired girl."

When Sheridan was a manager, he even indulged in such catering to the public taste as offering to the public a dog piece, by Reynolds, entitled "The Caravan; or, The Driver and the Dog." Of its first presentation it is recorded that Sheridan, after witnessing the performance, suddenly entered the green room, shouting: "Where is he? Where is my

guardian angel?" Presuming he meant to congratulate the author, Reynolds replied: "Here I am!" "Pooh," replied Sheridan, "I don't mean you; I mean the dog." Later, one Dignum, who played in the piece, approached Sheridan one night, with woeful countenance, saying: "Sir, there is no guarding against illness. It is truly lamentable to stop the run of a successful play like this; but really—" "Really what?" cried Sheridan, interrupting him. "I am so unwell that I can not go on longer than tonight." "You!" exclaimed Sheridan; "my good fellow, you terrified me; I thought you were going to say the dog was ill."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Poor Mere Man.

He's led to believe he is learned
On everything under the sun,
That he is authority final
On just how a thing should be done.
But after the wedding is over,
He finds, as a general rule,
She doesn't mind letting him know that
She always believed him a fool.

He's told his opinion is valued
On intricate matters of state,
And saving the country from ruin
Depends on his intellect great.
But after election is over,
And politics settle and cool,
They never mind letting him see that
They always esteemed him a fool.

—McLanburgh Wilson, in New York Sun.

Leap Year.

Why don't the girls propose, papa;
Why don't the girls propose?
The glad Leap Year at last is here,
I'm ready, goodness knows!
My little shy, consenting ways
My willingness disclose,
And yet they do not seem to mind—
Why don't the girls propose?

Why don't the girls propose, papa;
Why don't the girls propose?
Three years I've waited wistfully
Among the belles and beaux.
But now a kindly Fate might put
An end to all my woes,
If only some sweet maid would pop!
Why don't the girls propose?

Why don't the girls propose, papa?
I almost want to cry!
Just think if Leap Year should elapse
And they should pass me by!
My heart goes pitty pat, papa!
This fateful year will close
In just eleven months from now—
Why don't the girls propose?

—Somerville Journal.

More Malefactors.

Oh, when the grip is treating you in ways that are not nice,
And all your friends who have it not drop in to give advice,
And rob you of your patience by their vast, unstinted wealth
Of cures for it, how you despise such predatory health!

—Indianapolis News.

What's in a Name.

Not a hison roams the streets of Buffalo,
There are men in Richmond who are poor, indeed;
St. Louis isn't saintly, as you know,
And some of Reading's people can not read.

At Dayton there are nights as well as days,
While Fredericksburg has many Jims and Jacks;
'Tis little mirth that Joliet displays,
And peace reigns o'er the scene at Battle Axe.

—Lippincott's Magazine.

Seven Fables.

There was once a fisherman who was never heard to lie concerning his catch.—He was dumb.

There was once a dramatic critic who gave unstinted praise to a new play.—It was his own work.

There was once a man like Bernard Shaw.—He felt it deeply.

There was once an actor lacking in conceit.—He was certified as insane.

There was once an earnest politician.—He was viewed with distrust by his colleagues.

There was once a musical-comedy actress who was photographed without showing her teeth.—She had forgotten to bring them with her.

There was once a limerick competitor who felt that he had been justly treated.—He was a winner.—Leslie's Weekly.

A. Hirschman.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Society has nothing save the most informal little affairs to stir the pious calm of the Lenten season, but a number of bridge clubs have been formed to play each week until the summer exodus begins. Lectures, both in French and English, on all matters literary, artistic, or historical, are filling much of the time of the prominent maids and matrons, and daily church-going with charitable work as well keeps many more busily occupied.

The engagement is announced of Miss Regula Hoffman, daughter of Mrs. Regula Hoffman of Berkeley, to Mr. Dudley Emerson Bernays of Los Angeles.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith K. Norris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Norris, to Mr. Milton S. Latham. Their wedding will be celebrated in September.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elsa Epstein, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Epstein, to Mr. Louis F. Haber.

The engagement is announced of Miss Carolyn Olinsky, daughter of Mrs. D. Bennett, to Mr. Charles David.

The wedding of Miss Ruth Goodman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey P. Goodman, to Mr. George Loomis North of this city took place on Saturday last at the home of the bride in Napa. The ceremony was celebrated at 1 o'clock by the Reverend Richard Wylie. Mrs. Herbert Sawyer, the bride's sister, was the matron of honor, and Mr. William E. Hough of San Francisco was the best man. Mr. and Mrs. North left on Monday last for a month's trip to Tahiti, and on their return will go to Sacramento, where they will make their home.

Miss Leslie Page will entertain a dozen guests informally at tea on Tuesday next in honor of Miss Nellie Coppee and Miss Pauline Duncan.

The officers and ladies of the Presidio entertained at a dance at that post on Friday evening of last week.

Mrs. Charles P. Eells was the hostess on Friday last at a luncheon, at which Mrs. Whitelaw Reid was the guest of honor.

Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard entertained at a luncheon on Sunday of last week at her home in San Mateo in honor of Miss Josephine Brown and Mr. Harry N. Stetson.

Mrs. Boswell King was the hostess at a luncheon at her home in San Mateo on Friday of last week in honor of Miss Josephine Brown. Those present were: Mrs. Edward Howard, Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., Mrs. Norris Davis, Miss Frances Howard, Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Marie Brewer, Miss Amie Brewer, Miss Nora Brewer, and Miss Barneson.

Mrs. H. H. Bancroft was the hostess at a luncheon last week in honor of Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler. Those present were: Miss Lucy Bancroft, Mrs. Frederick Clappett, Mrs. Pierce of San Jose, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. B. F. Norris, Mrs. William Ashburner, Mrs. John Charles Adams, Mrs. Lovell White, Mrs. Goodrich, and Miss Beaver.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzer entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mrs. Seymour Cunningham of New York. Their guests were: Mr. and Mrs. William Bull Pringle, Captain and Mrs. Conrad Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee, Miss Ethel Lincoln, Mr. Frederick Coon, and Mr. Ralph Harrison.

Mrs. Richard Bayne was the hostess at an informal tea and musicale on Friday afternoon of last week in honor of Miss Margaret Brown of Denver, Colorado.

Mrs. Victor Bright was the hostess at an informal 4 o'clock tea early this week at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Charles M. Josselyn entertained the members of her whist club at her home on Webster Street on Thursday of last week.

The club will meet every fortnight. Among the members are: Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. Cyrus Walker, Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Mrs. E. W. McKinstry, Mrs. John F. Boyd, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. S. W. Rosenstock, Mrs. Warren Clark, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Mrs. William Morgan, Mrs. Henry Thomas, Mrs. James Gale, and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge.

Mrs. John F. Boyd entertained at an informal bridge party on Tuesday last at her home on California Street.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock left last week for the East and will visit relatives in Baltimore, Washington, and New York for a time, but plan to leave next month for Europe to travel during the summer.

Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, who arrived here last week from Southern California and was a guest at the Fairmont, left on Tuesday evening for New York.

Mrs. William S. Tevis returned to town this week, after a stay of three weeks at her Kern County country place.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond and Mr. Harris Hammond, who have been at the Fairmont for the past six weeks, left on Wednesday last for Santa Barbara, where they will remain until late in the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick, Miss Florence Breckinridge, and Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, spent the week end at Menlo Park.

Mrs. E. L. Griffith is entertaining at her Ross Valley home her nieces, Miss Nellie Coppee and Miss Pauline Duncan, who have recently arrived from the East.

Mrs. Victor Bright (formerly Miss Bertha Ralston), who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Arthur Page, for several weeks, will leave next week for Northern California, where she will visit her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin will go down shortly to their summer home at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans S. Pillsbury have been visiting at San Mateo as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl.

Miss Jennie Crocker will leave shortly for New York, and will sail during April for some months' travel in Europe.

Mrs. Wilcox, Mrs. Longstreet, Miss Daphne Drake, and Mr. Alfred Wilcox of Los Angeles arrived here last week and are guests at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Page and Miss Leslie Page, who have spent the winter at the Hillcrest, on California Street, will go to their country place in San Rafael about April 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin will leave shortly for the East, going to Newport for the summer. They expect to sail for Europe in the autumn.

Mrs. Adolph Sebeld has returned to her home in Sacramento, after a stay here as the guest of Mrs. George Lent.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Casserly went down recently to San Mateo for a stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dillingham (formerly Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith) sailed on Tuesday last for their home in Honolulu.

Miss Maude Howard, who has spent the winter at the Fairmont, has gone to Paso Robles for a stay.

Mrs. James Wilkins and Miss Lucille Wilkins are at present spending some weeks in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Grant Selfridge has returned from a visit to Mrs. William S. Tevis at the latter's Bakersfield ranch.

Mrs. T. W. M. Draper is spending a few weeks in Pasadena and will go later to Santa Barbara, where she will be the guest of her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Francis T. Underbill.

Miss Elena Robinson has left for Santa Barbara to join her mother, Mrs. James Robinson, and her brother, Mr. Porter Robinson.

Miss Ella Morgan is spending a month here, but will return later to Del Monte to remain during the summer.

Mrs. Henry C. Campbell and Miss Frances Reed will leave about April 1 for several months' stay in the East.

Mrs. Walter Magee has been visiting here as the guest of Mrs. Thomas Eastland.

Mr. Walter Dillingham, who has been a visitor here for the past month, sailed on Tuesday last for Honolulu.

Mrs. S. G. Wheeler has returned to her home in Sausalito, after a stay of several days as the guest of Mrs. John Hays Hammond at the Fairmont.

Mrs. M. C. Low and Miss Flora Low returned to Del Monte last week, after a visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Kreisler of Vienna, Austria, are at the St. Francis.

Miss Mary Jolliffe is at present the guest of Mrs. George Doubleday in New York, but will sail next month for Europe.

Mrs. Franklin Harwood and Miss Marian Huntington have been the guests this week of Captain and Mrs. Edward Shinkle at Benicia Arsenal.

Mrs. J. E. Shoober and Miss Fanny Shoober have returned from a visit of several months' duration in Victoria, B. C., and are domiciled at Sacramento and Gough Streets.

Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace, who has been liv-

ing in Berkeley for the past year, will leave shortly for several months' travel in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Brockway Metcalf have been staying in town for a few days recently as the guests of Mrs. Mary P. Huntington.

Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle have returned from a brief visit to Del Monte.

Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, who has been at Del Monte during the winter, is in town for a stay of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Gump are at present in New York prior to their departure for Europe. They will be absent about four months.

Miss Genevieve Harvey of Galt has returned to her home, after a fortnight's stay in town as the guest of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin Dunsmuir of Victoria, B. C. (the latter of whom was formerly Miss Maude Shoober of this city), left recently for Europe and will spend several months cruising in the Mediterranean.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla, Jr., and Miss Vera de Sabla, have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Martin at the latter's Ross Valley home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Freeman arrived in the city last Friday and took apartments at the Hotel St. Francis. Mrs. Freeman, who is better known as Mary E. Wilkins, is gathering material for a story that will probably appear in the very near future in an Eastern magazine.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Del Coronado were Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Mead, Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Haslett, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd W. Robbins, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sheldon, Mrs. Thomas S. Irvin, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. Hugo A. Taussig, Mr. James W. Finn, Dr. and Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Peyser, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Snedker, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Bennett, Colonel and Mrs. C. L. Jones, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were Mr. C. Scribner, Mr. A. Dirix, Mr. Charles F. Healy, Mr. W. W. Saint, Mr. and Mrs. D. Hirschler, Mrs. R. E. Revalk, Mrs. W. R. Jones, Mr. A. S. Holman, Mr. W. B. Longwill, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Chanslor, Mr. E. P. Cooper, Mr. James P. Sweeney, Mrs. Stella F. Gillette, Mrs. C. R. Landberg, Mr. W. T. Hume, of San Francisco.

The Hotel St. Francis has just opened the third electric grill to be installed in America, the other two being in the Waldorf-Astoria and the Plaza in New York City. This grill is a unique affair, which cooks a steak or chop in about five minutes. The room itself is finished in an unusual manner, the woodwork being treated with a sandblast, and the floor finished in Moravian tiles to preserve the mediæval feeling of the general design. The hand carving of the big fireplace and the details in general are exceptionally good.

Dickens—I'm doing the best that I can. *Pickens*—I'm glad that I'm not one of the best.—*Town Topics*.

Dr. Pierre Marcel Willemin, formerly in the Starr King Building, takes this means of announcing to the persons whom he has served in the past as an expert extractor of teeth that he has resumed practice at 1350 Franklin St., corner Sutter, San Francisco. Hours 10 to 4, by appointment. Telephone Franklin 1558.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Lieutenant-Colonel Edward E. Hardin, Twenty-Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., is relieved from recruiting duty, to take effect upon the arrival in New York City of Captain C. C. Carson, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., and will turn over his station and property to Major William L. Kenley, Fifth Field Artillery, U. S. A., recruiting officer. Upon being thus relieved Colonel Hardin will proceed to San Francisco and report in person to the commanding general, Department of California, for assignment to duty until the sailing of the first transport for Manila upon which he may be able to secure accommodations, when he will proceed to join his regiment.

Major Wendell Simpson, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., accompanied by Mrs. Simpson, left his station, Fort Bliss, Texas, last month, for Washington, D. C., for medical treatment.

Major William C. Wren, U. S. A., was promoted to his present rank, to date from January 1, 1908, and is ordered transferred from the Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., to the Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A. Major Wren will be assigned to a battalion and station by his regimental commander, and upon the expiration of his present leave will join the station to which he may be assigned.

Captain Sterling P. Adams, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Captain Cornelius C. Smith, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Captain Jesse G. Langdon, First Field Artillery, U. S. A., Captain Charles C. Puls, Second Field Artillery, U. S. A., Captain Alfred W. Bjornstad, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., Captain George B. Pond, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., and Captain Carl F. Hartman, Signal Corps, U. S. A., have been detailed to enter the class at the Army School of the Line and will report to the commandant of that school at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, on August 15 for duty.

Captain Charles J. Badger, U. S. N., superintendent of the Naval Academy, Annapolis, will be relieved from that duty at the end of the academic term in June and placed in command of the *Virginia*, now en route to this Coast with the squadron.

Captain A. Ward, U. S. N., is detached from the command of the *Pennsylvania* and ordered home to await orders.

Captain F. A. Wilner, U. S. N., is detached from the Navy Yard, League Island, Pennsylvania, and ordered to command the *Pennsylvania*.

Captain Daniel W. Hand, First Field Artillery, U. S. A., is detailed as an acting quartermaster, and will proceed to Fort Barrancas, Florida, and assume charge under the instructions of the quartermaster-general of the army, of construction work at that post, relieving Lieutenant Albert L. Rboads, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., of that duty.

Captain Albert U. Faulkner, First Field Artillery, U. S. A., battalion adjutant, Second Battalion, is assigned to Battery F of that regiment, vice Captain Daniel W. Hand, U. S. A., who is relieved.

Lieutenant H. N. Jensen, U. S. N., is detached from duty on board the *West Virginia* as ordnance officer of the Pacific fleet and ordered to the bureau of ordnance, Navy Department.

Lieutenant George Steunenberg, Thirteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been assigned to the infantry arm and ordered to the Twenty-eighth Infantry. He has been granted two months' leave of absence before joining his new command.

Lieutenant Edward W. Robinson, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has been transferred to the cavalry arm and assigned to the Thirteenth Cavalry, U. S. A. He is ordered to report to the commanding officer of that regiment for duty and assignment to station.

Passed Assistant Surgeon F. M. Munson, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Barry* for duty.

Paymaster Grey Skipwith, U. S. N., is detached from the *Milwaukee* and ordered to the *Pennsylvania* April 10.

Paymaster C. S. Baker, U. S. N., is ordered to the *Vermont*, sailing from San Diego about March 17.

Paymaster S. Bryan, U. S. N., is detached from the *Pennsylvania* and ordered home to settle accounts and wait orders.

Paymaster J. S. Higgins, U. S. N., is detached from the *Vermont* and ordered home to settle accounts and wait orders.

Passed Assistant Paymaster W. C. Fite, U. S. N., has had his orders to the Navy Yard, Boston, revoked, and is ordered to the *Milwaukee*.

The Hotel Victoria, a new and up-to-date family hotel with the finest of all modern appointments, has been opened under the management of Mr. Charles W. Penniman, formerly manager of the Lick House. The new hotel is centrally and conveniently located at the corner of Bush and Stockton Streets, and the fine view from all its windows is not the least of its attractions.

Dick—I am still living in Alameda. Tom—Don't you get any commutation for good behavior?—*Berkeley Palladium*.

California Dinner in New York.

At the dinner of the California Society in New York, held at the Hotel St. Regis a few days ago, the head of the organization, the Honorable Marion DeVries, presided. Mr. William A. Brady was one of the speakers, but the principal address was made by Mr. Joseph D. Redding. After glorifying California for the grandeur of her isolation—between very mountains paling their shamed faces as they left the verdure that belonged to California—Mr. Redding gave a new activity to Macaulay's New Zealander, transferred that Pacific wanderer's perch to California's strand, and had him dig up a history of a strange land and people, in an allegory of the "Simpletons."

Mr. Redding had only praise for the sending of the fleet to the Pacific, to California, "facing the Orient with 1000 miles of coastline, a coast-line equal to that from Maine to South Carolina."

President DeVries said that there were 6000 Californians in New York eligible to membership in the society, and he thought that the membership of 140 hardly indicated that the Californians there were doing their full duty.

Mr. Delphin M. Delmas also spoke. He said that his mind, he thought, was cast in rather too serious a mould to permit him to entertain a dinner gathering. The auditors applauded him.

The Lyric Hall "Pops."

The first Lyric Hall popular chamber music concert will be given Sunday afternoon, March 22, when the splendid string quartet will be assisted by Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt, pianiste, in the following programme: Quartet, Op. 17, No. 2, *Rubinstein*; Sonata for Violoncello and Piano, *Grieg*; Quartet for Piano and Strings, *Schumann*.

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Mme. Melba may be said to have begun her musical career at the girls' school in Melbourne, where her comrades used to ask her to "make that funny noise in your throat, Nellie." The "funny noise" was the marvelous trill that was to ring through the opera-houses of the world. Mme. Melba was wife and mother at twenty, when she left Australia and called on Sir Arthur Sullivan in London, who gave her a small part in "The Mikado." Subsequently introduced to the famous teacher Marchesi in Paris, the excitable old lady exclaimed, "Come to me and the world shall know of you," and forthwith introduced her new star to Charles Gounod. Since then fourteen monarchs have decorated the singer.

Smokers need no longer take to heart the advice of their physicians to give up the use of tobacco. From statistics just compiled by Dr. George L. Meylan, the gymnasium director at Columbia University, it is shown that the average college student, or Columbia student at any rate, who smokes is healthier and stronger physically than the average non-smoker. But Dr. Meylan, who holds an M. D. degree, qualifies the statement by saying that the non-smokers are much younger than those who are addicted to the use of the weed.

Harold Bauer will be the last of the great pianists to visit us this season. His dates are Sunday afternoons, March 29 and April 5, and Thursday evening, April 2. His Oakland concert will be Friday afternoon, April 3.

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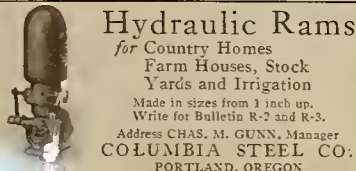
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Did you ever spend any money foolishly?" "Sure. I was engaged to a girl once myself."—*Detrait Free Press.*

"They seem to live happily together." "Yes; he lets his wife select his neckties and his stenographers."—*Nashville American.*

"They seem to be having a duet in the next suite." "Yes, the man is practicing on the cornet while his wife talks."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Don't you ever get homesick, captain?" asked the passenger on the ocean liner. "No; I'm never home long enough," replied the captain.—*Philadelphia Press.*

"Yes," said she defiantly. "I admit that I kissed him." "Did he put up much of a struggle?" inquired her best girl friend.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Patience—They say she has a wonderful command of language. *Patrice*—Well, she seems to command her husband's, but not her own.—*Yankers Statesman.*

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "I ketches myself lambastin' a mule foh doin' purty much de same as I would do if I was in de mule's place!"—*Washington Star.*

"I pay as I go," declared the pompous citizen. "Not while I'm running these apartments," declared the janitor. "You'll pay as you move in."—*Washington Journal.*

Flipper—I didn't know he had an accident when he was out motoring with the chorus girl. *Flapper*—The accident was his wife, who happened to catch him.—*Smart Set.*

"A little charity, please; everything is getting so fearfully expensive." "You oughtn't to talk that way; automobiles are much cheaper than they were."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Dally—Pardon me, dear, but you cut a ridiculous figure on the street yesterday. *Pally*—Oh, forgive me, dear! If I had seen you I should have spoken.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Possibly the fact that the optimist sees the doughnut and the pessimist the hole is due to the further fact that the optimist has mostly doughnut and the pessimist mostly hole.—*Puck.*

"Justin," said Mrs. Wyss. "Yes," replied Mr. Wyss. "Will you speak a kind word to Fido and make him wag his tail. He hasn't had one bit of exercise all day."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

"How did Harry enjoy his trip abroad?" "Very much; he looks happy, and has gained 115 pounds." "One hundred and fifteen pounds?" "Yes, and she's an heiress."—*Braaklyn Life.*

The Artist—So you can't use my sketches, then. Would you mind telling me what you think of them? *The Editor*—I can't now, there are some ladies in the next room.—*Leslie's Weekly.*

"You told me this ring was a fire opal; an expert tells me it isn't anything of the kind." "My friend, you go tell dot eggspert he's a liar mit my compliments. Dot opal vas in four fires."—*Life.*

Charming Hostess (to dyspeptic guest, who has been refusing dish after dish)—I am so distressed. You've had no dinner at all! *Guest*—Thank you—but I have to be very particular about my food.—*Punch.*

Agent—How long do you intend to remain in Washington? *Reformer*—Until Congress passes a couple of necessary laws that—*Agent*—Gee! You don't want to rent a house. You'd better buy one.—*Washington Herald.*

"How did you and your husband discover that you were affinities?" asked the pretty young widow. "Heavens! We never did. We got married in a decent way, neither of us having any reason not to."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"Do you think Bliggins would make a good husband?" asked the conscientious youth. "Why do you ask?" inquired the girl, in surprise. "Because if you think such a fool as Bliggins could manage it, I have a good mind to take a chance myself."—*Washington Star.*

The Man with the Gun (baastfully and cynically)—I have been engaged to at least a dozen girls. *Miss Sweet Girl* (laaking an-nayed)—And always been unlucky in love, eh? *He*—Oh, I don't know. I've never married any of them. What?—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"John," she whispered, "there's a burglar in the parlor. He has just knocked against the piano and hit several keys at once." "I'll go down," said he. "Oh, John, don't do anything rash!" "Rash! Why, I'm going to help him. You don't suppose he can remove the piano from the house without assistance."—*The Thrane.*

"What sort of telescope do you use for seeing things on Mars?" The eminent astronomer, habituated to scanning the heavens at magazine space rates, stayed his pen but an instant. "I have learned," he replied, "not to rely on any telescope. The best of them sadly hampers the play of the imagination."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

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THIRTY-FIRST YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Permanent Pacific Fleet a Necessity.

The theory that the battleship fleet will never, as a fleet, return to Atlantic waters finds support in a remark made within the week at London by Frederick T. Janes, a famous naval authority. "I believe," said Mr. Janes, "that a strong permanent Pacific fleet is essential. A weak, undefended coast would tempt Japan unduly to bring on a race war which would be a world calamity. A strong American Pacific fleet is the only guarantee of peace. Russia's defeat by Japan was due to a weak Pacific fleet. America can not afford a Tsushima, which reliance upon reinforcements might well mean." This utterance, we think, is in accord with the judgment of the world and with the general necessities of a situation which calls upon America to maintain a strong hand in the Pacific Ocean. Somebody is going to dominate this great ocean. If the United States doesn't do it—if she foolishly throws away her chance—then Japan will do it. The course of a sound statesmanship, now that we have a vastly overmastering force in the Pacific, is to maintain that status. It can be done easily and naturally, without exciting suspicion or resentment, simply by keeping

here, in addition to the ships stationed here, a sufficient part of the fleet now anchored in Magdalena Bay.

In spite of Secretary Metcalf's assurances that after a series of visitings the battleship fleet will sail "for home," we believe that the hour for departure will never come. The motives and purposes which have given us the fleet are not likely to be so far put aside as to cause its return as a fleet to Atlantic waters.

The Anti-Graft Movement—a Review.

In March, 1907—one year ago—the movement inaugurated some weeks previously by Francis J. Heney, Rudolph Spreckels, and others avowedly against a deeply rooted system of municipal debauchery, typified by the names of Abraham Ruef and Eugene Schmitz, stood in high moral repute in San Francisco. It had the approval of every reputable element and there was organized in its support apparently everything essential to success. Public respect was behind it; the press was a unit for it; the courts were at least friendly to it; highly skilled detective aid was at its service; apparently unlimited money was pledged to it. In brief, every aspect of the situation was favorable. Within the year this movement has had many successes, and it has achieved one undeniable public service, namely, that of thrusting out from place and authority a group of grossly corrupt officials and at the same time breaking up that sinister political organization of which Abraham Ruef was the head. The merit of this achievement is large, so large that by whomever the history of the complicated and troubled year of 1907 may be written, due credit must be given for it.

And yet today—March, 1908—we find this same movement, once so approved and justified, at many points successful and in one instance largely and meritoriously so—we find this movement abandoned by the more effective elements of its original support, publicly discredited, desperately defending itself against distrust and contempt. The change in the sympathies of the San Francisco public, if not absolute, is sufficiently general to be marked as a thing without parallel in our immediate history. We are familiar with sudden changes of mood with respect to persons—to political and military leaders and heroes—but never before have we seen the forces of public opinion in relation to a movement of high moral pretensions shift so completely from one quarter to another. Why? How has this remarkable change come about? We shall undertake briefly to explain, not by the presentment of theories, but by a brief going-over of the record. It is a record which nobody could belie even if it were wished to do it, for the facts are so recent and so within universal observation that misrepresentation could lead only to confusion and condemnation of him who should attempt it.

It will be remembered that when it was announced that Mr. Rudolph Spreckels had financed the anti-graft crusade and that Mr. J. D. Phelan stood at his back there were many to express doubts as to the motives of these persons. It was recalled that before the disaster Spreckels and Phelan had been associated in a street railway project in rivalry with the existing system; and there were those freely to suggest that the movement of the two persons named, nominally against graft, might in its motives and essential character be an effort to "get even" with business rivals by which the Spreckels-Phelan combination had been worsted in a business conflict. The Argonaut, with others, heard these mutterings, but cared nothing about them. In its opinion if the thing aimed at was good in itself, it was just as well to look lightly at the circumstances by which it had come about. It is not uncommon that the enmities produced by business rivalry lead directly to the exposure of evil and therefore serve as an aid in the work of detecting wrongdoing. It is the man whose property is stolen who commonly pursues the thief; and the result is not

the less good because the motive of the prosecuting witness proceeds from his losses combined with the spirit of vengeance. That Messrs. Spreckels and Heney had private motives of enmity against Mr. Calhoun of the United Railroads did not seem then, and does not now, an adequate reason for discrediting their early activities in the way of detecting and punishing crime, providing, of course, that the methods of prosecution were legitimate and proper. It was assumed in the beginning in behalf of the backers of the prosecution that they would attempt nothing outside the lines of propriety and legitimacy. It was upon this basis that public confidence and support was given to their movement. The presumption was that whatever they did they would do properly and in order, with a due regard for public interests and with a decent respect for the integrity of the law. Indeed, they were represented as backing a movement to enforce the mandates of the law.

It is true that questions were raised as to the men active in the prosecution, especially of Messrs. Spreckels and Heney. Nothing in the career of the former was suggestive of impersonal or unselfish motives, while the whole repute of the latter was that of a frontier lawyer mostly in connection with criminal practice. A public eager to see the doers of corruption in our municipal affairs brought to bar was disposed to regard these points lightly. There were many to agree with the Argonaut that if we could get the villainies of our municipal system estopped and their chief agents punished, it mattered little who the individual prosecutors might be. Furthermore, it was hoped and trusted that something of the spirit of a great moral enterprise might come to possess the men active in it and to give them an enlargement of character in relation at least to the work in hand. It was in this mood that the people of San Francisco, without exception at the point of class and practically without any other exception, gave to the anti-graft movement a cordial and even enthusiastic support.

The attitude of the public at the time of which we are speaking was that of condemnation of all offenders high and low. Undoubtedly public anger and resentment was chiefly centred upon Abraham Ruef and the official puppets who did his bidding, but nobody justified, much less desired to shield from punishment, the capitalists or agents of capital who had joined hands with official thieves or had in any way coöperated with them in corrupting the municipal life of San Francisco. It will be recalled that the Argonaut, which speaks always for conservative, respectable, and moralized elements of the community, declared again and again for a course sufficiently thoroughgoing to hunt out and punish criminality in high and low places alike, without fear and without favor. This was the mood of the best elements of San Francisco at the time of which we speak and it is the mood of the same elements today. The progress of events has in a sense inclined public feeling generously towards certain men charged with crimes, but there has been no change in the wish of the community that the guilty, whether highly placed or otherwise, should be made to pay the penalties of wrongdoing. Speaking for itself, now as it did a year ago, the Argonaut urges a course of even and exact justice, with no favor to criminals of any class, and, by the same token, with no special malice towards any class or towards any person criminally accused.

The first thing tending seriously to raise questions as to the purposes of the prosecution developed in addresses made by members of the prosecuting group before public audiences. Mr. Heney in various platform talks permitted himself so far to depart from lawyer-like practice as to boast of his purpose to convict certain personages, some of whom he had officially charged with wrongdoing, others against whom he had not then and until this time has not preferred charges. At Berkeley, at Stanford, and elsewhere

where, Mr. Heney, speaking for the prosecution, announced the determination to "get" certain men. This was thought at the moment to be a gross indecency, and as time has developed the scope and methods of the prosecution it has been even more severely regarded. But while the public took note of these deviations from normal, legitimate, and worthy practice, nevertheless it did not withdraw its backing from the graft prosecution. It was felt that a good cause ought not to be discredited in the house of its friends because a prosecuting agent had indulged himself in ill-timed, ill-tempered, and even grossly improper utterances. There were, indeed, those who saw clearly that so much spleen, a spirit so deeply vindictive, a sense of propriety so out of joint with all reasonable standards, implied something very much at odds with the nominal purposes of the anti-graft movement. The *Argonaut*, after its habit, braved public opinion, then practically all one way, to the extent of warning the prosecution against the folly of intemperate talk and against the spirit which it feared lay back of that indecency. But public sentiment, loath to let go of a prospect upon which it had founded such high hopes, remained largely if not unanimously with the prosecution.

Other incidents tending to discredit the purposes of the prosecutors arose in connection with the trial of Eugene Schmitz. From beginning to end this procedure was in contempt of all the ordinary forms of law. The sympathies of the court were manifestly with the prosecution. Broadly speaking, all the motions of the prosecutors were allowed; all the motions of the defense were denied. It was the universal declaration of lawyers that the case was carried to its culmination by forced and arbitrary rulings and that upon appeal the verdict would surely be nullified. Even laymen easily saw that the procedure was a farce, carried through by irregular methods to a predestined end. But this end was what everybody wanted—that is, everybody save the few who had private motives of enmity to the whole anti-graft movement. The conviction of Schmitz meant his incarceration in jail; incarceration meant incapacitation for official duties. In other words, to convict Schmitz was to oust him from office and every decent man wanted to see him put out. It was reflected that even though the findings in the case should be legally discredited and the conviction nullified, it would not come until after the expiration of his official term. Therefore, though seeing the irregularities of Schmitz's conviction, the public gladly accepted the result. At the same time there were thoughtful men among us to question any proceeding carried forward regardless of the principles and the rules of law. And there were those to say publicly that if the graft prosecution was to carry itself in public respect it must not for any purpose, however good in itself, discredit by its practices the laws of the land.

Until this time the general sentiment of the community was friendly to the prosecution. There were, as we have said, here and there critics of its methods, but the general feeling was none the less that of approval and support. But in connection with the reorganization of the city government, following the deposition of Schmitz, there came an incident of tremendous significance. The condition being what it was—the mayor having become incapacitated—the five commercial bodies of the city named a committee drawn from their own membership and representing the best intelligence and responsibility of the community, with instructions to confer with the prosecution as to what should be done in the pending emergency. The idea with the citizen who originated the proposal, a citizen up to this time in entire sympathy with the prosecution—and here we speak from personal knowledge—was that the prosecutors would welcome an opportunity to hand over the government of the city redeemed by their extraordinary success from a shameless régime to those who might be chosen by a committee representative of the organized interests of the community. The Committee of Seven was intended not indeed to assume administrative authority, but to decide upon courses and to select agents fitting for the emergency. When with an arrogant incivility Rudolph Spreckels declined coöperation with the committee thus authorized by the commercial bodies of the city, then and there men of discernment recognized the true character of the whole movement. It was a movement not to redeem San Francisco, not to thrust out unfit men, not to punish criminality—it was a movement to put the powers of the municipality into hands already holding irregularly the powers of the prosecuting office. It was a movement to make Mr. Rudolph Spreckels (with Mr. James

D. Phelan in the background) the dictator of San Francisco. It was a movement whose successes were not to promote the dignities and the integrities of community government, but to carry forward the private purposes, the revenges, and the whimsies of a man having no title to consideration save that of his wealth, a man who had literally bought San Francisco with a price. It was then that thousands came to recognize the fact that government at the hands of Spreckels, like government at the hands of Ruef, was one and the same thing, modified only by change of names. For the essential vice of the Ruef régime was the indirect exercise by an irresponsible boss of official powers; and it was seen that this essential vice was not eliminated by substituting Rudolph Spreckels for Abraham Ruef. If the one man had an insatiable greed for gold, so the other had a lust for power and revenge. For what reasons and to what ends the people of San Francisco were soon to see.

It is necessary now to go back a little and to deal with a circumstance whose enormity, although critically marked at the time, was not at once recognized by the public at large. We refer to the policy under which immunity was granted arbitrarily by Messrs. Spreckels, Heney, *et al.* to the corrupt members—some seventeen or eighteen all told—of Ruef's board of supervisors. In the history of this whole movement, the thing most notable has been the development of testimony against this group of bribe-takers such as to force them to confession. When it was announced that the criminal supervisors had been completely exposed and brought to the point of confession, public satisfaction was great. The presumption was that, following accepted methods of prosecution, one or two or possibly three of the scoundrels guilty of selling out an official trust and of betraying responsibilities solemnly assumed might be allowed to turn State's evidence for the sake of convicting the others. Surprise was universal when it developed that without legal or other authority, but upon its own initiative and to its own ends, the prosecution had granted immunity to the whole wretched crew. Explanations were specious, but neither at the time nor since have they been sufficient to justify this extraordinary jail delivery. The claim of the prosecution was that by leaving the confessed boodlers in office and at the same time under criminal indictment they should have a body of obedient and serviceable tools—"good dogs," as Mr. Heney put it. But this involved that very principle of irresponsibility in government which had been practiced by Abraham Ruef and which was the essential vice of his system. It would have been much more regular and it would have pleased thoughtful citizens vastly better if the guilty supervisors had been duly put upon trial, leaving the affairs of the city government to be taken care of by other expedients. It was not necessary, it was not logically reasonable, it was not morally sound, to permit a group of defaulting public officials to go scot free of their crimes, retaining their booty and even continuing to carry public responsibilities. It made the public gorge rise to see these wretched criminals still sitting in the City Hall, drawing down the money of the municipality and exercising responsible public functions. Who, it was asked, are Messrs. Spreckels and Heney that they should assume to define the moral line in this business? By what virtue are they qualified to judge as between classes of criminals, letting go free and rewarded the one class confessedly and grossly guilty while they make a merit of pursuing others certainly not more guilty?

It was here that the theory of the prosecution was developed, that those who submit to extortion—who consent to be held up, so to speak—are more deeply guilty than those who do the holding up. This theory at best was a strained one and it found no general acceptance among persons qualified to render moral judgment. It was especially resented as proceeding from men who, though well known in the community, had never won special credit in the form of moral respect, had never, in fact, had any distinction that did not savor of selfish and personal motives. Today—at the end of a year—the theory of the prosecution has no more consideration—less, in truth—than at the time it was promulgated. There are few to excuse and none to justify those who yield to the hold-up official; but as between the combination of traitor and thug who does the holding up and the victim of his rapacity, human sympathy and human sense of justice surely and easily draws a line. It has been the policy of the prosecution from the beginning to reverse the normal order of judgment, to assign the greater guilt to the victim while giving immunity and even reward to the

robber. It is perhaps at this point that the infirmity of the graft prosecution at the point of its moral conceptions has been most signally in evidence. The plain truth is that neither Mr. Spreckels, Mr. Phelan, nor Mr. Heney are qualified to render judgment in a matter of this kind. No one of them has had the breeding in American ideas or the moral and intellectual standards essential to the integrity, not to mention the refinements, of moral judgment. This is not a pleasant thing to say, but it seems necessary, since we are speaking plainly.

We are now to observe as the next stage in this extraordinary drama what uses the prosecutors made of control of the municipal government exercised under their engagements of immunity with the criminal supervisors who for many weeks were kept in office—kept in office for the express purpose of carrying out the aims of their masters, the agents of prosecution. At the beginning of May a general strike was called against the United Railroads Company, of which Mr. Patrick Calhoun, a business rival and personal enemy of Messrs. Spreckels and Phelan, was the head. Calhoun had been involved in the confessions of the supervisors; they had, they declared, been paid by Ruef through one of their own number to vote for certain street-car franchises asked for by Calhoun's railway system. To what extent Calhoun was or is guilty we will not discuss; we have heretofore spoken fully and freely of this matter. If Mr. Calhoun bribed the supervisors he ought to be punished for it like any other malefactor. This is the *Argonaut's* view of it, and we believe it is the view of decent people universally who wish to see the sword of justice fall wherever there is guilt, without respect to persons. It hardly needs to be told that the strike managers had chosen a time to enforce demands which universal judgment and conscience declared to be out of reason, and when Calhoun's powers of defense were at their weakest. When this fact was pointed out Mr. Heney declared that Mr. Calhoun would not be disturbed during the trouble with his men. Nevertheless, on the very day that the strike was formally called, Calhoun was haled before the Grand Jury. Nobody ever said or thought that Mr. Calhoun should have been made immune in connection with any misdoings he may have been guilty of, none the less it was regarded by everybody having any sense of the proprieties, even of personal conflict, as an outrage that the moral powers of the prosecution should have been turned at the very hour of stress and trial to his embarrassment and confusion. Even the rules of the prize ring itself do not permit a man to be struck when he is down. Public sympathy knows how to adjust itself in matters of this kind, and it quickly turned to Calhoun. It can not be said that anybody with any title to declare moral judgment wished him to escape the consequences of any wrong act he may have done, but it was felt to be unpardonable that the powers of the community, exercised by Mr. Spreckels through his unofficial control of the prosecuting office, should have been turned against his private enemy at a moment when that man was making a fight regarded as important in relation to the public welfare as for his private interest.

But this was not all, for within a week after the strike began, and when it had reached a point of open warfare in our streets, the strikers in every instance being the aggressors, Mr. Spreckels gave to the newspapers a declaration or message of approval and sympathy for the rioters and for their criminal acts. Nor was this all, for while the strike was still in its first and most acute phase, the criminal board of supervisors, held in office by Mr. Spreckels for the avowed purpose of doing the bidding of the graft prosecution, by an arbitrary and forced and, as it was developed later, an illegal act, voted to take the vast sum of \$720,000 out of the treasury of the then prostrate city to set on foot a socialistic experiment in municipal street railroading. The purpose of this monstrous proceeding was plain enough: the thing was done to discredit the street railroad system in San Francisco financially, to weaken and if possible destroy Calhoun's powers of defense.

This whole matter can only be characterized as an outrageous diversion of usurped public powers to the monstrous and iniquitous end of tormenting and injuring in his resources one who, whatever his faults may have been in other respects, was making a gallant fight against an aggressive and oppressive tyranny. It was at this point that the *Argonaut* parted with its last shred of respect for Rudolph Spreckels and

his associates. Incident after incident had weakened the hold which up to the time of which we speak the prosecution held upon the sympathies of this journal. But when in the crisis of a contest for an essential American principle the graft prosecution placed its borrowed moral powers on the side of riot, outrage, and anarchy, the *Argonaut* lost all consideration for a movement manifestly conceived in malice and carried forward with a spirit better in accord with the standards of the Middle Ages than of the twentieth century in a country claiming devotion to equity and to law. Ready as it had been to support anybody to the end of pursuing criminality wherever it was to be found, it declined to tolerate a dictatorship founded in malevolent motives and directed to malevolent courses.

With its exposition of gross motives in connection with the street-car strike, the prosecution came to the end of anything wearing the look of general respect. True, there were and are some college professors and others lacking the practical judgment, the fixed respect for law, or the honesty to study the issue in all its bearings and to reach conclusions independent of previously cherished notions. There are always those who persist in believing what they wish to believe. But since the doings of Mr. Spreckels and his associates in connection with the strike, opinion among men of judgment has been divided, with a steadily increasing tendency to array itself against the prosecution. This does not mean that anybody—excepting perhaps those who have personal motives—seeks to condone criminality. The feeling is still what it was at the beginning, namely, that the guilty should be punished, but at the same time there are few willing that the grosser and more notorious criminals shall go free for the sake of suborning witnesses to give such evidence as may be required to convict certain private enemies of Mr. Spreckels against whom the whole malice of the prosecution appears now to be centred. Nobody having any pretense to respect for fixed moral and legal standards wishes for more or less than a fair trial before an unbiased court upon the evidence of unbought witnesses of every person accused, be his name great or small in the world or his place high or low.

The more recent aspects of this extraordinary procedure are still so fresh in the public mind that we need only glance at them. Perhaps the most extraordinary and significant development since the opening of the new year relates to the Ruef immunity contract. Ruef, be it remembered, is the prime scoundrel in all this whole business. It was Ruef who conceived the famous municipal "system"; it was Ruef who selected his men and drilled them in the infamous parts they were to play; it was Ruef who chiefly profited by the manifold iniquities of the system. And yet, to induce this wretched creature to give testimony tending to the conviction of Calhoun and others against whom the malice of prosecution was especially directed, it was agreed by the prosecution to grant this man complete exemption from punishment with leave to retain the million or more he had extorted and stolen. This contract was made months ago and was held as a secret for the purpose of giving to such testimony as Ruef might be induced to yield a fraudulent credit. In the secret besides Ruef himself there were the prosecutors and two judges, be it said to the shame of their ermine. When Ruef gave testimony in the Schmitz case this contract of immunity was in existence. When asked about it he swore to a lie and was known by the attorney of the prosecution and by the judge on the bench to be speaking falsely. We assert this not as a matter of individual knowledge or theory, but upon the sworn testimony of two clergymen, supplemented by the records of court.

Furthermore, the agents of the prosecution, including Mr. Heney himself, went before the public again and again in the campaign which preceded last fall's election asserting with the utmost emphasis that Ruef had demanded immunity, but that it had been denied him. At this time, be it remembered, Ruef's contract, not only guaranteeing complete immunity but specifying the processes by which it was to be obtained, was in the pocket of the arch-criminal and had been there for months. Is it surprising, let us ask, that there should be public distrust of men who, pretending to the highest moral purposes and aims, have lied and lied and lied and lied again to the shame of every standard respected by men with the slightest claim to sincerity and honor?

In nothing else, perhaps, have the prosecuting agents more completely illustrated their deficiencies of char-

acter than in the assaults made by them and by the two necessitous newspapers which they dominate, against the Appellate and Supreme Courts in connection with the Schmitz decision on appeal. There is no disinterested lawyer of standing who questions the soundness of this decision. The fault in the whole matter lies not with the court which has declared the law, but with those who so bungled their work as to make its nullification a legal necessity. But in their chagrin and resentment the prosecutors have turned upon the courts, accusing twelve men selected for professional eminence and for lofty character, of an infamous partiality and corruption. They have not hesitated thus to arraign one of the essential institutions of society and to seek to arouse against it the distrust of those elements of the community subject to this species of demagoguery. The mischief of this sort of thing needs no exploitation; it speaks for itself. The incident shows how regardless, how desperately reckless, these men are when their passions are aroused. It shows how fraudulent a thing their much vaunted patriotic spirit is and how it fails before every gust of anger or resentment.

Of the long-drawn-out effort to get from Abraham Ruef "evidence" tending to the conviction of others we need hardly speak, for all the daily newspapers have practically been filled with it for a month. Ruef was put in a position of extraordinary temptation. On the one hand he was offered immunity for his crimes with leave to retain the vast sums ravaged from the public. On the other hand he was threatened with such punishment as would have made his life one long nightmare of humiliation and suffering. The calculation, of course, was that he would buy his own liberty by incriminating others against whom the special malice of the prosecutors has rested. When the character of the man is considered, we can only marvel that he resisted appeals calculated to enliven his inventive powers. Grave as his offenses are, we must give to Ruef the credit due to one who drew the line against that special infamy which attaches to one who falsely swears away the life or liberty of another. But what are we to think of those who tempted him—of those who were not only willing but eager to draw from Ruef under any form of pressure "evidence" condemnatory of those against whom their malice had centred itself?

In its latest phase we see the graft prosecution taking the ground, in the face of the immunity contract itself, with its specific promises, that complete immunity was not promised. Two ministers of religion, called in as witnesses to the acts and as guarantors of the good faith of all parties, have testified positively and with circumstance that complete immunity was promised. The only trouble with this testimony is that it was too specific, for it involves not only the principals in the prosecuting group but two judges before whom actions have been tried. This arrangement amounted to no less than a criminal conspiracy, and if carried to its full legal enforcements it might have put all concerned in it behind the bars at San Quentin. Plainly it is a case where the prosecution went too far; and this is why we have from its active agents affidavits in prodigious volume denying facts to which the two clergymen have positively sworn, facts attested by a multitude of minor and collateral circumstances. The incident shows the essential cowardice of men who, ready enough to bluster and to assert scandalous things about others, lack the manly nerve to face responsibility for their own acts. The public has found no difficulty in determining the issue of veracity as between Reverends Nieto and Kaplan on the one hand and Spreckels, Heney, and Burns on the other. The public believes there was a contract for complete immunity; in other words, the public believes that Nieto and Kaplan have told the truth and that Spreckels, Heney, and Burns have lied. This may explain in part at least why sentiment has changed—why persons once friendly to the prosecution have turned from it in distrust and sadness.

Among other things, it has been the boast of the prosecution that it is fighting for the good name of San Francisco and California. And this boast has not been forgotten by the public when it has seen the prosecutors and the two necessitous newspapers which still cling to their fortunes array themselves in a systematic effort to discredit our courts at home and abroad. Where, let us ask, is the patriotism of those who would have the world believe that integrity and honor have departed from the administration of justice among us? Where is the honesty or decency of those who,

chagrined at the miscarriage of ill-conceived and ill-directed plans, seek a fraudulent justification and a bogus solace by putting the blame upon the very keystone of American institutions? All persons of sound discernment, familiar with the facts, know that in the decisions rendered by our higher courts in the matter of the Schmitz appeal, there has been a triumph, in the face of serious temptation, of a principle essential to our integrity as a people. It is a triumph because it sustains the law against the sentiment of the community—of every decent man in it—since everybody wishes that the conviction of Schmitz might have been confirmed. True, there are some among us—mostly persons of anti-American breeding—who can not understand it, whose temper of mind unfits them for judgments which go beneath the surface of things and which seize upon essential and enduring principles rather than trivial and momentary sentiments. But these are not of the class that sustains social order: they are the drifters and the floaters who are merely carried through the world. Men of sober judgment—men who really count in the social and moral order of things—understand that the supreme stake in every social conflict is the integrity of the law. If we are to disregard and override the law in every emergency, there is no hope for the continued dominance of American ideas, no possible permanence of our system. Grant that the sentiment or the passion of the hour shall rule the hour, in contempt of the law, and the United States would speedily sink to that level of political degeneracy which we see in Latin America. Respect for law, ready acceptance of its enforcements—this is the mark of political civilization and its only guaranty. Is it surprising that a public which understands this rule at least crudely turns away from those who would sacrifice every fixed principle, including all obligations of respect for the law, for the sake of carrying forward private and revengeful purposes?

And to descend from the study of principles to a study of expediences, the public sees that through discrediting our courts, by debauching such as have yielded to their control and by assailing such others as have stood independent of their domination, they are doing our city a monstrous material injury.

It is to be recalled that at every essential point of their departure from the line of legitimacy this journal raised its voice in caution and warning to the prosecutors. It counseled them to cooperate with the commercial bodies of the city in reorganizing the municipal government. It counseled them with utmost earnestness to make no bargains of immunity with criminals, excepting perhaps two or three necessary for the getting of evidence. It counseled them against arraying the moral forces of the anti-graft movement against law, order, and freedom in industry in connection with the street-car strike. It counseled them to make no raid on the municipal treasury in the matter of Geary Street. It counseled them to make no bargain with Abraham Ruef, but to treat him with the severity his crimes deserve. It counseled them to deal with Patrick Calhoun not as a special object of malice but as it would with any other man charged with crime. It counseled Rudolph Spreckels to be content to finance the anti-graft movement without assuming the attitude of a "boss" of its operations. Again and again it warned the prosecutors of the dangers in their path and told them that to proceed under vindictive purposes, by arbitrary methods, by intriguing with criminals for testimony, by pursuing private enemies—that by these means they would surely lose public sympathy and respect and that in the end they would probably find themselves so shorn of credit, either legal or moral, that they would be unable to convict even the grossest of the crew of municipal criminals. If there was any question as to the wisdom of these counsels when they were given a year or more ago, there can be none today. If the prosecution had from the beginning proceeded upon lines calculated to command public respect, within the spirit of law, pursuing public ends alone, it would today stand in a very different posture than it does. It has lost public credit because it has deserved to lose it. It has played false not at one point alone, but at a hundred; and today not even the merit of its one really great achievement—that of thrusting Ruef and Schmitz from power—can serve to hold for it an effective measure of public consideration and respect. Today no man of practical judgment expects anything worth while from a group of men who have generally lost character and respect among us.

In truth, as matters stand today, every essential purpose originally aimed at in the anti-graft movement

has been abandoned. The anti-graft movement is no longer a movement against grafters; it is a fight on the part of a few smirched and discredited men, detected in purposes of malice and exposed in a dozen low intrigues, to employ certain usurped powers still in their hands against certain special enemies. If ever there was a ghost of moral purpose in their plans, it has been lost in the clamor of the fight and in bickerings among themselves. We see no reason why with the evidence at hand every person really guilty in connection with our municipal infamies should not be punished. But there is now little reason to hope that this result can be attained by those in whose hands the initiative lies. If even Ruef and Schmitz are to be punished it must, we think, be under the initiative of men who have not conspired and trafficked with them in such measure as to have made themselves partners in guilt.

This review has run to a length far beyond anything planned at the beginning. It has been necessary to refer to many things in order to make the whole story plain; and many more things might profitably be run over if columns were longer and pages more numerous. As it is we leave out the story of this past week with its amazing expositions, its shameless contradictions, its contemptible betrayal of overmastering wrath on the part of a judge detected in a vile conspiracy. But long as this writing is, we must add yet a word: The *Argonaut* stands for no "side" in this great controversy. It hoped originally that it might support the prosecution, and it did so up to that hour when the agents of prosecution betrayed their own cause. At the same time it has never been able to find itself in cordial sympathy with the other side of the issue. It has not been able to see the "higher-ups" wholly blameless because they have been grossly overcharged and viciously and mendaciously pursued. It has not accepted the theory that the corporationist held up by political highwaymen is more guilty than the robber; nevertheless, it has not held innocent the man who has weakly yielded. There are those, we are told, who misunderstand the position of the *Argonaut*—a sort of people who can never understand anything which does not go on all fours either all one way or all the other. The *Argonaut* is an onlooker in this matter, very earnestly interested and very anxious that in the convulsions of the time the fixed and essential principles of representative government may survive. The *Argonaut* is for the law: it is for regularity of procedure; it is for straight means of reaching straight ends. It is against usurpations of authority; it is against the use of public powers to private ends; it is against favoritism among criminals and against subordination of witnesses; it is against the whole fabric of intrigue, usurpation, and falsehood which has marked the so-called anti-graft movement since those early weeks when it appeared to be operating for moral and legal ends by moral and legal processes. The *Argonaut* holds that any project aiming at moral effects is bound to carry itself in moral spirit. No project, however founded in good purpose, will long retain its virtue or command respect when it ceases to be inspired by the sentiments upon which it is founded and to pursue by decent methods ends harmonious with these sentiments.

Leopold and the Congo.

King Leopold of Belgium has received an emphatic intimation from Great Britain that the iniquitous system of government in the Congo State must cease forthwith. American attitude toward this warning will certainly be a friendly one. American capitalists are interested in the Congo to the extent of some eight million acres, and an enlightened self-interest will recognize that a policy of justice and humanity toward natives is an essential commercial asset. There is no need to discuss the reality of what are commonly called the Congo outrages. Civilization has made up its mind about this after listening for many years to overwhelming evidence of the most horrible and disgusting kind. There has been nothing like it in history, nothing quite so heartless and abominable.

But the blame must be given to a man and not to a nation. Belgium has neither part nor lot in it. Leopold is King of the Belgians and he is also the private owner of the Congo Free State. The Belgian government has no more control over the Congo than over France or Italy. There are more than thirty millions of people in the Congo, and Leopold rules them as their master and proprietor with a tyranny more absolute and more personal than was ever claimed by a Russian Czar. Belgium, indeed, complains bitterly of the African scandal created by the king and makes of it a part

of her indictment against a monarch who for other reasons has become one of the most infamous figures in Europe. His rapacity, his cold-blooded selfishness, and his intolerable immoralities are not confined to the Congo. Belgium has her own domestic score against him, which is merely accentuated by atrocities in Africa.

Look, for instance, at his behavior to his wife and at the series of public insults toward that unhappy lady which culminated in his open introduction to the court of the most notorious of his retinue of harlots. The queen left the palace at once, retired to Spa, and died there alone and neglected. To each of his three daughters he has acted with a similarly callous cruelty. For the sake of a few thousand francs he deprived Princess Louise of the jewels bequeathed to her by her mother. When Princess Stephanie went to Spa to pray by the coffin of the queen she was expelled from the castle by the king's orders and excluded from the town, and this was done publicly. His treatment of Princess Clementine was nearly as bad, and all three of his daughters have the best reasons to hate the sound of his name. His own father, by no means a saint, yet drew the line at the profligacies and cruelties of his son. Indeed, Leopold I is said to have shown a positive aversion to his heir. Leopold II is now in his seventy-third year, but old age has neither diminished his miserly greed nor his aptitude for coarse and impudent vice. He governs Belgium from the notorious pleasure resorts of Europe, playing the autocrat, flouting the laws and the constitution, and corrupting the officials with the vast treasures extracted from the tortured Congo. No wonder that Belgium is restive under the private and public humiliation inflicted upon her by a modern Caligula, who seems to be simply unaware of the moral law and contemptuous of all human rights. That she should be held in some way responsible for the acts of her king is perhaps natural enough, but it is not the least of her grievances against a man whom she hates and despises in common with the whole of civilization.

The Tyranny of the Bath.

Are we really suffering from a self-imposed tyranny of the cold bath? An esteemed contemporary, quick to resent every infringement of popular liberty, suggests that our real enemies are those of our own household and that political trespasses sink into insignificance compared with those that we tolerate from habit and convention. Some of the letters good-naturedly printed by our contemporary seem to bear out that idea, and although they come mainly from the emancipated, from those who, though unwashed, are unashamed, they may be a solace and an encouragement to others who still prefer the terrors of the cold bath to those of an insincere public opprobrium.

It is a difficult problem, but we must admit that if cleanliness is next to godliness we are still a long way from godliness. The effect of the cold bath upon virtue is so slight as to be disappointing. It may be true, as some letter writers suggest, that we shirk the cold bath more than is supposed. One lady says she has convicted her wretched husband of going to the bathroom and making a prodigious and deceptive splashing with his feet, but shrinking from the chilly immersion. That, of course, is sheer profligacy that only a married man would be guilty of and we should like to know the evidence. We trust it does not involve a key-hole. Another unhappy male is gibbeted for getting back into bed after his bath, but such a sacred confidence as this should have been kept. He did at least have his bath.

Benjamin Franklin was something of a rebel in this matter, although in his day the convention was not so tyrannical. He admits in a letter to a friend that he prefers cold air to cold water and that he derived much satisfaction from sitting in his room without any clothes at all for an hour at a time. He says it was "agreeable," but that again is a matter of taste, and it would involve getting up early, which, of course, is final. We can not multiply our woes in this way.

There was a time when the virtue of cleanliness was ill recognized. A famous ornament of the English court a century ago defended herself from a charge of dirty hands on the ground that they were nothing to her feet, and we need not go much further back to find that only visible areas were entitled to ablutions. There is, of course, the story of the modern young lady who was overheard asking her mother if she should wash for high or low dress, but that was probably an ill-natured libel. It is very certain that Princess Caroline of Brunswick, who became the wife of George IV, was seriously lax in such matters. Lord Malmesbury

tells us so in his diary, and surely no man ever had a more delicate mission. It was his duty to ask for the lady's hand on behalf of the Prince of Wales, but the offer was in a way conditional on her undertaking to wash herself, not once but regularly. Lord Malmesbury says he knew that the princess "wore coarse petticoats, coarse shifts, and thread stockings, and these never well washed or changed often enough." He does not say how he knew these interesting things, but we will waive the details. But the princess herself—let us draw a veil and hold our noses. Lord Malmesbury speaks delicately of the *toilette de propriété* "of which she has no idea. On the contrary, she neglects it sadly, and is offensive from this neglect." But he performed his mission with a perfectly admirable tact and the princess "comes out the next day well washed all over."

Where Secretary Metcalf Tripped.

A remark by Secretary Metcalf the other day that, after certain visits and manœuvres in Pacific waters, the battleship fleet would sail "for home" was hardly a happy one. Why, let us ask, should one reach of American water be "home" for an American ship more than another? Is not San Francisco Bay as much "home" as the Potomac River or any other American harbor? Our worthy Secretary should have been the last man to make this blunder, for here is his home. He, if none other in the government, should have stood for the idea that California is as much "home" to an American ship as Hampton Roads or Boston Harbor. The incident, of course, is trifling; none the less it shows how slow even our own representatives are to see things in their true relations and to assert for us the things which belong to us. And it is just this disposition to regard the Pacific Coast in a sense as detached, that marks our political inefficiency in national matters. When we shall have become so impressed with the directness and the dignity of our position and relationships that no man among us can possibly speak even carelessly as Secretary Metcalf has spoken, we shall have our due place and our due weight in the councils of the government. And we shall not have it until then. Those who regard themselves as apart and aside will remain apart and aside.

Reverence Re-Enthroned.

The practically unanimous vote of the House of Representatives directing that the motto "In God We Trust" be restored to American coins is one of several incidents which should instruct our President in the unwisdom of leaping before looking. It is not enough that the motto is superfluous and that it is more frequently than otherwise the subject of humorous badinage; it was put on our coins more than a century ago and represents to many minds a tradition worthy of respect and even of reverence. If the President had been wise he would not have meddled with a matter so manifestly related to religious sentiment and to a pious tradition. But then, if he had been wise he would not have tried to reform our spelling, nor to remodel the football game, nor to regulate the size of our families, nor to do a good many other things not enumerated in the list of presidential responsibilities.

It May Be Mutiny.

It looks as if trouble might be brewing among that body of apologists and defendants lately posing as graft prosecutors. Mr. Hoff Cook avers in court that Mr. Langdon, his superior officer, instructed him not to press Detective Burns too closely on the witness stand, as it might be embarrassing to have the sleuth discredited. Mr. Langdon's disquietude seems to be caused by the evident criticism of his superior officer, Mr. Heney. We call Heney the superior officer since though he ranks officially only as Langdon's assistant, he is closer to the sack which rules them all. Heney himself is cast down by the reflections of Burns. And while the entire force, rank and file, as a cover for its own ignorance and incompetence loudly asserts the venality of the higher courts, it exhibits to the public a measure of insubordination, cross purposes, and recrimination that seldom fails to mark a movement which can not afford to be frank, direct, and honest.

The headquarters at Newburg, New York, one of the most interesting of all the houses that Washington sojourned in, is very carefully preserved and its grounds well kept, and the people of Newburg take great pride in it, while the State appropriates a sum for its maintenance from year to year. The house has been made the receptacle for a great mass of manuscripts, relics, and memorials of Washington and the Revolution.

EXIT THE DRUCE CASE.

Miss Robinson's Confession Is the Sensational Sequel to a Great Lawsuit.

The famous Druce-Portland bubble has burst with a suddenness unusual even to bubbles. Of course, the game was up with the opening of the Druce grave and the finding therein of a real human body instead of the roll of lead that was so confidently expected by the Druce adherents. But there were still a great many people who resisted even that crushing evidence and who still believed that in some mysterious way Druce and the Duke of Portland were one and the same man, and that the rightful heir to the Portland estate was to be found from the earlier marriage under the former name. There are always multitudes of people who are chronically ready to believe anything, so long as it is strange enough and false enough. There are still adherents of the fraudulent Sir Roger Tichborne, as there are still believers in a flat earth and a moving sun, and perhaps even the confession of Miss Robinson will be no deterrent to those who are resolved to see mystery, plots, and conspiracies under every bush big enough to hide them.

Miss Robinson will be remembered as the "lady from America" who appeared at the psychological moment to prove the identity of the defunct Druce with the equally defunct Duke of Portland. Never was there so satisfactory, convincing, and persuasive a witness. She had a memory like the Recording Angel, and, like that dignitary, she kept a diary. She was the friend of Charles Dickens, who had, indeed, introduced her to Mr. Druce when that very humdrum and ordinary gentleman was in need of a stenographer. She had become the confidante alike of the novelist and of the tradesman and both of them had hastened to lay at her feet their most cherished secrets. Charles Dickens had whispered to her that her employer Druce was actually the Duke of Portland and that for private ends he masqueraded as Druce, the furniture dealer. Druce on his part had owned the soft impeachment and had admitted to Miss Robinson that he was the Duke of Portland. Miss Robinson had all these things in her diary, while her memory was as tenacious as an octopus. She was a jewel of a witness, the kind of witness that lawyers dream about but so rarely find.

When the uninteresting Druce was found in his coffin, even more uninteresting than when alive, what may be called the Druce stock went down to a very low point. Like Mr. Druce himself, it seemed to be quite dead, but if there can be degrees of deadness they were promptly reached when Miss Robinson, the star witness, who had walked and talked with Charles Dickens and who had brought into the dingy courtroom a gracious aroma of great days, was arrested by the police for perjury. There were some who said that the wheels of official tyranny had been set going by the vindictive Duke of Portland, incensed at the threat to his patrimony and determined to wreak vengeance upon his enemies. But now comes the discouraging news that the lady has confessed, that she has "given the show away" in its entirety, and that by so doing she hopes to obtain clemency for a fraud that after all was obvious enough without a confession.

And what a confession it is. Here is a woman of no particular education, the daughter of a London policeman, who happened once to have had some casual acquaintance with the deceased Duke of Portland. When she was approached by the Druce claimants for information, when she saw how eagerly they accepted whatever she could tell them, the temptation to romance suddenly presented itself, and in her old age she found herself in possession of imaginative talents that she had never suspected. Truly, there is hope for all of us. She had actually known the Duke of Portland. She actually had two letters from Charles Dickens, kind-hearted notes written to her as a child by the novelist. She built these grains of fact into a structure of romance that Dickens himself would have admired as a work of art.

The idea of a diary was her own. She had once purchased in a bric-a-brac store an old manuscript diary book. It was brown with age and a veritable antique. What could be better for her purpose? She had already been writing her so-called reminiscences on scraps of paper and with them feeding the omnivorous appetites of the Druce family. What could be easier than to copy them into the old diary book and so furnish the claimants with final and undisputable testimony as to the conversations between herself, Dickens, and the duke? Moreover, she was to be well paid for her "recollections" and she knew quite well what kind of recollections would receive the highest price. She thought at first that her efforts were to be used only as a stimulant to public interest, but when eventually she was asked to face the court, to tell her story under oath, and to submit to cross-examination, she does not seem to have hesitated for a moment. She went through the ordeal unruffled, although some of the best legal minds in England probed her tale to the bottom. She told her story concisely, logically, and collectedly. She acted precisely as she would have acted had she been dealing with fact instead of imagination. She assumed the little lapses of memory natural to the circumstances. She was dignified, a little self-assertive, and sometimes a little indignant when the pressure became over-strong. But her marvelous "memory" never failed her except where a failure would give verisimilitude. From an unflinching storehouse of detail she elaborated her main story, amplified it, fortified it, and sustained it. With a fine assumption of garrulity—not unbecoming to a woman

of her age—she was willing to tell the court so much more than the court wanted to know.

And now she has confessed to the whole of it. Her detection is due simply to the fact that there is no one among us nowadays who is so obscure as to be able to hide the main events of our lives from a society that is determined to know those events. It can not be done, and so the moment that a resolute inquiry into Miss Robinson's life was set on foot it was found that her history was not what she had said it was. Then everything became simple. This extraordinary woman saw that she was found out, that the police had their hands upon her life thread, and that nothing but a confession could do her any good. But what reflections might not be drawn from such a life, passed in humble obscurity until old age, when an accident reveals an unsuspected power that is used at once and unhesitatingly for criminal and disastrous ends.

LONDON, March 5, 1908.

PICCADILLY.

OLD FAVORITES.

On a Velvet Coat of the Last Century.

Yes! 'Tis old and faded now,
Sadly torn;
Yet let us remember how
'Twould adorn
A gay gallant at Vauxhall,
And at Bath Assembly ball,
And how walking in the Mall,
Once 'twas worn.
With a delicate cravat,
Made of lace,
With a smart three-cornered hat,
And a face,
Framed in hair of sunny hue,
Tied behind in hanging queue,
Curled and frizzed—of powder, too,
Just a trace.

And a rapier gaily swung
At his side;
O'er his hands lace ruffles hung,
Fine and wide;
Oh! his gauds became him well,
And the village crones can tell
How full many a Tunbridge "belle"
For him sighed.

Fought he duels one or two,
Maybe more,
And full many a *billet-doux*
At the door
Of some patched and powdered fair,
He would leave with tragic air,
Which he took especial care
That she saw.

But for wife no Fashion's Queen,
Did he take,
But a maid of modest mien,
For whose sake
He determined Fashion's crowd,
With its huzz of voices loud,
And its train of beauties proud,
To forsake.

Thus his merry old-time days
Fleeted by;
And if we our eyes upraise,
We can spy
On a tomb—"Sir Clement Gray
And his virtuous Lady, May,
Dying on the self-same day.
Here do lie."

—Anon.

The Court Suit.

Come, Mentors, to the right about!
I mean to go in spite of you.
Here, my good Moses, pick me out
Your handsomest in gold and blue.
I've caught at last the royal eye,
And, fairly launched in Fortune's race,
Am off to wait on Majesty.
And swell it in a suit of lace.

Ambition whispers in my ear:
Already I can feel its glow.
Zounds! I shall come to grief, I fear.
If I can't bow a shade more low.
Won't they just stare, the passers-by,
To see how I can go the pace!
I'm off, Sirs, to his Majesty;
How do you like my suit of lace?

Being minus my barouche as yet,
I start on foot, but on the way
By a *bon-vivant* friend am met.
Who hauls me off to *déjeuner*.
"Sorry to hurry you," said I:
"But I'm due in another place—
En route, man, for his Majesty;
Don't you observe my suit of lace?"

Scarce from the table had I stole
When Master Benedict comes up.
Insisting, hospitable soul,
That I should taste his loving cup.
Gad! how the hottles seemed to fly!
Already I'd discussed a brace,
When—how about his Majesty?
And how about my suit of lace?

In spite of claret and champagne,
Still to ambition's promptings true,
I bravely stagger off again.
To seek my royal interview;
But in the crowd what should I spy,
Close to the gate, but Rose's face?
And Rose—well, she's a Majesty.
Who doesn't want a suit of lace?

Far from the Court, where, sooth to say,
Beauty is art, and love a leer,
To Rose's room I baste away.
Where none can see and none can hear:
And there my coat, I can't deny,
Makes Rose first smile and then grimace.
To the winds went his Majesty,
And with him went my suit of lace!

And so my giddy dream is gone,
I find myself once more;
My night-cap once again I don,
And in my attic soundly snore.
And, gentle reader, by the bye,
You'll please remember that, in case
You want to wait on Majesty,
You're welcome to my suit of lace.
—Béranger, translated by William Toynbee.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

During the discussion in the House of Commons at Ottawa of the bill to appropriate \$100,000 for the tercentenary celebration of the founding of Quebec, Sir Wilfrid Laurier stated that the Prince of Wales would attend, provided it was held the last week in July, which will be done.

The Democratic State Committee of Minnesota after a bitter fight at St. Paul adopted a resolution indorsing Governor John A. Johnson of Minnesota for the Democratic presidential nomination and recommending that he be chosen by the national convention at Denver next July. The Johnson resolution was carried by a vote of 68 to 23, after Bryan's adherents had forced two test votes, on both of which they were defeated.

It is asserted that the Kaiser has committed another indiscretion in writing a private letter to a British Lord of the Admiralty concerning the British and German navies, at a time when the question of the British naval estimates was very much in the public mind. British jingoes are taking advantage of the incident in an excited manner, and the affair bears a strong resemblance to his majesty's rash telegram of sympathy to President Kruger after the Jameson raid.

Nebraska still has Populists enough to hold a convention. They recently met at Omaha and passed resolutions reaffirming the Omaha platform announced in 1892 and declaring for the support of Bryan by all Populists, after which the convention listened to speeches made by different leaders. State Chairman Manuel said significantly: "As a national organization I don't think we cut much figure, but as a State party we can materially assist at the election of Bryan as President."

Governor Hughes had a few words to say about tariff revision in an address in Boston before the alumni of Brown University. Beginning with the proposition that a majority of our citizens want tariff revision, he proceeded to a description of the spirit in which the revision should be undertaken: "It should be accomplished fairly, promptly, without log rolling, not in any sense as a matter of political maneuvering, but in the interest of the American people as a whole. We shall adhere to the policy of protecting American industry. We are not prepared to surrender our scale of wages or permit our standards of living to be reduced to those which prevail in other countries. Upon a complete and just examination of the facts any needed readjustment may be had to the end that the schedules may harmonize with the principle underlying the protective policy and the reasonable necessities of American production as compared with production abroad."

John F. Stevens, now vice-president of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad and a former chief engineer of the Panama Canal, has issued a statement regarding the latter enterprise in which he prophesies a failure of the undertaking. In this statement Mr. Stevens says that the canal will not help the United States in its trade with South America, as practically all of the inhabitants of the southern continent are on the east of the Andes, so that it would be of no advantage to make use of the canal to reach them. Mr. Stevens also says that in our commercial relations with the islands of the Pacific and the Far East the canal will be of little value. Our coal and wheat centres are inland. Their products have to be started on their way by rail. When once loaded on cars it would not be cheaper to ship to the Atlantic and then ship to the East by the way of the canal than it would be to send directly to the ports on our Pacific coast and then get on board ship.

Ex-Secretary Lyman J. Gage calls attention to the fact that the Chicago clearing-house banks have agreed among themselves to have an agency of their own, outside of the government's official agency, "to keep a close inspection and tab upon the methods, doings and financial practices of each and every member of their organization"; and, says Mr. Gage, "with power of examination and control thus assumed goes the duty of guardianship and protection." He is informed that the St. Louis and Kansas City banks are taking similar steps, and this is no more than what the Fowler bill contemplates having done on a scale as broad as the national banking system, with the added and logical provision of deposit guaranty under government supervision. The Boston chamber of commerce follows as associations of business men in New York, Baltimore, Hartford, and elsewhere in condemning the Aldrich emergency currency bill now trying to make its way through the United States Senate.

Vermont lost her most prominent man and the country a well-known figure in the death of Senator Redfield Proctor at his home in Washington. Redfield Proctor had passed his entire life in the Green Mountain State or in her service, had risen from a penniless youth to multimillionaire marble king, from State representative up through the gubernatorial chair and Cabinet room to the national Senate. He left the office of Secretary of War under President Harrison in 1891 to accept appointment to the Senate to fill the unexpired term of George F. Edmunds, the great statesman who left public life and Vermont when at the height of his powers in order to serve better an invalid daughter. Since his entrance in the Senate Mr. Proctor had been an influential member of that body, succeeding himself by unanimous elections at the hands of the legislature at the expiration of each term. He was a staunch Republican, a keen politician, an active worker, and a rugged speaker. He was seventy-seven years old.

"WHISKY WAS FOUR BITS A DRINK."

By Jerome A. Hart.

V.

In the minds of prosperous men, in the early days, the social heart of the Golden City was the Bank Exchange saloon. Here every afternoon and evening might be found the political and financial magnates of the city. Hither the saunterers resorted to gather the esoteric news unprinted in the papers of the day. Here originated most of the disputes which led to the not infrequent affairs of honor. In short, the Bank Exchange filled the place which in older cities is occupied by the leading club.

It lacked none of the luxuries usual in such palaces of drink. Its long bar was made of the most costly wood to be obtained in tropical America; its glittering glassware came from Bohemia; cut flowers stood on stands wherever there was room; endless mirrors reflected and re-reflected long vistas of trimly barbered barkeepers in spotless duck jackets. Last but not least—a perennial pride to the Bank Exchange and to its patrons—were the "old masters." These priceless pictures were not ascribed to a Raphael, a Rubens, or a Titian; their admirers did not even attribute them to minor masters, such as Del Pombio, Bordone, or Carlo Dolci. They boasted of no such well-known origin—the Bank Exchange masterpieces were anonymous "old masters"; their authors were unknown; in every case they had been stolen from a royal palace, hidden for years in a Mexican monastery, and at last brought to light and to the Bank Exchange by a fugitive friar—for a consideration. This consideration always grew rapidly in the telling. The regular patrons of the Bank Exchange delighted in helping it along when showing the pictures to strangers. In a few years most of the masterpieces had reached astounding prices in six figures—purely local and alcoholic valuations, it is true. To the eye of the unenthusiastic stranger they presented the same dark, cracked, and dingy aspect as the anonymous "old masters" which line both sides of the long corridor bridging the Arno, between the Uffizzi and the Pitti palaces—masterpieces by the mile, so to speak.

Like all such places, the Bank Exchange, as well as its frequenters, had its idle hours. It was not crowded in the forenoon. In the matin time, the only visitors were gentlemen with shuddering stomachs—unwary revelers who had the fatal habit of taking a cocktail before breakfast. This deplorable practice, according to old and experienced tipplers, rapidly destroys the coats of the stomach, and carries off many a promising young man to an early grave. According to the same authorities, an equal number of cocktails, taken later in the day, after a certain amount of food has been ingested, and preferably late in the afternoon, does absolutely no harm; furthermore, they hold that when he drinks late in the day a gentleman carries his liquor better—that a single matinal cocktail "gets to a man" ten times as hard as ten cocktails taken quietly, socially, and successively just before dinner.

But these be parolous questions, fitted only for expert consideration. Among the patrons of the Bank Exchange there existed no unfounded prejudice against cocktails just before luncheon. And at the noon hour the place was always crowded. As was the custom in the lavish days of the old pioneers, each first-class saloon provided a bountiful "free lunch." For "four bits" in the early days, and for "two bits" a few years later, the Bank Exchange visitors could obtain a drink, and with it gratuitously an elaborate luncheon of three or four hot dishes and many *hors d'oeuvres*. So strong an impress did this custom leave on the minds of the inhabitants that it was continued for many years. Long after the saloon-keepers had grown restless under the burden, then endured the enforced largess of the free lunch. If any daring saloon-man attempted either to cut down or to destroy his patrons' free lunch his saloon was severely punished—so severely as almost to amount to a boycott. Tradition tells us that in later years, when the luxurious clubs were founded, some of the more thrifty among the millionaires declined to join. Those who had invited them—first, to visit the clubs, and then to become members—were at a loss to understand their declinations. When interrogated, one unwilling millionaire responded:

"Yes, it's a fine outfit you've got up there. But your bar-room can't beat the Bank Exchange. And I won't join any gentleman's club that sets up nothing but cheese and crackers for the free lunch."

The remarks of millionaires are usually given respectful attention. The meagre luncheon in the clubs soon rivaled that of the saloons, with a consequent rapid increase in the millionaire membership.

After the luncheon hour the Bank Exchange again grew gradually emptier. Toward 4 o'clock the habitués began to drop in for the afternoon cocktail. Generally speaking, the code of etiquette of the old American bar-room prevailed there—the perpendicular code—that is to say, that drinks should be taken standing up. To depart from this rule by sitting at a table was in the early days looked on as a feeble truckling to the European café idea. But there were so many rich foreigners then in the city, including many Frenchmen, that they had succeeded in having small tables introduced in the Bank Exchange. They were unobtrusive little tables, set in nooks and corners, and tolerated by the older school merely as places at which "to have business talks." The Southern element in particular looked on the innovation with dislike. There were many tobacco-chewing, elderly statesmen who could not drink

comfortably except when standing at the bar, leaning against the brass rail, and finding themselves within squirting distance of a cuspidor. Still the table innovation had come to have a certain vogue. There were those among the visitors who came not so much for drink as for conversation. They preferred to linger over their beverages in the effete European fashion. This practice was growing, much to the disgust of the elderly statesmen.

Around a table one afternoon a little group was discussing Daniel Burke. This was the young man who not long before had accompanied Samuel Fox to the new State, a penniless stranger. Already he had made his way. His Tammany training soon made him a successful politician in his new home. As most of the abler Northern men devoted themselves to business, he found few or no rivals among them, and speedily pushed lesser men aside. He had been elected a State senator by the new commonwealth, but this office was a mere cloak for his functions as a political boss. So prominent a figure had young Burke become that the followers of Senator Wyley, admittedly the State boss, were looking on his rise with apprehension. Although they belonged to the same political party, Wyley was chief of the "Chivalry," as the Southern Democrats were called, while Burke had thrown himself heart and soul into the fight as leader of the Northern Democrats, politely designated by their Southern adversaries as "Yankee mud-sills."

At the table were Colquhoun and Quirk, two of Wyley's ardent followers, and Eugene Yarrow, a young man about town, of some fortune, of no occupation, and generally liked for his sunny disposition. Belonging to no particular political camp, he was welcome in them all.

Colquhoun was drawing gloomy portents from Burke's activity. "I tell you what, colonel," he complained, "I don't like the way that fellow is organizing this city. He's got his workers so thoroughly disciplined that he can poll exactly the plurality he wants in every precinct."

"I'm afraid you're right," replied Quirk. "Now, I'm no moralist, and if Burke has got us cinched so tight that he can begin the voting after the polls close, why that's all right. But if he hogs all the votes he oughtn't to accuse us of stuffing."

"But that's what he does!" exclaimed Colquhoun.

"Well, it's crowding the mourners."

The open indignation of the two Wyley men made Yarrow smile. "You mustn't forget that Burke has had the advantage of a Tammany training," he interposed.

"Is that so?" asked Colquhoun, with interest. "I heard he was from some Northern city, but I didn't know where. So he hails from New York?"

"Yes," returned Yarrow, "so he has told me. I know him quite well. As you know, I'm not in politics, and while I'm a good friend of Senator Wyley, I've grown quite intimate with Burke. He has told me much about his life. He worked his way up from the lowest rung of the ladder, it seems."

"What were his beginnings?" inquired Quirk.

"He was born in Washington, the son of a poor Irish stone-cutter," replied Yarrow. "He left there as a child for New York City. Years afterward, when visiting Washington, he told me that he pointed with pride to the great capitol and said, 'My father worked on those columns with mallet and chisel.' You see, there is no false pride about the man—he is proud of his lowly origin."

"That lowly origin proposition, as a political asset, is of great value," commented Colquhoun. "Hey, colonel?"

"Immense, suh, immense," returned Quirk. "While not particularly stuck on mechanics and other laboring persons, I never admit it on the stump. We of the South, Mr. Yarrow, believe theoretically in equality, but not too much of it, suh, not too damned much of it."

"How did Burke get into politics in New York?" inquired Colquhoun.

"His father died, then his mother, then his only brother," said Yarrow. "He worked at his father's trade of stone-cutting. He was a fireman, ran with the machine, and turned out to be a natural leader of men, so Mike Clancy tells me. His popularity among the fire boys soon made him a successful Tammany worker."

"He has handled the fireman business very successfully here, too," remarked Colquhoun.

"Yes—Clancy tells me he has worked on exactly the same lines here as in New York," resumed Yarrow. "There, his fireman following, his genius for leadership, and his courage—for he never hesitated to enter a fight—gave him prominence, and he was sent to the legislature by Tammany. At Albany his lack of education so mortified him that he devoted himself assiduously to reading, and studied night and day. Thus he laid in quite a store of knowledge. Like most self-educated men, his knowledge is miscellaneous, but he has made it extremely useful."

"How did he come to leave New York if Tammany had him slated for promotion?" asked Quirk.

"He was nominated for Congress," replied Yarrow, "but the rush of gold-seekers so excited him that he gave up the Tammany nomination—which meant an election—and came here in search of a quick fortune."

"I hope he made it quicker than I did," observed Colquhoun sardonically.

"Yes, he has made a fortune," interposed Quirk, "but he didn't make it in the mines. Let me tell you how he made it. When he got here he noticed that lots of gold coins stamped by private parties were current. He

hunted up a young assayer, and the pair of them went to a banker, proposing to manufacture coins. The banker was to furnish the bullion, properly safeguarded, and the two young men to manage the coining. When done, the banker circulated the ten-dollar pieces that cost eight dollars and the five-dollar pieces that cost four. In other parts of the world this would be called 'showing the queer'; here I suppose it would be called 'assisting the circulation.'

"Humph! So that's the way Burke made his fortune!" exclaimed Colquhoun.

"That's the way he began to make it," responded Quirk.

"Yes, he made about two hundred thousand dollars in that way," continued Yarrow. "Then he began investing in beach-and-water lots on the city front and fifty-vara lots on the sand hills. He bought with such excellent judgment that he more than tripled his fortune in a year."

"It wasn't his judgment of land so much as of men that made him a winner," commented Quirk. "Another man would have bought the land from private owners. Burke determined to secure special, low, marked-down, inside rates from the town officials. So he got his lots away below the ruling rates. Some men would have been satisfied with a single killing, but Burke wanted two. His newly purchased lots were on what was then the water-front. He was a member of the legislature, and introduced a bill moving the water-front a thousand feet farther out into the bay. Of course it was bitterly fought, but he succeeded in passing it. When it was a law the other land-owners found out that Burke and his friends had a whole bunch of lots out on the new water-front in front of the old water-front."

"But did they make the thing stick?" inquired Colquhoun, with deep interest.

"There was a fight, of course; the owners of the original water-front first got scared and then got mad, and tried to stop it by injunction. But Burke blocked them, and when they found brick blocks going up right in front of their wharves, they knocked under. Burke and his crowd made the steal stand, and it has since been upheld by corrupt courts."

"Oh, well," interrupted Yarrow, in a propitiatory tone, "out here everything is rather mixed, you know. If we followed up every man's career, we might run across rotten spots. You know the old joke, 'What was your name back in the States?' Burke isn't a bad sort—he sizes up about as well as most of them."

"Yes," assented Quirk, with a judicial air, "considering his low origin, I think he does. From your account of his early life, it is evident he had no advantages at all."

"All the more credit to him that he should have reached his present position," replied Yarrow. "He is today the admitted rival of Senator Wyley, who, I believe, comes of a wealthy and distinguished family."

"Of a distinguished family—yes, suh," returned Quirk, "one of the first families of Virginia, suh, but not rich."

"In ole Virginia, Mr. Yarrow," explained Colquhoun, "many of our oldest and most aristocratic families are not rich. For several centuries our planters there have been raising tobacco, and thus have exhausted the soil. Many a large land-owner there is very pore. Hence our young Virginians of good family turn naturally toward office-holding, because they have no other way to earn a living."

"Wyley's family is decidedly pore, I should say," added Quirk, "although of the best blood in the South. It was natural, then, being a Virginian, that he should incline to political life. Since Virginia was dubbed 'The Mother of Presidents,' every young Virginian has believed that some day he might occupy the White House."

"And Wyley may get there yet, colonel," declared Colquhoun.

"It's on the kyards, suh, it's on the kyards," assented Quirk complacently.

"How did Senator Wyley begin his political career?" asked Yarrow.

"Right in the courthouse of his own county," replied Quirk. "Then from small offices in his native State he looked toward larger ones, until presently the President made him collector at New Orleans. That post he occupied when the gold fever broke out and tempted him to come here."

"Odd that these two men should both have given up an assured future to come here after gold," remarked Yarrow. "Wyley had a high Federal position among his own people, and Burke a certainty of a seat in Congress."

"Very odd indeed," agreed Quirk. "Burke's throwing up his chance, however, does not impress me so strongly as Senator Wyley's. For after all, Burke only had a strong probability of a congressional seat, after a hot fight. But Wyley was holding down his job already. He was collector of the port in our greatest Southern city. He had an agreeable and aristocratic circle of friends around him. He had a good salary. He had luxurious quarters."

"Good gad, colonel, think of the perquisites, too," interjected Colquhoun.

"Exactly—think of the perquisites—revenue cutters and tugboats to entertain your friends in, all at Uncle Sam's expense." And there was a gentle cadence of envy in Quirk's voice as he paused.

"And still he left all this behind him!" exclaimed Yarrow, repressing a smile.

"He left it all behind!" repeated Quirk, solemnly. "It required not a little firmness of mind for a Southerner, above all a Virginian, to leave a high political office for an uncertainty. But Senator Wyley pos-

sessed the requisite firmness and far-sightedness. He resigned his comfortable position, and made haste to join the grand rush for the gold fields. He told his friends in the States that he would never come back unless he came as senator from the new State. His promise was fulfilled. He was the first man to be elected to the Senate from this State."

"There's a man who hopes to succeed him, but I don't think he will," interrupted Colquhoun suddenly, looking toward a new-comer.

"Why it's Burke," cried Yarrow rising. "Let me bring him over here to join us in a drink. You gentlemen are not acquainted with him. You ought to know him."

The two Wyley men regarded each other uneasily. At last Quirk spoke:

"I should be delighted to take a drink with your friend, Yarrow, if you don't mind drinking at the bar. To be frank, I disapprove of these Frenchified tables in a saloon, and have been making a mental protest while sitting here."

The trio rose and lounged toward Burke. The introductions were made, and they lounged toward the bar. As the drinks were served to them Colonel Quirk, while lifting his glass, became alarmed at the violent grimaces of Colquhoun. At first he thought his friend was suddenly taken ill, but at last, following Colquhoun's glance, Quirk looked behind him. To his horror he saw Senator Wyley entering the room, accompanied by a numerous suite. Swallowing their drinks with a gulp, both the Wyley men bade a hurried farewell to Burke and Yarrow and hastened down the long room to join their friends.

"Good gad, colonel, suppose we'd been sitting at that table with Burke when Wyley came in! It would have looked terrible bad, wouldn't it?" cried Colquhoun.

"Awful!" pronounced Quirk solemnly. "Catch me drinking away from the bar again!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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As an example of the persisting classical form in Oriental communications, is offered the following letter addressed to Mr. H. H. North, commissioner of immigration at the port of San Francisco, by the president of one of the Six Companies, Chinese, in this city. Mr. North had shown the Chinese some courtesy in dealing with them. The letter is translated for the *Argonaut* by Mr. John Endicott Gardner, a United States inspector:

FEBRUARY 24, 1908.

Your great achievements have long been respected by me. They form, as it were, the elements of a beautiful scenery beside the Dragon's gate.

They excite the admiration as do the brightest colors. They stand forth the more clearly with the onward sweep of time. Thus would I respect and address you.

The merits of your achievement will ever be effulgent, and their resultant blessings will increase continuously.

When you condescend to grant me audience my mind receives comfort.

When my son (literally, my little incorrigible) started out to pursue learning, to see for himself the brightness of your nation, we became the recipients of your impartial kindness in that he was granted his heart's desire, which enabled him to see in person the excellent manners of your nation and to receive gratefully your gentle instructions.

With dignity (literally, with the shimmering of flags and halberds) you came down not mindful of cloud or mire. Such lofty condescension on your part we will ever inscribe on our girdles as that which can never be fully described.

Thus we see that your goodness, which can only be likened unto the whiteness of the sea, has been not only the support of thousands of our countrymen who have taken up their abode here, but of us also.

For which reason I respectfully offer these few lines with which to tender you our thanks.

I herewith inclose my card with humble obeisance.

You will never get a good impression of New Orleans from the river, either after dark or before (says a traveling correspondent of the *New York Sun*). In the daytime little is visible beyond the long protective works but a dull desert of roofs from which a few steeples and skyscrapers emerge without adorning it. The city owes everything to the Father of Rivers, but he is a harsh, intrusive creditor, with whom she does not wish her intercourse to be too close. So far as her front is concerned, she imitates some of her inhabitants, whose street windows are always closely shuttered, while they enjoy themselves in open interiors, pleasant with trees and flowers. And on the other hand, when you have gone a dozen yards ashore the river disappears as if for good. It never forns the background of a prospect from the streets; there are no pleasure promenades on its banks. You might forget that it was anywhere near unless your curiosity should happen to be roused some fine day by a mysterious moisture darkening the ground. Then you would learn from a native with what freedom the river percolates all through the alluvial deposit on which this terraqueous city—the Venice of America—stands, or perhaps it is better to say, floats.

The English advocates of woman's suffrage have made their demands a real political issue. A resolution in their favor was recently adopted by the convention of English Liberals. Their bill was read a first time in the house, practically without opposition, though it will go no further. Press dispatches tell of a really worried London police, assert that the cabinet ministers never know what will happen to them next, and aver that Mr. Asquith never leaves home save in the company of two detectives. Even he has capitulated to the extent of receiving a deputation of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies and admitted that their case was presented "with unusual precision and persuasiveness."

FROM GREтна GREEN TO LAND'S END.

Katherine Lee Bates Writes Interestingly on a Literary Journey in England.

Books of travel can be written in many ways, and the author of "From Gretna Green to Land's End" has chosen the pleasantest of them all. No one can write such a book quite so well as a cultured woman, and Katherine Lee Bates, as professor of English literature in Wellesley College, is well equipped for her wanderings through the literary fields of the Old World and amid the countless associations that gently dispute for recognition. It was her good fortune to spend a summer in England, and the result is a work that is in no way a guide-book but that is none the less nearly perfect as a literary *vade mecum* for those of her own kind who want to see the things of good repute and to know why they are commendable. It would be hard to find a more cheery or appreciative companion or one with better qualifications for a judicious admiration or for an unerring recognition of achievement and romance.

The author landed in Liverpool, but she found little that is lovely on the banks of the Mersey. She resisted all beguilements to visit the birthplaces of "Mr. Gladstone and Mrs. Emans," the strangely assorted couple who selected Liverpool as their place of entry into mundane affairs. She found Manchester not more beautiful nor less grimy, but with a greater human interest:

The citizens of the cotton towns are proud of their grimy bit of the globe, and with good reason. "Rightly understood," said Disraeli, "Manchester is as great a human exploit as Athens." The swift industrial growth, the vast business expansion of all this region, are to be counted among the modern miracles of progress, barren of beauty and joy as their present stage may seem to be. The heroes held in memory here are plain workmen whose mechanical inventions resulted in the English spinning-mill—John Kay of Bury, James Hargreaves of Blackburn, Samuel Crompton of Bolton, and Sir Richard Arkwright, a native of Preston, who began his career as a barber's apprentice and won his accolade by an energy of genius which virtually created the cotton manufacture in Lancashire. The battle legends are of angry mobs and smashed machinery, of garrisoned mills and secret experiments and inventors in peril of their lives. The St. George of Lancashire is George Stephenson, the sturdy Scotchman, who in 1830 constructed that pioneer railway between Liverpool and Manchester—a road which had to perform no mean exploit in crossing the quaking bog of Chat Moss. Fanny Kemble, when a girl of twenty-one, had the ecstasy of a trial trip with Stephenson himself. She tells with fairy tale glamor how "his tame dragon flew panting along his iron pathway" at "its utmost speed, thirty-four miles an hour, swifter than a bird flies." Wonder of wonders, this "brave little she-dragon" could "run with equal facility backwards or forwards." This trip took place at the end of August, preliminary to the final opening on September 15, an occasion whose triumph was marred by a fatal mischance, in that a stray dragon ran over a director who was innocently standing on the track.

Strav dragons of this kind no longer choose directors as their prey, but this particular one no doubt meant well.

It is a long leap, as things go in England, from Manchester to Oxford, perhaps not less than five hours, and the author saw many fascinating things on the way. But these we must skip, as her account of the annual *Encania* is too good to be omitted:

On the one occasion when I was privileged to be present, the hour preceding the entrance of the academic procession was the liveliest of all. The lower galleries were reserved for guests, but the upper, the undergraduates' gallery, was packed with students in cap and gown, who promptly began to banter individuals chosen at whim from the throng of men standing on the floor.

"I don't like your houquet, sir. It's too big for your button-hole. If the lady wouldn't mind—"

The offending roses disappeared in a general acclaim of "Thank you, sir," and the cherubs aloft pounced on another victim. The unfortunates so thrust into universal notice usually complied with the request, whatever it might be, as quickly as possible, eager to escape into obscurity, but a certain square-jawed Saxon wearing a red tie put up a stubborn resistance until all the topmost gallery was shouting at him, and laughing faces were turned upon him from every quarter of the house.

"Take off that red tie, sir."
"Indeed, sir, you don't look pretty in it."
"It doesn't go well with your blushes."
"Will you take off that tie, sir?"
"It's not to our cultured taste, sir."
"It's the only one he's got."
"Dear sir, please take it off."
"It gives me the eye ache, sir."
"Have you paid for it yet?"
"Was there anybody in the shop when you bought it?"
"Are you wearing it for an advertisement?"
"Hush—! She gave it to him."
"Oh, she put it on for him."
"You're quite right, sir. Don't take it off."
"We can sympathize with young romance, sir."
"Be careful of it, sir."
"Wear it till your dying day."
"It's the color of her hair."

But by this time the poor fellow's face was flaming, and he jerked off the tie and flung it to the floor amid thunders of derisive applause.

This is the one occasion when all authority is set at naught and the natural impudence of the undergraduate throws off whatever slight restraint it ever knew. Even the vice-chancellor himself becomes a mere human being on this day of unchecked carnival:

The uproar was no whit diminished when presently the vice-chancellor was seen to be making an address.

"Who wrote it for you, sir?"
"Oh, that's shocking bad Latin."
"Jam. What kind of jam?"
"It's just what you said to those other hlokes last year."
"It's always the same thing."
"It's all blarney."
"The guests wish you were done, sir."
"You may sit down, sir."

But the vice-chancellor, unperturbed, kept on with his inaudible oratory to its natural end.

A professor of illustrious name was next to rise, throwing up a laughing look at the boys, whose tumult bore him down after the first few sentences. What matter? It was idle to pretend that that great audience could follow Latin speeches. They were all to go into print, and he who would and could might read them at his ease. The phrase that undid this genial personage was *clarior luce*.

"Oh, oh, sir. Lucy who?"

"Clare or Lucy? Try for both, sir."

"We'll surely tell your wife, sir."

"A sad example to our youth, sir."

"You shock our guest from Paris, sir."

The prize English essayist was hardly allowed to recite the first paragraph of his production.

"Very nice."

"But a great bore."

"It's not as good as mine."

"That'll do, sir."

"The vice-chancellor is gaping, sir."

"Three cheers for the lady who jilted the senior proctor." Under the storm of enthusiasm evoked by this happy suggestion, the English essayist gave place to the Greek poet, a rosy-cheeked stripling who stood his ground barely two minutes.

"Aren't you very young, my dear?"

"Will some kind lady kiss him for his mother?"

Even distinguished foreigners can not wholly escape. Holmes was asked if he did, or did not, come in the one-hoss shay. Longfellow, gorgeously attired in the vestments of his new dignity, was hailed "Behold the Red Man of the West." Even Tennyson, whose prophet locks were in more than usual disarray, was asked in stentorian tones, "Did your mother call you early, call you early, Alfred dear?"

Tewkesbury Church excited the author's admiration. She recalls the lords of Tewkesbury who stormed through their brief careers, coming one after another to lie, battle-bruised, stabbed, headless, quartered, even with the halter-mark about the neck, to lie within the holy hush of the great church:

We had ourselves a little difficulty in getting beyond the nave. We had gone in an hour before service on a Sunday evening, hoping to be allowed to walk around the choir, but we incurred seething rebuke from a red-haired vergier, who had practiced like eloquence on Sunday automobile parties until his flow of denunciation was Hebraic. We gave way at once, expressed due contrition, and meekly sat down to wait for evensong. Whereupon, after furtively scrutinizing us from behind one pillar after another, he cautiously approached and with searching little blue eyes severely inquired if we really intended to stay for the service—"all through the sermon, ye understand; not just for the music." Our reply so raised us in his opinion that he actually took us on the rounds, proving an intelligent and even jocose conductor, and we, for our part, heard the sermon to the very end, not daring to stir from our places until the last note of "Niltow's organ" had died away.

Cornwall appealed strongly to the author's imagination, as it must necessarily have done, being one of the few points of resistance to modernism. Here, as in Ireland, the fairy is still in possession and folk-lore is almost a religion:

The Small People have been gay and kindly neighbors, sometimes whisking away a neglected baby and returning the little mortal all pink and clean, wrapped in leaves and blossoms, "as sweet as a nut." These are the spirits of Druids, or of other early Cornwall folk, who, as heathen, may not go to heaven, but are too innocent for hell. So they are suffered to live on in their old happy haunts, but ever dwindling and dwindling, till it is to be feared that by-and-by, with all the children growing stupid over school books, and all the poets writing realistic novels, the Small People will twinkle out of sight. The Spriggans, lurking about the cairns and cromlechs, where they keep guard over buried treasure, could better be spared. They are such thievish and mischievous trolls, with such extraordinary strength in their ugly bits of bodies, it is more likely they are the diminished ghosts of the old giants. The Piskies are nearly as bad, as any bewildered traveler who has been Pisky-led into a bog could testify. The only sure protection against their tricks is to wear your garments inside out. Many a Cornish farmer has found a fine young horse all sweated and spent in the morning, his mane knotted into fairy stirrups, showing plainly how some score of the Piskies had been riding him over night. And many a Cornish miner, deep down in the earth, has felt his hair rise on his head as he heard the *tap, tap, tap* of the Knockers, souls of long imprisoned Jews sent here by Roman emperors to work the tin mines of Cornwall.

The author might have pointed out that many of the names still have a Jewish flavor to them. Herod's Foot and Herod's Head may be cited as examples, while Marazion—the bitterness of Israel—is a suggestion of sufferings long gone by. Indeed, some of the old mine workings are still to be found and the ghost wailings that may still be heard are among the surest portents of disaster.

A good deal of this delightful book has already appeared in the *Chautauquan*. The material is well worthy of the more permanent form that has now been given to it and that will make it available to a wide circle of cultured readers. The photographs by Katherine Conan are well chosen and reproduced.

"From Gretna Green to Land's End," by Katherine Lee Bates. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

The history of Armenia is not cheerful reading. With the exception of occasional brief periods, the Armenians have been almost continually under some foreign rule. Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes, Persians, Macedonians, Romans, Parthians, Saracens, Mongols, and Turks have each in turn dominated the country, and of all these successive foreign yokes, the present one, that of the Turks, has been the longest and the heaviest. The highest activities of the Armenian people today are not to be found in Armenia proper, but rather in the marts of prominent cities the world over. This is especially noticeable in Constantinople, Smyrna, and other cities of the Levant, where the marked aptitude of the Armenian in business enables him practically to dominate the commercial situation. One example is the Oriental rug trade, which is practically controlled by Armenians, not only in the East itself, but also in many Western countries.

A Philadelphia palmist says that in his twenty-four years of practice it was a poor day when he did not make \$15 or \$10. The stronger sex are said to be the most gullible victims, while the women are hard to handle and not so ready to be convinced.

NEW YORK THEATRE MEMORIES.

Passing of the Madison Square and Manhattan Theatres Recalls Old Favorites.

With all the discussion of new plays, of successes and failures in the theatrical world, of the present rage for musical comedy, there is no topic of more grateful interest, to those who consider the stage one of the important factors of life, than reminiscences of the near and remote past of the playhouses. The closing of the Madison Square Theatre and the impending demolition of the building has stirred the memories of all whose experience covers the past twenty years, and with more than faint regret the old-timers recall the days of its past glory. The building of the present time dates from 1877, but before that the site was occupied by a theatre even more closely associated with the history of those great days in the drama which are always matters of memory rather than of contemporary acquaintance. Augustin Daly's first Fifth Avenue Theatre stood on the site at Broadway and Twenty-Fourth Street where the Madison Square Theatre now stands, but it was burned on New Year's Day, 1873, and four years later a new playhouse rose in its place.

The fame of the Madison Square house really began in 1879. The new theatre had been occupied by Robert Heller, and afterward by Minnie Cummings, for nearly two years when it was leased by the Mallory Brothers, well known as publishers of *The Churchman* but entirely unsuspected as possible proprietors of a playhouse. It must be admitted that the new venture gained a success that few would have predicted, but in spite of some peculiar ideas rather than because of them. The new proprietors remodeled the house under the plans and advice of Steele Mackaye, and among the unique features supplied was a double stage, calculated to avoid delays in the change of scenery and settings. With the production of "Hazel Kirke" in 1880 the prosperity of the house was assured. The play ran for nearly 500 nights, and though at the beginning the patronage was drawn largely from a circle that had previously regarded the theatre with little favor, now attracted by the standing of its churchly proprietors, in a short time the playhouse, the play, and its actor-author shared the interest of all classes of play-goers. Other successes followed, but of the plays and the company there are no memories more prominent than the fact that Georgie Cayvan was leading woman there for six years.

At the end of the reign of Mackaye and the Mallorys, who finally disagreed, the theatre was leased by A. M. Palmer, and six years later, in 1891, Charles H. Hoyt secured the house and produced one after another his famous farce comedies. After Hoyt, in 1897, came other managers of less experience and fame, and the theatre has had only occasional reaches on the high road of popularity in the past ten years.

Before all this is the record of the earlier theatre, opened when Twenty-Fourth Street was a block beyond the upper line of the tide that had risen year by year. Colonel James Fisk, Jr., took the old hall, which had been first a stock exchange, then the bome of Christy's minstrels, Sharpley's minstrels, and Kelly & Leon's minstrels, and later John Brougham's theatre, and in 1869 rebuilt the house and named it the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Here he gave opera bouffe for a season, and some of the great names of that day, including Irma and Toste, are connected with the brief experience. In August of that year, however, was the beginning of Augustin Daly's stock company, which for a generation held the highest place in American dramatic art. There actors were made by the wise and careful training of a genius in stage management. Clara Morris won her first triumphs there; Fanny Davenport, Agnes Ethel, Mrs. G. H. Gilhert, William Davidge, and George Clarke were of those who shared in the early successes of Mr. Daly's career. James Lewis first blossomed as a comedian there and gained a vogue that continued to the end. In less than four years Daly's management and players had become famous, and then came the New Year's Day fire which sent them still farther up town. Daly's new Fifth Avenue Theatre was built at Twenty-Eighth Street and Broadway, and there his success and that of the younger players grouped under his banner was won. Ada Rehan, Agnes Booth, and many more began at that playhouse.

Another of the old-time theatres that achieved distinction is soon to be removed, the last act in a career that began with "variety" and covered all the fancies of popular favor from American comedy to English comic opera, to the dismal last days with "moving pictures." This is the Manhattan Theatre at Thirty-Third Street and Broadway, originally named the Eagle by Josh Hart, for whom it was built in 1875. Burlesque and pantomime were the chief attractions in its early days, but it knew some important events in the legitimate drama. Minnie Palmer made her first appearance on the stage there, as did Anna Dickinson; there William J. Florence was seen as the Honorable Bardwell Slote, and Mrs. Florence as Mrs. Gilflory, in "The Mighty Dollar." And connected with these appearances in the record are the New York visits of Aimée, the French opera bouffe star, as I the ponderous gambols of George K. Portesrie in burlesque. In 1878 William J.

Henderson took the theatre and changed the name, and as the Standard Theatre it gained a new importance in stage annals, for here were the first metropolitan productions of several of the early Gilhert and Sullivan operas.

It is curious to note that American managers and critics were shy of the new departure—English comic opera, bright and clean, and hearing only the slightest traces of relationship to the French operas bouffes and the American hurlesques which had worn out their first welcome. "H. M. S. Pinafore" had captured the admiration of the London public and was already in its eighth month of success, but it was believed to be too English for American audiences. John C. Duff, however, the father-in-law of Augustin Daly, had faith in the new departure, and after repeated efforts he leased the Standard Theatre and brought out the merry musical satire on the "ruler of the queen's navy." It had a record-breaking run and established new canons of taste for light musical offerings, but there was no successor in sight when it was finally withdrawn. After brief engagements with Daniel Bandmann and Paola Marie, another Gilhert and Sullivan opera was brought out—"Patience"—this one by Henderson, who had been taught a valuable lesson by Duff, and he profited by a run of the piece which even eclipsed the "Pinafore" furor. "Iolanthe" was given in 1883, and in December of that year the theatre burned. It was rebuilt the following season, and once more under J. C. Duff's management there was a revival of comic opera successes. The first visit of the London Gaiety Company was an event of the season of 1889, and Nellie Farren, Sylvia Gray, Lettie Lind, and Fred Leslie gained American recognition and high favor at that time. Following Duff's reign came that of J. M. Hill and later that of A. H. Woodward, who changed the name and called it the Manhattan Theatre. Harrison Grey Fiske leased the playhouse in 1891, and then began the New York triumphs of Minnie Maddern, then and now Mrs. Fiske. Two years ago the property was bought by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and the old theatre will soon give place to the improvements of a utilitarian situation.

This is a part of the history that shows the steady march of the theatre-going public toward upper Broadway. Twenty-Third Street once marked the northern boundary of the grounds in favor with the play-loving people, but the list of popular theatres now displays the names of cross-streets twenty blocks nearer Central Park, and houses once considered too far up for successful attraction are now too far down town to retain the place in public esteem they won after long effort.

Returning to affairs of the actual present, it may be noted that the attitude of the newspaper critics seems to be affected by the affiliations of the theatre managers. Eugene Walter, the young playwright who came from San Francisco flushed with the success there of his political play, "The Undertow," and succeeded in having it tried out, disastrously, here, has had a new play, "Paid in Full," produced at the Astor Theatre by Wagenhals & Kemper. The public has indorsed it in spite of somewhat depreciative analysis by the theatrical reporters on most of the daily papers. One or two of the critics, however, who lose no opportunity to prod the theatrical trust, are unstinted in their praise of the piece, but seemingly more because it is brought out by independent managers than for a nice regard for the dramatic proprieties. Mr. Walter's play is an American variation of a common French theme, one which has been presented in varying forms even in the classic dramas, but it approaches the danger line more than once and gets on to safe ground only by theatrical floundering. However, it has many good points, and, as it is now upheld by a demand for seats two months in advance, it will give the young author sustenance and confidence for future efforts.

David Warfield, at the Stuyvesant Theatre, has returned to his greatest success, "The Music Master," and this will endure after the more theatrical if not less skillfully constructed "A Grand Army Man" has been laid to rest forever. Belasco's other going winner, "The Warrens of Virginia," still continues at his Forty-Second Street playhouse. NEW YORK, March 10, 1908. FLANEUR.

A Hundred "Merry Widows."

The great success of Franz Lehár's musical comedy, "The Merry Widow," makes it probable that today in different parts of the world one hundred Sonias are merrily dancing through the play and as many Prince Danillos are waltzing in the widely scattered theatres of the world. From the Ural Mountains to Chicago, from Archangel to Cape Town, "The Merry Widow" is being played. It is said that the rôle receives treatment in this country quite different from that received abroad. The acting of the American Sonias is more circumspect and less Carmenesque. The original Sonia was Frauline Guenther, who has played the rôle continuously in Vienna for two years. She would not fulfill our idea of the widow, because she is stout and rather slow of movement, but she has a wonderful voice, and affects a dreamy sort of languor that has given her great success. In Hamburg, Marie Ottmana, a woman who looks much like Frauline Guenther, and who is,

perhaps, even a little larger, is credited with unusual success. The London Sonia is Lillie Elsie, a strikingly beautiful English girl, fair, tall, lithe, and graceful. She is celebrated as the ideal, sensuous Sonia. Ethel Jackson, who is playing the widow in New York, has been described as nakedly simple in her acting, and one enthusiastic young writer said that she was Venus Victrix come to life. Chicago has Lina Aharhanell, whose temperament is a combination of the languor of the Portuguese and the voluptuousness of the Vienesse. Aharhanell is a splendid singer, having the best trained as well as the most brilliant voice on the comic-opera stage, and she adds this exquisite appeal to the physical lure that is not absent from this most entrancing opera.

CURRENT VERSE.

Heart's Twilight.

Deep in the twilight of my heart
I hid a rose;
Red petals on its red.
At dusk I looked to greet its velvet face,
And wept—the rose was dead.

Deep in the twilight of my heart

I hid a kiss;
Red mist about it shone.
At morn I looked to raise it to my lips,
And wept—the kiss was gone.

Deep in the twilight of my heart

I hid a tear,
A pearl in its red sea.
At night I looked to star it in my dreams;
The tear—awaited me.
—Archibald Sullivan, in *The Smart Set*.

A Song for March.

Who sings of March, must sing the mad,
Lone man-at-arms, the straggler clad
In motley white and brown—
Who in the wake of Winter's flight
Turns now to caper, now to fight—
Half hector and half clown—
One moment from a cloud-capped hill
He hurls his slogan, wild and shrill;
The next, with gusty laughter,
Outsteps the sunbeams as they dance,
And leers and flouts, with hawckward glance,
The maid who follows after.
O' sing the maid,
The light-heart maid,
Who follows, follows after.

He flees her down the lengthening days;
She follows him through woodland ways,
O'er hills and vales between,
And sets for mark of victory
On every hush and hedge and tree
Her flag of tender green;
And when her breath hath spiced the night
With promise of the warm delight
Of young June's love and laughter,
No other song may true hearts sing
But "Speed thy passing, March, and bring
The maid who follows after;
The light-heart maid,
The lily maid,
Who follows, follows after."

—T. A. Daly, in the *Catholic Standard and Times*.

Lament of the Stolen Bride.

Faery Child: Come, newly married bride.—H.
B. Yeats, "The Land of Heart's Desire."
Go, thought of my heart, on the wings of the wind
O'er the green on the meadows wide
By the deep dark woods, with the sea behind,
Where the stars at anchor ride
Steal into the heart of my old true love
As he turns from the shining plough,
And tell with the voice of the home come dove
Of the hunger that's on me now.

Ochone, for the land that is far away,
And Shawn of the stout warm arms:
Oh, better a world where the light is gray
And night is thick with alarms,
Than forever the music's maddening beat
In the moonlit faery land,
Than the ceaseless whirr of the tripping feet
And the clasp of the bloodless hand.

E'en yet, when the night is on fire with stars,
Or dropping the silver day,
I can hear the fall of the pasture bars
And the lilt of his whistled lay.
Then shaken from me are the dreamers' charms,
My hand from the dancers' slips,
And the mother stands lonely with empty arms
And the widow with hungering lips.
—Charles L. O'Donnell, in *New York Sun*.

Lost Grief.

Last week we went back to those olden ways,
Familiar to our early wedded days:
The lanes are sweet with blossoms, and the wren
Builds by the doorway, as she builded then.

But when we walked adown the garden path,
Tangled with vines, and last year's aftermath,
We could not find the little unnamed mound
We used to plant with pink carnations round.
Backward and forth we went with searching look,
No trace remains of that once sacred nook.

And yet, 'tis well!—On this new path we know
That olden grief has cast no shade of woe.

Bright girls, with laughing eyes and hands that sweep
The ivory keys, and home with music steep;
And boys with darkening hair, and sturdy ways,
Have crowded out the pain of those old days.
And from our lives that little grave has passed:
A ripple on Time's sea that could not last.

But, as we hide neglected toys from sight,
To gladden childish eyes when brought to light,
So, it may be, when Heaven's gates are swung,
We shall there find the angel bands among,
Waiting for us, a living, smiling face,
In lieu of mute, unhearing, marble grace.
—Cora A. Matson Dolsen, in *Putnam's Magazine*.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Andrew Carnegie has given £25,000 to the Robert Koch fund in Berlin for the campaign against tuberculosis. The amount collected so far for carrying out research work in connection with the disease amounts to £40,000.

Mrs. James B. Eustis recently appeared as Salammo in a tableau vivant at the Hotel Plaza, in New York, with a snake weighing forty-five pounds about her neck and shoulders. The entertainment was given for the benefit of the "poor whites" of Virginia.

A report from Italy says that the Duke of the Abruzzi is traveling in the United States under an assumed name and that the special attraction is Miss Elkins, the daughter of Senator Elkins of West Virginia. The duke is the son of the Duke of Aosta and his full name is Luigi Amedeo Giuseppe Maria Ferdinando Francesco. He is chiefly known as an explorer, having penetrated nearer to the North Pole than has ever been done before, his party beating Nansen's previous record. The duke is credited with the ambition to marry Miss Elkins.

Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry, emphatically denies a widely circulated report that he had described non-drinkers as "molly-coddles." He says that on the contrary he believes the effect of alcohol on mankind to be wholly had even in small quantities, that theoretically he is a prohibitionist, but that there are practical difficulties in the way of prohibition, and that the better plan would be to abolish the saloons and let those who wish to drink do so in their homes and in conjunction with food, rather than in saloons, where the evil reaches its greatest magnitude.

Mme. Schumann-Heink, who first applied for naturalization papers in Cincinnati three years ago, has filed an application for final papers with the county clerk of Newark. Next June she will realize her ambition to become a citizen. Among other applicants for final papers is Captain Luck-Howard, an Englishman, who has earned the reward by fighting for his adopted country in Cuba and the Philippines. The application of a Japanese, Fuji Yamamoto, has been rejected by the United States Court at Cincinnati. By the act of 1906 restricting naturalization to "white" races Fuji remains an alien.

Mr. Hiram Maxim experiences some difficulty in keeping his inventive ability and his humanitarian principles in separate mental compartments. Speaking of his new silent firearm, he says he felt appalled at the thought of the uses to which the invention might be put, but then some one else would have done the work and the result would have been the same. Under the circumstances and with a full sense of his responsibility he compromised by inventing the weapon and leaving the government to determine how it should be applied. The government can, of course, he relied upon to use it only in innocuous ways.

The serious carriage accident experienced a few days ago by Queen Wilhelmina of Holland recalls the fact that when she was a very little child she received a similar shock while driving through the streets of Amsterdam. A mob of Socialists collected, rude and angry things were said to the queen regent, and one ruffian, seizing a huge cauliflower, flung it at the royal carriage. The vegetable crashed through the window and grazed the face of the child queen, who was so frightened that she was in a nervous state for many weeks. Her mother, however, taught her to be brave, and she has had several opportunities of displaying her courage. But socialism is still to the front and Wilhelmina is still Queen of Holland.

M. Stephane Lauzanne, representing the Paris *Matin* in New York, is the nephew and foster-son of the late M. de Blowitz, the celebrated correspondent in Paris of the London *Times*. M. Lauzanne in a cablegram to the *Matin* observes that the new tunnel under the Hudson River cost \$70,000,000 and was built in eight years by 6500 men. He inquired of one of the high officials present how much time would be saved by the tunnel. "It will be an enormous saving," was the reply: "passengers will gain nearly ten minutes." "All the difference between the Old World and the New," reflects M. Lauzanne, "lies in that reply. In America they spend \$70,000,000 to save ten minutes; in France we would not spend \$70 to save a day."

The Dowager Queen of Portugal, Maria Pia, still retains marks of great beauty. In her youth she was famous as one of the handsomest women on the Continent. For years she has been the arhiter of dress in Portugal, and in her early widowhood was known as the best dressed queen in Europe. She possesses magnificent jewels, and on state occasions, when she appears in full regalia, even now in her advanced years, she is still a marvelously handsome and imposing figure. Of late she has changed her black hair to the dark, wine-red hue so favored by the French. She is a fine linguist and a brilliant talker. Queen Amelia is as beautiful and intelligent as her mother-in-law, but gentler and less worldly. Her charitable work is systematic and far reaching, and there is no queen in Europe who is so well beloved in as many countries.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

There have been many attempts to revive the literary salons of Paris, but they have usually perished of inanition in an age of lighter things. But now the poets, at least, are to try once more. Edmond Harancourt, president of the Society of French Poets, has obtained permission to use one of the rooms of the Society of French artists so that once a week the poets may recite their effusions for mutual edification, though the world may be indifferent. Not only will the artists lend a room, but they will provide platform, decorations, chairs, and people to sit in them. They guarantee a fashionable audience and the poets themselves must do the rest. They shall at any rate have their chance and a hearing. The poets of France, and their name is legion, are now counting the days until May shall come and the salon opens.

The American Revolution, by Sir George Otto Trevelyan. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; 3 volumes, \$2.50.

The appearance of the third volume of this impressive work completes a history that leaves nothing to be desired in precision, detail, and judicial treatment. Sir George Trevelyan is the nephew of Lord Macaulay, and it is easy to trace an influence that may be hereditary or that may even be cultivated. At least, the work belongs distinctly to the Macaulay class, and while this implies an exceptional brilliance, it implies also a certain personal element, a certain visibility of likes and dislikes, a certain suggestion of special pleading, that makes the most fascinating of literature, but not always the most impeccable of history.

But whatever partiality there may be is to the American cause, and the author has done no small service to his own country by showing that the war, from the English side, had a minimum of national feeling behind it and aroused hostile apathy rather than enthusiasm. Here, at least, his task is easy, nor is he less fortunate in his arraignment first of a royal policy of neglect and indifference toward the colonies that made resistance inevitable, and secondly, of the bungling incompetence with which that resistance was met. The third volume is devoted more particularly to the fate of Burgoyne, to the supreme skill of Washington's military campaign and to the diplomatic adroitness of Franklin in achieving the alliance with France. A more calculated or a better reasoned tribute to Washington and Franklin has never been paid, while other and lesser men, such as Knox and Clinton, receive a full measure of applause. Perhaps there is a slight failure to appreciate some others at their full value, and possibly General Schuyler is placed a little too high, at least according to subsequent and current judgment, but these are merely legitimate divergences from accepted opinions, although the suggestion of partiality is sometimes a little intrusive. As a substantial and noteworthy addition to the literature of the Revolution, Sir George Trevelyan's work can hardly receive too warm a welcome. Its defects are all of the ornamental kind, while the stamp of an unusual mind is upon every page.

The Angel and the Outcast, by G. Colmore. Published by Brentano's, New York.

Two sisters, born in the slums of London, have a widely different fate. The younger girl falls ill, is removed to a charitable institution and is adopted by a wealthy lady. The elder girl, inspired by a passionate love, discovers where her sister is, only to find that she can have no intercourse with her and that she must keep her own ignorant degradation at arm's length from the girl for whom she would have given her life.

This is a story that will bewilder the conventional moralist. The elder sister is a drunkard and a hawling virago. She does not descend to the lowest depth of all, but otherwise she is everything from which respectability draws aside its skirts. But over all and around all is her love for her sister, a love that means nothing but self-sacrifice, that neither asks nor expects anything in return; a love that is willing to forego even the pleasure of seeing its object. When, in the last scene of all, she lies dying in the hospital and the chaplain tactfully threatens her with hell she receives the prospect with equanimity, well assured that "the litt' un, she goes to 'eving." The author has written an earnest and an admirable book, with deeply drawn characters and a remarkable picturing of life under widely differing conditions.

Syria, by Gertrude Lowthian Bell. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$3.

The author has written a valuable book of travel and it is valuable because she concentrates her interest upon people rather than places, and because she looks upon Orientals with a broad and understanding sympathy rather than as material for a lofty curiosity. We do not remember any book that has introduced us to such intimate acquaintance with Eastern life as this, or one that seems to be written with such insight. The Oriental lives a life of tradition and for him there can be no such unimpeachable justification for whatever he does or thinks. Nothing appears strange to him if it have the excuse of cus-

tom, and he will resent nothing but a departure from usage.

The author has a good word to say for the Turk and she will be applauded by those who know the truth. She has indeed a good word for nearly every one because she never fails to appreciate courtesy, hospitality, and sincerity. A large part of her book is made up of conversational scraps and they are always well chosen and illuminating. A large number of unconventional illustrations give an added value to an unusual book.

The Poetical Works of William B. Yeats. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; 2 volumes, \$1.75.

There is room and a welcome for Mr. Yeats's plays, because they are written around themes that make up part of a national life and because they incline us to be glad and hopeful, and so follow the lines of least resistance in human nature. There are six plays in this volume. "The Countess Cathleen" having four acts and the others one act only.

Mr. Yeats has no ambition to travel outside the lines of Irish life, and he tells us quite charmingly that the Irish stage can not but be the more interesting to people of other races, because it is Irish and therefore stirred by emotions and thoughts not hitherto expressed in dramatic form. He looks forward to the day when Irish companies will carry Irish plays, as such, to other lands. The plays will be comedies, but they will come from a muse that is ready "to avenge her voice when her sister has carried a taper among the tombs that she may tell strange stories of the deaths of kings." It will be a theatre of speech, the speech of the every-day men of the countryside, of proud, living, unwasted words."

Mr. Yeats's plays are along these lines, vivid, passionate, and romantic. They deal with the worthy, world-old things of human life, etherealized by folk-lore, legend, and tradition. They are Irish to the core, and that means that they are unspoiled, spontaneous, and human.

Life and Public Services of William Pitt Fessenden, by Francis Fessenden. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; 2 volumes, \$5.

It is strange that this work has not been done before and that it should be left to Senator Fessenden's son to record a life of patriotic service that was not less valuable because it was unobtrusive. The author points out very truly that there was nothing picturesque or sensational about his father and that he never became a "popular figure" with the people at large. The extent to which he deserved a popular recognition that he never received is set forth in a biography that is of marked importance from the historical standpoint.

Mr. Fessenden became United States senator in 1854 and at once took part in the ferment of public affairs. He was unanimously reelected to the Senate in 1859 and exercised a marked influence in the spirited debates of the day. He was chairman of the committee on finance from 1861 to 1864 and Secretary of the Treasury from 1864 to 1865. His speeches on finance, on foreign relations, on confiscation matters, and on the negro question were frequent and weighty, while his correspondence, collected under great difficulties, forms an interesting page of contemporary history. The work was abundantly justified and it is interestingly and accurately done.

The Lady of the Mount, by Frederic S. Isham. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

An exceptionally good story of the dawn of the great revolution in provincial France. Revolutionary Paris has been painted a hundred times, but the gradual spread of insurrection to the country, the infection of the villages, is a study in itself and one that is well adapted to the purposes of romance. The lady of the mount is the beautiful daughter of the grim and cruel seigneur who rules the people as with a rod of iron and uses his castle as a miniature Bastille. When the local revolutionary leader is captured his followers in turn capture her ladyship and hold her for an exchange of prisoners, and when that has been effected and the castle is subsequently stormed and taken, it is found that there has been also an exchange of hearts. The romance is admirable and deftly done, while from the historical standpoint the story is accurate and faithful.

The Greater Mischief, by Margaret Westrup. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

Mrs. Fielding and Mrs. Hartley-Dent, both with young babies, are fellow-passengers on a wrecked steamer. The two mothers and one of the babies are saved, and as Mrs. Fielding claims the child as hers, to the obvious relief of the other mother, little Audrey grows up as Audrey Fielding. The question of actual maternity becomes important later on when Audrey wants to marry Martin Jocelyn, whose father threatens to disinherit him if he weds a daughter of his old enemy Fielding.

The chief charm of the story is in its sketch of Audrey's character as it develops through a stern and forbidding puritanism up to the day when she claims her own soul and reso-

lutely takes the control of her destiny from the hands of her mother. Perhaps the book is a little too long and a little over elaborated, but it is a creditable and interesting piece of work.

Virginie, by Ernest Oldmeadow. Published by the McClure Company, New York; \$1.50.

The reader should not be discouraged by the opening presentation of a beautiful girl encased in a block of ice and consigned to the care of a young archaeologist who lives alone in an English country house. She eventually thaws in more ways than one. The story is charmingly told, but the plot strains and cripples our imagination. To rescue Virginie from the infamous dangers threatening her in her French home was laudable, but some better way might have been found than a drug producing temporary unconsciousness and an utter loss of memory followed by the refrigeration method of transportation. But the author deserves much credit for his ingenuity and still more for a graceful and unaffected style.

James Thomson, by G. C. Macaulay. Published by the Macmillan Company, London; 75 cents.

It is evident that the English Men of Letters Series makes no effort to place its men of letters in any sort of order of literary

precedence. Otherwise we should have to wait some years for this volume and, so far as the importance of its subject is concerned, we should have waited with equanimity.

But the author has done his uninspiring work with great skill and assiduity. He awakes an interest in a poet whose influence upon eighteenth century verse we are willing to take at second hand and whose claim to be the father of modern blank verse is doubtless accompanied by extenuating circumstances. Mr. Macaulay has done a good piece of biography and an accomplished criticism. The narrative is careful and consecutive, while his comments are always scholarly.

My Bunkie and other Ballads, by Erwin Clarkson Garrett. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.25.

These verses—most of them—are well deserving of rescue from the oblivion of newspaper and magazine. The life of the army has seldom been told more vigorously or unaffectedly, while the quality of sentiment and music is markedly high.

Mothers' Poems, by Sara Lett Cotteau. Printed by the Robert O. Law Company, Chicago.

These verses, some of them of excellent quality, have been collected and published by Mrs. Cotteau's daughter as a tribute to the memory of her mother.



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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It is an open secret that "The Southerner," a novel that recently caused a sensation in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is by Walter Page, of the firm of Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mrs. Esther C. Gunter, whose effort to continue the publishing business established by her husband, the late Archibald C. Gunter, resulted disastrously, has been forced into bankruptcy. Among her assets she mentions some real estate in Solano County, California.

Henry Holt & Co. have just concluded arrangements by which they will become the American publishers of "The Comments of Bagshot," a book by J. A. Spender, editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, in which an amiable recluse in the English civil service comments genially and strikingly on pretty nearly everything from riches and socialism to death and immortality, though he is said to have successfully avoided flashy cynicism.

The first volume of Anatole France's new life of Jeanne d'Arc has just been brought out in Paris. Its appearance is heralded as something of a literary event.

Paul Elder & Co. announce a volume entitled "The Mother of California," by Arthur Walbridge North, a historical sketch of Baja California from the days of Cortez to the present time, depicting the ancient missions, the mines, and the physical, social, and political aspects of the country. The work will be illustrated by thirty-two photographs and an accurate and complete map of the country.

Dona Teresa Saballo, Marquesa d'Alpeus, the author of "The House of the Lost Court," is an attractive young woman, a Spanish marchioness who has recently joined the ranks of the writers. She lives in London, where she attracts much attention by going about in a Spanish mantilla. She has both American and English ancestors and says that if she ever marries her husband will be an American. The scene of her story is laid in England and the chief characters are an American mother and daughter.

It is a curious fact that on both sides of the Atlantic the critics of Margaret Westrup's new novel, "The Greater Mischief," have believed the writer to be an American, and pronounced the humor of the story, which is light and whimsical, to be true American humor. But the author is not an American and has never been in America.

A "Bibliography of Ralph Waldo Emerson," which has been compiled by George Willis Cooke, will be one of the spring publications of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

An interesting history attaches to the picture which appears on the autograph edition of "Hoyle's Games." The portrait of Edmund Hoyle, the father of whist and the first writer on indoor games, who lived in the eighteenth century, has been eagerly sought in private galleries and among old woodcuts. Hoyle seems to have had no time for the artist. By the merest chance Mr. Frederic Jessel of London, the connoisseur on games, who owns the finest card library in the world, looking over some old books, pictures, and bronzes at Brighton, happened to run across a medal that bore the name of Edmund Hoyle and which was of eighteenth century workmanship. The medal was reproduced in plaster, photographed, and now appears on the cover of Hoyle's book.

"Popular Fallacies," by A. S. E. Ackermann, just brought out by the J. B. Lippincott Company, is a book which has taken thirteen years to prepare, and of which the object is to prove the absurdity of most little rules and facts which everybody takes for granted. It is a disturbing little book, but of unmistakable interest.

Miss Malvery, the young girl who, clad in coster garb, lived for eight years in the East End of London studying the homes of the poor and collecting material for her book, "The Soul Market," is by birth an East Indian. She left home when a young girl, studied music and elocution and became a professional entertainer. She fell into the habit of visiting the homes of the poor and seeing for herself how the submerged masses fared. She worked in a factory, seeking shelter at night at cheap lodging-houses; she earned pennies as a singer on the street, tried her hand as a costermonger and served in a sweatshop.

D. Appleton & Co. have just brought out a new novel by Robert Barr, entitled "The Measure of the Rule," the hero of which works his way up from being a teacher in a backwoods town to achieving fame as an artist in Paris.

Coins that will always pass current, in literature if not in the market, are those obsolescent pieces, dear to readers of romance and poetry and drama—the pistole, the noble, the ducat, the groschen, the piece of eight, and many others, observes *The Dial*. We have but the vaguest notion of the value of any of these coins when we meet with them in our literary wanderings, and therein lies half their charm: they lend themselves so beautifully to the purposes of the imagination, they convey so little suggestion of real cash, of "filthy lucre," and yet their purchasing power is so

spendably unlimited. Into this treasury of untainted money has recently passed the historic German thaler: on the first of October it ceased to be recognized as a coin of the empire, and henceforth its currency is limited, or rather extended, to the larger empire of letters. Joachimsthal and the coin there first minted (in 1484) will not soon pass into oblivion, and if we do forget that the thaler is equivalent to three marks, all the more serviceable will it become for purposes of poetry and fiction.

New Publications.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, have published "Another Fairy Reader," by James Baldwin. Price, 35 cents.

"Ten to Seventeen," by Josephine Daskam Bacon, is a diary of girls at a boarding-school and a cleverly done record of scrapes and sentiment. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

"La Comédie Classique en France," by Edith Healy, specially designed for high-school pupils, has been published by the American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. Price, 50 cents.

"Proposals to Kathleen," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, is a record of sentimental experiences published some time ago and now reissued with the author's name. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"In My Lady's Garden," by Katrina Trask, first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and those who read this charming idyll at the time will be glad to know that it has been published in volume form by the John Lane Company, New York. Price, \$1.25.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, have published a book that claims to be "a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things" in English literature. It is entitled "English Quotations: A Collection of the More Memorable Passages and Poems of English Literature, Arranged According to Authors, Chronologically," by Robinson Smith. The selections are well chosen, the typography is all that it should be and a complete word index gives to the quotations their maximum of availability. Price, \$3 net.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, whose power as an emotional actress has been praised with discriminative judgment by critics on both sides the Atlantic, comes to the Novelty Theatre next week, and will appear six nights and at one matinee performance. Her repertoire for this visit will be as follows: On Monday and Tuesday nights, "The Second Mrs. Tangueray"; Wednesday night, "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith"; Thursday evening, "Hedda Gabler" will be presented; on Friday night and at the Saturday matinee a double bill, including "The Flower of Yamato" and "Electra" will be offered; on Saturday night "Magda" will be the bill. As will be seen, this includes two of her latest successes. "Electra," especially, was the topic of all the New York critics for a week after its first production in the Eastern metropolis.

Wilton Lackaye appears at the Van Ness Theatre next Monday night, opening a fortnight's engagement, which will be devoted to sixteen performances of Hall Caine's new play, "The Bondman." This is the author's dramatization of his famous novel, and ran all last season in London, where it was produced September 26, 1906, in Drury Lane Theatre, and at holiday-time was transferred to the Adelphi, where the run was continued until May 31, 1907. Mr. Lackaye's rôle is that of Jason of the North, a most dramatic and picturesque character. It would seem Mr. Lackaye ought to have ready to hand an audience knowing all about the romance and drama of the play in which he will make his San Francisco reappearance. It is a coincidence that brings "The Bondman" to this city in the same week with Mrs. Patrick Campbell; for she was the actress of the rôle of Greeba in the London production. This part will be assumed here by Miss Elsie Ferguson, a young leading woman who has been highly praised for her work. Performances of "The Bondman" will be given nightly, including Sundays, and at the matinees on both Saturdays of the weeks Mr. Lackaye will be at the Van Ness Theatre.

Elsewhere is a review of "The Girl of the Golden West," now on at the New Alcazar Theatre, and with every indication of a long run. The play has been mounted with especial care to preserve the traditions of its Eastern success, and both company and managers have every reason for self-congratulation on the greeting that has met their conscientious efforts.

At the Princess Theatre "A Country Girl," reviewed on another page. It will run two weeks, to be followed by "The Viceroy," in which Helen Bertram will appear by special engagement. The prima donna is remembered here for her success with the Bostonians.

The Orpheum announces a number of striking features for the week beginning next Sun-

day afternoon. Master Gabriel, a boy comedian who has won fame as "Buster Brown," comes in a skit called "Auntie's Visit" and is supported by a company of six. George B. Snyder and Harry Buckley, a team of musical comedians, will discourse excellent music on a variety of instruments. Bertha Pertina, the queen of toe and eccentric dancers, will make her first appearance. Wherever she has danced she has created a furor. Ida O'Day is a beautiful girl, who sings sweetly and is a virtuoso on the banjo. It will be the last week of Olympia Desvall and her trained ponies; Carroll and Cooke, singing and talking comedians; the Montrose Troupe, and of Clayton White and Marie Stuart, who have scored a hit in their amusing skit, "Cherrie," which is the best thing of its kind since "Peaches." A new series of imported motion pictures will be shown.

McIntyre and Heath will follow Wilton Lackaye at the Van Ness Theatre.

One of the early attractions for the Van Ness Theatre is John Drew in the new play, "My Wife." Charming Billy Burke is Mr. Drew's leading lady this season.

James J. Corbett in his great hit "The Burglar and the Lady" will be seen at the Novelty Theatre for one week following Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

Francis Wilson will be here a few weeks hence with his latest success, "When Knights Were Bold."

"The Thief" at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, will continue there for at least two months more. San Francisco will have the great success directly at the close of the New York run.

The automatic piano-player has come to stay, says Mr. Leo Lewis, professor of music in Tufts College, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Amateur as well as serious students find in the "canned music" machines extraordinary advantages, for by means of this device the musical masterpieces of the world can be passed in review. "The zealous concert-goer, living at a metropolitan centre, would hear in a decade perhaps ten performances of Beethoven's Third and Fifth Symphonies, four performances of any one of Mozart's last three symphonies, and perhaps Schubert's Unfinished and Schumann's First and Second." Furthermore, music is a language, and like all languages it must be learned. As a technical educator alone, for the class-room exposition of difficult pieces, and for exercise in the power to think music, the automatic player is rapidly making its way. Arguments that it is "an offense against art" are false because they are narrow. The self-playing instrument is a permanent and valuable acquisition.

Jean Gerardy, the 'cello virtuoso, will open his season in this city Easter Sunday.

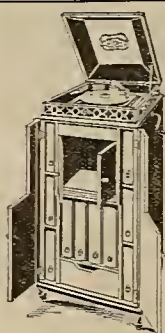
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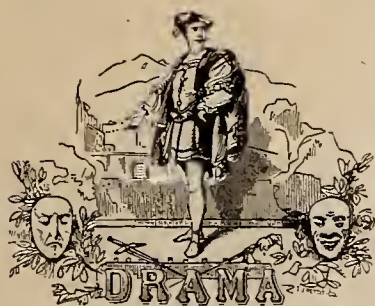
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BELASCO'S CALIFORNIA GIRL.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

With his ever active, ever instinctive feeling for what is dramatically telling, David Belasco, in "The Girl of the Golden West," has revived the early California days whose wild, romantic chronicles it was Bret Harte's task and privilege to preserve in literary form and to render of immortal interest.

We clearly recognize now that it was a time whose like will never live again. Other times, other manners. The country was comparatively new then. There were fewer commercial opportunities in those days. Women were unknown in the field of business. Broadly speaking, their wage-earning sway was limited to the kitchen, the schoolroom, and the dressmaker's or milliner's parlors. The rarity in mining camps of a woman of youth and charm belonging to the ranks of respectability made her the object of a chivalrous worship of which poets might sing; and, indeed, did sing, for the Bret Harte of those days was a poet of poets. True, he did not always write in rhymes and measures, but it was the heart of a poet that translated to our consciousness the knightlier sentiments in the heart of a gambler, a miner, or some reckless wastrel whose outer life seemed either all materialism or all evil.

Mingled with the procession of derelicts that came out to the promised land were splendid young men seeking experience and adventure as well as gold. And amid this huge congregation of motley types were the stalwart, illiterate progenitors of the present aristocracy of the State. No wonder that Belasco, the wizard of the stage, has cast his penetrating eye upon this picturesque epoch of our national history. No wonder that he has sought to make it live again.

The atmosphere that he has revived is too highly colored with the reckless, lawless, adventurous spirit of the times to form a credible dramatic background for other than melodrama. And so "The Girl of the Golden West" is rich, juicy, vivid melodrama, of which sudden love, sudden hate, and sudden rivalry form the mainspring and core.

The Girl, as the heroine is universally termed, although possessing the harmless name of Minnie, keeps a saloon, over which she presides with easy grace. She lives on the shoulder of a rock-scarred mountain, and by an effective arrangement of electric lights the spectator is treated to a preliminary panoramic view of the Girl's cabin—wherein she dwells with a pistol for a chaperon—and the steep footpath leading down to the saloon at the foot of the mountain, of which she is proprietor. It places the beholder *en rapport* with the physical situation of things, and by a natural gradation he is next made a witness of what is transpiring in the little wooden shell of the Polka saloon.

This first act is the best in the play. Upon it Belasco has lavished his freshest sentiment, his keenest study, his sunniest humor. The Girl, in her young fearlessness, her absolute integrity, her wholesome candor, her complete independence, is wholly delightful. In her Mr. Belasco has accomplished one of the freshest, breeziest, most unbackneyed, most original character creations I remember to his credit.

The Girl in the first two acts preserves this young, fresh, vivid charm, unmarred by theatrical falsities or exaggerations. She is like a vigorous little California eschscholtzia springing into vivid bloom from her hardy roots near the Polka saloon. She never opens her mouth but something direct, and racy, and untrammelled rolls out.

Thais Lawton makes her live for us. She has caught the spirit of this free-hearted, boyishly unconscious creature, and gives to her lightest gestures, her swift, sudden movements, the very swing of her petticoats, something of the directness, the energy, and the unexpectedness which are salient traits in her character. Purity of accent is so important an item in a player's stock in trade that frequently, in the portrayal of an illiterate character, it becomes inconveniently difficult to suppress. Miss Lawton, however, gave the Girl's grammatical breaks and wild bronco-buckings into the majesty of the language with an effect of artlessness and unpremeditation that was very enjoyable.

Until the third act. How difficult it is to preserve the dramatic tension at an even pitch throughout a play. There is a decided slump in the third act of "The Girl of the Golden West." The Girl begins to suffer, and, like Nance of "In the Bishop's Carriage," she drops her more lovable characteristics, and becomes theatrical. She loses her former

joyous disregard of grammatical rules, assumes a leading-lady monotone, departs from her brisk matter-of-factness with the boys, and smiles upon them with a conscious, company-in-the-parlor amiability. She is no longer Girl, the Girl, the Girl of the Golden West, but any old girl that is palpably in love with a good-looking young man, and thinks the whole of her world doesn't know it.

The slump in this third act is apparently caused by slackening the thread of the love-story for the purpose of exhibiting the antics of "the boys" at the home-made "school" which their idol insists they shall attend, seemingly for the purpose of letting loose a superfluity of animal spirits. The comedy of this scene is rather flat, and will be apt to impress the previously pleased observer as silly. I suspect, too, that its only cause for being is to prolong a plot which at this point shows an inconvenient tendency to wind up too soon. The brief closing act is suggestive, in treatment, of the last act of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." It is prettily worded, and rather poetic in sentiment, thus departing very widely from the style and treatment which the author has employed in the earlier acts.

The New Alcazar company made a satisfactory showing. Thais Lawton, of course, was the bright, particular star. Her work shows care and study, and her usual appreciation of the value of detail in expressing character.

Bertram Lytell, as the romantic outlaw, had no such opportunity for the exercise of his talent. The character has not been developed to the point of demanding clearly defined treatment, and hence there was a certain vagueness to the temperamental outlines of Dick Johnson, which caused the spectator to fall back upon his interesting dark eyes, his high-heeled boots, and such like trifles. Even in the love scenes the practiced leading man, in spite of the skill of his embracing arm, was obliged to follow after, while Miss Lawton led the way, showing the charm of tender and true womanhood in its hour of self-surrender.

I must pause here to say another word of appreciation for the dialogue in the first two acts, and especially that which falls to the Girl's share. In writing it, Mr. Belasco bore in mind that brevity is the soul of wit, as witness in this excerpt:

JACK RANO [gambler]—Say, will you marry me, Girl?

GIRL [briefly, and abstractedly wiping the bar glasses]—Nuh.

JACK—Why won't you?

GIRL—'Cause you've got a wife in New Orleans.

Mr. Walling had a good opportunity in playing the part of Jack Rand, and turned it to account. He gave the gambler-sheriff an excellent make-up, and succeeded in investing the figure of the pallid gamster with some faint, reflected glow from that strange atmosphere of the '50s which, in part, brought it back to our twentieth century eyes.

The male strength of the company was heavily taxed in furnishing boisterous conversation, spectacular hats, and easy profanity—in which, by the way, the Girl did her share—but the only important characters are those already mentioned, although Herbert Farjeon, in the smallest of rôles, deserves especial notice for his impersonation of a Mexican bandit, to whose speech he gave a roll and characteristic tone that one would almost swear could proceed only from a Latin.

There's a wonderful amount of magic in the old tunes, and the orchestra played a lot of them. There were "Bonnie Eloise," "The Belle of the Mohawk Vale," "Wait for the Wagon," and others, and the old-timers listened with closed eyes, and saw and felt the dead past come back like a visible and tangible thing.

A GAIETY MUSICAL COMEDY.

By George L. Shoals.

A little less than a year ago the Augustin Daly Musical Company, under the direction of J. C. Duff—two names to conjure with—presented "A Country Girl" to San Francisco playgoers, and the production was given rank above "The Cingalee," given by the same company on the week following. Last Monday night the Princess Theatre Company offered "A Country Girl," by courtesy of George Edwards, the London Gaiety Theatre manager, who holds the proprietorship of this piece, written by James Tanner, Adrian Ross, and Perry Greenbank, and fitted with tunes by Lionel Monckton and Paul Rubens. This by way of introduction for the judgment that with material from any source a San Francisco opera company is capable of serving up this sort of entertainment to please the most critical.

It is certain that the production at the Princess Theatre is equal in most particulars to that offered by the New York company, that it excels the earlier effort in some respects, and that it falls short in but two features. The staging of the piece at the Princess was admirable at the outset, and, with the polish that an evening or two before an audience have given it, the pictures presented lack nothing in grace or harmony of movement. The settings of the two acts are notably excellent, that for the second act being especially beautiful. The chorus is more comely than the one with which it is

compared and vocally is quite as effective. The costumes shown are new, handsome, and appropriate. Stage Manager Lask does not lose in skill or enthusiasm with long and painstaking service.

Cecilia Rhoda is an attractive figure in the name part, and in it presents, as usual, a complete change of manner and method from her latest impersonation—San Toy. For nearly five months this youthful prima donna has sung the leading rôles at the Princess, in fact since the comic opera season opened there last October, and has studied and played two new parts every month. Through the list, from "The Mockingbird" to "A Country Girl," her work has been marked by perfect study, by rare intelligence and sympathy, by refinement and modest assurance. Her dramatic instinct is rarely at fault, her singing is ever a delight to the ear when her voice conquers the strain or nervousness sometimes apparent in the first moments of introduction. Among the leading sopranos who have won especial favor in San Francisco companies, from Tillie Salinger to Anna Lichter, and not forgetting our bright particular star, Alice Nielsen, Miss Rhoda is entitled to first place for her beauty and grace, for the charm of her singing voice, and for her delicately clear, distinct enunciation, which is displayed in even the most hurried passages of recitative. Her Madcap Princess, Violet Grey, Dolores, and San Toy, have been cameo-like portraits.

There are few opportunities for Harold Crane in the rôle of Geoffrey Challoner, but he does very well with them. He is really more animated than usual. Mr. Crane is a handsome, stalwart fellow, with a fine voice, when he does not strain it, but he suffers from a rigidity of pose that it is hoped he will overcome. He has given to some of his rôles an air of appropriate distinction, and is not always stiff, as his Kenneth Mugg in "The Belle of New York" proved.

Were there nothing in "A Country Girl" more taking than the Rajah of Bhong and the Princess Mehelanah, the piece would still strike a popular chord. Arthur Cunningham is the rajah, and makes him an important figure. He is almost disguised in the regal simplicity of his costume, but his magnificent baritone would identify him among a thousand singers. His two songs are fairly well suited to his art, and in the last his added stanzas of topical humor are received with enthusiastic appreciation.

Sarah Edwards, who made her first appearance with good effect in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," and then was made a sacrifice of in "San Toy," has at last a part worthy of her gifts. Her Princess Mehelanah is remarkable in every way, and especially for its vocal opportunity. Miss Edwards has made one of the great hits of the piece, and won deserved recognition for her beautiful voice, with its hitherto unrevealed mellow depths and notable power in the upper register.

There are in comic opera few artists better equipped vocally and physically, or more vivacious in temperament, than Edith Bradford. Her Cordelia in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," and her Dudley in "San Toy" were charming characterizations, dashing, portrayed, and sung with tuneful spirit, but her Nan, the Devonshire lass, in the present comedy, is not a faithful presentation. There is sophistication in every toss of her pretty head, in every turn of her roguish eye, in every would-be awkward flourish of her arms. She is not a Devonshire country girl, but an American hoyden who knows all about Johnnies and the wiles for their undoing. But she sings with art and effectiveness, and is still a winning figure.

Much of the work in "A Country Girl" is put on the shoulders of the comedian, and Ned Nye suffers by comparison with that diminutive bit of nerve, breeziness, and gymnastic humor, Sam Collins, who first played Barry here. Mr. Nye has not had sufficient time to make the powers of the ubiquitous naval officer's "man" all his own, but it must be said that he succumbs easily to a temptation to repeat some of his earlier efforts rather than attempt a new line more in keeping with this character. He is capable of development and will recognize its necessity in a future of comic opera.

As Sophie, the ambitious dressmaker, Zoe Barnett has just a bit of effort, but there is never evident a disposition to slight her work. Miss Barnett is clever and sings like a thrush, and has already won a favor that she is not likely to lose. Her Fifi in "The Belle of New York" was a thoroughly delightful presentation of an exacting part, and will be remembered as a measure of her ability.

Ben Lodge, Oscar Apfel, George B. Fields, among those who have earned the regard of Princess habitués, are worthy of notice, though their scenes of activity are brief.

The comedy is perhaps equal to most of the Gaiety productions, though by no means a "Florodora." Its music is above the average, and it has a pretty story that is told with more or less coherence. It is in good hands at the Princess, for Harry James and his orchestra are as capable as the company on the stage that profits by their harmonious support. "A Country Girl" should have more than the usual two weeks of public favor.

"Toothache, eh? I'd have the thing pulled out if it were mine." "So would I if it were yours!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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VANITY FAIR.

In an age when nothing is sacred it is not surprising to find that early rising and the morning cold bath have been attacked by respectable authority. About early rising we have always had our own opinions, that may, of course, have been unduly influenced by inclination. But now comes Dr. Savary of the French Academy, who shatters in one moment the edifice of moral axioms that has been raised so laboriously by philosophers and pedagogues. Dr. Savary says that nervous diseases and a whole host of similarly unpleasant things would be avoided altogether if we would but resist the wild impulse to rise with the sun. We will. Our ears are always open to scientific admonition, and so long as Dr. Savary talks so sensibly it becomes a religious duty to obey him. Only plowmen and yokels, says this great and good man, can rise early with impunity. People of fine nervous organizations, people with keen and delicate systems, such as ourselves, must not do it. If a man wakes up and can not go to sleep again, it is time for him to get up, but if he finds it easy to stay where he is and to slip back into unconsciousness, he should on no account leave his bed. We ought never to get up as soon as we wake. Not having tried it ourselves we can not speak from experience, but this wise physician says that people with weak hearts have sometimes dropped dead from this very cause. Our own heart is by no means strong and we shall be upon our guard. Here, at least, we feel that virtue is within our reach.

Another eminent physician confirms all that Dr. Savary says and hastens to give illustrations. There is hope for the medical profession after all. Physician number two recalls one of the cleverest men he ever knew who is now eighty-five years old and would have been ninety-five if he had only married earlier. Now that man, so we are told, would have gone mad with the strain of his work had not his wife insisted on his having his breakfast in bed every day. Think of that. What a wife! What a pearl among women! Her example ought to be blazoned throughout the world for admiration and imitation. To what heights might we not attain if only our wives would insist, gently but firmly insist, upon our having breakfast in bed. And with due pressure and persuasion we would submit. After all, we can not expect always to have our own way all the time. We would give in to our wives when they so obviously know what is best for us. Even wives are human; they have their rights, and when justice is clearly upon their side, when they know by a delicate feminine intuition that our massive and glittering intellects can only be sustained by a course of breakfast in bed more or less permanent it is our duty to give in without cavil or delay.

There was an intention upon our part to say something about the cold bath, but that can wait indefinitely—the intention as well as the bath.

There has been a breezy debate in the British House of Commons on what is called the traffic in titles. The debate was inaugurated by a mere Radical, a fellow without title or expectations, but it seems that even Radicals are allowed to speak in the House of Commons if they can catch the Speaker's eye.

The Radical in question—which his name is Lea—said that titles and honors were bought and sold, the profits going into the party chests. He said there was a regular tariff in such things and that it was well understood that the market price for a peerage under the last Conservative administration was \$750,000. Then there were cries of "oh" and laughter, but Radical Lea stuck manfully to his guns. He said that during the last six months of 1905 thirteen peers were created, sixteen privy councillors, thirty-three baronets, and seventy-six knights. Since then there had been twenty more peers, nineteen privy councillors, thirty-three baronets, and ninety-five knights. They were getting to be as thick as blackberries and pretty soon no one who had a reputation to lose would be willing to accept a title. What, for instance, had the great house of De Stern done for humanity that two of its members should be made hereditary legislators, one by a Conservative government and the other by a Liberal? No one seemed to know what these gentlemen had done for anybody and the orator vainly "paused for a reply." Then came Mr. Swift MacNeill, who is a canny Scotsman with an eye on the national bawbees. Mr. MacNeill also is a Radical, and he suggested that titles be taxed and that a Knight of the Garter should have a garter on the other leg, too, if he was willing to pay the price. Even at the risk of seeming to be irreverent, we might suggest that he be allowed a chest protector, a dress shield and a corset, in fact anything he fancied in that line, so long as he was disposed to pay. It seems an admirable way of raising money and the scheme should be encouraged.

Lord Melbourne seems to have held the titleholder in legitimate contempt, and, indeed, to have forestalled the suggestion of Mr. Swift MacNeill. The London Daily Chronicle reminds us that once when that statesman was invited by his secretary to grant an interview to an impotent applicant for a title, he exclaimed warily, "What the devil does he want now? Does he want a garter for the

other leg?" Melbourne himself was pressed by Queen Victoria to accept the blue riband, but he declined. "A garter," he explained, "may attach to us somebody of consequence whom nothing else can reach; but what would be the use of my taking it? I can not bribe myself."

Titles are on the increase all over Europe, and particularly so in republican France. They have, of course, no legal validity or value, but since they were formally "abolished" they have multiplied ten times. There is nothing to prevent any one from calling himself what he pleases, and so it is just as well for young girls with aspirations toward the aristocracy to make sure that they are getting some real thing, and not a mere self-imposed decoration that means nothing and never did mean anything.

Judge Landis of Chicago seems fated to encounter the *cause célèbre*. While the world is still humming with the fine imposed upon the Standard Oil Company this unlucky judge is asked to decide another case that must have been a still greater strain upon his powers. His court has convicted of fraud a Mrs. Goodenough, a marriage broker who was consulted by a would-be Benedict of Missouri named Grable. It seems Grable, for some unexplained and mysterious reason, wanted a wife, and Mrs. Goodenough undertook to fill the aching void. She introduced Grable by correspondence to a widow in Texas, guaranteeing said widow to be wealthy and good looking. Apparently Grable found no fault with his wife's wealth. At least, he has nothing to say under that heading, but he indignantly denies that she is good looking and therefore prosecutes the marriage broker for fraud.

It was a painful situation and one that would have taxed the wisdom of a Solomon. Mrs. Goodenough in her defense contended that her guaranty did not refer to beauty in the abstract and that circumstances, geographical and other, should be taken into consideration. Grable was "from Missouri" and might therefore have been expected to demand ocular demonstration. Moreover, the lady was from Texas, where the standards of beauty are not of that inflexible kind that are to be found in some other places. Mrs. Goodenough had meant no more than that the widow was beautiful enough for the purpose to which she was to be put, and then she wandered off into some general reflections about beauty being only skin deep, which is dismal consolation for a man who is prevented by the conventions of the days from skinning his wife. The jury felt that they could better estimate the merits of the case if they were allowed to see Mrs. Grable, and the lady was therefore produced in court. It was a delicate business for the jury. If they found against the aggrieved husband they would be satisfying their own instincts of gallantry, asserting that after all the lady was not so bad as she had been painted. But then they might inflict an injustice and break their vows. If they found against the marriage broker they would be in the painful position of deciding that the lady's features were of an intolerable homeliness. It took them twenty-four hours to determine on a verdict, which was in favor of the husband, and the matrimonial agent was sentenced to pay a fine of \$500. But what about the future domestic bliss of the couple chiefly concerned?

We no longer call Ouida immoral. That would be too absurd in view of some of the best sellers of the day, and then again we do not read Ouida much at all. She has been surpassed, outclassed, and her efforts to tell us about society have not much charm for a day wherein society has ceased to be what it was once. But as a woman hater Ouida deserves to be remembered. Her invective was never so magnificent as when it was directed with sledge-hammer force against her own sex. Take, for instance, the famous passage in "Moths" where she gives a free rein to her rancor and tells women exactly what she thinks of them:

Useless as butterflies; corroding as moths; untrue even to lovers and friends, because incapable of understanding any truth; caring only for physical comfort and mental intoxication; kissing like Judas, and denying in danger like Peter; tired of living, yet afraid of dying; believing, some in priests and some in physiologists, but none at all in virtue; sent to sleep by chloroform and kept awake by raw meat and dry wines; cynical at twenty, and exhausted at thirty, yet choosing rather to drop dead in the harness of pleasure than fall out of the chariot-race for an instant; taking their passions as they take sherry in the morning and bitters before dinner; pricking their sated senses with the spices of lust or jealousy, and calling the unholy fever love; having outworn every form of excitement except the gambler's, which never palls, which they will still pursue when they shall have not a real tooth in their mouths nor a real hair on their heads, the women of modern society are perhaps at once the most feverish and the most frivolous, the basest and the feeblest offspring of a false civilization.

It is strange that Ouida should ever have been a favorite with women, but she certainly was a favorite with women of a certain class.

Professor Armand Gautier, the Parisian chemist, has drawn upon himself the ire of certain well-known actresses by pointing out the number of non-poisonous colors that can be used for face decoration. The professor meant well, but he acted on the erroneous

idea that actresses and professional beauties are accustomed to "make up" their faces when off the stage and as a part of the daily toilette. Nothing can be further from the facts, say Yvette Guilbert and Jeanne Granier, who spring nimbly into the lists in defense of their craft. Yvette Guilbert says that the woman who "makes up" her face for any other than stage purposes is not only a fool, but will assuredly lose whatever beauty she possesses. Even for the footlights she uses powder most sparingly. "A sou's worth of face powder, a little powdered rouge on the cheeks, a stick of rouge passed over the lips, a dash of red-brown powder on the eyelids, and there I am." She never uses a "foundation" and never pencils her eyes to make them seem larger. Brushing the face every morning is her recipe for the skin, and she has never found painting injurious, due precautions being taken. Mme. Jeanne Granier never, by any chance, paints after the theatre. Before the glare of the footlights paint is necessary, but she uses as little of it as possible, and only special preparations, which are very expensive, but worth the money. Her only other recipe is

to "boil her face with vaseline and boiling water every evening for twenty minutes" after taking off her war paint. "It is painful, but one must suffer a little in self-defense of one's life. I am a fighter, and I try to carry out my motto, which is, 'Better to use one's self up than to rust.'" No one will say that Mme. Granier has "ruined."

An ancient custom ordains that all princes and princesses of the House of Hohenzollern should learn a trade. Of the five daughters of Duke Frederic Ferdinand of Holstein-Glückburg, nieces of the German empress, one is a shorthand writer, the second is a miniature painter, the third a nurse, the fourth a cook, and the fifth holds a certificate qualifying her as a kindergarten teacher. The Duchess Philippine of Wurtemberg, born Archduchess of Austria, can make any kind of medical bandage and even elastic stockings. Princess Arnolph of Bavaria makes lace. Princess Hermine Russ, wife of Prince Jean-Georges de Schonaich-Carolath, has chosen a somewhat original profession—that of watch and clock making.

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Casheil Byron's Profession, by George Bernard Shaw. (Famous Shaw's most famous book.)
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay. Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In a cemetery at Middlebury, Vermont, is a stone, erected by a widow to her loving husband, hearing this inscription: "Rest in peace—until we meet again."

"Johnny" Goff, who was Roosevelt's guide during his Colorado hunt, is now living near Cody, Wyoming. One of Goff's neighbors, when contemplating a trip to Washington this winter, mentioned the fact to Goff. "Say, if you go," said the guide generously, "lemme know. I'll drop the President a line and have him look you up."

A tight-fisted man in a small town who until recently had never been observed to take any interest in church matters, suddenly became a regular attendant at service, greatly to the astonishment of his fellow-townsmen. "What do you think," said one of the business men to his friend. "Is it true that Jones has got religion?" "No," was the reply; "it is entirely a matter of business with him. About a year ago he loaned the pastor \$50. The preacher was unable to pay it back, so there was nothing for Jones to do but take it out in pew rent."

Bobby is the son of a Methodist minister and has had the experience of "moving" four times in the space of his eight years' life. He disapproves strongly of the itinerant system which is the bane of the Methodist clergy. Some time ago an elderly minister was visiting Bobby's father and directed his attention to the small boy, asking him many questions of a semi-theological nature. Finally the course of the conversation turned to heaven and Bobby was asked concerning the abode of the blest. "Yes," said the youngster, with a sigh of deep weariness, "I know. It's the last place we're going to move to."

In the English club at Hongkong a white-haired old gentleman who had come down from some northern port was seated at dinner, when he suddenly became very excited. He had been brought a letter by a solemn-faced Chinese butler and he saw something on the outside of this letter which sent him downstairs two steps at a time to interview the hall porter. When he came back he told us what was the matter. The hall porter had inscribed on the envelope in Chinese for the information of the butler: "This is for the old hahoon with white fur." Unfortunately for the hall porter, the little gentleman was a first-class scholar in the Chinese language.

Lord North, who was premier of Great Britain during our war with the mother country, often indulged in real or seeming slumber. One day he said to a friend at the beginning of a speech on the British navy: "Barré will give us our naval history from the beginning, not forgetting Sir Francis Drake and the Armada. Let me sleep on, and wake me when we come to our own time." At length the friend roused him, and North exclaimed: "Where are we now?" "At the battle of La Hogue, my lord." "Oh, my dear friend, you have waked me a century too soon!" On another occasion an opponent stopped in the middle of an invective to exclaim: "Even now, in the midst of these perils, the noble lord is asleep!" "I wish I were," rejoined the sleeper, fervently.

Harry Lauder, the vaudeville top-liner, who recently visited New York, is accused of stinginess. As a matter of fact, he's merely thrifty. He heard that one man in particular had criticised severely the manner in which he drew the purse strings tight. Not long afterward this man asked him for an interview. Lauder gave him an address, and told him to come at 10 o'clock the following night. In the meantime, he did a bit of stage managing. When the caller came, he was ushered into a garret in a poor tenement, in a bad part of town. There sat Lauder, blue with cold, by the light of a single candle, and scribbling away. "Arre ye goin' to put doom what I say?" Lauder asked. The reporter assured him, with pride, that he never made notes during an interview. "My memory is excellent," he boasted. "Weel, then," said Lauder, "we'll aye save the licht." And he blew out the candle.

The Navy Department decided recently that officers receiving unexpected orders to foreign duty should be allowed to draw two months' advance pay. Officers are required to defray traveling expenses out of their own funds, and upon reporting at the new station they are reimbursed from the United States treasury, after the usual delay. Often it proved extremely embarrassing to have to meet the expenses of a long journey, and for this reason the recent order was issued. Some years ago a notably impetuous officer on duty in New York received orders to proceed to Sitka to join one of the ships of the Bering Sea patrol squadron. The officer, who had no ready money and could not persuade any of his friends to make him a loan, wrote a long letter to the Secretary of the Navy, asking to be relieved of his orders or to be furnished with money to defray his traveling expenses. The Secretary saw in the letter an attempt to

get out of unpleasant duty, and a peremptory telegram ordered the officer to proceed at once. He obeyed, first telegraphing as follows: "Have proceeded in obedience to orders on foot. Next address Harrishurg." He was not surprised upon his arrival in Harrishurg to find a telegram authorizing him to draw travel money in advance.

The London newspapers used to make a distinction between a simple notice of a death, for which they charged five shillings, and a brief obituary, for which they demanded seven and sixpence. One day Dr. Thomas Hume called at the office of a morning journal and silently placed upon the counter the announcement of the death of a friend, together with five shillings. The clerk glanced at the paper, tossed it to one side, and said, gruffly, "Seven and six!" "I have frequently," answered Hume, "had occasion to publish these simple notices, and I have never before been charged more than five shillings." "Simple!" repeated the clerk without looking up, "there's an added line, 'universally beloved and deeply regretted,' isn't there? Seven and six." Hume produced the additional half-crown and laid it deliberately by the others, observing in his most solemn tone, "Congratulate yourself, sir, that this is an expense which your executors will never be put to."

THE MERRY MUZE.

Ting-a-Ling.

When the telephone rings
And it isn't for you,
Do you ever say things,
When the telephone rings
That if words could have wings
Would paint all the air blue,
When the telephone rings
And it isn't for you?

—Cleveland Leader.

Saddest of the Sad.

'Tis sad, when you must borrow cash,
To find your friend won't lend it;
To be in jail for taking graft,
And can't get out to spend it.
'Tis sad to walk where peaches grow,
And be too short to reach them;
To world-awakening sermons write,
And not be asked to preach them.
'Tis sad to learn a scandal through
A key-hole, so can't tell it.
To read the joke you called your own,
Before you'd time to sell it.
But this is far the saddest fate
The sun will ever shine on:
To be a vine and want to twine,
And have no oak to twine on.

—Lippincott's Magazine.

"Jenny Kissed Me," Too.

Sarah kissed me when we met,
So did Kate and Bell and Dora,
So did Jane and Violet,
Dolly, Charibel and Flora.
They all liked me pretty well,
And—dear girls!—they never hid it!
I don't like to kiss and tell—
Still, they did it.

Later in the day I met
(And saluted) Maude and Daisy,
And I also kissed Cozette,
Clara, Julia, Ruth and Maisie—
O, I'm sorry for Leigh Hunt,
I who've had so many, many!
While poor Leigh's one vaunted stunt
Was with Jenny.

—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

A Plantation Hymn.

You better be givin' of yo' all ter de po'.—
De sun gwine down—gwine down!
De folks won't know you w'en you knock at de do'.—
De sun gwine down—gwine down!

Better be a-workin'
Whilst de day is de day;
De sun gwine down,
An' you'll never fin' de way!

You better stan' an' lissen w'en you hear de gospil cry—
De sun gwine down—gwine down!
You won't have wings fer flyin' w'en de time is come ter fly—
De sun gwine down—gwine down!

Better be a-workin'
Whilst de light is in de day;
De sun gwine down,
An' you'll never fin' de way!
—Atlanta Constitution.

A Chicago physician said the other day of the late Dr. Nicholas Senn, the celebrated surgeon: "I studied under Dr. Senn when he was professor of surgery at Rush Medical College. I remember how one day he asked me a question that I did not know, and in order to hide my ignorance I gave an ambiguous answer. Dr. Senn smiled. He said I reminded him of a schoolboy who, taking a written examination in history, came to the question: 'Which was the greater general, Caesar or Hannibal?' The boy answered as follows: 'If we consider who Caesar and Hannibal were, and ask ourselves which of them was the greater, we must unhesitatingly answer in the affirmative.'"

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Wedding preparations seem to fill the time of many of those remaining in town, but the departures for Southern California and the country have been very numerous. The polo tournament at Coronado has proved the attraction for hosts of Burlingame people and quite a few San Franciscans. The approach of the naval fleet draws near and many events are planned for their all too brief stay in this port.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Berry, daughter of Mrs. J. L. Patton Berry and Mr. William Berry, to Mr. Lloyd Baldwin. No date is announced for the wedding. It is announced that the wedding of Miss Josephine Brown and Mr. Harry Stetson will take place at San Mateo during Easter week. Mrs. Erskine Richardson (formerly Miss Gladys Postley of Santa Barbara) will be the matron of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Frances Howard, Miss Annie Brewer, Miss Nora Brewer, and Miss Marie Christine de Guigne.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Anne Buckhee to Mr. William Bliss will take place on Wednesday, March 25, at noon, at the home of the bride's brother, Mr. Samuel Buckhee, on Pacific Avenue. Miss Margaret Buckhee, the little niece of the bride, will be her flower girl and only attendant. After their wedding journey, Mr. Bliss and his bride will make their home in this city.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Georgie Spieker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Spieker, to Mr. John S. Drum, will take place on Wednesday, April 22, at the Spieker home in Ross Valley. It will be very informal and only the relatives of the two families will be present.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Ray Wellman of Fruitvale to Mr. William Farley will be celebrated on Wednesday evening, March 25, at the home of the bride. The bridesmaids will be Miss Emma Grimwood, Miss Elsie Marwedel, Miss Muriel Ransom, Miss Laura Sanborn, and Miss Grace Sanborn.

Mrs. J. M. Ellicott was the hostess at a matinee dance on Saturday afternoon last on board the U. S. S. *Maryland*, at Mare Island, in honor of her daughter, Miss Josephine Ellicott.

Mrs. Walter MacGavin and Miss Dolly MacGavin entertained at an informal tea and musicale on Sunday afternoon last at their home on California Street.

Mr. Thornwell Mullally gave a dinner party to Miss Mary Mannering at the Fairmont Hotel this week. The dinner was served in the main dining-room, and among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wilson, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, and Mr. Gray of Sacramento.

Captain and Mrs. John B. Milton entertained at dinner at their Mare Island home recently. Their guests were: Mrs. Mary Turner, Mrs. Gatewood, Commander and Mrs. Clarence Carr, Rear-Admiral James H. Dayton, Captain Thomas Phelps, and Captain Chauncey Thomas.

Miss Marguerite Butters was the hostess at a dinner on Saturday evening last at the Claremont Country Club.

Mr. Gayle Anderton was the host at a bridge party on Wednesday evening of last week which was chaperoned by Mrs. Walter MacGavin and Mrs. Carter Pomeroy.

Mrs. John T. Meyers (formerly Miss Alice Cutts) entertained at a bridge party at the home of Mme. Cutts at Mare Island last week.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Charles P. Eells left on Saturday last for New York and will sail from there later with her son-in-law and daughter, the Reverend Henry Coffin and Mrs. Coffin (formerly

Miss Dorothy Eells), for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helene Irwin are spending polo week at Coronado.

Mrs. Coffin, Miss Natalie Coffin, and Miss Sara Coffin, who have been visiting friends and relatives in the East for several months, have returned to their home in Ross Valley for the summer.

Mrs. James E. Robinson, Miss Elena Robinson, and Mr. Porter Robinson are sojourning at Paso Robles.

Miss Helen Wheeler will go to Santa Barbara in the near future to spend a few weeks as the guest of Mrs. John Hays Hammond.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll have gone from their San Mateo home to Coronado for the polo tournament.

Mrs. Henley Smith of Washington, D. C., expects to spend several months this summer in San Francisco.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott is spending a fortnight at Coronado.

Miss Marion Newhall is spending several weeks as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Walter Newhall, in Los Angeles.

Miss Jennie Hooker went down last week to Paso Robles for a stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson went recently to Paso Robles for a brief stay.

Miss Cora Smedberg has returned from a visit to Mrs. Edward Pringle at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye have returned to their home in Washington, D. C., after a sojourn at Palm Beach, Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan are among the San Franciscans who are sojourning at Coronado during the polo tournament.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd and Miss Louise Boyd, who have had a house on California Street for the winter, have returned to their home in San Rafael for the winter.

Mr. Walter Dillingham has deferred his return to his home in Honolulu and is spending polo week at Coronado.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway is spending several weeks in Southern California.

Mrs. Thurlow McMullin and Mrs. C. A. McNulty have returned from Southern California, where they passed the winter, and are at their home, 2200 California Street, which has been vacated by Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd of San Rafael.

Miss Frances Thompson has returned from a visit of a week at Santa Barbara as the guest of Miss Betty Hammond.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin went down last week to Coronado for the polo tournament.

Miss Dorothy Van Sicken has been in town for several days as the guest of Miss Dolly MacGavin.

Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan and her children are at Rottingdean, England, and will spend the summer there, coming to San Francisco in the early fall.

Miss Jessie Wright was the guest last week of Mrs. Philip Lansdale at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Randolph King will leave shortly for the East and will spend part of the summer at Annapolis.

Miss Carol Duncan has returned from a visit of a fortnight's duration at the Presidio of Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, who have been staying at the St. Francis for several months, have reopened their home at Burlingame.

Miss Mattie Milton has recently been in town from her Mare Island home as the guest of Miss Gertrude Jolliffe.

Mr. J. P. Transue of Los Angeles is at the Hotel Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Chapin of Sacramento are touring Southern California in their motor car.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Chidester and Miss Edith Bull will leave shortly for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hammond are spending a month at the Peninsula Hotel at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden will spend the summer months at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Wilcox returned from the Orient on the *Manchuria* and were at the St. Francis for a few days prior to their departure for the East. Mrs. Wilcox (Ella Wheeler Wilcox) was quietly entertained by a few of her friends while here.

Mr. Henry S. Jones and daughter of Los Angeles are in the city for a brief visit and are at the Hotel Victoria.

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Colonel A. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Michelletti, Mr. and Mrs. Bowie, Mrs. W. E. Wyant, Mrs. R. E. Miller, Mr. N. Johnson, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were Mr. William H. Mead, Dr. L. J. McMahon, Mr. T. I. Fitzpatrick, Mr. M. L. Harris, Mr. E. P. Shortall, Mr. A. D. McBryde, Mr. C. S. Tripler, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Crowley, Miss Crowley, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Marion Baker, Miss Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Van Arsdale, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Richardson, Mrs. G. H. Flett, Miss Beatrice Flett, Mr. Ed. Himmelfright, Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Stillman, Mr. Arthur Brown, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Enrique Graw, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Rafael were Mr. W. O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, Jr., Miss Gertrude Clark, Mr. A. C. Wright, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. W. J. Somers, Mrs. J. Friedlander, Mr. F. C. Hotelling, Mr. A. I. McKinnon, Miss Lillian

Niggle, Mr. Frank P. King, Mr. H. W. Newbauer, Mr. and Mrs. S. Dinkelspiel, Miss M. Howard, Mr. J. B. McIntyre, Miss S. Kingsley, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Wright, Mr. C. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Kent, Mrs. James Shea, Miss Kathleen Farrell, of San Francisco.

Harold Bauer, Pianist and Musician.

Harold Bauer, the pianist, who pleases musicians as well as the public, will give three concerts in this city and one in Oakland, commencing next Sunday afternoon, March 29, at Christian Science Hall.

At his first concert Mr. Bauer will play the beautiful and probably most important piano-forte composition of Edward MacDowell, the "Sonata Eroica"; Schumann's "Fantasie-stucke"; a Bauer transcription of a "Prelude, Fugue and Variations" by Cesar Franck; Chopin's "Barcarolle," Op. 60; "Air de Ballet," Gluck-Saint-Saens; "Walderauschen," Liszt; and Brahms's "Variations on a theme by Paganini."

Thursday evening, April 2, another fine programme will be offered, including some new compositions of Debussy, whose opera "Pelleas and Melisande" is being discussed at present by the New York critics.

Friday afternoon, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, Mr. Bauer will play Schumann's "Sonata in G minor," Op. 22.

Complete programmes of all these events may be secured at the box offices, which open next Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s stores. Mail orders will be carefully attended to if addressed to Will L. Greenbaum, accompanied by check or money order.

Lectures at the Hamlin School.

Miss Hamlin announces a course of three lectures selected from a series now being given by the departments in political science, history, and economics at the University of California, on Wednesday evenings at the Gymnasium Hall of the Hamlin School, 2230 Pacific Avenue.

March 25, The Historical Development of the Modern Newspaper, by Professor H. Morse Stephens.

April 1, The Eastern Question Since the Crimean War, by Professor Thomas R. Bacon.

April 8, Economic Problems of the Pacific, by Professor Lincoln Hutchinson.

Tickets may be procured at 2230 Pacific Avenue.

Miss Florence Nightingale has received the freedom of the City of London as a mark of appreciation of her distinguished services to humanity beginning in the hospitals of the Crimea. Miss Nightingale is nearly ninety years of age and was too feeble to be present at the ceremony. She asked that the usual casket be not purchased, but that its value, about \$500, be handed to a charitable institution. In so doing she followed the precedent set by herself when she devoted the \$250,000 testimonial after the Crimean war to the foundation of the Nightingale Home for Nurses.

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	10:45 A	1:48 P	4:14 P
	11:45 A	2:45 P	
SATUR-DAY	1:45 P	4:15 P	SATUR-DAY
	2:45 P	5:15 P	
4:45 P			9:30 P

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Brigadier-General Daniel H. Brush, U. S. A., formerly colonel of the Twenty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., whose promotion dated from February 17, after his departure from Manila, arrived this week on the transport *Sherman*.

Colonel William A. Simpson, U. S. A., adjutant-general, Department of California, and Colonel John Biddle, U. S. A., chief engineer officer, Department of California, returned on Monday last from a few days' stay at Paso Robles.

Lieutenant-Colonel Edward E. Hardin, Twenty-Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., who when relieved from recruiting duty was ordered to San Francisco for temporary duty until his departure for the Philippines, has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Major C. H. McKinstry, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., sailed on Tuesday of last week for Honolulu on official business.

Major Benjamin M. Purcell, Eighteenth Infantry, U. S. A., upon his own application is retired from active service, after thirty-four years' service, to take effect on June 30.

Major Wendell L. Simpson, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., now undergoing treatment at the General Hospital, Washington Barracks, D. C., is ordered to report in person to the chief of staff in Washington, D. C., for temporary duty.

Captain Henry B. Clark, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from duty with the Sixty-Seventh Company and placed on the unassigned list.

Captain William H. Wassell, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., Fort McDowell, was ordered to proceed to the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for treatment.

Captain Le Roy S. Upton, First Infantry, U. S. A., arrived on the transport *Sherman* from the Philippines this week.

Captain James E. Bell, Second Infantry, U. S. A., was relieved last week from duty at headquarters, Department of California, and proceeded to Fort Brady, Michigan, to assume charge of that post, upon the departure of the present garrison pending the arrival of his regiment next month from Manila.

Captain Thomas S. Bratton, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., who arrived on the transport *Sherman* on Tuesday last from Manila, is ordered to proceed to Fort Des Moines, Iowa, and report to the commanding officer of that post for duty and to the commanding general, Department of Missouri.

Chaplain George H. Jones, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., is transferred to the Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., to take effect upon the arrival here of the Seventh Infantry, when he will report in person to the commanding officer of the Presidio of San Francisco for duty.

Captain Edward R. Schreiner, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, and Contract Surgeon Ernest K. Johnstone, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, reported to the commanding officer, Headquarters, Band, and First and Third Battalions, Twenty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., on arrival of that regiment from the Philippines, for duty to accompany that command en route to Madison Barracks, New York, and upon completion of that duty they will return to their proper stations.

Captain Wallace De Witt, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., arrived from Manila on the transport *Sherman* on Tuesday last.

Lieutenant Truman D. Thorpe, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from duty with the Twenty-First Company and will proceed to this city and report to the commanding officer for assignment to company and station in the Artillery District of San Francisco.

Lieutenant Benjamin H. L. Williams, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from duty with the Twenty-Eighth Company and will report in person to the commanding officer, Artillery District of San Diego, for assignment to duty on his staff.

Lieutenant Samuel C. Cardwell, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from further duty with the One Hundred and Third Company and is placed on the unassigned list.

Lieutenant Robert J. Arnold, First Field Artillery, U. S. A., has had the leave of absence granted him extended five days.

Lieutenant Walter S. Fulton, Twenty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., will upon his arrival in San Francisco with his regiment report in person to Brigadier-General Daniel H. Brush, U. S. A., for appointment and duty as aide-de-camp on his staff.

Lieutenant James T. Mabce, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., is ordered to report in person on Tuesday next to Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Torney, deputy surgeon-general, U. S. A., president of the examining board at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for examination to determine his fitness for advancement.

Lieutenant Matthew A. Reasoner, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in the Philippines Division and assigned to duty with the Army Transport Service, having station in the San Francisco.

The Twenty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. A.,

commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Ammon A. Augur, U. S. A., arrived on the transport *Sherman* this week from the Philippine Islands. Headquarters, band, and two battalions left for Fort Madison, New York, and one battalion has gone to Fort Ontario, New York, for station.

Polo at Coronado.

Society went down to Coronado in force to attend the third annual polo tourney of the Southern California Polo and Pony Racing Association. As usual, San Francisco sent down a large delegation to see that the Burlingame team had the proper following of partisans. Apparently, all the prominent polo enthusiasts of the State, including those who spend the winters in California, were on hand when Los Angeles Team A and Riverside Team A opened the tournament. The grounds of the Coronado Country Club scintillated with the brilliant gathering. The matches were stirring.

Among San Francisco people present were Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin, Miss Helene Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. William Pierce, Mrs. Henry S. Scott, accompanied by Mrs. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Constance de Young, Miss Kathleen de Young, Mrs. Dithmar, Miss Hannah M. Browne, Mrs. W. L. Cottman, Mr. and Mrs. Delmar Smith, Mrs. Joseph Harvey, Mr. J. W. Adams, Mrs. Claude C. Black.

The Lyric Quartet Concert Series.

The new Lyric String Quartet, which Manager Greenbaum promises will be one of the permanent musical institutions of the city, will make its debut this Sunday afternoon, March 22, at Lyric Hall, corner of Larkin and Turk Streets, in an interesting programme. The first number will be Rubinstein's beautiful quartet, Op. 17, No. 2, to be followed with the Sonata for violoncello and piano by the late Edouard Grieg, played by Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt and Mr. W. Villalpando. The concluding number will be the Schumann Quartet, Op. 47, for piano and strings.

These concerts are to be given at popular prices, the seats being but 50 cents and \$1, while season tickets may be secured up to the hour of the concert at \$1.50 and \$2.50 for the series of four. The programme will begin at half-past 2 sharp.

"You made a mistake in your paper," said an indignant man, entering the editorial sanctum of a daily journal. "I was one of the competitors at an athletic entertainment last night and you referred to me as 'the well-known lightweight champion.'" "Well, are you not?" inquired the sporting editor. "No, I'm nothing of the kind!" was the angry response; "and it's confoundedly awkward, because I'm a coal dealer."—*Eastern Exchange*.

Very few distinguished men have been born on February 29 of Leap Year. Among them is Edward Cave of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, who was born in 1692, and Rossini on the same day a hundred years later. Archbishop Whitgift in 1604 and John, the brother of Sir Edwin Landseer, himself an artist, both died on this day.

Walter Damrosch is busy arranging some exceptional programmes for his season here in May. This will be the first visit to the Coast of the New York Symphony Society, which has been in existence since 1878.

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One touch of w-n-t-r fl-n-n-ls makes the whole world itch.—*Somerville Journal*.

Hewitt—Are you a believer in vaccination? *Jewett*—Most certainly. It kept my daughter from playing the piano for nearly a week.—*Stray Stories*.

"I thought you said, when I hired you, that you didn't drink." "I didn't at that time; I couldn't afford to drink until I got a job."—*Brooklyn Life*.

The Heiress—But they tell me you are embarrassed by your debts. *The Suitor*—Don't you believe it. But doubtless my creditors are.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Jack—In the Oriental world a girl never sees her intended husband until she is married. *Floss*—How odd! In this part of the world she seldom sees him afterward.—*New York Globe*.

"I haven't seen a drunken man since I've been here," declared the visitor to the prohibition State. "Oh, we are not ostentatious," exclaimed the Georgia man.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"You admit that you sometimes make mistakes," said the intimate friend. "You are wrong," answered the eminent statesman. "I sometimes make mistakes, but I don't admit it."—*Washington Star*.

"There's been a woman's club formed whose slogan is 'Back to the home.'" "Well, they ought to make Gussie Gadabout the president. She has her back to her home more than any woman in these parts."—*Harper's Bazar*.

First Lady (at Military Academy review)—What a career the army opens for those young men. Some day they may be officers, with nearly a thousand dollars a year. *Second Lady*—No danger of that! When they get old enough to take command, their places will be occupied by doctors.—*Life*.

"Where hav yez been this avenin'?" asked O'Riley of O'Toole. "Sure, I have been playing 'Bridget whist,'" said O'Toole. "Bridget whist? an' how do yez play that?" "I sit in the kitchen wid Bridget, an' ate pie

an' cake and chicken, an' whin Bridget hears the missus comin' she says 'whist.'"—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Mrs. Trout—Any gossip? *Mr. Trout*—Yes, the shades have terrible skeletons in their family.—*The Fisher*.

Office Boy—I bought our fair typist a bunch o' posies for her desk ter-day. *Messenger Boy*—What did youse loosen up like dat fer? *Office Boy*—Tryin' ter bait de old man ter fire de chesty bookkeeper.—*Puck*.

"Say," asked the first messenger boy, "got any novels ter swop?" "I got 'Big Foot Bill's Revenge,'" replied the other. "Is it a long story?" "Naw! Ye kin finish it easy in two messages."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Mistress (astounded)—You can't read, Norah? Good gracious! How did you ever learn to cook so well? *New Cook*—Shore, mum, Oi lay it t' not bein' able to rade th' cook books.—*Town and Country*.

"Would you advise me to go into politics?" "Young man," answered Senator Sorghum, "the mere fact that you are so modest as to ask advice about it proves that you are unfit for the profession."—*Washington Star*.

He—Yes, a daughter is a father's dearest possession, and I don't blame him for not wanting to give you up. *She*—Oh, if I were the only thing he had to give up he might not feel so badly.—*Town and Country*.

"And would you marry me if I were a poor girl, working for a living?" asked the heiress. "Darling," responded the accepted suitor, "it wouldn't be fair. You'd be doing enough in supporting yourself."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

A. S. C. Corporal (at soldier's dance)—Will you have a drink, sir? *Major*—Thanks very much, corporal, but I think I've had enough. *Corporal*—Don't say that, sir. One more drink won't make you any worse than you are already!—*Punch*.

"Tommy," said the hostess, "you appear to be in deep thought." "Yes'm," replied Tommy; "ma told me somethin' to say if you should ask me to have some cake or anything, an' I bin here so long now I forgot what it was."—*Philadelphia Press*.

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SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 28, 1908.

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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Trouble at Stanford.

Down at Stanford University a few bad boys got into the habit of going to the near-by towns, filling up on steam beer or something stronger, and then proceeding to raise the devil in various languages dead and alive. One of them, returning from a carousal at a late hour in a befuddled condition, got into the wrong house and was killed upon the presumption that he was a burglar. This tragedy served to remind the faculty of its moral responsibilities, whereupon certain regulations were made restricting the liberty of undergraduates at the point of indulgence in liquors. Then the boys—or some of them—got a fool notion into their heads that they had an inalienable right to do whatever they might please, good or bad, whether the faculty approved or otherwise. Then the faculty, through a committee especially charged with authority, stiffened the rules a bit and in terms very positive informed the rebellious youths that it would be well for

to toe the line. The average youngster who goes to college regards himself not as a boy—he is a man, if you please. He doesn't recognize the fact that one who lives upon

an allowance granted to him by another must still be regarded as a boy; he has not yet learned that one does not become a man until he first becomes self-supporting. While a boy, therefore, measured by his dependence and his experience, he yet deems himself a man, and insists upon being treated as such. Dear little chap, he doesn't know that the longer he can remain a boy the better, that manhood will have a long inning—long enough for all legitimate and possibly some onerous uses.

Then in order to prove that they were really and truly men, some two hundred and fifty of the Stanford youth proceeded to act like the silliest kind of boys. They paraded up and down about the grounds and buildings, hooting and yelling and jeering and cat-calling for all the world like a gang of Mission hoodlums—this no doubt by way of showing that they were not only men but gentlemen. It was a pitiful exhibition of bad temper and bad manners, making it plainly manifest to the simplest judgment that the fault at Stanford lies more in too little discipline than in too much. This hoodlum "protest" was more than the faculty felt it ought to endure, therefore it summarily dismissed some of the more prominent roysterers, declaring that it would have made the edict broader if it had known where to strike. Then with their courage aroused—for there is really good stuff in these youngsters if they could ever find a way to get it out—one hundred or more boys promptly confessed to participation in the uproar.

This has brought on a crisis which as yet nobody has found a way to solve. The faculty can not with dignity or propriety modify its position; the boys are unwilling to make the kind of apology which their inexcusable conduct calls for. It is intimated that if the faculty will restore the group originally suspended, the other offenders will make amends for their bad conduct. And since the faculty shows no disposition to treat on these terms, there are suggestions that half the student body will march out—strike so to speak. So the matter stands at mid-week.

What the end is to be or how it is to come about nobody knows. But this much is certain, namely, that there needs to be a kind of discipline at Stanford that will teach the boys their precise status and relieve them of the fool notion that they are men because they have been put into long trousers and sent away from home to school. A man is a man when he conducts himself as a man. A boy is a boy so long as he acts like a boy. And, let us add, nobody is a gentleman who insists upon playing the rowdy or the hoodlum. Furthermore, those in charge of Stanford University are commissioned to make its rules; that is a duty and a responsibility which they could not evade if they would. The boys who go to Stanford are there under sufferance. They have no right there excepting under conditions which include the rules made by the faculty. Whoever is not willing to submit to these conditions has no business on the campus and no right to stay there. His duty is quietly and decently to move on. He has no right of noisy protest; most certainly he has no right to raise a row and undertake to dictate terms to those set in authority over the university.

An Example and a Suggestion.

San Francisco has not recently seen anything in the spectacular line more pleasing or, indeed, more significant than the feast to which six hundred citizens sat down on Saturday last in the middle of a down-town public street long in ill-repute for filth and disorder. The purpose of this entertainment was the eminently good one of showing what energy applied to a broom may bring forth. The block in question is one of thirty which under the initiative of an ambitious and competent committee has been redeemed to cleanliness and sanitation.

The value of this incident lies, of course, in its application. It was intended to show that the dirtiest street

in town can be made clean if somebody will take the pains to do it. The suggestion was and is that those who live in other parts of the city, noting what has been done in the commission district will go and do likewise. It all depends upon the human element in the case. Any district which has three citizens like Messrs. Wetmore, Malcolm, and Davis may do exactly what has been done in the commission district. Without such leaders nothing can be done, for no matter how willing a community may be to supply the funds, however ambitious it may be for cleanliness and sanitation, nothing will be done unless somebody takes the initiative. This is the whole problem—it is purely a matter of men. A district which can find leadership and initiative may clean itself up. Districts which can not find or develop leadership or initiative will continue to wallow in filth.

A Tragedy and Its Background.

To see in its true perspective a tragic incident which occurred in San Francisco on Monday—the attempt on the part of two Korean youths to assassinate Mr. D. W. Stevens, a diplomatic agent connected with the affairs of Korea—we must look beyond the immediate tragedy to conditions and events which lie far in the background. Korea is a much-suffering country which has been exploited in turn by China, Russia, and Japan. Japan undertook to ravage Korea forty years ago, but was held back by the jealousy of China and Russia. Her purposes, however, have been plain enough, and they have developed among the Korean people a feeling of hatred none the less bitter because it has been practically impotent. The conditions which have restrained Japanese ambition and rapacity in relation to Korea were removed by the Japanese triumph over Russia; and one of the first movements of Japan when she got her hands free of the Russian struggle was to fly at the throat of Korea.

The immediate policy of Japan looks to the throttling of Korea at every point of her national aspirations and pretensions. Japan has forced the governing organism of Korea to yield the powers of government into the hands of her own agents. The country is overrun by Japanese troops and its telephone, telegraph, postoffice, and transportation systems are held by the Japanese under such rules of espionage and restriction as can not even be conceived by persons unfamiliar with Oriental life. Among other points in the "agreement" which Japan has forced upon Korea are the following: (1) The Korean government must employ a Japanese recommended by the Japanese government whose advice must be followed in all financial matters; (2) the Korean government must employ a foreigner recommended by Japan whose advice in relation to foreign affairs must be followed implicitly. Thus it will be seen that Japan has her hand literally upon the throat of Korea, having reduced the latter country to a position of complete and humiliating subservience.

In effect Korea, while maintaining the semblance of a nation, has completely lost her independence. The hand of Japan may be seen in every important act done in the name of Korea, and the purpose in every instance looks to the interest not of Korea but of Japan. The social régime is not less rigorous than the political. In their own country the Koreans are made to understand that they are despised even while they are being exploited. And this being so, it is hardly to be wondered at that feeling on the part of the more intelligent and patriotic Koreans is intensely bitter. While Korea has not shared in the general advancement either of Japan or China, she has a very considerable element which has acquired something of western knowledge and something of the western spirit. Reports to the effect that the Koreans are wholly deficient in patriotic impulse have been diligently fostered by Japanese policy, and they are grossly untrue. Especially among the younger Koreans who have been infected to a greater or less degree by western culture, there is a real enthusiasm for country and a

love for independence and justice, none the less profound because it is so hopeless.

Durham W. Stevens, against whom an assault was made at the San Francisco ferry building on Monday, is an American long resident in the Orient. He is the foreign adviser required by Japan to be employed by Korea and implicitly obeyed. Stevens's position, while nominally that of an official in the Korean government, is that of an agent of Japanese policy. As to the wisdom or equity of his administration there need here be no discussion, but his attitude has been one tending to arouse the resentment of every Korean having in his breast one spark of patriotic feeling. He has been regarded as one who, nominally in the service of Korea, is actually in the service of Japan, actively engaged in the business of throttling Korea in every aspect and sentiment of her national character. It may be seen, therefore, why it is that the little Korean colony of San Francisco, infected as it is by western ideas of patriotism, has felt for Mr. Stevens so deep a sense of hatred and resentment.

It does not need to be said that assassination can never be excused or justified. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to feel a certain compassion for youths inspired beyond question with patriotic feeling who resort desperately to the one possible course by which they may strike a blow against those whom they regard as the enemies of their country. We can do no less than pity the mistaken purpose which has led these poor misguided creatures to an act of unspeakable criminality and folly. No word may be said in justification of what they have done, no hand will seek to avert the penalty which the laws righteously impose upon murder; none the less, all men of generous mind must see that there is in a moral sense a vast difference between an act done in the spirit of an overwrought patriotic feeling and the same kind of an act done under the sinister motives of private aims or personal malice.

This incident enforces for the ten thousandth time this principle, namely, that the hand active in the work of throttling a people, however lowly that people may be, is subject to certain desperate resentments which a course of this kind always produces. The story is an old one, running from the days of William Tell down to contemporary times. We have only to look to Russia, to Italy, and more recently to Portugal to see how this principle works. There are in every country enthusiasts and fanatics not only ready but eager to avenge popular wrongs, either real or imaginary, by striking down the hand of aggressive authority.

A Manufacturer Who Had Ideals.

Alfred Dolge died in Dolgeville, New York, March 4, aged sixty. His name is not unknown to the public, as his manufactured goods were widely advertised. Relatively few, however, knew of the character which made this man a pioneer in a practical field and also in philanthropy. Mr. Dolge was a boy of eighteen when he came to the United States from Germany, and for a time he worked at the bench as a piano-maker. With the savings from his wages he established himself as an importer of piano felts, and later began to manufacture the stuff, his factory being the first of its kind in the country. He was only twenty-one years old then, but he had formed decided opinions on economic subjects, and the plan for carrying out some ideas which were more than ordinarily progressive began to take shape in his mind.

In 1874 the young manufacturer went to Brackett's Bridge, near Little Falls, in the Mohawk Valley, New York, and bought the site for a new factory and community, to be built up on original lines. From an investment of \$30,000 grew the manufacturing settlement of Dolgeville, and at the end of twenty-four years it numbered seven hundred employees with their dependents, and the factories, their equipment and stock, represented assets of nearly a million and a half. During this quarter of a century the community had profited from one of the most liberal divisions of earnings noted in the history of coöperative or profit-sharing enterprises. The various departments in the factories were kept distinct in the bookkeeping and the employees in each shared in the profits from the beginning. Thus, although the manufacturing enterprise as a whole might show a loss, the workmen in any department which showed a profit over operating expenses would be given in addition to their wages a share in the net earnings of that branch. It was Mr. Dolge's theory that "improved machinery may be invented, but improved workmen may only be developed." Beyond the profit sharing there were other beneficences. Life insurance for his workmen was provided by the manufacturer,

beginning at \$1000 with five years of consecutive service, and advancing to \$3000. Pensions were established, operative in case of accident or old age, starting at 50 per cent of the employee's wages and advancing 10 per cent with each ten years of service. Any invention made by a workman was proved at the employer's risk, and, if successful, the inventor was paid the greater part of the saving effected by its use. For these gifts to his employees Mr. Dolge diverted from one-third to one-half of the profits of his enterprise.

But hard times and slow sales came in 1898. Money could not be raised on commercial paper, and with liabilities of less than one-third the amount of assets, the entire establishment was thrown into the keeping of a receiver, and afterward passed into the hands of new owners. With this change the original plans of the philanthropist and practical workman came to an end. Broken in fortune, but not in spirit, Mr. Dolge came to California, and established himself in the San Gabriel Valley near Los Angeles. There, with the aid of public-spirited individuals and firms, he started to build up a new Dolgeville, on many of the lines laid down twenty-five years before in New York. Death has ended his career and its idealistic aspirations. Mr. Dolge attempted to build an ideal community in the midst of conditions created by opposing systems, and with material drawn from such systems and conditions. The wisdom of his course, even in philanthropy, may be questioned, but the kindness, the sincerity, and the hopefulness of the man were above doubt.

The Trouble in Haiti.

We are officially informed that the abortive revolution in Haiti is at an end and that tranquillity prevails throughout the island. President Nord Alexis maintains his position; about forty rebels have been summarily executed; General Firmin is in exile; two continents have shuddered at threats of a general massacre and the warships of many nations have been set in motion. This is a considerable performance for a little island 400 miles long and from seventeen to 160 miles wide. Unfortunately, it has happened many times before, while the nature of the present "pacification" justifies our expectations that it will happen many times more.

There is no need to inquire too closely into the causes of the latest outbreak. Strictly speaking, there were no causes except the time-honored practice of resorting to revolution as the invariable supplement to the ballot-box. General Nord Alexis was chosen President in 1902 for a term of seven years. The election was carried out with the usual turbulence, amounting to practical war. Firmin was a candidate, and in conjunction with Killick, who was in charge of the Haitian flotilla, he entered on a campaign of protest and violence that came to an end when Killick committed suicide by blowing up the powder magazine of his own ship. Firmin took flight and the island has been at rest until a few weeks ago, when Firmin again entered the field, apparently too impatient to wait for the next presidential election in 1909 or eager to make an early beginning of the political struggle in the usual way. After the suppression Firmin took refuge at the French consulate, and while the government at Paris can hardly be blamed for a refusal to surrender him to summary execution, it seems almost a pity that such a fire-brand should remain unextinguished.

There will be no disposition to pass a harsh judgment upon the Haitian authorities, but facts must be faced without much reference to excuses. Haiti is only 1400 miles from New York and less than fifty miles from Cuba. The black republic is a matter of unwelcome interest to European powers, who have their consulates and their citizens to protect. America can not tolerate a periodic turbulence so close to her own coast, so close to Cuba, and so liable to produce complications with other powers. It is small consolation to be reminded that Haiti has many difficulties to overcome, that a century ago her people were slaves, and that they are therefore without traditions or inherited responsibilities. All these things are interesting explanations, but they do not make the situation at all more comfortable. Haiti is not to be blamed for her incapacity to govern herself, but it is an incapacity that can not be viewed with unconcern. Her short history is simply a story of revolution. There was civil war in 1820, when monarchy disappeared with Christophe. There was revolution in 1843 when certain reforms were exacted. There was war from 1843 to 1847, when the peasants revolted against intolerable conditions. The country became an empire in 1849, and Faustin Soulouque was its rather farcical emperor. After ten

years of violent agitation the empire was overthrown in 1859 and a republic was declared once more. In 1870 President Salnave induced the army to invest him with supreme power for life, and of course there was another revolution and Salnave was tried by court-martial and shot. Within these few years Haiti has tried every known form of government, and this final outbreak shows that she is just as unsettled, just as turbulent, and just as volcanic as ever. She has had nineteen rulers in the course of a century, kings, emperors, and presidents, and of these five have been exiled and two have been executed. When we consider that all these events have happened on a mere geographical spot and that they are replete with vast dangers ridiculously incommensurate with the interests immediately involved, we can only wonder if patience has not ceased to be a virtue and if the "liberty" for which the Haitians are supposed to be striving is not being purchased at too high a price.

The Anti-Rat Campaign.

The *Argonaut* is gratified to announce authoritatively that conditions in San Francisco with respect to the bubonic plague are much improved since the matter was last discussed in these columns. But one case of plague has developed within the year, the subject being a white man who was stricken on the 30th of January, quickly passing through the crisis of the disease and regaining his customary health. There were in February two other cases of presumed infection, which later proved to be something else. We have, therefore, had but one case since December of last year, a period of four months.

The work of exterminating rats continues energetically under the general plans arranged by Dr. Blue. In this work and in the collateral work of inspection 700 men are now employed, the daily average catch amounting approximately to 2000 rats. About 10 per cent of the catch in each special locality is subjected to microscopic examination at Dr. Blue's laboratory, and of the rats thus examined the percentage of infected runs now about six-tenths of one per cent, taking the whole city over. In one district, bounded by Devisadero Street on the west, by Van Ness Avenue on the east, by Market Street on the south and by Sutter Street on the north, the percentage of infection among captured rats runs higher, about one and two-tenths per cent. When these figures are compared with the conditions of February, when the percentage of infection ran from one to one and one-half, it will be seen that a marked advance has been made in the general condition. This is regarded as especially favorable, in view of the fact that the season when rats breed freely is upon us. On the other hand, since the weather is warmer than in mid-winter there is less disposition among rats as among other creatures to huddle together for the sake of warmth and therefore less liability to infection. The general situation is now so favorable, and the problem is so well in hand that the question of quarantine, at one time regarded as very serious, is no longer a menace.

In addition to the work of direct destruction, much is being done to eliminate rat life through more thorough cleansing of the city, with a prompter carrying away of garbage and a thoroughgoing campaign against conditions which harbor rats. Stables, graneries, and basements are generally being gone over, first in a search for rats, second with the purpose of rendering them rat-proof. Sewers, always prolific of rat life and affording the means of transit from one part of town to another, have been so looked after by the department of public works as practically to free them from rats. It is now in project to cover the summits of sewers with wire netting for the purpose of preventing the use by rats of these channels of communication. The campaign has now reached the city front, which under a careful system will soon be entirely freed from the rat pest.

The work in progress is naturally very costly. Of the special fund of \$500,000 which it has been proposed to raise, \$110,000, or something more than one-fifth, has been provided, and the money is being expended under Dr. Blue's direction at the rate of approximately \$30,000 per month. The general government continues to spend about an equal sum and the municipal government aids the work to the extent of \$11,000. Thus at the present time the campaign is costing \$71,000 per month, or approximately \$2500 for every working day. Dr. Blue declares that this work ought not to cease or seriously be limited until San Francisco is practically free from rats; and he is further of the opinion that the menace of bubonic plague is one against which we have to maintain an eternal watchfulness.

cisco is the gateway to the Orient and the Orient is the home of the plague. As commerce increases the liability to infection will become greater, and the only safe policy is that of unceasing vigilance.

The surest and therefore the best course by way of rendering San Francisco immune is so to build the city as to discourage rat life and coincidentally so to perfect our system of garbage destruction as to limit the supply of food under which rats rapidly multiply. To these ends our city government is addressing itself. A series of ordinances drawn under expert advice is now passing through the various essential stages and will within a few weeks be established as the law of the city. Under these regulations every building hereafter put up in San Francisco will practically be rat-proof. Daily collection of garbage from every habitation will be made compulsory, with further requirements tending to shut off the supply of rat food. Still other requirements under a system of strict enforcement will tend to keep the public streets, especially in the down-town quarter, free from anything tending to promote rat life.

It is gratifying to note that the many forms of opposition which this campaign had to meet in its earlier days have ceased. Nobody now objects to the inspection of his premises, nobody in the face of expert authority ventures to stigmatize the work as unnecessary. The board of health and the board of public works have joined heartily in the movement and are giving it a support which to a very large extent must be credited with the important achievements already attained. Furthermore, the rat campaign has so served to stimulate an interest in sanitation that in some parts of the city, very notably in the commission district, neighborhood enthusiasm and initiative are carrying the work far beyond the legal requirements. A banquet, attended by many hundreds of merchants and others, given on Saturday in the middle of a public street in the commission district spoke eloquently of a new spirit that is now abroad in San Francisco, one which it is hoped will yield important consequences in the shape of cleaner, more sanitary, more sightly, and ultimately better paved streets.

We can think of nothing in recent years in which the people of San Francisco have more cordially and generously or generally come together than in this campaign for sanitation. And the result shows what may be done when we all work together to a common purpose and without waste of energy in disagreements and bickerings. As an object lesson in coöperation and as an inspiration to combined motives and combined effort, this campaign is well worth all that it has cost. It is, indeed, not yet done, but enough has been done to put the end plainly in sight and to mark the practical effectiveness of a policy of pulling together.

As to Freedom in Industry.

The thirty-six metal-working establishments in Portland, Oregon, have agreed to enforce the open-shop principle on and after the first of April. They will make no discrimination against union workmen, and by the same token they will make no discrimination against non-union workmen. Neither rates of wages nor any other condition will be changed. The movement, however, is designed to be economical, in that it will discriminate against incompetent and slack workmen and tend through maintenance of direct relations between employer and employed to increase the vigilance and activity of individual men.

And now isn't it about time for San Francisco to swing into line in maintenance of the principle of freedom in industry as typified by the open shop? Los Angeles is an open-shop town; likewise Seattle and Portland are enforcing the open shop. Sacramento maintains the open shop, as does Stockton and San Jose. Even in southern Nevada the rule of the open shop is enforced. Of all Pacific Coast communities, San Francisco alone accepts the closed-shop tyranny and continues to suffer under the financial evils and the moral degeneracies which come in the train of the closed shop. To be sure, the open-shop principle is enforced in the larger iron-working establishments and in the street-car service. But in the building trades—at the point where the energies of the city are most strenuously exerting themselves—monopoly of labor is still yielded to an advanced and remorseless unionism. Every building put up in San Francisco pays a heavy tax to support a system which has not one leg of equity or expediency to stand upon, which mulcts both employer and workman, which puts onerous burdens upon the community, and which tends steadily to social degeneracy in a dozen wicked forms.

How long is San Francisco going to stand this sort of thing? How long will San Francisco continue to pay tribute to the hand which smites her? How long will San Francisco permit the McCarthys and the Tveitmoes to dominate her industrial policies? How long will San Francisco consent that a gang of selfish labor leaders, mostly foreigners, shall lock the shop door against her own youth?

We have often wondered if the large investors of San Francisco, particularly those who do business through the Mahoney Brothers, could not by combined action, which ought easily to be arranged in half an hour, establish our local industry on the open-shop basis. In truth, we have often wondered if this same firm of Mahoney Brothers, honest, competent, and efficient men as the Mahoneys are, is not our chief stumbling block in this matter. We have wondered if those who employ the Mahoney Brothers were to assert to them the same eagerness for the open shop which they assert to the editor of the *Argonaut*, something would not be doing in San Francisco quite worth while. There are those in this world who have one religion for Sundays and another for week days; we wonder likewise if there be not those who have one set of principles for private discussion and another when it comes to action.

The London "Times."

After all, the London *Times* is not to be sold to Pearson, the exploiter of sensational journalism. It is, however, to pass out of the hands of the Walter family, which is no longer strong enough either financially or intellectually to hold it. The new purchasers represent all shades of British political opinion and all parties, and their avowed purpose is to sustain the *Times* in its historical character—that is, as a political journal in working alliance with the government. The *Times*, therefore, will continue to be what it has been with only occasional lapses for more than a century, namely, the great semi-official organ of British governmentalism.

That the *Times* is to be held as a fixed institution with a defined, assured, and impersonal policy, is a matter for gratification not merely in England, but the world round. It is extremely important that there should be at least one great newspaper of world information uncontaminated by the vices which beset our latter-day journalism. In many years there has been only one such journal—the *Times*—and it seemed for awhile during the Pearson negotiations as if the tradition was in the way of being lost utterly. But we are glad to believe that the *Times* is to persist in its historical character—to continue to afford the world an example of journalism founded in ideas which stand above and beyond the motives of the counting-house. In other words, we are glad the world is to continue to have one newspaper inspired by motives which belong to statecraft, and therefore devoted to the dissemination of what is serious and important rather than to the merely interesting or striking. Probably the *Times* can not permanently be maintained upon this basis excepting under some species of endowment. As a commercial business it will hardly be able to compete with journals founded upon a lower range of motives and conducted with an eye to profit rather than to those higher interests which it has been the traditional policy of the *Times* to sustain. Manifestly, as the incidents of the past sixty days have made plain, there are those who think it worth while to maintain such a journalism in England; and let us devoutly hope that a time may never come when there may not be a sufficient number so minded to hold the old Thunderer to its historic place in the world of British institutions.

There must, we think, come a time in this country when men practically wise will see the necessity of establishing a purely national newspaper here—a newspaper devoted in statesmanlike spirit to matters of national import and above the necessity of shaping its policies in the interest of its stomach. That such a daily newspaper does not exist in this country now is proof sufficient of the fact that our conditions are not favorable to ideal journalism. If ever we are to have a strictly and genuinely national newspaper it must rest upon an endowed foundation precisely like our great universities. For under the conditions as they exist with us a newspaper to be commercially profitable must devote itself before all else to some one locality, dealing with national interests only in proportion as the treatment of such interests may in a commercial sense be made profitable. There is no field in this country for a national newspaper dependent upon its earnings, but there is a field for a newspaper devoted to

the presentment of serious reports and of serious discussions national in character, and removed from the necessity of earning its living day by day. Above all other present-day deficiencies, we believe, is that of a national newspaper, so independent of financial conditions as to be able to utter the voice of candid judgment without liability at the point of financial consequences.

We suspect that today there would be no serious difficulty in securing an adequate endowment for a great national newspaper if it were possible to devise a scheme by which its integrity, independence, and sanity could with certainty be passed on from one generation of editors to another. The difficulty is precisely at this point, for nobody has ever been able to suggest a plan by which an endowed newspaper may be made to hold through advancing times and shifting administrations to the lines of judicial spirit and dependable judgment.

The "North Bank" Route and Its Significance.

An event vastly important in its relations to the material development of the Pacific Coast was celebrated at Portland last week. It was the completion of what is known locally in the Northwest as the North Bank Railroad, a line connecting the Northern Pacific system with tide water through the water level gap of the Columbia River. To appreciate the significance of this incident one must know something of topographical conditions in the Northwest and of the transportation history of that country. The Northwest region is divided through its middle by a vast mountain wall running north and south, not unlike the Sierra mountain wall which fences off Nevada from California. The Columbia River in its westerly course to the sea cuts through the mountains, this being the only opening between British Columbia and California. The terminus of the Northern Pacific system is at Puget Sound, some two hundred miles north of the Columbia River, and the policy of the builders of that system was not to come round by way of the level Columbia River route, but to take a course directly across the mountain range which separates the eastern region from the western. Ever since the Northern Pacific was built, some twenty-five years ago or more, its trains going to and from Puget Sound have been hauled over tremendous grades precisely as Central Pacific trains are hauled over the Sierras. It has been an expensive and difficult thing and has cost the Northern Pacific people untold millions of dollars in the aggregate.

On the other hand, the Union Pacific system, centring at Portland, passes from east to west over a practically level route through the Columbia River gorge, following a course along the south bank of the river. It hardly needs to be told that in the competition between the Northern Pacific and the Union Pacific systems in the great Columbia River basin, the latter has had a tremendous advantage over the former. The advantage has been a double one, for the Union Pacific system has had a level road as against a road over heavy mountain grades and it has had a shorter route as compared with a longer one. Local pride and local interest in the State of Washington have combined to support the long-continued policy of the Northern Pacific of ignoring the Columbia River route. Successive legislatures have considered the matter, employing every possible expedient of legislation to equalize rates as between a longer and more difficult route and one shorter and less difficult. The Northern Pacific managers, too, have wished to make Puget Sound the point of shipment—what the late C. P. Huntington used to call the embarkadero—of the Columbia River basin, and particularly of the vast productive region of eastern Washington.

But there came a time two or three years ago when it was seen to be useless further to struggle against the laws of geography and gravity. The Northern Pacific managers saw clearly that it was futile to attempt with the facilities of a mountain route to compete with those enjoying the facilities of a level route. And so, surrendering a contention maintained for many years, it announced the purpose to build a line down the north bank of the Columbia River, employing for shipment of the great interior basin traffic the ports of the Columbia rather than the ports of Puget Sound.

The North Bank Railroad is in effect the demonstration of a principle—the principle that traffic will follow the line of least resistance. The shortest route, the route of lowest and best grades, will surely win in competition with longer routes and higher grades. And this is why it is that the *Argonaut* is so eager in season

and out of season to promote every movement having for its aim the shortening and the cutting of grades of the great central route across the continent. We wish San Francisco to be now and always the terminus of the shortest and best lines of transcontinental traffic. We hail with satisfaction every circumstance tending to supplement the advantage which nature has given to the central transcontinental route. This is why we are so eager to see the Sierra tunnel put through, to see the ferryage at Carquinez Straits eliminated, and to see the San Francisco Bay transfer cut in two by the creation of a common railroad station on Goat Island. Every foot cut from the distance between San Francisco and the East, every minute cut from freight and passenger schedules—these are things worthy of serious consideration as tending to maintain the position of San Francisco and to increase its hold upon the transcontinental traffic of the country.

Typhoid a Shame and a Crime.

United States Senator William J. Bryan of Florida, a young man of great promise, is dead at Washington, a victim of typhoid. Typhoid is a filth disease. Its origin and the means through which infection seizes upon individuals—both are inconsistent with cleanly conditions. Given a situation in which there can be no contamination through filth, and there will be no such thing as typhoid. And this being so, typhoid, like bubonic plague and other similar infections, is in its character both shameful and criminal.

The fact that typhoid is preventable is the consideration back of a movement now before Congress in practical form looking to such study of typhoid as may eliminate it as a scourge of mankind. Dr. Rupert Blue, now at the head of the anti-plague campaign in San Francisco, is authority for the statement that if Congress will provide the means, science will quickly make the American continent typhoid proof.

Yellow journalism has beyond a doubt done many things more grossly vicious, but never, we think, anything cheaper or meaner than through fabrication of a pack of vulgar lies to seek to stigmatize Mr. Walter A. Hearn, the British consul-general at San Francisco, as a man defective at the points of propriety and courtesy. Mr. Hearn, who has only recently come to San Francisco, has won universal respect and commendation, not more for the openness and dignity of his character than for an exceptional courtesy and charm of manner. It has remained for a yellow newspaper to create for its own purposes a front page "feature" by inventing a ridiculous story and then by further invention to enlarge it to the dimensions of a sensation. San Francisco is shamed by a species of journalistic mendacity and vulgarity unmatched, we believe, in any other civilized community. Mr. Hearn we trust will remain long enough with us to learn how grossly the spirit of San Francisco is misrepresented by her yellow press.

United States Senator Whyte, of Maryland, died at his home in Baltimore, March 17. William Pinkney Whyte was born in Baltimore on August 9, 1824. His public career began with his election to the Democratic side of the Maryland House of Delegates in 1847, but at the completion of his first term he refused a second nomination and gave his time to his law practice until 1851. In that year he was nominated by the Democrats for Congress, but was defeated. After holding State positions, Mr. Whyte served in the United States Senate from July 14, 1868, to March 4, 1869. In November, 1871, he was elected governor of Maryland, and resigned the office to enable the legislature to elect his successor, on his having been elected to the United States Senate to succeed Mr. Hamilton. He again took his seat in the Senate March 4, 1875. Near the close of his term he announced his withdrawal from politics, to the astonishment of his friends and admirers. Governor Warfield appointed him United States Senator in 1906 and the legislature soon after assembling elected him Senator Gorman's successor for the term ending March 3, 1909. William Pinkney Whyte was the last survivor of the senators who voted against the Fifteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution.

"Cat-tails," which are scarcely utilized at all in this country, are used in England as filling for the upholstery of furniture; but hitherto the supply has been very small on account of the poor results which have been obtained by the use of this material. The closest competitor of "cat-tails" is the Indian fibre kopak, which, even when of poor quality, sells at 9 cents a pound. The "cat-tails" which have thus far been sent to England from the United States have varied in price from 2 to 4 cents per pound.

Two deposits of meerschaum have been located in the upper Gila River Valley, near Silver City.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

In its issue of March 9 the Washington *Herald* printed the following interview with General Keifer, former Speaker of the House of Representatives and now a Representative from Ohio:

"I am a delegate to the national convention from my State. I am a Taft man and shall strictly follow my instructions and use my influence to nominate and elect Taft. Taft has probably made some enemies because of his Roosevelt affiliation, and also because people have an idea he would too closely follow Roosevelt's ideas when elected. I don't believe, however, he will. Taft is a man of independence of thought and moral courage to uphold his independence. I would vote for Fairbanks if he were nominated. He is an excellent man, and has the confidence of the people. Shaw is also a good man. What has become of Cortelyou's boom, I wonder? Taft, I am afraid, will have a pretty hard time of it to satisfy the people after the strenuous administration of Roosevelt. Many people applaud Roosevelt when he jumps up and makes a speech or some other noise. They're under the impression he is doing things. But Taft will gain the confidence of the people if only given a fair chance."

Colonel Harvey, of *Harper's Weekly*, is still harping on his choice for the Democratic presidential candidate, but Mr. Bryan is not attentive. This is a part of the recommendation of the editor who wants to see a good fight:

We come, lastly, to President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton University. We need not dwell on the proofs of his capacity to play the part of a great chief magistrate. No man who has read his "History of the American Republic" can doubt his qualifications for that post. What is much more apt to be overlooked is his political availability. As a man who was born and reared in Virginia, and who for years practiced at the Georgia bar, he could not fail to win every one of the former slave States, including ground so debatable as that which is covered by Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri. Then, again, he is the only Southerner who would be absolutely certain to get New Jersey's electoral votes. He is an adopted, a trusted, a beloved, and an illustrious son of that State.

Governor Hughes attended the twentieth anniversary dinner of the West Side Republican Club at the Hotel Astor in New York, and talked briefly. He said in part: "We are all anxious that in the State and nation the Republican party should be successful. So far as I am concerned, as I have repeatedly said, I am desirous only that the party shall express its free will and shall do what seems to it best. But, my friends, if the Republican party, as a national party, is to have the success it desires and which it deserves, the Republican party as a State party must justify the confidence of the people of this Commonwealth; and I am most desirous that at this time the representatives of the Republican party shall by their conduct show to the people of this State that just progress may be entrusted to their hands, and that the measures which are approved by the electorate shall be carried into effect by those who profess to have them. I do not profess to approve of the idea that because this is a presidential year it is a time for inaction; because it is a presidential year it is a time for the Republican party to show that the faith of the people may be reposed in that party."

President Roosevelt has sent Dr. Victor S. Clarke to Canada to investigate the workings of the "industrial disputes act" and to discover how the dominion has succeeded in settling amicably a considerable number of serious labor disputes during the past year. Dr. Clarke is at the head of the manufacturing department of the Carnegie trust for promoting original research, and he is also an expert to the Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington.

The Canadian law marks a great epoch in the history of Canadian labor legislation, and under it the dominion has made extraordinary progress, not in the prohibition or prevention, but in the discouragement of strikes and lockouts. The discouragement, however, is so effectual that it virtually amounts to prevention. Although it has been in force less than a year, the "industrial disputes investigation act" has been the means of averting twenty-four strikes and six lockouts. In eight of the cases the great railways of the dominion—the Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk, the Intercolonial, and the Canadian Northern—were concerned. Seven of these cases have been amicably settled, and the eighth is pending.

The law effectually prevents all sudden blows, in whatever form, aimed at labor by capital and at capital by labor. It prohibits, under heavy penalties, the sudden cessation of industries which are concerned with the providing of such necessities of life as fuel, with the means of transportation and communication, including railways, telegraphs, and telephones, with the lighting of cities and towns, and with water and power supplies. The aggressor in any labor dispute, whether employer or employee, must have a case which will stand complete publicity. Through the intervention of an impartial public authority the law affords opportunity for reasoning, for conciliation, and for an amicable settlement.

At a dinner given at Washington recently, Speaker Cannon took occasion to minimize President Roosevelt's activities (observes the *Milwaukee Daily News*). The history of our country, he said in substance, discloses that there have been abnormal movements led by abnormal men, but they have subsided and left no permanent impress upon the course of events. Mr. Cannon does not admire Theodore Roosevelt. They have little in common, excepting that both owe their offices and high station to the Republican party and both are obligated to serve its partisan ends. What Mr. Roosevelt thinks of Mr. Cannon may be surmised from his opinion expressed in 1891, when he said: "We can not escape from the fact that it was no credit to the Republican party of the House that Mr. Cannon should be one of its leaders." In 1891 the Republican majority in the House of Representatives had been overthrown and among the defeated statesmen was Mr. Cannon of Illinois, and Mr. Roosevelt was explaining the cause of the party's disaster. Since then Mr. Roosevelt has been elected President and Mr. Cannon is Speaker of the House of Representatives. And Cannon, unlike wine, has not improved with age.

A mighty fleet that can sail fast and shoot straight and hit hard—and wind up a little run of 14,000 miles in better shape than when it started—is a thing for a nation to be proud of. The critics can tear it all to pieces—on paper—if they want to, but we will still think it pretty good when it comes to a scrap. —*Washington Post*.

At a banquet held recently in New York one of the speakers made this sally as a sample of humor tinged with present-day concern:

"A few days ago a rich malefactor came into my office and said that if stocks would only rise twenty points his accounts with his brokers would be exactly at zero. I inferred that he had been buying stocks on margin, a practice, I am informed, on the highest authority, that is most reprehensible. He told me that he had read the malice toward none message, however, and liked it because it said there was to be charity toward all, and he was an object of charity. He also told me that he was going to work for Mr. Roosevelt's reelection on the same theory that the Irishman had who dropped a dime

down between the planks of the Boardwalk at Atlantic City. Some one came along and found him poking a two-dollar bill down the same crack. 'I just dropped a dime down that crack,' explained the Irishman, 'and I'm putting this bill after it to make it worth while to rip up the whole damn Boardwalk.'"

The independent Democrats of the East (remarks the Democratic *News and Courier* of Charleston, South Carolina) would like to see a Democrat elected and they are ready to make concessions. They do not ask that a conservative of the Parker type be nominated. They will be satisfied with Johnson, a Bryan Democrat, Mr. Bryan's friend, who has not indulged in numerous eccentric flights into socialism, such as advocacy of government ownership of railroads, which Mr. Bryan himself admits is not an issue. They would accept the nomination of Johnson because they would see in it the beginning of an earnest, hopeful, and inspiring contest against the Republican party, but the nomination of Bryan they would regard as the childish surrender of a good fighting chance to an irrational emotion aroused by an eloquent and amiable dreamer of dreams.

As an outgrowth of the charges of cowardice and incompetency in the defense of Port Arthur against the fleet of Admiral Togo and the army of General Nogi in the war with Japan, General Smirnoff, who was superseded by General Stoessel in the command of the fortress, and General Fock, one of the subordinate commanders, fought a duel with pistols in St. Petersburg, March 15, in which Smirnoff was fatally wounded. General Smirnoff was acting commandant of Port Arthur during the siege, and at the time of its surrender to the Japanese, General Stoessel being technically his superior officer. After his return to Russia Smirnoff prepared a secret report of the defense, which was the basis of the indictments on which Lieutenant-General Stoessel, Lieutenant-General Fock, who commanded the Fourth East Siberian Division at Port Arthur, and Major-General Reiss, chief of staff of General Stoessel, were tried for their lives before the supreme court-martial. The outcome of the trial was the sentencing to death of General Stoessel and the reprimanding of General Fock for a disciplinary offense. Stoessel's sentence has just been commuted to ten years' imprisonment by the Czar.

One of the great branches of Manchurian trade is in furs, Mukden being one of the three principal Chinese centres of this business; the other two are Tientsin and Shanghai. The finest tiger skins in the world come from Manchuria, being much larger than those of the Indian and southern Chinese beasts, and with deeper and thicker fur. Leopard skins are also unusually large and heavily furred. Manchurian silver fox skins compare favorably with the best Canadian pelts, and the best Russian sables are no better than those of Manchuria. It is from that country, too, that most of the dogskin coats worn by the automobilists come; there are a number of big dog farms in the province. Northern China buys a great part of the Manchurian fur supply. The winters are cold, and Chinese houses are not heated to the temperature to which Europeans and Americans are accustomed; so that fur-lined garments are worn indoors and out. Coolies wear sheep or goat skins, and people of the wealthy and middle classes have many sets of garments lined with the richest furs.

"To be dunned" is a phrase more familiar than popular. Yet "to dun" can claim an ancestry equal or superior to a good many of the sprigs of nobility that frequently land on our shores. It is said that the verb originated in the name of John Dun, a bailiff of Lincoln, in the time of Henry VII of England; that it became proverbial to say of any one who was slow to pay, that the creditor must "dun him," that is, send Dun after him.

It is said in England that the advance of democracy has resulted in an increase of books dealing with the peerage. Debrett, the oldest book of genealogical reference, now in its 195th year, with its 2500 pages, is a very different book from the original record. Since the date of Queen Victoria's accession no fewer than 340 peerages and 460 baronetcies have been bestowed, making an average of five of the one and seven of the other per annum.

Dogs in Mohammedan countries have even more freedom than with us, not because Mohammedans love them more, but because it is impious to kill or molest an animal, however mean, that Allah lets live. But there is no bitterer insult than to call a Moslem a dog. "The Swiss Family Robinson" is not admitted at the Turkish custom-house because it tells about a dog named Turk.

Justice Guy of the New York Supreme Court fined the twelve members of a jury \$50 each one day last week for bringing in a verdict which was settled on by the "flipping" of a coin. The judge told the jurymen they were guilty of contempt of court, lectured them severely, and in addition imposed the fine.

Almost all the world's supply of black diamonds comes from a comparatively small area in the central part of the State of Bahia, Brazil. The stones are found in gravel and conglomerate formations. They are used for rock drilling and of late years their value has been greatly enhanced.

Second-Lieutenant Glen E. Edgerton, of Manhattan, Kansas, stood at the head of his class of 108, graduated from West Point this year, three months earlier than the usual time for graduation.

AMERICAN ARTISTS IN PARIS.

A Secession from the Old Society Is the Result of Caste and Politics.

The revolt of the young American artists in Paris against the domination of their elders in the world of painting shows that Americans are just as determined as ever to fight for their rights when they have once been recognized. And who can doubt the reality of a tyranny that has created as clear an example of a ruling aristocracy as we could wish to see. The Society of American Artists in Paris professes to be what is implied by its name, a combination of men and women, representative of American art in the French capital and requiring no other passports or credentials to favor or recognition than nationality and artistic ability. Because of these pretensions—no doubt genuine enough at one time—it has acquired a certain status in the world of art. The great European exhibitions are accustomed to apply to the Society of American Artists in Paris for such pictures as they need for their "American Section." In a sense, the society is therefore official and its membership is looked upon—or used to be looked upon—as the open door to public recognition.

But those were in the good old days before the society fell under the control of a clique and before the ancient game of politics was played within its portals. Those who have now seceded to form a new society of their own contend that in no other way could they secure justice for themselves and for their pictures. Merit no longer ruled in the selection of canvases for exhibition. Unless the painter happened to belong to the inner circle of the elect, unless he was *persona grata* with some one who did, he might be a Titian and a Rembrandt rolled into one and still have no hope of emerging from a distasteful obscurity. Influence was everywhere and ability was nowhere. There was nothing left but secession, and now the appearance of the New Society of American Artists in Paris shows that secession is an accomplished fact and that a fresh school of painters is in the field. That it will make a strong bid for popular notice is shown by such names as Edouard Steichen, Alfred Maurer, Max Weber, D. P. Brinley, Maximilian Fischer, Albert Worcester, and D. Shaw MacLaughlan. All of these men are well known in art circles. They have all of them won laurels of some kind and their paintings are familiar to the annual salon.

The success of the new society is assured upon one condition: They must avoid the mistakes that they themselves have protested against. They must place the judicial government of their society on a basis that will allow no room for discrimination on the score of influence or politics. There must be no favored circle and no one must be allowed to climb into a position where his name is of greater weight than his ability. Good intentions are not enough. It must be a matter of regulation in black and white. There have been other secessions in other art society, and they have failed simply because they were not morally strong enough to exclude the abuse of a tyrannical aristocracy. The new salon, for example, was a protest against the unjust exclusiveness of its progenitor, but before many months had passed it developed all the faults of its parent and almost out-Heroded Herod in its conservatism and in the hopelessness of the outlook that it offered to unknown talent. Then again there was the Salon d'Automne that was looked upon with optimistic interest until it was ruined by applause and became dull with respectability. There have been other outbursts from time to time, but they have all failed. Either they have been artistically incompetent or they have run upon the rocks of success and been ruined by the very faults that called them into being. The virus of caste is supposed to be conspicuously absent from literature and from art, but art, at least, is its most prolific breeding ground. The English Academy is run on precisely the same lines that have produced the secession in Paris. Michael Angelo himself would meet with instant rejection if he omitted to sign his work.

The seceders were much wrought up over the situation before they took final action. Not one among them but has his *casus belli* against the old organization. The instances of Lionel Walden and Seymour Thomas are the most generally cited. These men were recognized as artists of a high order long before they were asked to become members of the society, and the inevitable inference is that they were invited because they would be valuable to the society, and not because the society would be valuable to them. While they were in need of recognition it was the last thing on earth that they got, but when at last they stood upon their own feet they were proffered a support that they did not need. The new society is full of golden intentions and their success depends on the fidelity with which they carry them out. They do not propose to provide a happy hunting ground for artistic cranks, but neither will they impose a canon of their own with the penalty of exclusion against those who do not adhere to it. Perhaps the *via media* is difficult, but it is worth the search.

PARIS, March 7, 1908.

ST. MARTIN.

The American ship *Kenilworth* arrived in San Francisco March 16 from Philadelphia, which port she left on August 15, 1906, consuming 579 days on the voyage. She brought 3400 tons of coal. Many gales were encountered during the long voyage. Captain Amesbury was relieved of command at Rio Janeiro, and Captain Taylor brought the vessel from that port.

OLD FAVORITES.

Concepcion de Arguello.
(PRESIDIO DE SAN FRANCISCO, 1800.)

Looking seaward, o'er the sand-hills stands the fortress, old and quaint.
By the San Francisco friars lifted to their patron saint—
Sponsor to that wondrous city, now apostate to the creed,
On whose youthful walls the Padre saw the angel's golden reed;
All its trophies long since scattered, all its blazon brushed away;
And the flag that flies above it but a triumph of today.
Never scar of siege or battle challenges the wandering eye;
Never breach of war-like onset holds the curious passer-by;
Only one sweet human fancy interweaves its threads of gold
With the plain and home-spun present, and a love that ne'er grows old:
Only one thing holds its crumbling walls above the meaner dust—
Listen to the simple story of a woman's love and trust.

Count von Rezanoff, the Russian, envoy of the mighty Czar,
Stood beside the deep embrasures where the brazen cannon are;
He with grave provincial magnates long had held serene debate
On the Treaty of Alliance and the high affairs of state;
He from grave provincial magnates oft had turned to talk apart
With the Commandante's daughter on the questions of the heart,
Until points of gravest import yielded slowly, one by one,
And by Love was consummated what Diplomacy begun;
Till beside the deep embrasures, where the brazen cannon are,
He received the two-fold contract for approval of the Czar;
Till beside the brazen cannon the betrothed bade adieu,
And, from sallyport and gateway, north the Russian eagles flew.

Long beside the deep embrasures, where the brazen cannon are,
Did they wait the promised bridegroom and the answer of the Czar;
Day by day on wall and bastion beat the hollow, empty breeze—
Day by day the sunlight glittered on the vacant, smiling seas;
Week by week the near hills whitened in their dusty leather cloaks—
Week by week the far hills darkened from the fringing plain of oaks;
Till the rains came, and far-breaking, on the fierce south-wester tost,
Dashed the whole long coast with color, and then vanished and were lost.

So each year the season shifted—wet and warm and drear and dry;
Half a year of clouds and flowers, half a year of dust and sky.
Still it brought no ship nor message—brought no tidings, ill or meet,
For the statesmanlike Commander, for the daughter fair and sweet.
Yet she heard the varying message, voiceless to all ears beside:
"He will come," the flowers whispered; "Come no more," the dry hills sighed.

Still she found him with the waters lifted by the morning breeze—
Still she lost him with the folding of the great, white-tented seas;
Until hollows chased the dimples from her cheeks of olive brown,
And at times, a swift, shy moisture dragged the long, sweet lashes down;
Or the small mouth curved and quivered, as for some denied caress.

And the fair young brow was knitted in an infantine distress.
Then the grim Commander, pacing where the brazen cannon are,
Comforted the maid with proverbs—wisdom gathered from afar;
Bits of ancient observation by his fathers garnered, each
As a pebble worn and polished in the current of his speech:
"Those who wait the coming rider travel twice as far as he;
"Tired wench and coming butter never did in time agree;"
"He that getteth himself honey, though a clown, he shall have flies;"

"In the end God grinds the miller;" "In the dark the mole has eyes;"
"He whose father is Alcalde of his trial hath no fear"—
And be sure the Count has reasons that will make his conduct clear."

Then the voice sentimentally faltered, and the wisdom it would teach
Lost itself in fondlest trifles of his soft Castilian speech.
And on "Concha," "Conchitita," and "Conchita" he would dwell
With the fond reiteration which the Spaniard knows so well.
So with proverbs and caresses, half in faith and half in doubt,
Every day some hope was kindled, flickered, faded, and went out.

Yearly, down the hillside sweeping came the stately cavalcade,
Bringing revel to vaquero, joy and comfort to each maid;
Bringing days of formal visit, social feast, and rustic sport
Of bull-baiting on the plaza, of love-making in the court.
Vainly, then, at Concha's lattice, vainly as the idle wind,
Rose the thin, high Spanish tenor that bespoke the youth too kind;

Vainly, leaning from their saddles, caballeros, bold and fleet,
Plucked for her the buried chicken from beneath their mustangs' feet;

So in vain the barren hill-sides with their gay serapes blazed,
Blazed and vanished in the dust-cloud that their flying hoofs had raised.

Then the drum called from the rampart, and once more, with patient mien,
The Commander and his daughter each took up the dull routine—

Each took up the petty duties of a life apart and lone,
Till the slow years wrought a music in its dreary monotone.

Forty years on wall and bastion swept the hollow, idle breeze,
Since the Russian eagle fluttered from the California seas;
Forty years on wall and bastion wrought its slow but sure decay.

And St. George's cross was lifted in the port of Monterey;
And the citadel was lighted, and the hall was gayly drest,
All to honor Sir George Simpson, famous traveler and guest.
Far and near the people gathered to the costly banquet set,
And exchanged congratulations with the English baronet;
Till, the formal speeches ended, and amidst the laugh and wine,
Some one spoke of Concha's lover—heedless of the warning sign.

Quickly then cried Sir George Simpson: "Speak no ill of him, I pray—

He is dead—he died, poor fellow, forty years ago this day.
Died while speeding home to Russia, falling from a fractious horse.

Left a sweetheart, too, they tell me. Married, I suppose, of course?"

Lives she yet?" A death-like silence fell on banquet, guests, and hall.

And a trembling figure rising fixed the awe-struck gaze of all.
Two black eyes in darkened orbits gleamed beneath the nun's white hood;
Black serge hid the wasted figure, bowed and stricken where it stood.

"Lives she yet?" Sir George repeated. All were hushed as Concha drew

Closer yet her nun's attire. "Señor, pardon, she died too!"
—Bret Harte.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Lord Rosebery said in a recent address before the Liberal League that the House of Lords is the only barrier against socialism.

Frank H. Hitchcock, who has undertaken the work of swinging the Southern delegates to Taft, is, like President Roosevelt, a Harvard man.

Charles P. Taft, of Cincinnati, owner of the Cincinnati *Times-Star* and half-brother of William H. Taft, is said to be defraying the expense of the campaign now well under way to secure the presidential nomination for the genial Secretary of War. It is estimated that considerably more than half a million dollars will be used before the convention.

Acting Secretary Oliver announces that the War Department is ready to arm the National Guard with the new, high power, magazine rifles, carrying light, sharp-pointed, steel-covered bullets, so that all our militia may have the same weapon as the regular army. The rifles will be distributed upon requisitions from the governors of the States in which the National Guard is organized and the return to the government of the Krag-Jorgensens with which we fought the Spanish War.

Many French officers now frankly say that the impressive demonstration given by the fleet of its ability to keep at sea raises the American navy to an equality with that of Great Britain, and if the return journey is as successful as the trip around South America has been the American navy will have no superior in the world. Minister of Marine Thomson is so impressed that he has ordered the French naval attaché at Washington to San Francisco to send in a full report of the condition of the ships and the lessons of the cruise.

Governor Johnson of Minnesota will announce his candidacy for the presidency at the unveiling of the Minnesota monument on the Shiloh battlefield early in April. This announcement was made in Washington by W. B. Hennessy of St. Paul, a close personal friend of Governor Johnson. Mr. Hennessy is believed to have been sent to Washington by Governor Johnson to feel the pulse of national legislators. Wisconsin, Illinois, Kansas, North and South Dakota, and Washington are said to be strong for Johnson, and Colorado is on the fence.

Two rear-admirals in the navy, French E. Chadwick and Colby M. Chester, both of whom were retired from active service two years ago, observed their 16th birthdays on the 29th of February. Each was born February 29, 1844. Admiral Chester is a Connecticut man, and Admiral Chadwick at present is a resident of Rhode Island. Two years ago both were retired from the active list of officers of the navy on account of having reached the retiring age of sixty-two years. At that time it was a question as to whether they should be retired on February 28 or March 1. The Navy Department decided that February 28 was the retiring date, that being the month of their birth. Admiral Chester, although retired, is on active duty at the bureau of equipment at Washington. Admiral Chadwick commanded the armored cruiser *New York* in the battle of Santiago.

A call recently issued for a national convention of colored citizens at Philadelphia in April to consider political action is signed, among others, by Bishop Alexander Walters, of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church. Dr. Walters is the president of the Afro-American Council, an organization formed to improve the condition of the negroes in America. The object of the proposed gathering is to take measures in opposition to the candidacy of Secretary Taft, and the stand taken is expected to have widespread political effect. Bishop Walters is one of the ablest and most eloquent men of the colored race in this country, and in every place that he has filled he has been remarkably successful. In 1889 he visited London as a representative at the Sunday-school convention, and while abroad preached many sermons which were highly commended. He was elected bishop in 1892, an honor rarely conferred on a man only thirty-four years of age. In 1900 the bishop was elected president of the Pan-African conference which met in London and which included delegates from all over the world.

Senator Tillman made a characteristic attack upon the President in the Senate a few days ago. He declared that the President had imposed himself so thoroughly upon the Republican party and upon the government and all its activities and machinery that Republican statesmen have sunk to the level of puppets or lay figures; that all voices have been stifled, and that freedom flies shrieking, or rather skulking, muzzled to parts unknown, while an absolute autocrat presides over the destinies of his party and does his unrestrained and unregulated will. Senator Beveridge made a very effective retort. The Republican party, to be sure, was harmonious, and the tones of one voice speaking the consensus of opinion of the party might be taken for bossism, but how fared it with the Democrats? Democrats were so disgusted with the dominance of Bryan that some of the leaders in Washington had planned to ask Bryan to retire from the presidential race and relieve the party from the "incubus," but none had the courage to speak when Bryan appeared. Neither the party leaders—assuming that there are any leaders other than Bryan—wanted Bryan, nor did the people desire his leadership, but the whole Democracy were so afraid of its old man of the sea that everybody held his peace.

A PACIFIC COAST REPUBLIC.

By Jerome A. Hart.

VI.

As he stood at the bar of the Bank Exchange, Senator Wyley was, as always, surrounded by a suite. Like a Roman tribune, he never walked abroad save when attended by his clients. Toward this group, now lining up in front of the bar, Colquhoun and Quirk, the two truants, made their doubting way.

Wyley personally was one of the most suave and agreeable of men. Tall in person, stately in demeanor, he had the manners of the old school. When in Washington his house was always open to pilgrims from his adopted State; when the Senate was not in session his home at the Bay was the centre of lavish hospitality. In the small social circle of the day his family stood at the head. As there was then no club life on the masculine side of society, the senator was often to be found, as today, in the leading saloons.

As the two wanderers attempted to merge themselves unnoticed in the group gathered before the bar, Wyley seemingly did not observe them. Their other friends gazed at them with reproachful looks. Up and down the long line the afternoon habitués glued their eyes on the interesting episode, while a faint babble of "Burke—Wyley, Wyley—Burke," buzzed along the bar. Three white-coated barkeepers were deferentially leaning forward waiting for the orders, while a fourth was energetically polishing the speckless counter.

The silence was broken by Colonel DeKay. "What will you take, senator?" he asked, ceremoniously.

"I will take," replied Senator Wyley, gravely, "I will take some whisky"—after a pause—"and gum."

"And you, colonel," said the bartender, turning to DeKay.

"I will take the same," replied DeKay.

The Wyley suite at once ordered obsequiously, "Same here," which was echoed in a still small voice by Colquhoun and Quirk.

When the glasses were charged Senator Wyley lifted his, and a hush fell upon the gathering. Along the bar the gazing habitués also listened with intent ear. After waiting impressively for something like a quarter of a minute, Senator Wyley said:

"Gentlemen, here's luck," and he smote the bar sharply with the bottom of his glass.

Like a deep-voiced monkish chorus, there came back the response, "Here's how!"

For a brief, tense moment it seemed as if the senator were about to drink, unknowing or unregardful of his whilom friends. But Quirk concluded that to point out their presence in this loyal band was the best way to show that their apparent recreancy was only accidental. Therefore in an uncertain voice he spoke:

"Senator, to you, suh."

The great man turned. His glass was still in air. He regarded gravely his two remorseful followers. For a moment he paused—then rapping the bar again with his glass, he cried:

"Gentlemen, to you! Drink hearty!"

A susurris of sighs of relief ran around the suite. The tension visibly relaxed down the line of habitués. Even the barkeepers breathed more freely. Those of the party nearest the rail tapped the bar with their glasses, while all solemnly poured their beverages down.

Burke and Yarrow exchanged amused glances at the little comedy going on before their eyes. The senator fared doorward, in the midst of his clients, the two pardoned ones eagerly pressing forward to win their patron's ear. As they passed through the door and disappeared, Yarrow burst into a hearty laugh.

"They were like two timid Peris at the gate," he cried. "Fancy Colquhoun and Quirk as Peris. Come, senator," he went on, "now that our scarey friends have gone, let us sit down and have a chat. Quirk objects to tables—prefers the perpendicular drink. By the way, will you take a little something?"

"Yes—no—yes—I don't care," said Burke curtly. "Well, give me some soda-water. I suppose you know I'm not a drinking man?"

"I hardly know what you are," avowed Yarrow frankly. "I've heard that you used to keep a saloon of your own back in the States."

"Oh, yes, that's true. I was hired as barkeep for quite a while, and at last ran a saloon of my own. Then I made it a rule never to drink behind my own bar."

"Didn't you have to drink with your customers?"

"Of course I had to drink to help along business, but I kept some cold tea in a whisky bottle, and when they asked me to drink I would pour that out. But I never broke my rule—I never drank hard liquor behind my own bar. I never had believed in it much anyway, so I stopped drinking on the outside, too."

"And have you stuck to your swear-off?"

"I never drink now unless I have to. Sometimes I have to, being in politics."

"You are unlike our friends, Quirk and Colquhoun, who just went out. Neither of them ever uses water, except to wash in."

"All of those Chivs drink heavily," replied Burke. "At least all that I ever met. I don't know about Wyley—I never met him."

"That's odd. Your name and his are continually mentioned together. And yet you've never met."

"Not socially, but I think Wyley would admit that we have met politically."

"His followers certainly admit it; the two who just

left were talking of the rivalry between you and Wyley. The mere fact that they so term it indicates how much significance they attach to it, for he is a veteran politician, much older than you, and a Federal senator, while you are only a senator in the State legislature. And many who are not Wyley men say you are destined to lead the Northern Democrats to victory."

"They tell the truth if I can bring it about. And if I succeed, Wyley's crowd will lose their soft jobs. For years he has kept the Federal offices filled with Southern Democrats and has carefully shut out all Northerners. I am going to see that the Northern Democrats get their share."

"To accomplish that you must have yourself elected United States senator."

"And that is exactly what I'm going to do," said Burke, leaning forward and gazing fixedly at Yarrow. For some moments there was a pause. "It is a high office," said Yarrow at last, "and must greatly attract a man of your ambition. But you will find many difficulties in the way."

"Everything worth having is difficult to attain. But this I have set my heart on, and I shall get it, mark my words."

"Your intimate knowledge of practical politics, as well as your popularity, will doubtless help you," said Yarrow diplomatically.

"Popularity?—pooh! Knowledge of politics?—a little. Greed for office?—yes, a great deal. What will help me most is the desire of my followers to turn out Wyley's crowd and grab their easy jobs."

"You don't paint politics in rosy colors."

"No—but truthfully. The gist of the matter is, my men want the offices. Those Chivs have been on top too long. Now I think there are more Northerners than Southerners here, and I intend to see if we can't control our own party and get the offices. Wyley has had them long enough. Why, there's scarcely a Federal office in the whole State that isn't filled by a Chiv. He's got so many Southerners in the custom-house that the people call it the Virginia poorhouse."

"It's a fact," assented Yarrow, laughing. "They're nearly all F. F. V.'s and blue-blooded aristocrats. But they're some of them mighty nice fellows, senator, I assure you. I know them well."

"I know you do," declared Burke, looking at him kindly. "You know everybody, Yarrow, and everybody knows you, and everybody likes you. But for the life of me I can't understand why a man of your education and abilities should choose to fritter his life away here, doing nothing. Here in this new country almost every avenue is open to you, yet you waste your time in gassing with a lot of politicians like Quirk or me, when you don't care a whoop in hell for politics. But it's none of my business. Let every man play his game in his own way, says I."

Yarrow's face clouded slightly, and he pointed to his glass. "That's probably the explanation, senator," he said shortly. "You don't drink, and I do. I don't get howling drunk, nor get arrested, nor have jimmies. But I drink. In this world a man needs his brains at top-notch to succeed. And no man who boozes, even a little, ever has his brains at top-notch."

Men of the world rarely discuss each other's failings face to face, however much they may do so behind each other's backs. Burke looked at Yarrow, and briskly dropped the topic.

"Talking about Wyley," said he, "is it true that he and his crowd have been talking secession?"

Yarrow hesitated for a moment. "If the matter were a secret," at last said he, "and had been confided to me as such, I could not talk about it, of course. But it is the secret of Punchinello—everybody knows it—even the reporters. The only reason the newspapers don't print it is for fear of offending Wyley's faction. Yes, he has been intriguing with the Mormons, hoping to bring about a division of this State. The Mormons are trying to found an independent republic to be called 'Deseret.' Their peculiar ideas concerning matrimony are so bitterly antagonized by the rest of our country that they wish to cut themselves off entirely."

"I have heard of the Mormon intrigue, of course. But what in the world has Wyley to do with Mormonism or the Mormons with the South?"

"Well, the South also has a peculiar institution, slavery, which is unpopular with the rest of the country. The Mormons and some Southerners here have thought it possible to carve out on this Coast a republic in which these two peculiar institutions could exist side by side. If they organize the Republic of Deseret, its northern boundary will be the thirty-eighth parallel. That will take in this city."

"But that would leave out many of the gold mines."

"Pshaw! The placer mines will all be worked out in a few years. They are only shallow surface diggings. The Mormons maintain that in Deseret there are veritable mountains of gold and silver; the wealth of our placer diggings they say is as nothing compared with the vast ore bodies in their mountains."

"But what an outlandish combination—slavery and polygamy!" cried Burke.

"It existed in the guileless days the Old Testament tells of."

"The scheme would make this free State all slave territory. It shall not succeed," asserted Burke, determinedly. "But what does the talk of secession mean exactly? Does Wyley's scheme mean to annex Deseret as a State to the present Southern States if they secede? Or does he intend to secede with it with them and then secede from them? Or does he intend to make it a separate republic from the first?"

"He may be a dreamer, but his dreams are danger-

ous. Like most Southerners, he believes that in a few years the South will secede. Like most sensible men, he believes that, if it does, a Southern confederacy would almost immediately go to pieces."

"In that last belief he is right," agreed Burke.

"So believing and hoping, Wyley's secret scheme seems to be to found a great Pacific Republic, whose northern boundary is to be the thirty-eighth parallel. It is to run from the ocean shore to the Wasatch Mountains, and thence to shoot south, taking in the northern part of Mexico, including the gulf and the peninsula. This would gather in the rich States of Chihuahua, Sonora, Sinaloa, and Durango."

"Is he preparing for war with Mexico, too?"

"He has spent much time in Mexico of late, and it is rumored that he is conspiring with the Sonorenses and Duranguenos. Prince Yturbe, who hopes to revive his father's Mexican empire, is said to be mixed up in the conspiracy; he has promised to make Wyley Duke of Sonora in case his empire is restored."

"Then Wyley expects to make over this State of Deseret into a part of a future Mexican empire—is that it? Why, it sounds like a romance. But his plans seem to me rather too romantic. How can he keep faith with the United States, with the Confederate States, with the Mormons, and with the Mexicans all at the same time?"

"Perhaps he may not try," replied Yarrow, quizzically.

"I see, I see," said Burke, musingly. "He will use the Mormons to carry the coast into the Confederacy; then throw over the Mormons; then throw over the Confederates when he gets into the Mexican empire; then throw over the Mexicans if he can run an empire of his own. In short, he is for Wyley first, last, and all the time."

"Perhaps he believes that any republic or confederation is bound to fall apart in the course of time. If he so believes, he could easily excuse to himself his disloyalty to this nation as merely anticipating its decay and downfall."

"The same excuse would serve for his disloyalty to the next nation he swore allegiance to," retorted Burke.

"Yes, he could use the same excuse indefinitely. But let us hope that he and those who think as he does may not succeed in their secession plans."

Burke stared at Yarrow in surprise. "Surely, you don't believe there is any chance of the Southern States seceding!" he cried.

Yarrow shook his head anxiously. "I do not for a moment doubt that they will some day secede—or, attempt to do so—with what result no one can tell."

"If they try it, we'll thrash them soundly, and then turn their States into Territories!" declared Burke beligerently.

"But when that is done, what becomes of our republic? It would be no longer a union of equal and independent States, but a league of victorious States ruling a group of vanquished ones as conquered territory."

"Do you deny to a republic the right to subdue its rebellious members?"

"No, of course not; it is an inherent right. But so is the right of revolution; so is secession. If secession is wrong, our forefathers would have had no right to secede from Great Britain."

"That's different—revolt against a king is usually right, while to secede from a republic is certainly wrong," persisted Burke.

"But the Southerners are on top now in Congress. Suppose they should turn all the territory north of Mason and Dixon's line into slave States—would you submit?"

"No, I wouldn't," roared Burke. "I'd fight first!"

Yarrow laughed heartily. "Then you would be in rebellion, for they would be the government. But come, senator, let's drop these dialectic questions, or we'll get to quarreling over the sectional issue, which would never do, for we're both of us Northerners and both union men."

"With all my heart, Yarrow—we'll drop it. I know you're mighty clever at those inverted paradoxes, but even though I know you don't believe them, such doctrines make me uncomfortable."

"Six o'clock!" pronounced Yarrow, looking at his massive repeater, which was anchored to his broadcated velvet waistcoat with a huge gold cable. "Why, it's almost dinner-time! We must be off. Have you any engagement for dinner this evening, senator?"

"No."

"Then suppose you come and dine with me, either at the French rotisserie or at my hotel. We might go to the theatre afterwards, if you like, to see Junius Brutus Booth."

"I don't care much for the theatre, but I shall be very glad to take supper with you. I think I'd rather go to your hotel—I see too many of my constituents at the French restaurant."

"Then we'll dine at the Oriental," said Yarrow, as they took their departure from the Bank Exchange. "We shall probably see acquaintances who are more to our liking at the hotel. We can get a fair dinner there, even if it's not quite so good as the French chef gives us. At the rotisserie, they really roast the joints. By the way, did you ever know that this is the only city in the United States, except New Orleans, where roast meat is actually roasted? Millions of Americans think they are eating roast meat when it is only baked."

"No, I didn't know it. Then meat cooked in an oven—"

"Is only baked," interrupted Yarrow. "To be roasted, meat must be cooked on a revolving spit; 'roast,' 'rotary,' 'rotisserie'—all come from the same root, meaning a wheel. Our ancestors, who cooked meat before an open fire with a dog for a turnspit, really

had roasts—better cooked meats than most of their rich descendants have today."

"Did you learn that at college?"

"I'm afraid not. At college one is usually taught high thinking and plain living—very plain. I probably learned it at the Trois Frères Provençaux, or at some other Palais Royal restaurant, where knowledge costs much more than at college," added Yarrow ruefully.

"Yarrow," said Burke suddenly, "for the life of me I can not understand, as I've already said, why a man like you, with money and a college education, and who has lived in foreign parts, should be content to stay here in this God-forsaken place—particularly as you don't have to follow any profession or business."

Yarrow laughed gaily as he replied. "I like it here," he asserted. "I am a drone in a busy hive, it is true, but what of that? In the Old World the people are cold-blooded and calculating; here they are warm-hearted and impulsive. In older communities the idler is looked upon as fair game—everybody plucks him; here everybody regards me much as the Indians do their priests—as crazy. I might make money—I do not try; ergo, I am crazy. I drink too much—men who do that do it to get drunk—I don't get drunk; ergo, I am crazy. In short, people here like me, but are amazed at me. And even their amazement amuses me. But here we are at the Oriental."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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CITIES OF HELL.

I fell into a trance; my spirit passed
Beyond the boundaries of the earth, until
I paused upon some dismal height, and gazed.
Beneath me vast and various cities lay;
Cities of earth they seemed, resurgent here.

Familiar, as I gazed, they grew, and clear:
London discoloring the rolling clouds;
Next Paris in sunbeams, then moonlit Rome;
Last Babylon abandoned to great stars:
These I beheld rebuked upon space.

Down to that other London with slow pace
Venturing, I into a chamber came,
Where breathed a man, as after murder, fast,
In fury bent above a woman; she,
New-murdered, listless to me turned her head.

Then said I to the woman: "Being dead,
Why in this tragic London chamber still
Linger you?" She made answer: "He who stares
With everlasting fury in my face
Within this room in frenzy murdered me.

"Such power hath passion upon stones that he
Transported into space the very walls,
The hour, the room, this hed where still I droop.
Hither at death we naturally came,
Inheriting the home that moment huilt.

"Nothing is changed—nothing; his furious guilt
Detains this chamber fast, and bids it stand.
Ah, God! the twilight star without, the branch
Rustling, the long white cloud upon the sky,
By his magnetic rage do still cohere.

"O listen, friend! Dost thou not even hear
The running of the river through the arch,
The very breeze with gentleness of rain?
Then, how it sighed! Now it hath passed away.
The softest noises of that hour endure.

"Our spirits to these walls hath he bound sure;
We, murderer and murdered, private live.
Millions have hither hurled the hour, the place,
The scenery of their sins: so rises here
Another London and a second Rome.

"Oh, if thou marvellest at this earthly home,
This rustle of earthly foliage after death,
This pattering of rain beyond the grave,
Then tremble! Nothing done, or said, or thought,
Shall ever perish: none can ever die."

"Is there no hope, then? Must you two," said I,
"Spend in this earthly room eternal years?"
"I have forgiven him; my part is done,"
She answered: "If hut once his rage subside,
Straight would these walls dissolve, releasing us."

Listless again, when she had spoken thus,
She grew; that other breathing fast I heard.
Then sudden as a child I cried for earth:
Down rushing, I was 'ware at last of waves,
Then spires; and to the body I returned.

—Stephen Phillips, from "New Poems," published by the John Lane Company.

Twelve thousand pounds left to charities by a peddler's will, found in an old silk hat, was the subject of a resumed case in the probate division of a London court a few days ago. An old silk hat (so the story runs) was lent by the testator, a Polish peddler, to William Thomas Wall, a hairdresser, of Cambridge, that he might attend a funeral, and he returned the hat directly afterwards. Subsequently the peddler brought the hat to Mr. Wall, saying, "You may as well take charge of it." After the peddler's death his will was found in the hat's silk lining. The president of the court, in giving his decision, said the story of the finding might seem a very remarkable one, but in the probate registry at Somerset House there were just as singular curiosities in wills. He came to the conclusion that the will was established, and granted probate of it, the costs to come out of the estate.

A railway through the mountains north of the Adriatic Sea, constructed by the Austrian government to build up the trade of Trieste, though only 130 miles long, has 679 bridges and viaducts. It also runs through forty-nine tunnels.

The population of the world could be contained in Delaware if they were as congested as the people in eleven New York City blocks, at the rate of 1200 per acre.

CAPTAIN DESMOND, V. C.

A Stirring Story of Military Life on the Northern Frontiers of India.

"Captain Desmond, V. C.," must be added to the list of successful stories of the frontier line in India, of the chain of desolate forts that hold back the barbarian hordes of the north. It is a forlorn and desperate existence, full of fierce and relentless fighting unrecorded even by newspaper paragraphs, unrewarded by public honors or applause. That it has also its fascinations is made evident by the author's powerful romance.

Captain Desmond's marriage to Evelyn is something of a shock to his comrades, who had supposed his allegiance to the army to be indivisible. And Evelyn is not the right woman for a frontier post. Delicate and childish, she has all that subtle selfishness and concentration upon pleasures that belong to her order of mind. And then comes Honor Meredith to visit her brother, who is second in command in the frontier regiment, but whose sudden illness and consequent leave throw her into the Desmond household. Honor's vigorous mind and character shine all the brighter in contrast with the pretty child wife and the slow tragedy of domestic estrangement inevitably begins. Desmond, with his rigid code of honor and duty, can not understand his wife's intense femininity, and Honor slowly becomes supreme in the household, the friend of the husband and the mentor of the wife. When Desmond is ordered on an expedition Evelyn can not understand why he must leave her, and it is Honor who steels the poor little wife to endure the inevitable. Desmond is desperately wounded and the incident of the fight is well told:

Desmond never quite knew how he climbed those formidable steps; and as he vaulted up the last three of them, the whole dread scene sprang abruptly into view.

Denvil and his fifteen Pathans had been ambuscaded, and completely outnumbered; and in the cramped space a sharp hand-to-hand encounter was in progress. A small party of Sikhs had already come up with him; but even so the odds were heavily on the wrong side; and in spite of the gallant stand made so far, the event seemed a foregone conclusion. It was simply a case of "dying game"—of adding one more to the list of "regrettable incidents" which figure too frequently in the records of border warfare.

A new-risen sun smiled serenely down upon it all; and the awakened earth was frankly indifferent to the issue.

But amid the stirring confusion of a struggle at close quarters, Desmond saw one thing only; and the sight struck at his heart like a sword-thrust.

Harry Denvil, hard pressed by four Afridis brandishing long knives and leathern shields, stood with his back against a rock, fighting for dear life.

Five of his men, and several of the enemy lay dead or wounded around him. His left arm was disabled; his helmet gone; his hair gleaming red gold in the sunlight; his young face, white and desperate, disfigured by an ugly cut across the forehead and cheek bone, from which the blood trickled unheeded in a sluggish stream.

He had flung away his empty revolver; and was warding off blows right and left, using his sword with a coolness and dexterity which would have surprised him had he been aware of it. But he was aware of nothing except a fierce desire not to die yet—not yet; and to get a straight cut at one of the dark faces that pressed in upon him with such pitiless persistence.

At sight of Desmond a great cry broke from him.

"Desmond," he shouted; "Desmond—thank God."

For answer Desmond ran blindly forward, sheer lust of slaughter in his heart; trumpet, bodyguard, and the foremost troopers following as closely as their captain's ardor would permit.

But the unreasoning sense of safety which the man's presence was apt to inspire in all who had learned to depend on him, put Harry momentarily off his guard. He took a hasty step away from the rock, making it possible for the first time to strike at him from behind; and in the same instant Desmond fired. But before his bullet could reach its destination, the long knife had descended, swift and certain. And even as the man who wielded it dropped like a log, Harry Denvil stumbled forward; and, with a thick soh, fell face downward at Desmond's feet.

There was no time to stop and ascertain whether the knife had completed its work. Striding across his subaltern's body, Desmond turned upon his assailants, all the natural savage in him lashed to a white heat of fury, and fired twice in quick succession, with deadly effect. But the knife of a third man hit into his flesh like fire, inflicting deep gashes on the left arm and hand, while yet another slipped behind him, his uplifted blade glinting in the sunlight.

By this time, however, Rajinder Singh was behind him also; and, like a lightning streak, his tulwar whizzed through the air, cleaving the man's head from his body at a blow.

Desmond swung sharply round to find his reinforcements swarming over the plateau's edge.

"Well struck, Sirdar Sahib."

But the sentence was never finished. A puff of smoke from behind a distant rock, the boom of a jezail, and Desmond fell beside the boy, stunned by a well-aimed shot on the edge of the cheek bone, the slug glancing off perilously close to the right eye.

A shout of rage went up from his men. "The Captain Sahib—the Captain Sahib." But Rajinder Singh, promptly assuming command, had them turn upon the Afridi devils and smite their souls to hell; and, forming a protective ring about their fallen officers, they obeyed with right good will.

When Desmond is brought back to the station his frightful condition causes his wife almost to recoil from him. Her love is mainly physical and has scanty room for wounds and mutilation. It was all so much more horrible than she had imagined, and when she learns that recovery must be a matter of many weeks her small stock of fortitude gives way at once. She even admits to her husband that she had wanted to go away before his return, although knowing that he was wounded:

The appalling prospect so unnerved her that she leaned her head against him, sobbing bitterly.

"Oh, I can't—I can't—"

The low cry came straight from her heart; and Desmond understood its broken protest to the full. The effort to uphold her was to be useless after all. He compressed his lips and gently released his hand.

"If it is really going to be too much for you," he said in a changed tone, "I could arrange for Honor to take you away in a day or two, till I am well enough to follow on. They all know here that you are not strong. One need not degrade you by telling—the whole truth. I have at least the right to shield you, whatever you may do."

"But Theo, I couldn't possibly go; could I?"

His smile knew no hint of scorn.

"Goodness knows what you could or could not do. You are free, at any rate, to act up to your own lights."

"No—no," she spoke hurriedly, with downcast eye. "I'm not free. Honor would refuse to take me. She thinks it's dreadful that I should go. I never saw her so angry before. She—she said—terrible things."

"Good God. What do you—mean?"

Desmond spoke slowly. Anger and amazement wound in his deep voice; and his wife saw what she had done.

"Theo—Theo—" she cried, clasping her hands, and wringing them in distraction at her own foolishness, "I never meant to say that. I—I—"

He silenced her with a gesture.

"Do you mean to tell me," he said, breathing hard and speaking with an effort, "that you actually thought of—going—before I came?"

"Oh, if you will listen, and not be angry—I can explain."

"No doubt you can. You have a talent for explaining away—facts," he answered coldly. "But I am bent on having the truth, even if it kills—everything. You would have simply—bolted, and left me to come back to an empty house, if Honor had not prevented you? Great heavens—Honor. I can well believe she said terrible things."

His wife knelt upright now, and caught at his hand. But he withdrew it hastily.

"Theo—please, please listen to me. You are very unkind."

"Am I?—Don't you think it is the other way round? I confess I'm in no humor to listen to you just now. I've had about as much as I can stand tonight; and Mackay told me I was not to get upset." He laughed harshly—a sound that chilled her blood. "But of course he couldn't anticipate this. No mere man would dream of such a thing."

"But truly—you don't understand."

"No, thank God, I don't understand—cowardice and desertion. I hope I never may. Get up now, and leave me alone. It's the greatest kindness you can do me; and yourself also, I imagine."

"Oh, don't say that. It's not true. I was—frightened. I didn't half know what I said; and I'm not going to dream of leaving you. Won't you let me speak?"

"Tomorrow, Evelyn, tomorrow," he answered wearily. "I shall be able to give you a fairer hearing by then; and I pray God I may have misjudged you. Now—go."

She bent down and kissed his hand; then rose and slipped silently back into her own room.

Evelyn's death is indescribably pitiful, but it is no mere platitude to say that she must be better off anywhere than in a military frontier camp, where the burden of unselfish duty lies even more heavily upon the women than upon the men. Stung by her husband's censure, she insists upon her bearers carrying her beyond the limits of the camp. There is the sudden apparition of a white-robed Ghazi, a stampede of the native servants, and a single rifle shot that pierces Evelyn's breast. She is brought back to the bungalow and she dies in her husband's arms:

"But you were so angry, I was—afraid to come home."

"My God," the man groaned under his breath. But before he could grasp the full horror of it all, she shrank closer to him, clutching at his arm, her eyes wide with terror.

"There's blood on me—look. It was—that man. Is it bad? Am I going—to die?"

"Not if human power can save you, my dear little woman. Mackay will soon be here."

But pain and fear clouded her senses, and she scarcely heard the words.

"Theo—I can't see you properly. Are you there?"

"Yes, yes. I am here."

The necessity for speech tortured him. But her one coherent longing was for the sound of his voice.

"Don't let me die, please—not yet. I won't make you angry any more, I promise. And—and—it frightens me so. Keep tight hold of me; don't let me slip—away."

Desmond had a sensation as if a hand had gripped his throat, choking him, so that he could neither speak nor breathe. But with a supreme effort he mastered it; and leaning closer to her, spoke slowly, steadily, that she might lose no word of the small comfort he had to give.

"I am holding you, my darling; and I will hold you to the very end. Only try—try to be brave, and remember that—whatever happens, you are safe—in God's hands."

A pitiful sob broke from her.

"But I don't understand about God. I only want—you. I want your hands—always. Where is the other one? Put it underneath me—and hold me—ever so close."

He obeyed her, in silence, to the letter. She winced a little at the movement; then her head nestled into its resting place on the wounded shoulder, with a sigh that had in it no shadow of pain; and bending down he kissed her, long and fervently.

"Theo—darling," she breathed ecstatically, when her lips were free for speech, "now I know it isn't true—what you said about not—caring any more. And I am—ever so happy. God can't let me—die—now."

And on the word, a rush of blood from the damaged lung brought on the inevitable choking cough, that shattered the last remnant of her strength. Her fingers closed convulsively upon his; and at the utmost height of happiness—as it were on the crest of the wave—her spirit slipped from its moorings—and he was alone.

It is a powerful story all the way through, not only in its romance, but in its striking picture of native life and customs. Few writers have introduced us so successfully to the fierce Indian fighters whose passionate fanaticism is tempered only by their loyalty to officers who never fail them and whose courage must be equal to their own. The author evidently knows her subject to the ground. She writes a story that is saturated with detail and vivid with color and one that adds substantially to our knowledge of a fascinating country and a gallant and turbulent life.

"Captain Desmond, V. C.," by Maud Diver. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

Dickens was the originator of the London *Daily News*. The paper was started on January 21, 1846. At that time Charles Dickens was editor; his father, John Dickens, was the manager; Douglas Jerrold was assistant editor, and Bradbury and Evans were the printers; Albany Fonblanque and John Forster were leader writers; "Father Prout" (Mahoney) was Roman correspondent, and George Hogarth, Dickens's father-in-law, was musical critic. Sir William Jackson, Sir Joseph Watkins, and Mr. (afterwards Sir Joseph) Paxton, were among the principal proprietors.

John Mitchell, ex-president of the United Mine Workers, is reported to be slated as a special labor commissioner to Panama.

NEW YORK OPERA-GOERS.

Reginald de Koven Points Out the Significance of Hammerstein's Success.

In an extended criticism and review, written for the New York World, Reginald de Koven, the composer and musical authority, calls attention to the salient features of the grand opera season and notes a tendency which will stir the interest of music-lovers everywhere. From his article the following paragraphs are taken:

The most remarkable musical season that New York has ever known is now slowly but surely on the wane. So far, however, from its being an unusual exhibition of musical activity in all directions, I am inclined to believe that next season will, if possible, be even more important and interesting, for it must mark an entire change of plan and policy and the consequent results in the conduct of matters operatic at the Metropolitan Opera House, while Mr. Hammerstein's plans for the Manhattan are even broader and more enterprising than those which he has brought to so successful a completion this season.

There is one feature about opera in New York at the present time that may not have occurred to many, and that is that the operatic audiences, and particularly so at the Manhattan, are by no means exclusively drawn from the population of Greater New York and its immediate vicinity. I know of people coming here from cities like Detroit, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and localities even further south and west, simply and solely to attend performances of opera, and particularly of the novelties which Mr. Hammerstein has offered. It may well be that this is one of the reasons why New York is able to support two opera houses successfully, and the fact certainly denotes that New York is more and more every day becoming the artistic centre of this country, which means that the eyes of the entire country to an even greater extent are fixed upon New York and its musical and operatic doings. I wonder if it has occurred to the management of the Metropolitan that the success of opera at the Manhattan and what Mr. Hammerstein has been able to accomplish there is looked upon by the country at large as having positively revolutionized opera-giving in this country. The present attitude of the entire country toward New York as an artistic centre and as the distributing point for music and drama of all kinds is a significant one, and one to be carefully borne in mind by all resident purveyors of the same.

The recent success of the revival of an opera like "Crispino e la Comare" at the Manhattan—an opera which in its heyday could hardly be classed as anything more than a work of secondary importance—has been suggestive of thought to me in various ways. And first, that there are a number of operas written in about the same vein as this work of the brothers Ricci which would be even more suitable for revival. Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment," Adam's "Postillion de Lonjumeau," Boildieu's "La Dame Blanche," Herold's "Pre aux Clercs," Auber's "Mansaniello," "Crown Diamonds," "Cheval de Bronze," and "Jean de Paris," and Maillard's "Dragons de Villars," to name but a few, are all standard operas still included in the repertoires of the principal opera houses abroad. To the present generation of opera-goers they would be practically novelties, and their revival would, in my judgment, be of interest to the public and profit to any management who would undertake to revive them.

Another pertinent thought suggested was that the distinctive feature of the success of opera at the Manhattan this year lay in the production of what might be called legitimate opera comique, for the pieces that have stamped success upon the present season there have been operas of this class; like "Contes d'Hoffman," "Louise," and "Pelléas et Mélisande," considering Tetrassini and all her works as a thing apart. And this thought naturally leads to the oft-mooted question of a possible opera comique in New York—of an opera house devoted exclusively to the production of operas in the lighter and lyric forms as distinguished from grand opera pure and simple.

There can be no question of the eminent suitability of the Manhattan Opera House for the presentation of works of this class; there can also be no question of the eminent unsuitability of the Metropolitan Opera House for the same class of work. It looked very much at one time earlier in the season as if Mr. Hammerstein might be brought around to the point of thinking that the real solution to the present difficult operatic situation might be found in the dedication of his house to such works, whereby it would become actually and in fact the Opera Comique of New York.

But now that rivalry at daggers drawn has intervened between the two houses, this peaceful and practical solution seems out of the question, and there is no doubt that from his own standpoint at least Mr. Hammerstein is justified in adhering to his original plan of making the Manhattan an all-round opera house for the giving of any and all operas which in his judgment he may deem suitable, and letting the other house do their worst in competition along the same lines. This being the case, and the indications being unmistakable that at the present time New York is opera mad and likely to remain so, and that therefore the giving of opera is likely to prove

a profitable as well as an artistic venture, the further thought suggests itself as to whether an Opera Comique is not now a possibility in this city.

It is of course genius of the very highest order which can supply its own opportunity; but, per contra, and probably more often, it is the opportunity which makes the man or the genius. We have a very strong and convincing proof of this fact in relation to opera comique. One reason why Paris is today the great art-producing centre of the world is because the French in all matters pertaining to art are intensely national. Rightly or wrongly, they consider that artistic work done by a Frenchman is *ipso facto* better than similar work done by an individual of any other nationality; and they are undoubtedly provincial to the extent of their desire to hear no other works. It is a feeling of this kind which makes an institution like the Paris Opera Comique a possibility.

There is no other in the world like it. Organized in 1755, we owe to the opportunities which it has afforded a long list of musical names and a still longer list of musical works which would probably never have been written or produced had not the opportunity been present to provide the necessary incentive to bring them into being. The names of Adam, Herold, Boildieu, Auber, Thomas, Grelly, Bizet, Massenet, Messager, and Charpentier and the long list of their works are so indissolubly connected with the Opera Comique in Paris that the union may be looked upon as a case of cause and effect. It is certain almost beyond doubt that to the demand of the Opera Comique for suitable works the world owes operatic gems like "Mignon," "Domino Noir," "Carmen," and other works of the same class too numerous to mention.

Next to the Theatre Française, the Opera Comique is at the same time the most popular, the most important, and the best-paying theatre in Paris, and there would seem to be little doubt that a popular demand for and interest in works of this class could readily be created in this country were such an institution to be founded here, allowing always that they shall be presented in the same complete way as in Paris. Surely the success of "Louise" and "Contes d'Hoffman" this season would indicate that one would not have to look far for the popular interest necessary to secure popular support. Were such a theatre inaugurated in New York, and it could be understood the light operas suitable for its performances by American composers could obtain at least a hearing, it might be of the greatest value and importance to the development of this form of art in this country. If the Paris Opera Comique may not unreasonably be held responsible for the composers whose works have made its name famous the world over, and through it given to the world a distinct and valuable art form, would it not be fair to suppose that the establishment of such an institution in New York might lead to the development in this country of a similar school of composers working in the same field?

Of course, like the other national theatres, the French Opera Comique is in receipt of a large yearly subsidy which enables it to look for hidden merit everywhere by production of the works of unknown composers in a way that would be hardly possible for and hardly to be expected of the average operatic manager. In place of government subsidy we would in New York have to look to private patronage and endowment, and with all the interest now shown in opera in its various forms it would hardly seem impossible that a sufficient number of influential people interested in art could be found to place such an institution on a practicable financial basis if purely private enterprise like that of Mr. Hammerstein should be unwilling to undertake the task.

An even more important thought suggested was that the present popular desuetude of the lighter forms of opera was due to the fact that of recent years there have been no singers capable of adequately presenting such works. Quite forgetting that opera comique, apart from lyric opera, is a distinct and valuable art form, the ambition of every one possessed of sufficient voice for operatic work is now solely for grand opera, with the result that the smaller opera houses of Europe are filled with American singers who, having spent years and a small fortune in operatic study abroad, prefer to stay over there and sing for salaries whose smallness would hardly be believed, like 250 francs a month for several weekly performances, rather than to confess failure by returning home. For opera comique all these singers would be available, and once this class of work is again properly sung its popular vogue would return, and the present inane and artistically valueless musical agglomerate which masquerades under the title of musical comedy would be prevented from further debauching the popular taste for this class of work, which is too valuable and distinctive an art form to be thus allowed to lapse permanently.

When Critics Disagree.

It is not such a vital matter for critics to disagree as for doctors to take opposing views, but there is food for reflection and for amusement in these deadly parallels, selected from among forty recently collated by the Musical Courier. It will be noted that the contradictory criticisms are from the columns of the leading New York daily papers, and that they

were written by musical reporters of reputation and admitted ability:

The artistic level maintained by Sembrich at her recital was of exalted height.—*New York Herald*.

The trill was not perfect, and throughout the recital there were occasional lapses in intonation, and now and then unevenness of tone quality.—*New York Evening Post*.

The manner in which the (Russian Symphony) orchestra disposed of Tchaikowsky's fourth symphony left only its disjointed fragments to tell a tale.—*New York Sun*.

The reading of the symphony was vivid, forcible, picturesque, and ever most apt in bringing out the weird color and effects of varied contrast, while the rendering was as artistic a bit of orchestral playing as I have heard this season.—*New York World*.

The second act was very bad indeed ("Rigoletto").—*New York Times*.

In the second act everything took on animation, and the performance was on a higher plane.—*New York Press*.

Tetrassini's acting ("Crispino e la Comare") was the weakest part of her impersonation. She permitted many opportunities for humorous and inspiring action to pass. The part requires real comic talent, seemingly not in the gamut of Tetrassini's powers.—*New York Sun*.

Tetrassini has ingratiating comedy instincts. She can assume an antic disposition even if it does not comport with her appearance and bearing.—*New York Tribune*.

Bonci was not in his best voice ("Rigoletto").—*New York Sun*.

Bonci was the one artist in the cast who could be praised unreservedly. For artistic singing he certainly wears the Jean de Reszke mantle.—*New York World*.

Farrar ("Mignon") finds it difficult to act the ingenue with quite the simplicity that such parts call for.—*New York Tribune*.

Her conception of the rôle of Mignon was sweet with childish simplicity; . . . young, awkward, and not without a girlish, winsome grace.—*New York Sun*.

Gianoli-Galetti was somewhat slow as Crispino (the cobbler).—*New York Sun*.

Gianoli-Galetti was a nimble cobbler.—*New York Herald*.

RECENT VERSE.

Self-Reliance.

Myself did make my yesterdays,
And this I truly know.
To all my morrows I shall bring
Their store of joy or woe.

Each cup these lips of mine shall drink,
It shall be filled by me;
For every door that I would pass,
These hands must mould the key.

If e'en on yonder shining height
A larger life I own,
Though thro' my brain, though ache my feet,
Its slope I climb alone.

No more along a darkened way,
I, doubting, blindly grope;
No more I shame my soul with fear,
Nor yet with yearning hope.

But knowing this that I do know,
And seeing what I see,
I rest in this great certainty—
All may be well with me.
—Janet Yale, in *Harper's Bazar*.

The Gipsy.

Oh, she was most precious, as the Wind's self
was fair.
What did I give her when I had her on my
knee?
Red kisses for her coral lips and a red comb for
her hair.
She took my gifts, she took my heart, and fled
away from me.

Oh, but she was fanciful. She found a savage
mate;
He scorned her, he spurned her, he drove her
from his door.
She cuddled in his ingle-nook and laughed at all
his hate.
She took his curses, took his blows, and never
left him more.
—Helen Hay Whitney, in *Metropolitan Maga-*
zine.

The Forest.

They stand like tested warriors, clad in green—
My pines—each one a weathered veteran.
The winter routs them not, nor the stout van
Of tempest whirls them to defeat; dark, lean,
Loyal, watchful, all seasons they are seen
Guarding the water-roads. 'Tis only man
They fear: if they should fall, 'tis he they ban;
For, without them, but drought were his to glean;
Sink then the laughing naiads would depart,
Sink deep into the earth and sing no more;
And man would starve where he should reap full
cheer.
For these my pines are jealous: each at heart
Some merry water-maiden doth adore;
Mar thou this love—and find a desert here.
—C. G. Blanden, in *Chicago Evening Post*.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Elizabeth St. John Matthews has received the contract for making the statue of Mrs. Gilbert, the actress, from the Gilbert Monument Association. The statue is to be of heroic size and will cost \$15,000.

The eminent British scientist, Francis Galton, has just begun his eighty-seventh year, in the serene hope that the human race, even though he will not live to see it, is destined to improve prodigiously through the new science of eugenics, in which he was a pioneer.

The effort to secure the Moorish bandit Raisuli for the London Hippodrome has failed. The acting manager who was intrusted with the delicate mission says in a letter just received: "Raisuli is not the man we think, but a very high and important personage, a holy man, Shereef of the family, and in the direct lineage of the Prophet, so that you will understand why a certain man in high position should tell me that I might just as well ask the Sultan himself to come to London."

Lieutenant Shackleton, who is on a voyage to discover the South Pole, has been appointed postmaster of that Antarctic region known as King Edward VI Land. Just before he sailed from Port Lyttelton the postmaster-general of New Zealand gave him the appointment. He is empowered to establish the first Antarctic postoffice, to issue stamps and dispatch mails when circumstances permit, which will be almost never. But what an interest for stamp collectors the first Antarctic letters which are delivered will possess!

Miss Emilie Manley, the assistant organist at St. Bartholomew's Church, has sailed for England to become the assistant organist at the famous old cathedral at York, and to spend three long years studying under Tertius Noble, the organist and composer of church music, who controls the organ in this old cathedral. And Miss Manley's going proves that dreams do come true some time, for ever since she has been a little girl of twelve, she has been playing on organs whenever she could, and playing so well eventually, that she is to be the only woman organist in a cathedral in the whole of England.

The American ambassador to Italy and Mrs. Griscom have visited Berlin in order to dine with the German emperor. When Ambassador and Mrs. Griscom were in Berlin the Kaiser was impressed with the charm and grace of the American diplomat's wife and showed her many courtesies not extended to the families of other plenipotentiaries. Just before going to the Italian Embassy Mrs. Griscom was the Kaiser's hostess at dinner in Berlin, and on that occasion Emperor William publicly declared that she was the most charming American woman he had ever met, and exacted a promise that when he should give the word she and the ambassador would come to Berlin to enjoy his hospitality at the imperial palace.

Professor Robert Koch, the renowned German pathologist, is about to visit America and is expected to land at New York within a few days. He intends to travel extensively throughout the United States and Canada, and he will also confer with Andrew Carnegie, who has given \$100,000 in aid of the investigation into the "sleeping sickness." Professor Koch is the greatest living authority on bubonic plague and similar diseases. In 1880 he identified the germ of tuberculosis and he was placed at the head of the German cholera commission and subsequently he discovered the bacillus of that malady, receiving a reward of 100,000 marks from the government. Professor Koch is not yet sixty-five years of age, but his discoveries have secured for him recognition as one of the greatest benefactors of humanity.

The dinner recently given in Philadelphia to Colonel McClure was ostensibly in celebration of his eightieth birthday, but this was little more than an excuse for a display of the kindness that has accumulated through a long life of public service. The roll of the colonel's friends is as long as the list of Pennsylvania's worthies for sixty years. He has been the familiar and potent friend of them all—Tom Scott, Forney, Simon Cameron, Galusha Grow, Sam Randall, and Judge Kelley. He was an influential country editor in Chambersburg and the editor of the Philadelphia Times. When Mapleson carried his singing birds to Philadelphia, where they were always opulently welcomed, the Times used to give them all a breakfast in its pleasant library. The handsome colonel used to preside, and Lamert, Lamien, Janvier (who once wrote paragraphs before he fell into literary ways), and the irrepressible Keenan, used to be asked in to make a pleasant hour for Marie Rose and Gerster and Campanini. There actors were breakfasted, too, and there was a gay council on the afternoons of the best days. The colonel did stern work as well as hospitality. He did most to clean up the city back in the late seventies and in 1880, and he is largely accountable for Robert Pattison. He partially brought up Moses Handy, and is, therefore, indirectly responsible for the saucy Clover Club. Now he is a prothonotary, and his brilliant days are behind him—but they were brilliant, as brilliant as the colonel is and has always been.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Anne Warner, novelist and author, has a well-grounded complaint against the stage. She consented to dramatize "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," and she finds to her disgust that the story must be ruined in the process, and this not because of the exigencies of the drama, but to feed the vanity of a star. She must be the one centre of attraction and the one and only gleam of beauty, of wit, or of intelligence. "She must have the maid's apron and the man's cigarette," the audience must look at her alone even during the scenes between other performers. If the story is not adapted to such a concentration of interest, then so much the worse for the story and it must be changed. Miss Warner will have no more of it, and in future her novels must remain in their original form.

And to all this Mr. Metcalfe, the dramatic critic, has his reply. He says that our "ready-made or made-while-you-wait stars" are not actresses at all, and therefore they must be bolstered up by every means, fair or foul. Mr. Metcalfe goes on to say that so long as our theatrical rulers are drawn from the Tenderloin we must naturally expect Tenderloin methods, and much more to the same effect, all of it very true, no doubt, but of small consolation to Mrs. Warner.

The Pulse of Asia, by Ellsworth Huntington. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; \$3.50.

This important hook is the record of a journey in Central Asia undertaken with an ambitious scientific object. The causes of human evolution, the motive power behind the making of history, have perplexed generations of thinkers and the conclusions have been as various as the orders of mind employed in the research. Humanity has so many facets from the spiritual to the material, all of them sensitive and responsive to influences of their own kind, that we can hardly expect to find a common motive underlying historical movements. But we may at least detect some of the most important, perhaps only some of the most visible, and these the author believes that he has found in geographical conditions and the influence exerted by changes of climate. He gives a topical interest to his subject by the suggestion that even financial panics may be due primarily to periods of deficient rainfall with which more obvious causes of human folly are in cooperation. Sometimes the track of human advance has doubled back on itself and from just such causes. Rome fell before barbarians who were impelled by the threat of starvation at their backs. The Dark Ages in Europe were caused by a change of climate in Asia, while at the present day all existing institutions are menaced by starvation in China. It may, therefore, be possible to trace the great movements in history so far back to their source that we can subordinate ambition and greed to the less interesting factor of the weather. We may, indeed, be able to predict the future, and from data that now have only an academic or benevolent interest.

The author has spent seven years in Asia in pursuit of the information now available in his book. He has used his opportunities to good advantage. He finds in Central Asia a type of life in all its departments characteristic of prolonged geographic aridity. When this is understood it is easy to see how similar conditions have produced similar results in other parts of the world and how historical changes have proceeded *pari passu* with climatic differences. He writes with an entire freedom from dogmatism and preconceived opinion and with a wealth of detail and a clarity of style that should bespeak for him a wide and appreciative audience.

At the Foot of the Rainbow, by Gene Stratton Porter. Published by the Outing Publishing Company, New York.

There are very few hooks with so strong a combination of nature painting and human characterization. Jimmy and Danny are partners in central Indiana, farming in summer and catching muskrats in winter. Danny had been, and still is, in love with Jimmy's wife. He had sent Jimmy on a kind of John Alden's mission and had been betrayed, and now he worships Mary from afar, stanchly loyal to his unworthy friend and doing all in his power to make amends to Mary for her husband's drunken neglect. The romance is exquisitely tender, while the nature descriptions, the vivid pictures of river and country life are unsurpassed. "At the Foot of the Rainbow" is one of the few hooks to be grateful for and to remember.

The Chichester Intrigue, by Thomas Cohn. Published by the John Lane Company, London.

While this is an admirably told story, its motif is hardly one to be appreciated by the average reader. Lambert Amory, examining the paper of his dead friend Chichester, finds a number of compromising letters from Edna Thornhill, who is about to become engaged to Amory's friend, Sir Hugo Warbrook. The letters must have been written when Edna was little more than a schoolgirl, and while they show grave indiscretion there is no evidence of anything worse. Amory conceives it to be his duty to warn his friend, and in an

indirect way he does so, with the result that relations with Edna are broken off, Sir Hugo finding it impossible to marry a girl upon whom the slightest reflection has ever rested. He himself is in no way entitled to the white flower of a blameless life, but he ruthlessly demands from a girl a higher standard than his own.

If the object of the story were to represent Warbrook as a hypocrite and a cur, there would be no fault to find with it, but the author seems to expect us to tolerate a code of honor that may be exaggerated but of which the basis is supposed to be praiseworthy. Amory shows that his sense of honor is a diseased one when he takes any action at all on the love letters of a school-girl. Sir Hugo becomes frankly disgusting when he refuses to marry a good and beautiful woman because she was once as silly as the rest of her school-girl kind. The introduction of a maiden aunt of the same name who claims the authorship of the letters in order to protect her niece is inartistic and labored. There may be classes of society in which such codes of honor prevail, but the average man of good will thanks God that he does not belong to them and will believe that "The Chichester Intrigue" is much ado about nothing.

Saint Catherine of Siena, by Edmund G. Gardner, M. A. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$4.

This impressive volume will be welcomed as warmly by the student of history as by the devotee. It is not only a masterly story of one of the greatest minds that ever lived and a record of saintly austerity and devotion, but as a survey of a vital period in history it leaves nothing to be desired. Its four hundred pages leave us still unsatisfied but marveling greatly at the appearance of such shining souls, whose whole lives are indeed an "existence of expiation" and whose example and influence take only a secondary place in power and radiance.

The author has done a difficult work with marked discrimination and in such a way as to leave very few outside the circle of content. Avoiding every sign of sectarian bias, he shows us a picture of St. Catherine in such colors as to compel reverence and even adoration. He brings into strong relief those aspects of her character that enabled her to leave so deep a mark upon the politics as well as the religion of her day. There have been other ascetics and other saints, but St. Catherine is distinguished among them all by her undeviating loyalty to the cause of suffering humanity, by her utter selflessness and by her valiant championship of justice and right. Her commanding intellect, stimulated by a passionate humanitarianism, made of her the greatest figure of her day, and the literary skill and the historic accuracy with which she is assigned to her true place are achievements of the highest value and interest.

The marvel of such a life as this is obscured by its incomprehensibility. The domain of ecstasy in which St. Catherine moved at will has not been explored by science and probably it never will be, but that the results of her spiritual genius should thus be recorded dispassionately and judiciously is a sign of the times not without its significance.

Haiti, by J. N. Léger. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York; \$3.

A book about Haiti at the present time is certainly opportune, and there can be no doubt that Mr. Léger's work will be consulted with avidity by those who wish to improve their knowledge of a republic that has suddenly attracted the attention of the world. The author is himself a prominent Haitian, he has written several well-known works, and he has occupied many important governmental positions. He is therefore well equipped in every way to write about his country and to speak of its affairs with knowledge and authority.

His book is a history and a defense. He reminds us that Haiti has produced great men, Toussaint Louverture, Dessalines Pétion, and Boyer, and that she has slowly worked out her destiny and achieved freedom at vast expenditures of blood and money. All this is history, and it is well and forcibly written.

The second half of the book is a defense against "calumnies." We have a consideration of government, education, laws, and customs, all of it intended to disprove charges, the work of "cowardly, ignorant, and often of incompetent enemies." The author's only aim is to give to Americans the means of forming for themselves an "impartial opinion of Haiti." How far he has succeeded may be left to the judgment of his readers in the light of current affairs.

The Wagnerian Romances, by Gertrude Hall. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

The object of the author is to present the subject matter of the Wagner operas in narrative form and to do this without critique or commentary. Her task, therefore, is rather literary than musical, and it is done well, although a close adherence to the Wagner libretti does not conduce to an easy and harmonious style.

Every attempt to popularize the Wagnerian romances is commendable, and especially such careful studies as these. The romances ought

to belong more closely than they do to an universal literature, inasmuch as they have an universal application to the ethics of the world and to the age-long struggle between good and evil. There is perhaps no need to compare them, as does the author, with the "Idylls of the King" or to suggest that we might as well lose one as the other. Fortunately, we shall lose neither, and we may hope that with extended study we shall discern more clearly their identity of meaning and the similarity of aspiration that called them forth.

The Art of the Prado, by C. S. Ricketts. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$2.

This handsome volume comes opportunely at a time when the art treasures of Spain are receiving a fuller measure of attention than heretofore. It is the seventh in the series of "Art Galleries of Europe," and is marked by the same accuracy and fine workmanship as its predecessors.

The Prado was begun early in the eighteenth century and finished a hundred years later. The art gallery now contains 2000 paintings, including all of the pictures from the National Museum of Trinidad. It is a collection of masterpieces, and while not truly representative of the art of the world, it is preeminently the centre where certain phases of art can best be studied. The author writes with marked critical ability, while the forty-eight exceptionally good illustrations give an added value to his book.

Stained Glass Tours in France, by Charles Hitchcock Sherrill. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

The author explains the purpose of his book as an answer to the question, "Where does one find good stained glass in France, and how can it most conveniently be seen?" He asks for indulgence on the ground that he is not an authority on glass—"just a lawyer on a holiday." But he is too modest. He writes as a cultured enthusiast and he combines some admirable disquisitions on art with an historic survey that makes his book worth reading outside of strictly artistic circles. The illustrations are numerous and good.

Venetian Life, by William Dean Howells. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York; \$5.

A reissue of this delightful classic shows that it has in no way lost its place in the popular mind. For over forty years it has remained an unsurpassed ideal of descriptive writing, the most beautiful picture that has

ever been painted of the most beautiful and the most wonderful city in the world.

The edition is worthy of its subject. Mr. Howells himself has revised and enlarged it, adding a personal introduction in his most charming vein. Moreover, there are twenty full-page illustrations in color by Edmund H. Garrett, and these are of exquisite workmanship and reproduced with unusual excellence. Paper and typography are alike luxurious, while the binding contributes materially to the making of an impressive volume.

The Smuggler, by Ella Middleton Tybout. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.50.

This is a refreshingly good story that contrives to be sensational while keeping outside of the category so labeled. A party of American girls go for their vacation to one of the lake villages just within the Canadian frontier, and are unsuspectingly introduced to some of the smuggling fraternity who have made the place their headquarters. There is a succession of stirring incidents, the unmasking of hogs aristocrats, a burglary, and a murder, all very well told and carefully arranged as a background to a pleasant romance.

Flower o' The Grouse, by Agnes Egerton Castle. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Those who are familiar with the historical short stories of the authors will welcome this collection of seven stories, ranging in date from 1595 to the early years of the last century. There ought to be a demand, and a wide one, for the historical short story of European history, and the authors are well qualified to create it.

To the Front, by General Charles King. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.25.

No man can write a better story of adventure than General King or one that more successfully combines historical accuracy with concessions to the "natural cussedness" of the boy's heart. "To the Front" begins with West Point and finishes with heart-stirring stories of Indian fighting. It is vivid and fascinating from start to finish.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A collection of the addresses of Governor Hughes will be published at once by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Oliver Swett Marden, who is the author of much "helpful literature, has entitled his latest book "Every Man a King, or Might in Mind Mastery." It has been published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., and is fresh on the tables of the booksellers.

Harry Leon Wilson, author of "Ewing's Lady," has taken up housekeeping with his old friend Booth Tarkington, in Capri, where they are living in the villa long famous to American travelers as the residence of Elihu Vedder. "The Man from Home," a play in which Wilson collaborated with Tarkington during the months when he was at work upon his novel, has had a long run in Chicago.

Charles E. Walk's detective story, "The Silver Blade," just brought out by A. C. McClurg & Co., promises to win regard as one of the best mystery stories of the season.

Richard Harding Davis has written a story of modern mysteries entitled "Vera, the Medium," which Scribner's Magazine will publish. The first of the three installments appears in the April number of the monthly. In addition to the fiction and travel papers the usual departments of the magazine are especially notable in the current number. Some excellent engravings reproduce a number of noted paintings.

Little, Brown & Co. have just published a translation of Paul Bourget's novel, "L'Emigre," under the title of "The Weight of the Name." The time and place are present-day France and the theme deals with the old aristocracy as it exists today.

Granville Barker, who collaborated with William Archer recently in writing "Plans for a National Theatre" and whose play "Waste" has been well received in London, was an actor at thirteen, a playwright at fifteen. By reason of his appearance in many of Shaw's plays in London a few years ago when he was a very young man Mr. Barker acquired the title of "the Shaw boy." He has now at thirty emerged from the light shed upon him by his illustrious associate and taken his own place among the playwrights and writers.

Swinburne's long expected poem, "The Duke of Gandia," is to be published in April both in England and in America.

The place toward which all book lovers traveling in England invariably find their way, according to the *Westminster Gazette*, is Twickenham—the place nicknamed by Horace Walpole the Baize or Tivoli of England. With it are associated the names of Pope, Swift, Gay, Lady Mary Montagu, Gibbon, Boswell, Johnson, Tennyson, and Dickens. The big red house in the Montpelier road known as the "Tennyson House" is the place where Tennyson lived for so many years of his earlier married life and wrote many of his poems, the house where his son Lionel was born and where Hallam and many literary friends and acquaintances were entertained.

A discussion of "The Instincts of Animals" by Benjamin Kidd is a feature of the April *Century Magazine*. The author has made a study of animal instincts and animal intelligence for over twenty years, and states that the most permanent result of his studies in animal capacities has been a gradually increasing conviction as to the as yet unimagined significance of mind in the further evolution of the universe.

Edmondo de Amicis, who died a few days ago at Turin, was the most conspicuous representative, in modern Italian literature, of the classic traditions, whose fame has been obscured by the achievements of latter-day naturalism and mysticism of the more or less hectic type. Gabriele D'Annunzio and Matilde Serao have in all probability been read abroad much more than De Amicis, whose talent, in general, was not extraordinary. To the world at large he is best known through a single book of child life, "Cuore," which has become one of the classics of European literature.

The first volume of the new and low-priced edition of "The Dictionary of National Biography" appears simultaneously in England and America, the American publishers being the Macmillan Company.

Ouida is reported to have left among a confused mass of manuscripts which at her death filled eight trunks a number of interesting letters from persons high in politics and literature. These manuscripts are now in the hands of the British vice-consul at Leghorn. Since the British government, in the absence of kin, is the novelist's heir, these letters will probably be returned to the writers, while her autographs are likely to be sold to establish a memorial fund.

An interesting story is told in the current *Bookman* of the writing of Frank Danby's new novel, "The Heart of a Child." Owen Hall, the author of "The Geisha," "The Gaiety Girl," and many other musical comedies, was a brother of Frank Danby (Mrs. Julia Frankan). He was sent abroad on account of ill health and his sister accompanied him. While stopping at Harrowgate they planned

to write a book together dealing with the life of a Gaiety girl. In three days the plan was sketched out, and Mrs. Frankan gives her brother credit for doing the main part of the work. They differed as to the ending of the story on the evening of the fifth day. Mr. Hall thought that the Gaiety girl, who married a peer, however virtuous she was, would fall morally when exposed to the far greater temptations of social life. They discussed the matter until midnight, when Mr. Hall retired, and Mrs. Frankan sat up and sketched the story as she saw it. In the morning Mr. Hall was found dead in bed. Mrs. Frankan in grief abandoned the book. Later she was persuaded to take it up again, when, to use her own words, "It would not come in the way her brother had arranged it."

New Publications.

"Galahad, Knight Errant," by May E. Southworth, is an old story simply and attractively retold. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston.

"A Million of Money," an elaborate and carefully constructed novel by Alice Maud Meadows, has been published by Brentano's, New York. Price, \$1.50.

"Theodora," by Katherine Pyle and Laura Spencer Porter, is an admirable story for young girls. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.25.

"An Introductory Course in Exposition," by Frances M. Perry of Wellesley College, has been published by the American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. Price, \$1.

The Harold Bauer Concert.

Harold Bauer, the pianist, who is in some respects the most important of those before the public, will give his first concert this coming Sunday afternoon, March 29, at Christian Science Hall, offering as his first number the great "Sonata Eroica," by Edward MacDowell. This work is founded on the gifted composer's impressions of the Arthurian legend and is one of his greatest compositions. This will be followed by the complete series of Schumann's "Fantasie-stücke," and then will come works of Chopin, Brahms, Saint-Saëns, and César Franck-Bauer.

The only evening concert will be Thursday, when the rarely heard Beethoven Sonata, Op. 81, and a series of three compositions, "Pavanes," "La Soiree dans Grenade," and "Jardins sous la pluie," by Debussy, will be the special features.

Friday afternoon Mr. Bauer plays at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland, when Schumann's Sonata in G minor will be the piece de resistance.

The farewell concert will be Sunday afternoon, April 5, when Beethoven's sublime work, "Sonata Pathetique," will be heard for the first time in many years.

The complete programmes for all the Bauer concerts may be obtained at the box-offices, now open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s stores.

Seats for the Oakland concert will be ready next Monday morning at the theatre box-office.

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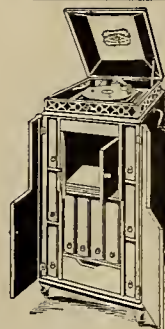


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MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL'S ART.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

There is a peculiar quality in Mrs. Patrick Campbell's acting—or perhaps it is in herself—which, no matter how wonderfully well she is playing her part, keeps her just beyond the reach of one's sympathy. Her Paula Tanqueray is a wonderfully real creation, and her troubles, which spring from a sinister union of temperament with circumstance, are of a nature to excite compassion even in those who turn with hostile antipathy from the contemplation of such a character as Paula's. But our sympathies are more keenly excited in behalf of the luckless beings the currents of whose lives are mingled with those of this piece of beautiful perversity than by Paula herself. She inspires admiration by her beauty, her grace, her wit, even by her polished insolence in the scene with Mrs. Cortelyou. And, when she pleases, she can so well assume the manner of a drawing-room queen that the occasional lapses into bad taste that even a woman of Paula's refinement who has led an irregular life is bound to make do not do away with the impression that nature designed this beautiful, hapless being to dwell in high places.

But Paula, staining her silken robe in the mire of the highway, carried her beauty to market. Her experiences have withered her soul. There is not one atom of spirituality left in her, and her materialism wears on you. That mournful monologue concerning the fading of woman's beauty and physical charm, how characteristic of the woman. It was Paula's farewell to life. In her swan song she could strike no higher note.

That withering of the spiritual side of her nature is strangely disclosed in the acts resulting from the torturing affection she bears her step-daughter. "Saint Ellean's" saintliness has no power to hold Paula back from evil perversities that torment herself and every one around her. The poor soul is a pagan, loving light and warmth and color, and the acclaim and admiration of her world. But she is a pagan without a pagan's joyousness and light-hearted irresponsibility. A pagan and a pessimist in one—what a queer blend!

It is a remarkable character study that Pinero has given us, and he knew what he was about when he abstained from making Paula the object of sentimental compassion. She is no Zaza or Camille, who has been made the sport of circumstance. She has made her own bed, and she must lie on it. Coldly and dispassionately he holds to our view this living, breathing, suffering woman—coldly and ruthlessly he presents the moral: for the sinner who has once openly followed the primrose paths there can be no social regeneration; and the consequences resulting from a life of impurity are apt to be unexpected, awful, and unescapable. So, as I have said, Pinero intentionally made his heroine move somewhat apart from our sympathy. True, her desperate misery becomes intolerable, but before the end has come the auditor feels that the beautiful being is a hateful influence in the lives of those she loves, and her death is felt as a relief.

We have, however, seen Mrs. Campbell act other parts, and seen her act them extraordinarily well, yet she has similarly failed to touch the innermost fibre of our hearts. Loyal as Londoners proverbially are to old favorites on the stage, I can not imagine her inspiring in them that affectionate regard which popular players often awake in the public, because of some quality in their acting which starts to welcome life the gentler or more generous sentiments. Intense admiration, keen appreciation, but not worship, are the offerings at Mrs. Campbell's shrine.

Melancholy as is the story in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," I do not wonder that she sticks to the play. It is a depressing one, for it has the sombreness of tragedy without its beauty, or its elevation of theme and style. But the London actress has got to the heart of Paula Tanqueray: she shows her to us, warm and living, this jealous, self-torturing woman who was born with the imp of the perverse in her blood and predestined to make shipwreck of every opportunity of her life.

Mrs. Campbell's much prized slenderness has lessened. So has her strange, startling beauty; or perhaps it has changed in its character. She is neither as strange nor as startling as she was before. She would now be regarded by many with particular approval as a stunning example of a fine woman. Du Maurier would not so highly approve of her, now that she has departed from the *fausse maigre* type of figure. It is a type in which

the flesh is like a thin, beautiful veil over an exquisitely shaped framework. But Mrs. Campbell's gleaming, ivory-fair flesh is suggestive of something much more substantial than a veil, and, with her riper panoply of beauty, I doubt if the poets and painters would find in her the same inspiration as formerly.

But, while she might not present so poetic a Melisande as formerly, her Paula Tanqueray is there to the last and bitterest mood. She gives her in her triumph and generosity of success in the first act, her horedom in the respectable dullness of country life; she shows her hungry, demanding affection for the girl, paints her lighter moods, her gusts of revolt, her outbursts of cynicism, her sudden, fateful decisions, all with a comprehension that approaches inspiration.

There is an effect of monotony to the simulation of suffering in the later acts, but that, too, shows the comprehension of the artist. The public likes variety and sensationalism in emotional scenes, but although we might, perchance, grow weary of seeing the tormented woman writhing in her self-inflicted sufferings, those aimless uneasy movements, the restless wandering from place to place, and the low involuntary moaning, show the desperate suffering of a sick heart.

Mrs. Campbell is supported by a useful, humdrum company of which the only member whose work rises to distinction is her daughter, Miss Stella Patrick Campbell. This young lady acts the character of the austere young step-daughter with a completeness of representation in expression, attitude, and movements that is all the more admirable from evidences of physiognomy and otherwise that Miss Campbell is not in temperamental affinity with "Saint Ellean." I saw her doing some side conversation once with Cayley Drummler, when she had much ado to prevent her polite society smile from broadening into a ripple of girlish laughter. The involuntary coldness of the girl toward the stepmother whose past life of impurity she intuitively divines, her chill, shrinking distaste from her proffered endearments, and her generally evasive, elusive attitude toward her, were all very charmingly portrayed, as well as Ellean's virginal coldness and reluctant response to the impetuous warmth of her young lover's advances.

Mr. Alan Patrick Campbell, the male scion of the house of Campbell, is a husky youth who looks like an athlete. He had but a small part, in which he was perfectly useful and acceptable.

Mr. Ben Webster, as Aubrey Tanqueray, and Mr. Edgar Kent as Cayley Drummler, were comparative, but not at all superlative in merit; that is, rating them on the same scale as first-class London players. They were, however, with the exception of Miss Stella Campbell, the best of the company, although Mr. Charles Garry gave the scene conveying the after-dinner inebriation of Sir George Orreyed with clever suggestion and due restraint. But the only figures that stand out lingeringly in the memory are those of Paula and Ellean.

The last two acts have the effect of a long strain. There is no sag in the interest, for the tension holds taut and firm. The curious, abnormal state of things between the two women, the affection on one side, the repulsion on the other, the disturbing elements that cloud over the delicate youth of the girl, all tend to make the stepmother's beautiful presence seem a thing of evil. There is a suggestion of something hateful in the hare-fleshed, gleaming figure, as the young creature by her side, in brief, reluctant sentences tells of the coming of love in her life, and Paula, with greedy, curious fingers, pushes aside Ellean's little reserves, as one might tear the petals from the heart of a rose.

Then comes the tragedy. The long strain is over. "Whew! How dismal!" says Mr. Tonsure, and "Worse than a funeral!" ejaculates cheerful Mr. Younghusband. These two men and their numerous re-duplications go out shaking their heads ruefully. They have come to accommodate their wives, but next time they will send them to the matinee instead, and go merrily off to the Orpheum. For in their scheme of things the Paula Tanquerays are vexing and profitless interruptions to the cheerful vacuity of drama as it ought to be.

A good deal of nonsense has been written lately about a decline of interest in Wagner's operas (observes the New York Evening Post critic). Not that this is a new thing. Predictions that these works would not long continue to interest the public began in 1843, when the *Allgemeine Musikzeitung* of Vienna declared that "Wagner's operas have proved successful, but will in all probability not remain long on the stage." That was sixty-five years ago, and today the operas of Richard Wagner are sung in German theatres just twice as often as those of the composer following next in popularity. Fortunio Giuseppe Francesco Verdi. In Italy there is such a marked Wagner wave that three leading houses opened the season with Wagner operas. England, not content with the usual German performances at Covent Garden, lately had a "Ring" cycle in English which was so remarkably successful that it is to be taken on tour.

See Salada Beach. Write 1803 Fillmore.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell brings her engagement at the Novelty Theatre to a close with Saturday evening's performance. It has been successful in every way. Beginning Sunday night James J. Corbett and company will appear at the Novelty in Langdon McCormick's melodrama, "The Burglar and the Lady." Mr. Corbett has received much praise for his consistent efforts in the play, and his engagement in the city of his home should be a notable one. Miss Rose King is "the Lady" in the play.

After a two weeks' run that might profitably have been extended, "The Girl of the Golden West" will be withdrawn at the New Alcazar Theatre and next Monday night William Gillette's play, "Clarice," will be offered. This play was first produced in London, where it ran a season, and then the author-manager transferred it to New York, where its triumph was repeated. At the New Alcazar Theatre Mr. Lytell will be Dr. Carrington, the part assumed by Mr. Gillette; Miss Lawton will play the ward, Clarice Marland; and Will Walling will be the Dr. Denhigh, who plots to win the girl. Miss Adele Belgrade will play a negress part, John B. Maher will have a comedy rôle, and Louise Brownell and Burt Wesner will appear in less prominent character impersonations.

Wilton Lackaye offers superior melodrama at the Van Ness Theatre in Hall Caine's "Bondman." The story is well told in the play, and Mr. Lackaye's success in the rôle of Jason was not questioned by those who remembered his Svengali and Wilfred Denver. The engagement is already notable among the theatrical events of the season, and it promises to continue its success to the end, the close of next week.

"The Viceroy," one of the musical plays in which Harry B. Smith furnished the words and Victor Herbert the music with most pleasing results, will be presented at the Princess Theatre next Monday evening. The Bostonians, in the heyday of their popularity, made a hit with this piece, and it should be no less favorably received on its revival here. Helen Bertram, formerly with the Bostonians, and remembered with pleasure by music-lovers, will appear by special engagement in the leading rôle of Tivolini, which she created when the piece was first produced. Arthur Cunningham, Harold Crane, George B. Field, Ben Lodge, Oscar Apfel, Sarah Edwards, Zoe Barnett, and other favorites of the regular company will have good parts. Laura Oakley, who succeeded to the rôle of Nan in "A Country Girl," and gave a pleasing dramatic characterization, will be in the cast. There will be special scenery, and the chorus will show new and handsome costumes.

Beginning with the matinee Sunday afternoon, the Orpheum will introduce six new and special attractions. Charles E. Evans, of Evans and Hoey "Parlor Match" fame, and a clever comedian, will present George Arliss's one-act farce, "It's Up to You, William." Mr. Evans will be supported by Charles H. Hopper, Elizabeth Barry, Helena Phillips, and Louise Skillman. The three Sisters Macarte, beautiful and talented girls, play on mandolins, do some whirlwind dancing, and close their act with a hazardous dance on a wire. Frederick Brothers and Burns, a trio of comedians and musicians, have a pleasing number. Daisy Harcourt, an up-to-date singing comedian, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clarke, the hanjo players, and Brown and Nevarro, remarkable character change artists, will be the other new people. It will be the last week of Bertha Pertina, toe dancer, and of Master Gabriel and company in the sketch, "Auntie's Visit."

The last performances of "A Country Girl" at the Princess Theatre will be given Sunday afternoon and evening.

William Collier, besides acting in "Caught in the Rain," is hard at work upon the manuscript of a new play, to be done in collaboration with Haddon Chambers, and shortly due for final consideration by Charles Frohman. Mr. Collier is to make a trip to the Pacific Coast with "Caught in the Rain."

After appearing in this city with Henry Miller in "The Great Divide," Margaret Anglin will sail for Australia, where she expects to remain for a number of months. The actress is to appear there in "The Thief," playing the rôle interpreted in New York by Margaret Illington. "Mrs. Dane's Defense" will also be staged by the actress in the antipodes.

McIntyre and Heath will play a two weeks' engagement at the Van Ness Theatre following "The Bondman." The famous black-face comedians are appearing again this season in "The Ham Tree." The production has been revised both from a musical and pictorial standpoint.

The second Lyric Hall Pop Concert will be given Sunday afternoon, April 12, when Miss Amy Seller, a prominent young society woman, will make her first public appearance as a pianiste.

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VANITY FAIR.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* has been making a brave effort to keep himself abreast with the latest beauty devices of the French capital. It seems very easy to be beautiful if we may judge from the simplicity of the appliances, and we can only wonder at the continuance of a homeliness that seems if anything to be on the increase. At the moment it seems that oranges are the prevailing fad, and this can hardly be said to be a new discovery, seeing that our Southern beauties have sung the virtues of the golden fruit for these many years past. But then there is nothing new under the sun, and fashions and prejudices return with all the regularity of the seasons.

And so we are told that fashionable Parisiennes have gone crazy about oranges. They eat them early in the morning and late at night, not because they like them, but because of their effect upon the complexion. Not only do they eat oranges, but they use the juice as a face wash, cutting them in slices and soaking them in water over night. For the removal of tan there is nothing like orange juice, while it strengthens the skin and gives it the delicate whiteness so much in demand.

Of course, there are the extremists who believe in nothing that is simple and natural and who pin their faith to the eccentric devices of modern mechanism. The electro-massage treatment, vibro-massage, ironing, and even skinning, all have their advocates. There are beauty doctors who will cut out wrinkles and crows feet, or peel off the top skin in the hope that the new growth will be an improvement upon the old. We hear about the successes, real or fancied, but there is no record of those unfortunates who have jumped out of the frying pan into the fire, and who have exchanged the natural blemishes that are so rarely displeasing for hideous cicatrices, scars, and deformities that tell their own tale of vanity and sadly disappointed hopes.

Castor oil, it seems, has pronounced virtues as a skin tonic. The Paris expert says it is "magical," but then these experts are always so extravagant in their praises and blames. She says that in thus recommending castor oil she is giving away a secret, and this makes us a little skeptical, for who ever heard of a woman giving away a secret. The average beauty, we are told, will not admit that she uses castor oil. It is altogether too homely, too commonplace, and its associations are not of the most pleasant. She will hint at some wonderful complexion elixir, something known only to herself and to her Maker, something confidentially communicated to her under vows of privacy by the chief lady in the Sultan's harem. But as a matter of fact, she uses nothing but common castor oil, very pure, and carefully rubbed into the face with the finger tips.

The expert does not profess to turn ugly women into beautiful ones. She is no miracle worker, but she delicately suggests that ugly women are very few and far between, and of course her interviewer bows low in acceptance of an obvious truth. Some women are not so beautiful as others, and we will let it go at that. But improvement is always possible. There is some admirable feature that can be accentuated, some less admirable feature that can be retired. There are usually five sittings to a complete treatment. There is the preliminary washing, followed by invigorating creams and rejuvenating oils, then there is massage, tonic applications, the removal of spots and blemishes, electrical treatment, etc. In spite of her enthusiasm for castor oil, we notice the expert talks of Oriental creams and beauty sachets and uses all the customary jargon of the day. Some of these boxes and bottles of condiments cost from \$25 to \$30 each, and we rather wonder why any one should buy them after the frank admission that castor oil is "magical." But then there are people who will not buy even castor oil unless its price is a delicate tribute to their wealth.

A New York correspondent has given a new fervor to the American woman who will look at nothing unless it is "imported." That this is so is a curious commentary upon a patriotism that revels in superlatives and sometimes comes perilously near to boastfulness:

"Very pretty indeed!" said an acquaintance who was out with me the other day, as we were examining some belt-buckles.

"I never saw such smart buckles in my life!" said I, as I picked out a favorite from among a dozen or so which were being shown to us by the saleswoman. "I'll take this."

"Are they imported?" asked the New York woman.

"No," answered the saleswoman; "French buckles over on the other side."

"Well, I want a Paris one!" and off she went and bought a so-called Parisian buckle, not nearly so smart or pretty as the acknowledged American one. Indeed, she admitted as much, but the word "imported" attracted her.

Then there is the girl who must have "gloves from Paris." Rightly she is called a "poor little snob and ignoramus." She can get all the gloves she wants, made in her own country and equal or superior to anything that ever crossed the Atlantic, and she can get them, too, for about half the price. But

the word imported, like "that blessed word Mesopotamia," has an irresistible attraction for her poor little soul, and she will willingly pay a heavy figure for an article that positively has no other charm or value than that it was not made in America.

Now in the matter of dress there can be no question whatever that gowns are made every day in America that are fully equal to any product of Paris. Why even if we deny the necessary skill to the American dressmaker, there are still lots of French dressmakers who are resident here and who surely did not leave their abilities behind them. And there are, of course, lots of American dressmakers who are unsurpassed in their trade. But no, the dress must be imported, and the average woman much prefers an ugly imported dress to a home-made and beautiful one. This, of course, bears out the uncontradicted assertion that women have no sense of beauty in the matter of dress, nor even a desire to be beautiful. They want to be unusual, extravagant, bizarre, and they will attain these ends even at the cost of a beauty of which they know nothing and which does not enter into their calculations.

In some respects men are nearly as bad, that is to say, some men are nearly as bad as most women. Behold the lofty condescension with which the society man will deign to drink a glass of California wine. He knows it is from California because he read it on the label, and he does not know that he often drinks the same wine after it has been cunningly poured into other bottles with "imported" labels. They only know it is "the thing" to laugh about California wines, and many who use them pour them into empty foreign bottles they happen to have about the house. They think it is a great joke that California wines are often shipped abroad and sold there as French wines, but the joke is really against the American snobs who do not appreciate the products of the California vineyards till they are shipped back again to this country in bottles labeled in foreign languages.

This sort of thing does not strike the foreigner as at all admirable, and it is only found among that class that hastens to purchase ancestors and a family tree as soon as a suddenly acquired wealth makes these possessions desirable.

We may well be a little unbelieving in the matter of the New York society woman who is so very anxious that her doings shall go unrecorded in the press that she has hired a secretary whose only duty it is to repress all newspaper references to her employer. The lady in question is Mrs. George Law, and the only visible result of her ambition to be inconspicuous is several columns in the New York press descriptive of the lady herself, of the secretary who is to receive \$2500 a year, and of the methods adopted in aid of the hoped-for obscurity. We are also enlightened as to Mrs. Law's reasons for thus wishing to blush unseen, and we are reminded of the current stories of her hospitalities in Paris, her reported engagements to the Maharajah of Kapurthala, to Craig Wadsworth, to Norman Whitehouse, not to mention the Khedive of Egypt, a French count, and an Austrian prince. There was also a little matter of a tender nature with Gerald Lefèvre Pontalis, a son of the president of the French Cable Company, who is supposed to have jilted her. All these things are recorded at some length in the public press by way of explaining why Mrs. Law wishes to remain unnoticed by the public press. It would seem as though the much over-paid secretary had been on a vacation or that the mere fact of her appointment was a society item that could easily bear expansion into columns.

There is no worse failing than a lack of charity, but it would almost seem that so far from Mrs. Law getting too much publicity, she has not been having enough of it, and that she has adopted an ingenious expedient to hoist herself into public notice over the heads of her society competitors. There may be such a *rara avis* as a society woman who does not wish to see her name in print, and Mrs. Law may be that *rara avis*, but speaking of the class as a whole, publicity is as the very breath of life to them and half their antics would never be performed at all if the press were to ignore them. It may be that public disgust at chimpanzee dinners and bejeweled pigs in carriages sometimes becomes a little terrifying, and then publicity may go a little too far, but as a general rule the community is tolerant of these gymnastics, and then no amount of display can be too great. The society woman who wishes to keep in the background so far as the newspapers are concerned can easily do so. Let her refrain from vulgarity, from ostentation, from the thin ice of impropriety, let her do only those things approved by an ancient and honorable code of good behavior and the newspapers that now make a feature of her doings will find her as uninteresting as the Ten Commandments and will leave her severely alone. But as a rule that is about the last thing she wants.

With no feeling of surprise, we learn that the German emperor is personally supervising the production of the ballet of "Sardanapalus" at the Berlin opera. Such a play would naturally appeal to a sovereign whose knowl-

edge of archaeology is by no means superficial and whose interest in the ballet has been shown upon more than one occasion. How is it that we have never yet had a President of the United States who could supervise a ballet with any marked success, or who could paint an allegorical picture, or carve a statue? The ruler of Germany can do all these things, while such incidents as preaching a sermon or writing a hymn are mere trivialities in his day's work. And when we remember that the German emperor is also a soldier and the practical head of the greatest army in the world, it is impossible to withhold a certain admiration for a genius that seems equal to every demand that is made upon it. But perhaps the members of the "Sardanapalus" ballet would prefer a director of the ordinary kind.

The fate of the wallflower is the worst that can befall the modern dancing girl, but a careful observer points out that it is usually her own fault. The girl who does not wish to be a wallflower and who likes to be in hearty demand should try to put herself in

the man's place so that she can see herself, as it were, through his eyes and act accordingly.

First of all a girl must not dance too well or she will naturally frighten away the men who are not so accomplished and who do not wish to be laughed at or made to seem inferior. She must not talk too much, because the man will find it hard to follow her conversation and at the same time attend to his helm in such a way as to avoid collisions. On the other hand, she must talk enough to put the man at his ease. The indolent girl who does not try to be interesting is worse than the chatterbox, who may at least amuse for a time, but the girl of real intelligence and of good feeling, who talks of congenial topics, but not too much, who does not romp, tell doubtful stories, or speak ill-naturedly of other girls may remain tranquilly indifferent about her good looks or her want of them, for she will never be without a partner.

Gladys—Got yer spring hat yet, Mamie? Mamie—Sure. Me mother got it for me three years ago.—Puck.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A youthful witness appeared before a British judge who is an ardent golfer. His lordship, fixing his eye on the boy, inquired: "My hoy, do you know the nature of an oath?" The reply was somewhat disconcerting: "Yes, my lord, I am your lordship's caddy."

Professor — of McGill University had just finished a lengthy lecture on poisons and antidotes. "Supposing you were called to attend a patient who had swallowed ten grains of oxalic acid, what would you administer?" "The sacrament," shouted an Irish student from the rear of the hall.

Walter Dantrosch tells of a matron in Chicago who, in company with her young nephew, was attending a musical entertainment. The selections were apparently entirely unfamiliar to the youth; but when the "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn was begun he began to evince more interest. "That sounds familiar," he said. "I'm not strong on these classical pieces, but that's a good one. What is it?" "That," gravely explained the matron, "is the 'Maiden's Prayer.'"

Many specimens of unconscious humor are received by the editors of that monumental work, the new "Imperial Gazetteer of India." A district was said to be "an extensive rolling plain, consisting of alternate ridges of bare stony hills and narrow fertile valleys." An interesting item of natural history was afforded by the remark, "the buffalo differs from the cow in giving a milk which is richer in butter fat, in voice, and in having no hump."

Dr. David Starr Jordan told a story on his last Brooklyn visit of John Muir leading a cultured Bostonian up the mountains that overlook the Yosemite Valley. Muir said that he led the Bostonian along the devious ways so that the great splendid valley would burst all on a sudden upon his astonished eyes. Finally at a turn of the road the vast, multi-colored panorama was spread out before them. The Bostonian's ejaculation was as sudden as Muir could desire, but it was this: "Well, now, how can we get across that damn gap?"

Miss Reba Dale, the beautiful Natalie of the Chicago "The Merry Widow" company, recently visited the Windy City's Ghetto seeking a samovar. In that strange section of cosmopolitanism she heard a "new one." "As I turned a corner," said Miss Dale, "the boy's mother had him by the ear and in her up-raised hand there was a menacing barrel stave. 'I learn ye to tie the kettle to the cat's tail!' she yelled in wrath. 'It wasn't our cat!' cried the frightened boy. 'No, it wasn't our cat,' almost shrieked the enraged mother. 'But it was our kettle!'"

Speaker Cannon one evening stood in the receiving line at the Washington residence of Vice-President Fairbanks passing kindly word and grip with friends as they came along. At length his own daughter approached, and, drawing up his spare frame, he grasped her hand in formal fashion and inquired with well-assumed disinterestedness: "Your name, please?" "Lydia Pinkham," replied Miss Cannon amiably. "Well, Lydia, my dear, we are well met," the Speaker responded, "for I guess there's just as much good in your remedies as there is in my presidential boom."

Previously to entering the railroad yards, an able-bodied loafer picked up a small, glittering object from the sidewalk and, without examining it very closely, pinned it to his coat. Three minutes later he collided with a slowly moving freight train, was hurled against a post, and picked up insensible. The train dispatcher, notified by telephone, called up Patrick Doyle, the yardmaster's assistant, and said: "You'd better search his pockets, Doyle. Find out who he is, notify his friends, and report to me." A few moments later the report came: "There's not a line of writing on him," said Patrick, "but we've identified him by the badge on his coat. He's a Lady Maccahee."

When Mr. Blank went to call upon some friends he was on his way out of town and so had his traveling bag with him. This he placed in a corner, and when he rose to leave, he overlooked it. His hostess happened to notice it before he had reached the door and called to her little daughter: "Marie, run after Mr. Blank and tell him he has left his grip here!" The little one gave her mother one swift glance of surprise, but flew dutifully to obey orders. "Oh, Mr. Blank," they heard her say, "mother says you have forgotten to take your grip with you." Then she added, quickly, in a tone of polite apology: "You see, most all of us have had it this winter, and we'd rather not have any more!"

His majesty, then Prince of Wales, was on a visit to Earl Fitzwilliam at Wentworth Woodhouse for Doncaster races, and when he and a friend were taking a stroll one morning they met a miner, who, in company with a couple of bull-pups, was also "taking it

easy." The prince's friend asked the man how much he had paid for the two animals. "Two quid," was the laconic rejoinder of the collier, who, of course, was not aware of the identity of the gentlemen. His royal highness eyed the dogs critically, and remarked: "Don't you think two pigs would have been a more profitable investment for you, my man?" "Happen so," replied the collier, "but ah sud leuk a bloomin' fool goin' a-rattin' wi' two pigs!"

Dr. L. C. Hallhurton, the noted English statistician, was discussing in New York the statistics of marriage—marriage statistics are his specialty. "The last statistics," he said, "show us one pleasant change, one grand improvement. Aged men of wealth are no longer marrying beautiful, mercenary young women as frequently as they used. In fact, these marriages are becoming in this country so rare that the newspapers don't hesitate to comment very forcibly upon them. I approve of these cruel comments. They keep such mockeries of marriage down." Dr. Hallhurton smiled grimly. "In a little town in Herts last month," he said, "a millionaire of seventy-nine married a young and pretty milliner of twenty-two. The local paper printed the next day this editorial paragraph on the matter: 'Six months ago, when Mr. Blank's venerable wife died, his children and grandchildren feared that he would go crazy over the sad bereavement. Their fears have now come true.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Ride or Resign.

There was an enormous fat colonel,
Who wrote this thought in his jolnel:
"I seldom feel pique,
But can not keep mique,
That order to ride's so infolnel."
—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Words in D.

Those words in D! A dismal, dreary dose:
Here dilatory dandies dandling doze,
Dull dunces dog our steps and dreadful duns.
Dolours and dragons, donkeys, dolts, and dupes,
Devils and demons, and "the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon!" Dirks and daggers haunt,
Dank dandelions flourish, dampness daunts,
Depression and dejection drag us down,
Drear desolation dwells, and dire delay,
Disaster, disappointment, disarray,
Defeat, disintegration, and despair,
Disease, decay, delirium, darkness, death!
Yet through the darkest dens of dimmest doubt
Dogged determination drives its way,
Dilemmas yield to diligence at last,
Deliberation dissipates dispute,
Dismay is dashed with draughts of dear delight,
Deft dainty dances, and delicious dreams!
The power to do one's duty still survives,
Still dawns the day, divine dominion rules.
—Professor Skeat, in Notes and Queries.

The Hottentot Tot.

If a Hottentot taught a Hottentot tot
To tot ere the tot could totter
Ought the Hottentot tot
Te he taught to say "aught"
Or "naught," or what ought to be taught her?
Or—
If to hoot and toot a Hottentot tot
Be taught by a Hottentot tooter,
Should the tooter get hot if the Hottentot tot
Hoot and toot at the Hottentot tutor?
—Exchange.

The Cowboy's Lament.

The school is empty now, 'cause she has went
Back East, vacationing, and seems to me
The plains look darker sence the day that she
Got in the stage that's driv by Loco Kent;
My heart aint ever had so deep a dent,
And nothin' that I eat seems to agree;
And cow talk bores me to death—O, gee!
I hate the low-browed gang in that mess tent.
But it is lonely out upon the range,
And I jest dread the joh of huntin' strays,
'Cause all the old familiar ways look strange,
And long and doleful are the brightest days.
O, solitude, you make life to mere man
As empty as a used tomato can!
—Denver Republican.

It is a natural instinct with all honeymoon couples to shun publicity. "Now, Henry," said one happy bride, "I want you to understand distinctly that I do not wish to be taken for a bride. I am going to act exactly as if I were an old married woman, and I insist that you behave just like all old married men do." She then retired to dress for an evening walk. When she came down, however, Henry was nowhere to be seen. She sought for him, weeping, for two hours. Then he returned with some new-found friends. He had been to a whist party, and he met his grief-stricken bride with the hilarious question, "Well, ain't I doing the married man like a daisy?" She never referred to the subject again, and everybody knew after that that they had just been married.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

So dull is society at the present time that any revival of social life seems practically impossible. Those events which take place are small and informal, yet they are the only occasions which break the monotony of the Lenten season. There is much theatre-going even among the most devout, but it is a matter of two or three or four in a quiet family party generally, rather than a theatre party. Several weddings will take place before the end of Lent, but so quiet will they be that little stir in the social world will be created.

A wedding of wide domestic and social interest was that of Mr. William S. Bliss and Miss Anne S. Buckbee, which was celebrated on Wednesday, March 25, at the home of Mr. S. G. Buckbee, 2510 Pacific Avenue. The ceremony was celebrated by Rev. Dr. Burlingame and the wedding party was limited to the family connections and more immediate friends of the Bliss and Buckbee families. The wedding gifts were many and beautiful. Mr. and Mrs. Bliss have gone south for a few weeks and will spend the summer at Lake Tahoe. Their home will be in San Francisco.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Gertrude Josselyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Josselyn, to Mr. Gerald Rathbone, will be celebrated during the second week in June at the Josselyn country place at Menlo Park.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Genevieve Schultz, daughter of Mrs. G. A. Schultz, to Mr. Harold Law, will take place on Monday, April 20, at St. Luke's Church.

It is announced by Mr. Edward M. Greenway that the dance of the Friday Night Club in honor of the officers of the naval fleet will take place on Friday evening, May 8.

Mr. Thornwell Mullally was the host at a luncheon on Sunday last at the Burlingame Club in honor of Mrs. James K. Hackett, better known as Miss Mary Mannering. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, Mrs. Walter Magee, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, and Miss Mary Josselyn.

Miss Ardella Mills was the hostess at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week in honor of her guest, Mrs. A. E. Rockey of Portland, Oregon.

Mrs. William Mintzer was the hostess at an informal bridge party on Saturday afternoon last.

Mrs. J. LeRoy Nickel was the hostess at bridge parties on Thursday and Friday afternoons of last week at her home on Laguna Street.

Mrs. Horace Davis entertained the members of her card club on Thursday afternoon of last week at her home.

Mrs. Henry L. Van Winkle was the hostess at a bridge party on Thursday of last week at her home on Washington Street in honor of her sister, Miss Kellogg of Utica, New York. Those present were Mrs. C. Elwood Brown, Mrs. John A. Lundeen, Mrs. Frank Winchester, Mrs. R. M. McMasters, Mrs. George R. Thurston, Mrs. R. Martin, Mrs. Cluness, Miss E. M. Jones, Miss Margaret Foster, Miss Helen Van Winkle, and Mrs. T. S. Van Winkle.

Dr. Morris Herzstein was the host at a dinner given at the Hotel St. Francis Sunday evening. The following were present: Judge Sloss, Dr. Blue, Professor Loeb, Colonel Appel, Judge Hunt, Dr. Rucker, Mr. Heller, Professor Ophielis, Dr. Hopkins, Dr. Anderson, Dr. Morrow, Dr. Smith, Professor Freund, Dr. Selfridge, Dr. Thorne, Mr. Ebrman, Mr. Berry.

Mrs. Robert Sherwood was the hostess at an informal bridge party on Thursday of last week in honor of Mrs. John Dickinson Sherwood of Spokane, who has been here for a fortnight as a guest at the Fairmont.

Miss Mary Mannering was the guest of Mr.

and Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann after the play on Tuesday evening at a supper. Others of the party were Dr. and Mrs. Kaspar Pischel and Miss Kate Burke.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock sailed on Tuesday of last week from New York for Europe, where they expect to travel for several months.

Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helene Irwin have returned for a fortnight's stay at Coronado.

Mr. William H. Crocker left last week for New York for a brief stay.

Mrs. Ashton Potter left last week for New York, where she will be the guest for a time of Miss Lily Lawlor, before going elsewhere to visit friends during the summer.

Mrs. James E. Robinson, Miss Elena Robinson, and Mr. Porter Robinson have returned from a stay of several weeks at Santa Barbara and Paso Robles.

Miss Jennie Crocker left last week for New York and will sail next month for Europe, where she will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hammond (formerly Miss Mary Langhorne) have returned to Switzerland, after a visit to Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin are spending a few weeks at the Peninsula Hotel at San Mateo.

Miss Helen Sidney Smith is spending some time in Munich.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Boardman have taken a cottage in Ross Valley for the summer and will go over in May.

Miss Carrie Gwin will spend the summer in San Rafael, going over a little later in the season.

Miss Julia Langborne has returned to town, after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Johnson in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames have closed the house on Jackson Street which they have occupied during the winter and are at their Fair Oaks home for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper left last week for the East, where they will spend the next few months visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs. L. L. Baker and her family and her sister, Miss Kate Stone, will spend the summer in Sausalito, where they have taken the H. C. Campbell house for several months.

Mrs. Ernest Hartman has arrived from the East and is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy.

Miss Claire Nichols has returned from the East, where she spent the winter, and is with her parents, Bishop and Mrs. Nichols, at the Fairmont. They will go down on April 1 to their San Mateo home.

Miss Helen Wheeler left last week for Santa Barbara, where she is the guest of Mrs. John Hays Hammond.

Mrs. Edward Barron, Miss Marguerite Barron, and Mr. Ward Barron, who have been occupying a house on Jackson Street during the winter, will leave in about a month for their country place near Mayfield, where they will remain until the fall.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith and Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith will go down shortly to San Mateo, where they will spend the summer with Mrs. Hyde-Smith's mother, Mrs. George Hyde.

Mrs. Harry C. Benson has returned to her home at the Presidio, after a visit to her mother, Mrs. Breeze, at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Sr., and Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt, have arrived from the East and are at present the guests of the Herman Kruttschnitts in this city for a few days before going to Carmel, where they have a cottage for the summer.

Mrs. Henry C. Campbell and Miss Frances Reed will leave today (Saturday) for the East, where they will spend several months.

Mrs. H. L. Van Wyck and Miss Gertrude Van Wyck, who have been abroad for several years past, have gone recently to Geneva for a stay before proceeding to Paris.

Colonel and Mrs. Marion P. Maus, of the Presidio of Monterey, are at the Hotel St. Francis for a few days' visit to friends in this city. Mrs. Maus was Miss Poore of Washington, D. C., and was very popular in diplomatic and official society.

Mr. W. J. Phillips, of Los Angeles, is visiting in the city, and staying at the Hotel Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker and Miss Minnie Houghton have been visitors to Del Monte recently.

Mrs. Richard Bayne has returned to town, after a visit to Colusa of a few days' duration.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Glass are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson in San Rafael.

Mr. Paul Morton, of New York, is a guest at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her son, J. W. Byrne, left Del Monte last week for a six months' trip to Europe.

Mr. W. H. Weeks, of Watsonville, is a guest at the Hotel Victoria.

General S. B. M. Young and Mrs. Young, of Washington, D. C., are visiting San Francisco, and have apartments at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. Lawrence C. Phipps, of Denver, Colorado, with Miss Emma Phipps, Miss Grace

E. Eusey, and L. C. Phipps, Jr., arrived in the city Sunday from Southern California and are at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Wallace, having spent the winter in Paris, are in London for a few weeks.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were Mrs. C. C. Cunningham, Mr. J. J. Pfister, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Luerning, Miss Erdin, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Jackson, Miss Ella Smith, Mr. Joseph G. Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie, Miss Guthrie, Mr. E. F. Guthrie, Mr. A. G. Guthrie, Mr. C. C. Cunningham, Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Webster, Mr. J. P. Bourne, Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Carpenter, Mr. J. D. Gilbert, Mr. Louis Titus, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Havens, Mr. and Mrs. Wickham Havens, Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Engs, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chickering, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Hathaway, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Marriott, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, Jr., Mrs. F. Sullivan, Miss Phelan, Mrs. Howard C. Holmes, Mrs. G. Toy, Mr. and Mrs. R. Hamilton, Mrs. J. Partridge, Mrs. J. C. Walsh, Miss Walsh, Miss Ada Goldsmith, Mr. C. M. Mann, Miss Mann, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Howell, Mr. Herbert Baker, Dr. A. J. Hiniker, Mr. Willard P. Halston, Mr. G. J. English, Mr. and Mrs. M. Hirschmann, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Splivalo, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Lake, of San Francisco.

Miss Ada Dyas, the actress, died a few days ago at Seaton, England. Miss Dyas first appeared in New York in 1874, and in the following year at Wallack's old Thirteenth-Street Theatre won much popularity by her acting of Moya in Boucicault's "Shaughraun." From that time on to the date of her last appearance there in 1900 she appeared in many famous plays.

During his Western tour Robert Mantell will appear in the following repertoire of Shakespearean plays: "Macbeth," "King Lear," "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "Othello," "Richard III." He will also present Bulwer Lytton's powerful and romantic drama, "Richelieu."

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10:45 A	9:45 A	11:46 A	1:40 P
1:45 P	10:45 A	1:48 P	4:14 P
	11:45 A	2:45 P	
SATUR-DAY	1:45 P	4:15 P	SATUR-DAY
4:45 P	2:45 P	5:15 P	9:30 P

Legal Holidays
Sunday Time

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Rear-Admiral S. W. Very, U. S. N., is detached as commandant of the Naval Station at Honolulu and ordered home.

Brigadier-General Daniel F. Brush, U. S. A., recently promoted, who arrived from Manila on the last transport, has been ordered to proceed to Vancouver Barracks, Washington, and to assume command of the Department of Columbia.

Major William C. Wren, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence on account of sickness.

Major Leon S. Roudiez, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., having reported at headquarters, Department of California, is assigned to duty there, with station in San Francisco, pending the sailing of the transport on which he may secure transportation, when he will stand relieved from such duty and proceed to join his regiment in the Philippine Islands.

Major William Stephenson, surgeon, U. S. A., was relieved from duty in the Department of Luzon, Philippine Islands, and ordered to Iloilo, Panay, as chief surgeon of that department, relieving Lieutenant-Colonel Louis A. LaGarde, deputy surgeon-general, U. S. A.

Commander H. C. Gearing, U. S. N., is detached from the Naval Station, Cavite, and ordered to the Naval Station, Olongapo.

Captain John L. Nance, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., is ordered relieved from duty as professor of military science and tactics at the University of California, at Berkeley, on October 15, 1908, and will then proceed to join his regiment in the Philippines. Upon his arrival in San Francisco, en route to Manila, Captain Nance will report in person to the commanding general, Department of California, for duty pending the departure of the transport upon which he may secure accommodations.

Captain Sterling P. Adams, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, has had the orders revoked, detailing him to enter the class at the Army School of the Line at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, on August 15.

Captain Henry W. Stamford, Signal Corps, U. S. A., now at Seattle, Washington, is ordered to proceed to the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for treatment.

Captain Edward M. Lewis, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., is detailed as professor of military science and tactics at the University of California, vice Captain Nance.

Captain Edmund D. Shortlidge, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been granted three months' leave of absence, to take effect on April 1.

Captain Sterling P. Adams, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., and Veterinarian Richard B. Corcoran, First Field Artillery, U. S. A., were ordered to proceed to Likely, California, thence to Ogden, Utah, and, if necessary, to Garland and Logan, Utah, and Preston, Idaho, for the purpose of inspecting horses.

Captain Thomas F. Dwyer, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., and Captain Hudson T. Patten, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., are among those who are ordered to report on August 28 to the commandant, Coast Artillery School, at Fort Monroe, Virginia, for the purpose of taking the advanced course at that school.

Captain George A. Nugent, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Captain Elisha G. Ahcott, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Captain Kenneth Masteller, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Claude E. Brigham, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., are among those ordered to the Coast Artillery School, Fort Monroe, Virginia, to take the regular course at that school, reporting on August 15.

Lieutenant G. P. Brown, U. S. N., when discharged from treatment at the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, is ordered home to await orders.

Lieutenant Herbert C. Gihner, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., having reported at headquarters, Department of California, will report to the commanding officer, Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for temporary duty.

Lieutenant William J. McCaughey, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, has been granted leave of absence for one month and twenty days, to take effect on May 12.

Lieutenant Arthur G. Hixson, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant James M. Petty, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Hunter Kinzie, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Solomon B. West, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Matthew H. Thomlinson, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., have been selected for a course of instruction at the School of Musketry, Presidio of Monterey, and will report to the commandant of the school on or before April 1.

Second-Lieutenant Robert H. Fletcher, Jr., U. S. A., who recently graduated from West Point, is visiting his parents at 2505 Bancroft Way, Berkeley.

Lieutenant A. F. Crist, U. S. M. C., is detached from the *Milwaukee*, when placed in reserve, and ordered to the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Mare Island.

Lieutenant William Brackett, U. S. M. C., is detached from the *St. Louis*, when placed

in reserve, and ordered to command the marine detachment of the *Wisconsin*.

Surgeon E. S. Egert, Jr., U. S. N., is detached from the *Pennsylvania* and ordered to the U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland, for duty.

Surgeon T. W. Richards, U. S. N., is detached from duty with the *Colorado* and ordered to the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, for treatment.

Assistant Paymaster M. H. Philbrick, U. S. N., when discharged from treatment at the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, is ordered home and granted one month's leave of absence.

Ensign N. Milne, U. S. N., is detached from the *St. Louis* and ordered to the *Perry* for duty.

Ensign E. A. Swanson, U. S. N., is detached from the *Perry* and ordered to duty fitting out the *Doris* and to command of that vessel when in commission.

Ensign C. L. Hand, U. S. N., is detached from the *Pennsylvania* and ordered to duty in connection with fitting out the *Farragut*.

Ensign E. R. Shipp, U. S. N., is detached from the *St. Louis* and ordered to duty in connection with fitting out the *For*.

Ensign M. S. Davies is detached from the *Perry* and ordered to duty in connection with fitting out the *For*.

Midshipman R. W. Spofford, U. S. N., is detached from duty on the *Pennsylvania* and ordered home to await orders.

On Saturday night following the opening of the polo tourney a military hall in honor of Admiral Sebree and his officers was given in the hall-room of Hotel Del Coronado. Through the courtesy of the admiral, the fleet hand furnished the music for the evening. Some two score young officers from the fleet attended the function in evening military dress, and prominent among the dancers were a number of visiting San Franciscans.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Were the amateur theatricals good?" "Splendid! I never saw anything worse."—*Life*.

Jones—Is your daughter a finished musician? Smith—No; but the neighbors are making threats.—*The Club-Fellow*.

"Is she a hill-elimber?" "You bet! This machine will get 'em unless they take to trees."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Church—Did you ever try any of these "close to nature" methods? Gotham—Well, I've used a porous plaster!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Miss X.—Wouldn't it be horrible to 'have to die an old maid? Miss Y.—Not half so horrible as to have to live that way.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"What do you think young Cbumpley weighs?" "About 200 pounds on the scales and about ten ounces in the community."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Can I have a pass over your line?" "No," replied the railroad man, "law's too strict. We can't pass anything but a dividend now."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

Elia—I'm to be married tomorrow and I'm terribly nervous. Stella—I suppose there always is a chance of a man getting away up to the last minute.—*Brooklyn Life*.

"I didn't notice you at the mothers' congress." "No," replied the woman addressed. "I'm not a theoretical mother, you know. I have six."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Eliza—Did you say Sam was makin' a lot of money out of his voice? Cloe—Sure thing! At de opera. Eliza—At de opera? Cloe—Yas; he calls de carriages!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Mifkins—I understand you said that I had outlived my usefulness. Bifkins—You have been misinformed. I said that I didn't believe you ever were of any use.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Mabel—Jack proposed to me last night. Stella—Poor fellow! So he did keep his word after all? Mabel—Why, what do you mean? Stella—When I refused him last week said it would cause him to do something.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Who's in the high school," remarked "have been readin' Herhert Spence." "Who's Herhert Spencer?" "He's the smartest min an earth. He could

explain anythin' at all ty yez if yez could only be polite enough to stay awake an' pay attention."—*Washington Star*.

Howell—Well, Rowell is a happy father. Powell—Yes, and he gave me a cigar in honor of the event, and I tell you, old man, I'm from this time on a believer in race suicide.—*Brooklyn Life*.

Redd—I understand that new automobile of yours goes like the wind. Greene—That's right. Nobody can tell just when the wind is going to start or when it is going to stop.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Did you and your wife take a long trip on your honeymoon?" "It seemed long to me. Her father had promised to settle a snug sum of money on us as soon as we got back."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Reddy (putting down a gold-piece)—Ticket for Del Monte. Ticket Clerk—Change at Castroville, if you take this train. Reddy—I'll wait then, for I want my change right here, uncle.—*Monterey Gossip*.

"What would you do if you was one o' dese millionaires?" said Meandering Mike. "I 'spose," answered Plodding Pete, "dat I'd get meself a golf outfit an' walk fur pleasure instid o' from necessity."—*Washington Star*.

She—I see where a fellow married a girl on his deathbed, just so she could have his millions when he was gone. Could you love a girl like that? He—Sure, I could love a girl like that! Where does she live?—*Puck*.

Mrs. Ascum—Have you any 5-cent stamps? Drug Clerk (absent-mindedly)—No, ma'am, but we have something just as good. Mrs. Ascum—Ha! ha! force of habit. That's where I caught you. Drug Clerk—Not at all, ma'am. I can give you two twos and a one.—*Philadelphia Press*.

The Actress—In this new play I'm supposed to die from a broken heart. Now, how am I to know how a person with a broken heart behaves? The Manager—I'll tell you what to do. You study the author of this play after he sees the first rehearsal.—*Illustrated Bits*.

"Which is the cow that gives the butter-milk?" innocently asked the young lady from the city, who was inspecting the herd with a critical eye. "Don't make yourself ridiculous," said the young lady who had been in the country before and knew a thing or two. "Goats give buttermilk."—*Springfield Journal*.

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Friesland	Apr. 25	Westernland May 9
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Baltic	Apr. 16	Arabic Apr. 30
N. Y.—PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON		
Majestic	Apr. 1	Teutonic Apr. 15
Oceanic	Apr. 8	Adriatic Apr. 22
BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL		
Cymric	Apr. 22	May 23
New York—Azores—Mediterranean		
Republic	Apr. 15	April 18, noon
Cretic	May 9	June 20
Boston—Azores—Mediterranean		
Canopic	Apr. 4, May 16, June 27	
Romanic	Apr. 25, May 30	
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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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A Wise and Friendly Counselor.

Mr. D. O. Mills, whom we still like to call a San Franciscan, is not only among the most distinguished, but among the last of the Argonauts. He returns to us periodically to find here the consideration and friendship due to exceptional achievement and to an extraordinary practical wisdom. Last week the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce arranged in his honor a public reception designed as a mark of respect for a man who, perhaps as much as any other now living, typifies the things for which San Francisco stands.

Mr. Mills is past the time of mere selfish calculation. He has come to that stage of life where one may think and speak without the bias of personal interest. It is well worth while to listen to the counsels of one who thus thinks and thus speaks, especially of one who knows San Francisco from her foundations, one whose career in life gives weight to his judgment, one who speaks with unquestioned affection for the city where his "happiest years were passed."

Mr. Mills sees in the events which have followed

our disaster the assurance of a future greater even than our expectations. He sees in the addition to the national domain of 700,000 square miles of territory in and about the Pacific Ocean, a tremendous augmentation of the material backing of this community. He sees in the rapid development of interior California another great addition to the foundation resource of San Francisco. He sees in the expenditure of \$100,000,000 for reconstruction since the disaster the courage and power of the community, and he dwells with special approval upon the fact that of this vast sum all but \$4,000,000 is local capital.

Mr. Mills sees, too, the other side of the picture, and like the true friend and counselor that he is, he did not allow the sentiments of a complimentary occasion to limit his remarks with respect to things calling for correction. "There are," he said, "signs of a loss of public spirit, of increasing failure to meet obligations, accompanied by a decline in the just recognition of each other's rights." Specifically he pointed to the struggle between capital and labor, declaring that there is no conspiracy of capital against labor and that there can be none. "Every workman," he declared, "has a right equally with every capitalist to an open market—a right to the open shop; and," he added, "a government that does not secure this is a false pretense and is not worth what it costs."

With bowed head Mr. Mills forebore to speak of "our city's bitter share" in the evils of corrupt government. We need, he said, to rise to a level higher than in the past; "yet the men of our past have great lessons for us." Hold fast, he said, to the spirit of good will, the energy and the integrity which were the ruling traits of the best men in the early days. In conclusion, he said San Francisco must heighten and above all enthroned character with the institutions which make for character. "Our Greater San Francisco must be built on the basis of practical reverence for purity in the home, respect for property and contract, on patriotism and on observance of the law."

There are texts in these brief remarks for a hundred sermons. But it is perhaps just as well to leave them to preach themselves. One who, like Mr. Mills, thinks clearly and speaks without reserve needs no interpreter.

The Aldrich Bill.

The Aldrich financial bill, which has passed the Senate within the week practically under the party whip, is designed to prevent panics—or perhaps it would be more exact to say that it is designed to meet a political necessity based upon a universal demand for legislation at the hands of Congress to cure the next panic. The bill itself bears a hundred marks of its political origin. It is nominally in the interest of bankers and yet it finds no favor among bankers as a class. It proposes an emergency currency and yet the method which it prescribes is plainly inadequate to the task. It assumes to be in the interest of sound finance and yet it opposes numberless fixed principles of practical banking. It has through the urgency of the President been made a party measure and yet it takes hold of no principle or tradition or theory which bears any relationship to party history or party aims. Perhaps we could have said all this more briefly by declaring in a word that the Aldrich bill is a mere makeshift, that its design is political rather than financial, that so far as the finances of the country are concerned it is wholly a fraudulent and mischievous thing.

There are in round numbers 23,000 banks in the United States, and at times of panic each of these banks is a danger centre, in the sense that the failure of one bank is a menace to all other banks. The problem imposed by a panic relates as directly to one kind of a bank as to another. And yet the Aldrich bill—a measure proposed in solution of the panic bugaboo—is limited in its application to national banks, of which in round numbers there are in the whole country 6500, or something more than one-fourth of all. Of course, this limitation tends to make legislation easy by avoiding

investigation or inquiry into the character of banks desiring to enlarge their circulation to meet panic demands; but is it not true that in doing thus much, it defeats the general purpose of the relief measure by so narrowing the lines of its application as to fall short of general relief? For example, would it have saved the situation in San Francisco three months ago if the relief afforded by clearing-house issues had been limited to our national banks, leaving the others to face the storm unaided?

Another fatal fault of this measure is involved in its prescription as to the kind of securities upon which emergency circulation may be issued. The bill throws out railroad and certain other bonds, limiting the security upon which special circulation may be issued practically to municipal bonds. Under this rule no bank could secure emergency circulation unless it could pledge with the government approved municipal securities. The effect would be to make an artificial market for municipal bonds, tending not only to promote extravagance and recklessness in municipal borrowing, but to the lock-up in these securities of bank funds which ought under all the rules of practical finance to be devoted to other and more active uses. It would practically involve the withdrawal from the activities of commerce of a large share of what are commonly regarded as available banking funds. Incidentally, by making it easy for municipalities to dispose of their bonds, it would tend to the piling up of municipal indebtedness and ultimately to promote the private municipal ownership.

These are only a few of the larger points. Attention to a measure which, however justified by political exigencies of the situation, finds no support in the men of practical judgment in financial matters. The proposed law would inevitably prove a nullity, if it fails utterly to meet the purposes for which it is proposed. Probably it would do little harm, since, if nullity, things would go on precisely as before. At least the negative merit of not proposing things whose enforcement would increase our financial troubles and tend rather to accelerate than to check the dangers which follow in the wake of financial distrust. Perhaps the worst that could come from this measure is this, namely, that it would impose upon the country a bogus remedy for a real evil and thereby tend to make it more difficult to secure the true remedy, which is the goal towards which we ought to move.

It is one of the interesting, not to say amusing, things in the world of financial legislation that every journalist and nearly every banker knows a cock-sure remedy if he could only get Congress to apply it. The curious thing is that it rarely occurs to anybody to follow the lines suggested by actual experience. A very clear path has been made in recent times by the bankers themselves through clearing-house issues. Wouldn't it be a good idea for Congress to study the plan as it has developed itself, so to speak—to seek practical wisdom by examination of the devices by which the bankers of the country have actually, although outside the law, lifted the country over a period of grievous panic?

We can only speculate as to the motives which have led the President to throw the influence of his office so unreservedly to support of the Aldrich measure. Presumably his motives are purely political. There is a popular demand for some kind of "relief." It will mightily assist Republican politics if the government, Republican in all its branches, shall respond promptly with something having the name and wearing the look of relief. It will be a handy thing for campaign orators to be able to say: "Fellow-citizens, you have seen our go-lo-rious country plunged into the black night of financial panic. And you have seen under the lead of that pure and enlightened statesman, that peerless and only son of Thunder, Teddie the Lightning Striker, the grand old Republican party, out of its virtue and its wisdom, give us a law which will make future panics impossible—I say impossible!" This would sound fine and it might get a vote or two. Probably this is il-

whole motive of the strenuous effort now making to foist upon the country an inadequate and mischievous law.

Phases of American Industry.

Mr. A. B. Stickney of Chicago has been in London to confer with the English stockholders of the Great Western Railroad, of which he is the president. In an address to a stockholders' meeting on the 4th instant he went over the general conditions of the property in detail, showing that in the last six months of 1907 gross earnings decreased 12 per cent, while the ratio of expenses to earnings increased 12½ per cent.

Mr. Stickney dwelt with especial emphasis upon a phase of American industry which he holds "more than half" responsible for the increase in expenses. Increased expense in maintenance of equipment he said is "easily traceable to bad workmanship." The amount of repairs necessary to be made has been increased by carelessness and indifference in the army of men who work for the company. In attempting to apply a remedy for the increased cost of maintaining equipment, the management discovered that its shops and all its roundhouses were in the grasp of local labor unions, whose leaders not only disregarded the interests of the company, but also disregarded the rules of their own orders and set at defiance the orders of the chief officers of their own national organizations to whom they owed allegiance. The management also discovered that to attempt to apply any efficient remedy would result in a strike, and knowing the enormous cost which such a strike would entail if forced to an issue during prosperous times, the management felt compelled to endure what they felt powerless to prevent.

It is a fact, declared Mr. Stickney, that the thoughts of railroad employees for several years have been centred to such an extent upon their so-called "rights" that they have no thought or regard for their duties. The increase in the number of wrecks, collisions, and personal injuries, he declared, is due largely to neglect under the individual degeneracy of an advanced unionism of the rules essential to the safety of trains. There is, he continued, a distinct decline in the cheerful and attentive performance of duties and of conscientious watchfulness of conditions, and it is due, he asserts, to the spirit of a unionism under which the work to be done and the rules under which it should be done are less seriously regarded than the instructions and regulations of unionism.

The wages of employees, Mr. Stickney declared, had been increased 40 per cent in six years, and yet in August of last year, with adverse business conditions manifestly developing, there came a demand which would have made the increase 55 per cent for machinists and 63 per cent for boilermakers. The company resisted these demands, finding it necessary to employ strikebreakers, whom Mr. Stickney characterizes as "a class of men who are willing to work during the excitement and dangers of personal injury, but who refuse to work longer than the excitement and danger last, and as a rule are poor mechanics and demand high rates of pay." It was as hard, he said, to get rid of the inefficient strikebreakers as of the union men, but the company has now filled its shops with highly efficient non-union mechanics and "the officers of the company, instead of the officers of the union, are directing the maintenance of equipment."

The Berlin Embarrassment.

The "hitch" over the reception of Dr. David J. Hill as the ambassador of the United States at Berlin was due to the fact that Hill has a wife who among other things is something of a fool. She wears queer clothes including a species of "jockey" cap, rides a bicycle in short skirts, and does her marketing much after the general style of the landlady of a boarding-house. While this sort of thing is thoroughly approved at Columbus, Ohio, and is held to indicate a commendable smartness at Lincoln, Nebraska, it doesn't "go" at the more punctilious European courts. At Berlin it is still considered the proper thing for the wife of an ambassador to carry herself along conventional lines—in other words, to give as good an imitation of a real lady as possible. The Germans are an ambitious people and they realize their need of patterns and illustrators of social usages from the outer and more civilized world. The wife of an American minister who on a state occasion ladled out the soup with her own fair hand, hilariously inviting anybody who wanted more to "back up his part," is still remembered; and it is possible that this historic incident had something to do with the Kaiser's objection to Mrs. Hill, whose various breaches

of convention have added to the gayety of more than one nation since her husband's service abroad. On the whole, we think it would be a good idea for the government to establish a middle-aged ladies' seminary at Washington where the wives of prospective ambassadors might be taught to eat with their forks, to keep their spoons out of their teacups, and not to say "yes mam."

A Lesson Learned from Experience.

Four years ago, when Mr. Theodore A. Bell, after having found his way to Congress by a series of fortunate accidents, had come creditably to the end of his term, he was advised by the editor of the *Argonaut* to regard his experience in public life as educational and the reputation gained in it as so much accumulated capital. You have had, we said to Mr. Bell, a streak of luck, and thus far you have turned it to good account. You will now be pursued by friends, or those who think they are your friends, to be a candidate again for public office. Don't be tempted. California is a Republican State; your congressional district is Republican in sentiment; and there will be no change for years to come. If you harken to the siren you will waste your time and your vitality in fruitless efforts, allow the years when you should be fortifying yourself professionally to slip by unimproved, and in the end you will find yourself older, poorer, less esteemed than now. Your best course is to keep out of active politics, to devote yourself to the study and practice of the law, to let time build your personal fortunes and harden your professional character. Don't shirk your public duties. When really important issues are before the people let your voice be heard not in urgency of any mere party programme, but in support of your real convictions, whatever they may be. Then, later on in life, when there comes some very important crisis in the affairs of California or of the country, there will be need of a widely known, ripe, strong man. That will be your hour. If public life has any charms for you, you will find it by doing what we here suggest, and at its best.

Mr. Bell did not act upon this counsel. He accepted the nomination for Congress, gave a whole summer to the campaign, spent his money for things that did him no good, and in the end was beaten. Then he spent the next two years in a rather more than less strenuous effort to groom himself for the next campaign. He cheapened himself by becoming the grand cockolorum of a so-called fraternal order largely made up of barkeepers and the kind of people who flock with barkeepers. He became a jiner of jiners. A conspicuous Native Son, a Forester, a Knight of three or four kinds, and God knows what else—all to the end of sustaining his political popularity. When the convention assembled there was a demand for Mr. Bell to take the gubernatorial nomination, and against his own inclination and that of his truest friends he did it. He spent many weeks in a strenuous and costly campaign, only in the end to be beaten. He had given the best part of three years since the end of his congressional service, three years out of the growing-time of his life, to a game in which the cards were stacked against him and wherein success if it might have been gained would have been nothing short of a personal calamity. He had given all this, likewise he had spent money that he ought to have invested, he had spent time that he ought to have given to his books and to his work, he had fallen into time-wasting and character-weakening associations. And what he had gotten out of it was a distinct loss at the point of personal and political prestige, for the man in politics who aspires and tries and fails is infinitely less regarded than he who leaves the game severely alone.

Now Mr. Bell sees for himself what we saw for him and in genuine good feeling put before him four years ago. Interviewed at Sacramento on Wednesday of last week as to his plans, Mr. Bell said: "I can not accept the nomination either in the Second or in the Fourth district, because I feel that I am not financially able to do so. It costs a lot of money to run for office and I want to build up my law practice. I shall, however, continue to take an active part in State politics, and I hope to go to the Fresno convention and be sent as a delegate to the national convention at Denver." Here we see Mr. Bell taking a course in precise line with counsels which we gave him nearly four years ago. Now, as then, it is the line of wisdom. Unhappily, Mr. Bell has lost good time, cheapened his connections with the political game, and cheapened himself a little by bad associations and by the failure of his candidacies. But he is still a young man; he is still a man of good mind and clean character; he has still in him the mak-

ings of any kind of a man, professionally or otherwise, that he may really wish to make.

The *Argonaut* likes Mr. Bell. It likes to see men of the clean kind in public life and out of it. It would like to see Mr. Bell cut the fraternities, cut the seamy side of politics, cut all the things which waste time and strength and money, give himself to the studies and the labors that count, build for himself a reasonable independence, without which there is no real success in life, grow in character as a lawyer and in public respect as a man. And when these things are all done there will surely come a time when the State will have use for such a man—use so important and urgent that it will seek him out and not be denied. And, let us add, public life on any other basis is not worth the while of any man, much less a clear-eyed, clean-hearted, right-minded man like Theodore A. Bell.

A Los Angeles Case and a Local Illustration.

Somebody in the State of Oregon stole government land. Somebody else bought logs that the thief cut from the stolen land, sawed them into lumber and shipped it to Los Angeles. Certain reputable men in Los Angeles in the way of business have lent money on this stock of lumber; and now these reputable men in consequence of a transaction entirely open and businesslike find themselves involved in a scandal. There is a trumpeting which the *Los Angeles Times* describes as "like the crack of doom"; the *Los Angeles* business men are branded as criminals and an attempt is made to take them far away from home and railroad them into jail. All of which leads the indignant *Times* to remark that

This "sleuth" business is a dangerous one. The detective is necessary as an arm of the law, but no man should be employed in the business who is not both discreet and honest. The indiscreet man is liable to be used by designing rascals, who "bave it in for" some business rivals, and he is liable to talk too soon and too much. The dishonest detective is as dangerous to society as a conflagration, as poison, or as a rattlesnake. . . . This bloodbound business, this condemnation by "sleuths," this wringing confessions out of men by lying, threatening, and torture, this railroading men to prison, must come to an end. Society is not vindictive, it is just. The law is cold-blooded and inclines to the side of mercy. When any man with rival business interests spends large sums of money to "get evidence" against a rival or antagonist, his motives are subject to suspicion, and the court is right which exacts that the proofs in such a case be more than circumstantial. The jury will almost always weigh the case more carefully and make more allowances.

We have seen too much raw, reckless work done by some of these "sleuths," and too frequent assumption on the part of prosecuting officers that there is guilt before adequate proofs are in sight. Let the guilty be punished, the laws enforced, and society protected; but for heaven's sake let it all be done by process of law, in a fair trial, by testimony rightly obtained from witnesses with good reputation, and let it all be tempered with mercy. Call off the human bloodhounds and let the innocent go about their business affairs unmolested.

These remarks, while they relate to matters far outside the lines of our local scandals, nevertheless have a very direct application to certain men and certain things in San Francisco. We have had this "sleuth" business *ad nauseam*. With us it has been carried to a point where we know not whom to believe, because all connected with criminal procedures, including the sleuths themselves, are manifestly guilty of falsehood and criminal intrigue. We are coming to long for the good old days when a thief was not set to catch a thief, and when it was not considered legitimate to suborn and extort testimony, to go outside the law to secure convictions, or to turn the machinery of justice into an engine of business and personal malevolence. In this connection we note in running over the "editor's sheet" of the *American Magazine* for April this interesting and suggestive paragraph: "Lincoln Steffens," says the *American*, "tells exactly how Detective Burns caught the crooks in San Francisco. Burns is a creative genius who imagines the perfected thing and then goes to work and builds it. Often he has imagined who was guilty and how the crime was committed, and then he has rounded up the proof necessary to satisfy the court." Mr. Steffens's estimate of his friend Burns's genius and his statement of fact is one of the few things he has succeeded in getting straight. There are, however, those among us who don't like the method—who would rather not have anybody "imagine" a criminal case and then proceed upon the basis of an invented crime to "round up" evidence to prove it. Mr. Steffens has hardly done his friend a service in this exposition of sleuth methods, but it is to be hoped that he may open some eyes as to the fraud, injustice, and criminality of a system which in its moral aspects stands

fairly on a par with the worst things that Mr. Burns has exposed.

A Firm Hand at Stanford.

When some twenty-five years or more ago Dr. Angell came into the presidency of the University of Michigan, that institution had a bad name for college rowdiness, or hoodlumism, to put it in the vernacular of the Pacific Coast. It was a State institution and as such was presumed to lie under special obligations to the principle of democracy in its system of internal government. The students had things pretty much their own way, and it had come to be a grievously bad way. Hazing was universally practiced and with circumstances so gross and brutal that in one case, not long after Dr. Angell's inauguration, a young man was killed on the campus. The matter of this crime done in the false name of sport was taken up for investigation, whereupon the entire senior and junior classes, feeling aggrieved at the point of their "rights," struck in a body. Then after a few days the young men came round for the conference traditional in such cases as a preliminary to reinstatement with leave to do the hoodlum act over again. The surprise of these youths, comprising at the point of numbers nearly half of the whole student body, may be imagined when they were informed blandly by President Angell that they had not merely been suspended, but dismissed. There was first incredulity, then irritation, then anger running into rage, then threats, then court procedure upon the theory that the University of Michigan, being a State institution, must receive whoever chose to come to it. But in spite of all, Dr. Angell stuck to his position and the dismissed young men found it impossible to return to Ann Arbor.

For some time the classes in the University of Michigan were very thin, but in the meantime the university saved its money and did not cease to deal adequately with those who chose to accept its discipline. Instead of being an institution noted for hoodlumism, it became, on the other hand, noted for the good manners of its students. Wise parents know that the best thing a boy can get at college is discipline, and when it became understood that the discipline was severe at Ann Arbor the university quickly filled up with the very best kind of timber. Its high character as a seat of learning and its larger popularity may fairly be said to date from the time when Dr. Angell suppressed the spirit of hoodlumism and enthroned the spirit of discipline. Ann Arbor has not been without its student troubles during all these years, but it has maintained itself fairly at the head of the great popular universities of the country, while at the same time it has maintained a discipline which has tended immensely to the creation and maintenance of character among the student body.

We have recited this bit of history because it applies most pointedly to present conditions at Stanford. We have here a condition differing radically in that Stanford is a private institution in which students have no shadow of right based on the fact that their fathers are taxpayers. Whoever attends Stanford University as a student does so purely on sufferance, and he is bound not only by the general principles which support good moral conduct, but by special motives resting upon the fact that he is purely a guest and a receiver of bounty. There has been a serious crisis for Stanford, because there has been danger that the authorities would yield what they have no right to yield—what they could not yield, in fact, without sacrificing the character and destroying the repute of the school. It will do Stanford no permanent harm to lose every student for the sake of maintaining a decent discipline; but it would do it irreparable harm if by a weak-kneed complaisance with improper and arrogant demands it should go forth that the university is not strong enough to enforce rules made by its faculty and deemed essential to good morals and good order.

Whatever danger there may have been at this point now seems to be past. The faculty will stand by its rules; those students who added impertinence to the original offense will be dismissed; those who sympathize with the recalcitrants to the extent of becoming sharers in their offending will be permitted to withdraw. The university, with the rowdies and the rebels eliminated, will be stronger than before; there will grow a new "Stanford spirit" free from any vice of hoodlumism, wholly consistent with the ideas and standards which belong to the world of good breeding.

The ultimate result will be that parents who in their lack of wisdom and in their weakness wish their children to be indulged and coddled will send them to some other school; while parents who know the value of

discipline and who wish to see their boys grow up with the character and the manners which discipline breeds, will regard Stanford more highly than before.

We note this very curious argument in behalf of those lads active in the "parade" two weeks ago, namely, that this demonstration was justifiable because something like it had been done once or twice before. The logic of this theory is not impressive; applied broadly, it would excuse every infamy of which the world has had any experience. The fact that this sort of outrage has previously been endured is nothing more or less than a demonstration that discipline at Stanford has long been too lax and that the jacking-up which Professor Clark and his committee has given to the student body comes none too soon.

Give Us a New Deal.

The weariness which the public feels in relation to the so-called graft prosecution appears now to be shared by the prosecuting group itself. At the end of a year and half it finds itself practically with nothing accomplished in the matter of criminal convictions, since it has but one conviction standing to its credit—that of Louis Glass—and even that is under review by a higher court, with the probability, so the lawyers say, of being nullified for errors of procedure. The general situation, too, is discouraging, for while a year ago the prosecution was a thing of high moral credit, it now stands measurably if not absolutely discredited both legally and morally, forced by circumstances of its own creation to expend its energies chiefly in its own defense rather than in the prosecution of criminality. Further, it is evident that those who have made the policies of the movement are utterly deficient in capacity for straightforward action and that they have sacrificed their own credit and that of the movement itself by whimsical discriminations of which the public does not approve. Tactically, legally, morally, the work has been bungled from the beginning both to the damage and the shame of San Francisco and to the pitiful discredit of our machinery for adjudicating and enforcing justice.

The procedure, too, has proved very costly. It is estimated that up to date the expenditure has reached the vast sum of \$727,600, of which the City and County of San Francisco has provided \$89,600—this in addition to the large fixed charges for the maintenance of courts. The indicted men, it is estimated, have expended \$373,000 in the employment of lawyers and in other defensive operations. The voluntary prosecutors—Spreckels, Phelan, *et al.*—are believed to have spent \$265,000 up to date, with no prospect of an immediate let-up in the demands upon them.

Under the circumstances, it is hardly surprising that Mr. Spreckels is willing and eager to "let go." He is willing, Mr. Langdon declares, to "step out" if the city and county, through the board of supervisors, will provide the sum of \$120,000 which it is estimated should carry the work to its conclusion. Mr. Langdon petitions the supervisors to provide this sum and the matter as we go to press is under advisement.

The *Argonaut* most heartily favors the taking over by regularly constituted authorities of this whole graft business. From the very beginning it regretted that a public work had been assumed by private hands, and ever since the movement became manifestly vitiated by the aims and motives of private malice it has deeply resented the whole situation. Now the *Argonaut* would like to see the regularly constituted authorities, representing the people and backed by public funds, take up this prosecution in its legitimate purpose of pursuing criminality and carry it through by legal, logical, and regular methods to legal, logical, and regular ends. There is undoubtedly a vast body of gross guilt to be uncovered and punished. The work ought to be done without consideration of persons, without fear or favor. The question in relation to any defendant should be, not is he a business rival and personal enemy of Rudolph Spreckels or of James D. Phelan, but is he guilty of a crime against the public welfare? Not the private interest nor the personal malice of Messrs. Spreckels and Phelan, but the welfare and integrity of the community should supply the motives of prosecution and should suggest the lines and methods of procedure. Likewise it should provide whatever may be needed in the way of money.

The *Argonaut* is in favor of taking over the whole business of prosecution, of throwing out the vicious spirit of personalism and of private resentment and revenge associated with it and of making it a purely public matter. It is in favor of proceeding against the persons notoriously guilty and with respect to whose

delinquencies the evidence is clear as daylight, rather than condoning their crimes for the sake of bribing them to supply evidence true or false against other possible or probable criminals. The *Argonaut* is for abandoning the whole scheme of intimidation, subornation, falsehood, intrigue, and fraud and of proceeding by regular and legal methods to regular and legal ends. The *Argonaut* holds in contempt this whole rotten and criminal system of first "imagining" the guilt of somebody and then of "rounding up" evidence to make the nightmare a demonstration if not a reality.

Again, the *Argonaut* is in favor of bringing into the management of this prosecuting movement somebody who knows enough law and who is careful enough in his methods to get convictions that will stick. We have had enough of gross bungling. We have had enough of intriguing with courts. We have had enough of forced methods. We have had enough of suborned testimony. We have had enough and more than enough of methods in prosecution outside the law, beyonds the bounds of decency, calculated in support of purely personal purposes and ending in results so violently at odds with every legal principle that they have only to be laid bare before intelligent and unprejudiced judges to be immediately discredited and nullified.

We are in favor of dismissing the whole crew of private prosecutors and of making this prosecution a strictly impersonal and impartial public function, with no purposes save those connected with the integrity of the law and in support of the public interest and the public morals. If this can be done by the provision of \$120,000, or any other sum, in the name of common sense, of public decency, and of public honor, let there be no delay. But—we are not in favor of providing \$120,000 or one penny of public funds for the carrying forward of a private and malicious persecution, under the direction of Rudolph Spreckels and James D. Phelan. We are not in favor of capitalizing on the public account the cruel and inveterate malice of any group of private citizens. Nor are we in favor of providing public funds to support the swaggering, blundering and unlawful methods of Mr. Francis Heney and Mr. William Burns. If we are to make this prosecution a public instead of a private matter, let us select for it agents of established character, skilled enough and honest enough to proceed by regular and legal methods, unbiased by the passions of a long-sustained private conflict and unburdened by the distrust and enmity of a large proportion of our people. It would be a mockery indeed to assume to take over this prosecution and to relieve Messrs. Spreckels and Phelan at the point of its financial support and at the same time leave in their hands, discredited as they are, the powers of initiative and direction.

By all means let the prosecution be made a purely public matter, carried forward by agents of the community and sustained by the public purse. By all means let us have a new deal and a better deal all round.

Amending the Sherman Act.

The Supreme Court has decided that the Sherman Act applies to such policy of labor unions as works restraint of trade and commerce between the States. This was the unanimous decision of the court. The labor unions admit the propriety of the decision by demanding an amendment of the Sherman Act, to except them from its terms and penalties. In this demand they admit that their acts are in restraint of trade. In fine, Congress is asked to declare that conduct which is a misdemeanor in one class of men, punishable by penal sentence, is in another class of men commendable, permissible, protected by law, and free of penalty.

The decision of the court says that its conclusion "rests on many judgments of this court, to the effect that the act prohibits any combination whatever to secure action which essentially obstructs the free flow of commerce between the States, or restricts in that regard the liberty of a trader to engage in business. The combination charged falls within the class of restraints of trade aimed to compel third parties and strangers involuntarily not to engage in the course of trade, except on conditions that the combination imposes, and there is no doubt that at common law every person has individually, and the public also has, collectively, a right to require that the course of trade should be kept free from unreasonable obstruction. If a State, with its recognized powers of sovereignty, is impotent to obstruct interstate commerce, can it be that any mere voluntary association of individuals within the limits of that State has a power which the State itself does not possess?"

The Labor Council of San Francisco has received a

report on this decision, which declares that a "Congress friendly to human liberty" will repeal or amend the Sherman Act so as to except labor unions from its operation, and that "it is clear that such legislation must be had if individual freedom and democratic institutions are to be preserved." Therefore it appears as the union labor demand that such unions must dictate the terms and conditions upon which others may do business and engage in interstate trade, or individual freedom and democratic institutions will fail and fall.

It is waste of time to argue with people whose view is so distorted that they see freedom and democracy only in the right to subject all other men to their arbitrary will and dictation. It is the same muddle of distorted ideas as appeared in the labor-union platform on which Schmitz was elected mayor, which said: "We demand equal rights for all and special privileges for none," and in the next plank demanded that "all public supplies of every kind purchased by the city government shall bear the union label." It may be that an American Congress may be elected that will enact that an act is a crime or misdemeanor, subject to severe penalty, when committed by persons who do not belong to a labor union, but is no crime nor misdemeanor, nor subject to penalty, when committed by persons who do belong to a labor union, but such enactment will mark the lowest possible degradation of the law-making body, and unless voided by the courts will be the end of constitutional government.

The case decided by the Supreme Court arose in the demand of the labor unions that a manufacturer in Connecticut compel his employees to join the union, by discharging them from employment if they refused. The employer declared they were free to join the union or not, as they pleased, and they pleased not to join. For this his goods were boycotted and all retail dealers who handled them were boycotted and picketed all over the country. Now the unions want that policy and restraint of trade excepted from the penalties of law which fall upon all others who do the same thing. They may as well ask that they be excepted from the statutes of murder, theft, and mutiny.

Editorial Notes.

A dummy case against the owner and editor of the *Bulletin* brought by a dummy lawyer at the instigation of a dummy politician who acts for one who chases to play a dummy game not only with respect to this but to many other matters, has been gravely determined favorably to the defendants. This was the plan of the pre-arrangement. It was a proceeding as fraudulent and bare-faced as could possibly be conceived and it reflects small credit upon anybody who had to do with it—Mr. James D. Phelan included. It is hoped that this determination in a flim-flam proceeding will not serve to throw out of court the defendant by Mr. William Tevis against the *Bulletin* in Kern County. The point at issue in this case ought to be decided. It would be interesting to know how far the "rights" of a yellow newspaper go when it comes to exploiting falsehood and slander.

Now it is proposed that practice with the rifle shall be part of the curriculum in our public schools. By all means let us have it. Already we have put upon childhood the whimsies of the drawing-master, of the seed-planter, of the non-tobacco user, of the calisthenic enthusiast, of the opposer of alcohol, of the music teacher, of the dancing professor, of the instructor in social games, and of a dozen others, including the weather prophet. By all means let us have shooting. A little girl who has been taught not to smoke cigarettes or to chew tobacco or to drink whisky ought to be further finished up by lessons in how to fire a gun. Besides, it would make a new professorship, with another salary to pay, and this would encourage other enthusiasts to invent still other things to be imposed upon the childhood of the country. And really there is need of more studies in our schools. The last little girl of twelve we questioned as to what they were teaching her was taking only reading, writing, spelling, written arithmetic, mental arithmetic, geography, grammar, universal history, American history, "language," drawing, music, cooking, sewing, wood-carving, calisthenics, nature-study, "poetry," meteorology, physiology, map-drawing, modeling in clay, with possibly three or four other things we have forgotten. By all means this little girl should be taught to shoot. There is danger that unless something should be done to occupy her time she will fall into mere idle play. It must be remembered that the mind of youth is elastic and that the more unre-

lated and non-essential things crowded into it the better. By all means fetch on new stunts.

The Suomi Temperance Society of Astoria, Oregon, had a heated discussion last week over a proposal to hang a portrait of President Roosevelt on the walls of the society hall. It was opposed on the ground that the President is a "wine-bibber" and a representative of the "whisky party"; and in support of these accusations there was developed the awful fact that "liquor" is served on the presidential table. The President's friends won the day to the extent of actually hanging the picture, but late that night virtue had another inning, for three sons of temperance in its most radical form broke into the hall, dragged the picture from its place, and trampled it into the mud of the streets, affording a beautiful example of the triumph of a great principle.

As a means of combatting a "wave of prohibition" which seems about to overrun the State of Oregon, the brewers and wholesale liquor dealers have taken steps "to weed out the bad saloons and place the business on a footing that will call forth the least opposition." It is a pity that this policy was not enforced long ago. If it had been—if the brewers and wholesale liquor dealers had combined to stamp out the more disreputable aspects of the business—there would have been nothing to stimulate the "wave of prohibition." In truth, the brewers and wholesalers have themselves created the situation which now presses so heavily against them, for in Oregon as elsewhere they have fostered and promoted every phase of the liquor traffic, the lowest as well as the highest. The new movement on the part of the brewers and wholesalers to stamp out the "low places" may come too late to protect them against public resentment; but if they will stick to the text, if they will studiously discourage those aspects of the liquor trade which minister to vice and crime, they may succeed in saving their business from ultimate extermination.

There was no end of hip-hip-hurrahing over champagne glasses when it was declared at the Fairmont Hotel a few nights back that a certain great Eastern life insurance company has loaned \$3,000,000 for reconstruction purposes in San Francisco and that it is going to loan other sums that will run the total up to \$10,000,000. Perhaps it is well for us not to forget that a local insurance company, established in business here for now something more than forty years, has without any kind of loud talk already loaned \$10,000,000 for the same purpose. Taking all things together, perhaps that is not a bad law which requires local insurance companies to limit their investments to California enterprises and securities.

We read that somebody is going to start a weekly journal at Sacramento "following the general style of the *Argonaut*"—of course with certain "improvements" growing out of the superior talents of the adventuring editor and calculated to adapt the new publication to the richer intellectual and moral atmosphere of the Sacramento Valley. This same thing was done six months ago at San Jose, and at last accounts it had been done here and there over the country exactly eleven thousand and thirteen times within the thirty-one years since the *Argonaut* blazed out the trail which it has persistently followed. Imitations of the *Argonaut* with "improvements" have been rather more plentiful than blackberries and yet—the *Argonaut* continues to stand alone and without rivalry, to live and to prosper, while its imitators inevitably fall by the wayside. Perhaps the secret of it is that the *Argonaut* imitates nobody, but goes straight ahead working its own vein, speaking the voice of truth and judgment according to its own lights and its own conscience, and making it so plain that whoever will read may understand. The trouble with the imitators is that they are attempting to do something outside of their own propensity and capability—in short, that they are imitators. Just as a journal "after the style of the *Argonaut*" is founded in some neck of the woods every little while, so there comes out of the elocution and singing schools multitudes of boys and girls who are going to speak like Chauncey Depew or sing like Patti. We have heard of a thousand such within recent times, but—where are they?

Ex-Governor John W. Stewart of Middlebury, Vermont, has been appointed to the United States Senate by Governor Fletcher D. Proctor to fill the vacancy caused by the recent death of Senator Redfield Proctor.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

There is more than a modicum of suggestion in this editorial comparison of our two ranking citizens, presented by the New York *Globe*:

It is not disrespectful to either President Roosevelt or Secretary Taft to note the fact that they profoundly differ in their characters. Granting equal sincerity, and granting also that in the main they have reached common conclusions, nevertheless it is true that they travel along different roads. One has impressed the country as a man disposed to jump at his opinion with *a priori* speed; the other has been content with the slowness of *a posteriori*. One had an ambition to become a soldier; the other to become a judge. If Paul Morton is to be believed, the President is disposed to haste, if not irascibility, of temper. The tradition of Secretary Taft, among his school fellows is that of genial good nature. The future Plutarch of America, when he comes to sum up and contrast the characters of these men, will find ample material for antithesis. Secretary Taft can not be another Roosevelt, even though such be his heart's desire. Look over his public papers—have his words ever given the impression that a bunch of fire-crackers has been set off? Imitate Roosevelt? In the sense that his critics imply, he couldn't if he would. In so far as any have been alarmed by a peculiar rancousness of the President's words and methods there is every assurance that there will be a change at the White House after March 4 next. In so far as the Roosevelt policies, as distinguished from the Roosevelt, have been defined, Secretary Taft, as President, will unquestionably labor to bring them to fruition, but it will be as a Taft, not as a Roosevelt. None knows this better than the present occupant of the executive mansion, for it is inconceivable that two men of such contrary humor could be intimately associated without forming an estimate of the temperament of the other—without, it may be assumed, more than one clash of opinion which warned of a divergence even though causing no loss of mutual esteem. It is time for the common sense of the country to insist on the public recognition of facts fully recognized in every candid private conversation.

To those who see a States-rights question in the recent railroad law decision of the United States Supreme Court, the following editorial review from the New York *Evening Post* may be commended:

Yesterday's decision of the Supreme Court, in the railway cases coming up from Minnesota and North Carolina, is variously described as "for the railroads" or "against the States." It is neither. The Supreme Court does not incline to one suitor rather than another, nor favor one party in an appeal as against the other; it merely enunciates and applies principles of law. And all that it did yesterday was to reaffirm and apply two well-settled principles of American Constitutional law. They are, first, that no man's property can be taken from him without due process of law, which means that no Legislature can enact a statute that will be in effect confiscatory; and, second, that no man can be deprived of the equal protection of the laws.

It was in the application of the later principle to the railway laws of Minnesota and North Carolina (and the Alabama law stands on all fours with them), that the Supreme Court made its most important deliverance. These State laws were of the kind which, it was boasted, had been made "injunction proof." By this was meant that it had been made enormously difficult and dangerous for any of the parties affected to challenge the constitutionality of the laws in the courts. There was to be, so politicians in Minnesota and Alabama said gleefully, no more interference of the Federal courts in behalf of railway officials. If any of them ventured to violate any provision of the State law, in order to make a case and bring it within the cognizance of the court, imprisonment at hard labor with heavy fines would be at once visited upon him. The assertion was made with much chuckling that these particular railway statutes had been so thoroughly "fixed" that no attempt could be made by those whose property was put in jeopardy even to go into the Federal courts and ascertain whether the laws were confiscatory and hence unconstitutional. But this very effort to prevent a constitutional determination is itself unconstitutional. That is the essence of the court's decision yesterday.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Aweary of Scandal.

BRENTWOOD, N. Y., March 15, 1908.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—I hope that the San Francisco scandals may come to an end so that your paper may be able to be itself again. This from a regular and appreciative reader.

C. A. C.

Likewise the editor of the *Argonaut* wishes most devoutly that our scandals would come to their end, if to no other purpose than giving the *Argonaut* leave to breathe free air, to think about pleasant and decent things—to get back to better things. Every reader of this note, we suspect, will heartily indorse its sentiment.

Mr. Alfred Dolge's Father.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 28, 1908.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—Permit me to call your attention to an error made in your last issue. It was not Mr. Alfred Dolge, who is still active in Southern California, but his father, who died in Del Norte, California.

Being a personal friend of Mr. Alfred Dolge, I fully verify all you said concerning him, and am glad that he is still an active, healthy man who will probably accomplish much before he is called.

I am sending you the *Musical Courier* extra, where, on page 12 and page 30 you will find notes concerning the career of the older Mr. Dolge, whose career in some respects is even more interesting than that of his son.

Respectfully yours,

F. W. DOHRMANN.

The *Argonaut* is pleased to learn that Mr. Dolge is still spared, to be of service to a world in which there are few so truly benevolent. In the New York *Sun* of March 6 there was a column article concerning the death of Mr. Alfred Dolge, and the *Sun's* error, in confusing Mr. Christian August Dolge with his son, was innocently repeated in these columns.

Congressman Lilley's charge that the Japanese war scare was put to selfish commercial use by submarine boat builders was founded evidently upon an affidavit by Clement E. Adams of Bridgeport, Connecticut, in which Mr. Adams testifies to interviews he had had in Washington with J. F. C. Archibald, formerly a floating newspaper correspondent. Mr. Archibald, said Mr. Adams, had represented to him that he had visited the Pacific Coast in 1906, under an appointment by President Roosevelt, to investigate the condition of the coast defenses. The President has lately repudiated the story of the appointment and has disclaimed all responsibility for Archibald's visit to the Coast.

QUEEN, EMPRESS, AND MR. MORGAN.

Royal Ladies Visit the Palace of Art Maintained in London by the American Magnate.

The Queen of England and the Empress of Russia were doubtless well aware of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's art collections long before the issue of the amazing catalogue that has just made its appearance. But the fact that a specially prepared copy of the catalogue was sent to the queen may well have suggested a royal visit to treasures that have not only the vulgar interest of enormous value, but that have been collected with unquestionable taste and a really enthusiastic knowledge of art. Why Mr. Morgan should keep this fairy house of marvels in England is a matter between himself and an American custom-house that labors under the impression that art must be "protected" from such competition as that of Michael Angelo and Tintoretto. That, however, is quite another story.

A word about the catalogue itself may not be amiss. It is in three volumes and it certainly can not be classed under the head of light literature, seeing that these volumes weigh nearly a hundredweight. Their production can not have cost much under \$100,000. The paper was specially made in Holland and Antwerp by Van Gelder, the plates by three of the leading firms in Europe, the colored frontispieces were prepared in Paris, while the printing and binding are masterpieces of those arts. The frontispieces are specially remarkable and are said to touch the high-water mark of modern color-printing. They represent the famous Gainsborough Duchess of Devonshire, the Reynolds group of Lady Betty Ollive and children, and the Lawrence Miss Farren (Lady Derby). These volumes have been in course of preparation for many years, and they may almost rank as a history of art. Every picture is pedigreed back to its birth and no feature of its history has been omitted. The fact that a work is owned by Mr. Morgan is final testimony of its genuineness.

Mr. Morgan received his royal guests at 13 Princes Gate, South Kensington. It is a plain and unpretentious house, giving little external evidence of the amazing collection that it holds. Surprising as the collection is, it by no means contains the whole of his acquisitions. Many of Mr. Morgan's finest pictures are still in the great galleries and museums of Europe. His great Raphael, for example, is still in the English National Gallery, while others of almost equal value are in Copenhagen and elsewhere. But there was enough at Princes Gate to satisfy the queen and the empress, and, indeed, to cause them to far outstay the limits that they had set for their visit.

The queen's first expression as she glanced around the entrance hall was "Wonderful." And wonderful it certainly is with its wealth of statuettes and mail elad figures, every one of them a masterpiece and a treasure. But when Mr. Morgan led his guests into the interior rooms they were almost bewildered by a display of pictures that seemed to defy any attempt at adequate examination. Each picture as it was reached was illuminated by innumerable tiny electric lamps cunningly hidden in the frame and so contrived as to give exactly the soft glow that was needed. On the staircase the queen stopped to examine a collection of ancient church ornaments which could easily be gathered on the palm of the hand, but which are worth not less than \$150,000. Her fancy, too, was especially struck by the miniatures beautifully arranged in cabinets, very massive to look at, but moving at a touch so as to catch the most advantageous light. The value of these miniatures is a matter of mere guesswork, but one among them is said to be worth \$200,000, while \$5,000,000 has been named as the value of the whole collection.

The most famous of all the large pictures is undoubtedly the Gainsborough Duchess of Devonshire. The vicissitudes of this famous painting are still fresh in the public mind. They are recounted in nine folio pages of the catalogue, the purchase of the picture by Sir William Agnew for \$45,000, its theft from the Agnew galleries, and its extraordinary recovery in 1901. Another masterpiece is the portrait of Miss Farren by Lawrence. Then there is the portrait of Miss Croker by the same artist, and the famous picture, the "Lady Ironing," which was begun by Henry B. Morland and finished by his son George. There is also Constable's "White Horse," Cosway's portrait of his wife, Hogarth's "Lady's Last Stake," Hoppner's "God-sal Children," two busts by Peters, several pictures by Raeburn, five by Sir Joshua Reynolds, four by Romney, and three by Turner. The Dutch and Flemish schools are represented by two Van Dyks, four Frans Hals, two Holbeins, three Rembrandts, and two Rubens. In fact, every country is represented by the best that has been done and there has probably never been a more impressive collection. Mr. Morgan is said to have played his part of host to perfection, while the queen and the empress did not allow the requirements of etiquette to interfere with a display of delight and enthusiasm that it would indeed have been hard to resist. The ladies had intended to devote an hour to Mr. Morgan's collection, but its attractions were irresistible and it was over two hours before the visit came to an end and Mr. Morgan bade farewell with many expressions of appreciation upon his part as well as upon theirs.

There can, of course, be no doubt that the whole of these treasures will ultimately find their way to America, but Mr. Morgan is understood to have no opinion upon the subject for publication. When that time comes it will mean the downfall of countless spurious "masterpieces" which are now to be found scattered all over the country and which owe their positions to

the difficulties of comparison. It will also mean that America must become the Mecca for the art lovers of the world, for only in America will it be possible to find so perfect a representation of the artistic genius of civilization.

LONDON, March 19, 1908.

OLD FAVORITES.

Aye Wakin', O!

Aye wakin', O! wakin' aye an' wearie,
Sleep I canna get for thinkin' o' my dearie.
Spring's a pleasant time, flow'rs o' ev'ry color,
The birdie builds its nest, aye I think on my lover.
Aye wakin', O wakin' aye an' wearie;
Sleep I canna get for thinkin' o' my dearie.
When I sleep I dream,
When I wake I'm eerie;
Rest I canna get,
For thinkin' o' my dearie.
Aye wakin', O! wakin' aye an' wearie;
Sleep I canna get for thinkin' o' my dearie.

Lanely nicht comes on,
An' the lave are sleepin';
I think on my homie lad,
An' bless my een wi' greetin'.
Aye wakin', O! wakin' aye an' wearie;
Sleep I canna get for thinkin' o' my dearie.

—Anon.

Father O'Flynn.

Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
Far renowned for larnin' and piety;
Still, I'd advance ye widout impropriety,
Father O'Flynn as the flow'r of them all.

(Refrain)—Here's a health to ye, Father O'Flynn,
Slaimeit and slaimeit and slaimeit agin:
Pow'rfullest preacher, and tenderest teacher,
And kindest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
Famous forever at Greek and Latinity,
Faix and the divils and all at Divinity,
Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all!
Come, I venture to give ye my word,
Never the likes of his logic was heard,
Down from mythology into thology,
Troth! and conchology, if he'd the call.

Och Father O'Flynn, ye've a wonderful way wid ye,
All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid ye,
All the young childer are wild for to play wid ye,
Ye've such a way wid ye, Father avick!
Still, for all ye've so gentle a soul,
Gad, ye've your flock in the grandest control;
Checking the crazy ones, coaxin' onaisy ones,
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick.

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity
Where was the playboy could claim an equality
At comicality, Father, wid ye?
Once the hishop looked grave at your jest,
Till this remark set him off wid the rest:
"Is it lave gayety all to the laity?
Can not the clergy be Irishmen, too?"
—Alfred Perceval Graves.

Auld Robin Gray.

When the sheep are in the fauld and the kye a' at hame,
When a' the weary world to sleep are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But, saving a crown, he had naething else beside.
To mak' the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound they were baith for me!

He hadna been awa' a week hut only twa,
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa';
My father brak his arm—my Jamie at the sea—
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work—my mither couldna spin;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
And Roh maintained them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e
Said: "Jennie, for their sakes, will ye marry me?"

My heart it said na, for I looked for Jamie hack;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack;
His ship was a wrack; why didna Jamie dee?
Or why was I spared to cry, Wae is me!

My father argued sair—my mither didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea,
And so Auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week hut only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I couldna think it he
Till he said: "I'm come hame, love, for to marry thee!"

O, sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say:
Ae kiss we took—nae mair—I had him gae away.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee,
And why do I live to say, Wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin.
I darena think of Jamie, for that wad he be sin!
But I will do my best, a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

—Lady Anne Barnard.

To the man in the street ivory means elephant tusks. He forgets or is ignorant of the supply of hippopotamus teeth, walrus tusks, narwhal horns, whale's teeth, and boars' tusks. At present ivory costs about \$7200 a ton; the price of billiard ball ivory has reached the record figure of \$860 a hundred-weight. The best ivory comes from Africa. Mammoth tusks are found in extraordinary abundance in Siberia principally, but they are not very highly esteemed, though they run to an enormous size and indeed hold the record, being sometimes twelve feet long and weighing 200 pounds. The natives of Africa regard ivory as the standard of wealth and store it up in their villages for hundreds of years, constantly adding to their stock, and thus the supply continues and will continue for many, many years.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Dr. Charles H. Good was nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Eleventh District of Indiana on the 609th ballot. The convention began at 10 o'clock in the morning and balloted without adjournment till 7 in the evening. Up to the 505th ballot George Lockwood, private secretary to Vice-President Fairbanks, led four opponents, but the influence of the Fairbanks men was not sufficient to win for him.

Out of 1160 votes at Harvard University, Governor Hughes got more than Secretary Taft in a recent "straw" ballot. Whether a thoroughly impartial prejudice against Yale still influences Harvard students in such matters is not easily determined; but it is possible, of course, that the majority of Harvard students would never vote for a Yale man for President, not even with Mr. Roosevelt, Harvard, '80, glaring at them reproachfully.

The new senator-elect from South Carolina, Frank B. Gary, is a native of that State, but he was graduated from Union College in Schenectady, New York. He is forty-eight years old. For five years he was Speaker of the South Carolina legislature. By profession he is a lawyer, and one of his brothers, Eugene Gary, is a member of the State Supreme Court, while another, Ernest Gary, is a circuit judge. He promises well as a foil to the senior senator, Mr. Tillman.

The Russian Senate, the highest tribunal in the empire, has overruled the appeal made by the 167 members of the first Duma, who were convicted last December by the court of appeals and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The charges against these deputies were treasonable practices, the specifications being that, after the dissolution of the first Duma in July, 1906, its ex-members assembled at Viborg, and issued the famous Viborg manifesto, urging the people to stand up for the rights of popular representation and advising them to give neither money nor soldiers to the government.

William Dulaney, President Roosevelt's colored messenger and barber, has been transferred from the White House rolls to those of the auditor for the Navy Department as a bookkeeper at a salary of \$1600 a year. His salary at the White House was \$1200 a year. Dulaney is a bright young man who has been graduated from a business school and is said to have made 100 per cent in mathematics. He will take the place of a white clerk who was reduced from \$1600 to \$800 on the ground that he was negligent and inefficient. Ralph Tyler, the auditor for the Navy Department, is a colored man from Ohio. Under the civil service rules Dulaney was not eligible to transfer to a clerkship without a special order from the President.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge delivered an address on "Immigration" before the Boston City Club recently, in which he said: "We have heard a great deal lately about Japanese immigration, but it is not a subject which ought to lead, or which will lead, to any ill-feeling between the two countries. Japan does not expect, and no nation can expect, that she should have the right to force her people on another nation, and there is no more cause for offense in the desire of our people in the Western States to exclude Japanese immigration than there is in the Japanese edicts which now exclude our working people from Japan. Moreover, the sentiment of our people is not peculiar to the United States. It is, if anything, more fervent in British Columbia than in California."

Congressman Littlefield of Maine has resigned his seat and it is thought that his action is hastened by the policy of concession to organized labor, especially in the matter of legislation regarding injunctions, which the administration has determined to adopt. Mr. Littlefield was conspicuous in Congress for his opposition to the programme of Mr. Gompers, who tried hard to turn the Second Maine District against him in the election of 1906; and there is nothing to indicate that the congressman has changed his views in the least. Mr. Littlefield, however, is undoubtedly very eager to return to his law practice, for financial reasons, and has been contemplating resigning for some time. He is Maine's best and strongest contribution to public life since Mr. Reed retired, and the Maine delegation will be much weakened by his withdrawal.

Representative Francis Burton Harrison of New York, in a recent debate in the House of Representatives, charged the President with exceeding his authority in the government of the Panama Canal Zone. The House had under consideration a resolution calling on the President to inform it "by what authority he has exercised the functions of government in the Canal Zone since the expiration of the Fifty-Eighth Congress." There was an anomalous condition in the Canal Zone, Mr. Harrison said. The President was exercising executive, legislative, and judicial functions there without being empowered so to do by Congress. It was an assumption of imperialism, Mr. Harrison charged. He read a number of orders issued by the President promulgating laws governing the Canal Zone, among them one abolishing municipal government there. Representative Mann of Illinois replied to Representative Harrison in defense of the President. He declared that in the absence of affirmative action by Congress the President was empowered under the Constitution to govern the Canal Zone. Had he not exercised such authority anarchy would have prevailed on the isthmus, confusion would have resulted, and the work of construction would have been retarded if not entirely prevented.

THE BELLES OF THE ORIENTAL.

By Jerome A. Hart.

VII.

Once past the portals of the Oriental Hotel, Yarrow and Burke crossed the crowded office, and made a very informal toilet preparatory to dinner. In the hotel dining-rooms, even of the older cities, men then paid little attention to dressing specially for morning, afternoon, or evening. The women were more punctilious. Those in the Oriental dining-hall were very handsomely gowned, strange as their attire would seem today. It takes several generations to make extinct fashions appear quaint; when they date back only a decade or so, they seem merely outlandish. But to the eyes of Burke and Yarrow, as they walked down the long room to their table, the rococo ladies doubtless seemed not only beautiful, but in the pink of fashion.

These fair ones gazed with unconcealed interest at the two new arrivals. Both Burke and Yarrow were bachelors and highly eligible; both were well-to-do; Burke was an ambitious and successful politician; Yarrow was not only handsome, but distinguished looking. True, today, with his long hair and luxuriant moustachios, he would look extremely odd; the present generation of gilded youth inclines to the convict-cut of hair and to the clean-shaven face; if a moustache is worn, it must be of the toothbrush kind. But in Yarrow's day men who had any hair wore it.

They seated themselves at a table spread with a scarlet damask table-cloth, on which hot biscuits, cold ham, and dishes of preserves and jams showed that the normal meal at that hour was, as Burke persistently called it, "supper." But Yarrow succeeded in ordering a repeat more in accordance with his tastes.

As they surveyed the room and discussed the people around them, a tall, square-shouldered man appeared in the doorway, for a moment, and scrutinized the guests as if he were looking for some one.

"There's Judge Tower," remarked Yarrow. "He is one of Wyley's henchmen. Do you know him?"

"Yes, but very slightly. He seems to me a square sort of a man. I think if I knew him I should like him better than most of those Chivs."

"Perhaps so," assented Yarrow, a little doubtfully. "He is probably a square man, but he's not of a very engaging disposition."

"Those two ladies he's always with are relatives, I suppose. Tower isn't married, is he?"

"No, he has never married," replied Yarrow. "The ladies are not relatives. The younger is Miss Wayne—Diana Wayne; she is Tower's ward. The elder is Mrs. Lyndon, her companion, a Southern lady, once wealthy, now no longer so."

"Who is Miss Wayne?"

"She is the orphaned daughter of a comrade of Tower's, who fell in the Texan war against Mexico. It was on the battle field, Mrs. Lyndon told me, that the dying man confided his daughter to Tower's care."

"And is there any Mr. Lyndon?"

"No—she is a widow. Tower placed his friend's orphan child in a convent at St. Louis. There, through some other girls, she met Mrs. Lyndon, then just widowed. When Tower decided to try his fortunes here, he prevailed on Mrs. Lyndon to come in charge of the young girl."

There was a slight stir of interest among the guests as a young man entered, his left arm in a sling. With a certain air of repressed pride, he marched through the long room to his table.

"There goes Newton, the editor of the *Clarion*," said Yarrow. "His wound is a long time healing. Probably he is using it as an advertisement for his paper."

"General Randall winged him very neatly," rejoined Burke. "The story goes that Randall thoughtfully shot him in the left arm so as not to disable his pen-hand."

Yarrow laughed, as he turned his eyes from the wounded warrior toward the door again.

"Why, there is Sophia Lucretia," suddenly exclaimed Yarrow.

Burke followed the direction of Yarrow's eyes. Entering the room, he saw a very showy-looking young woman. At least she was somewhere near the period which Balzac calls the ideal age for womankind. Most people would have thought her young; Burke probably did; she certainly did.

"Sophia Lucretia—who may that be?" inquired Burke.

"I beg her pardon, I should have said Miss Leigh," replied Yarrow. "Have you never met her?"

"No."

"Then I'll go and ask her if she won't let us take our coffee at her table, as we've nearly finished dinner. She's very jolly—you'll find her excellent company."

Yarrow hastened to the table of the newly arrived belle, who was scanning the bill of fare with a pretense of not noticing the battery of eyes leveled at her. She greeted Yarrow effusively. Their interview—in dumb show—was followed closely by all the ladies in the room, and in a few moments Burke was brought over, presented, and the two were installed at Sophia Lucretia's table.

"I have often heard of you, Senator Burke," began Miss Leigh, "and we have many mutual friends. But I am told you are a bitter enemy of our sunny southland. You know I am a Southern gyrl. Are we to be enemies or friends?" she asked archly.

"Not enemies, I trust, Miss Leigh, and friends, I hope," replied Burke, with ponderous gallantry. "You have only to say the word and I range myself under your banner."

The lady laughed somewhat artificially. "You say that too glibly for me to believe it is sincere. Don't you think the senator is insincere, Mr. Yarrow?"

Yarrow's attention was wandering from this florid dialogue. He started absent-mindedly, and replied: "Senator Burke? Oh, no. The senator is famous for his loyalty and his devotion. He never breaks his word. His friends all say that—but pardon me, Miss Leigh, I see some friends just entering, and I ought to run over and say a word to them. Will you excuse me?" And as the lady nodded with no great degree of enthusiasm Yarrow left her with her new acquaintance.

Sophia Lucretia was secretly chagrined over the desertion of Yarrow. For Eugene was one of the beaux of the town, rich, handsome, and popular. She was not specially interested in him, but as she suspected him of a dawning devotion to Diana Wayne, it was only feminine in her to want to keep him away from Diana. But she did not want Yarrow to know this. So she made eyes assiduously at Burke, until that usually sombre statesman beamed with pleasure. While Sophia Lucretia would have preferred the younger and more polished cavalier, still Burke was not a bad understudy. He was too serious, and rather uncouth, but he was a man, which was something. A woman likes to have a man with her in a public place, even if it is not *the* man. A vapid popinjay is better than no man at all, and Burke was certainly not a popinjay. He was a prominent man politically if he was not socially. So Sophia Lucretia, while watching Yarrow out of the corner of her eye, affected extreme interest in Burke. He did not notice her wandering gaze. He was so flattered by her apparent absorption in him that he could see no one else in the room. He did not even notice where Yarrow was.

Yarrow had lost no time in joining Mrs. Lyndon and Diana Wayne. Also, as Sophia Lucretia noticed, he had seated himself with the air of one intending to remain.

"It was rash of you to desert Sophia Lucretia so abruptly, Mr. Yarrow," declared Mrs. Lyndon. "She'll never forgive you for it."

"On the contrary, she ought to be grateful. Just look at them! From the way they are wrapped up in one another, it seems to me that both of them enthusiastically desired my absence."

"So that is your reason for coming to our table?" inquired Mrs. Lyndon in mock indignation, "merely to find a good excuse to get away from another one?"

"A thousand times no!" protested Eugene. "My reason was a more imperious one—I could not stay away. I have long cherished a secret passion for a certain lady—nothing could drag from me the disclosure of her name, which is yours."

"Come, come, Mr. Yarrow, this will never do!" exclaimed Mrs. Lyndon laughingly. "Sophia Lucretia says I am altogether too lively for a chaperon, and perhaps she may not be wrong. But still no self-respecting chaperon can permit a young man to make love to her openly in the presence of her charge. Don't you disapprove of this, Diana?"

"I think it would be more becoming in me to affect not to notice the scandalous occurrence," replied Diana, smiling.

"You hear, Mr. Yarrow? If it does not occur again, perhaps your shocking conduct may be overlooked."

"I refuse to make any embarrassing promises, even when offered the bribe of a pardon. I must remain a free agent."

"If you believe so earnestly in freedom, how explain your conspiracy against poor Senator Burke's liberty? Have you not deliberately and with malice aforethought brought him under Sophia Lucretia's spell?"

"He is a hardened bachelor—he ought to be able to take care of himself," replied Eugene, shrugging his shoulders.

"Because you are proof against her fascinations, it does not follow that he is so, too. You must have designs on his peace of mind, or you would not thus have exposed him to the blandishments of the lady with the yellow hair."

"You speak mysteriously of the yellow hair. You don't mean that it isn't hers?"

"Oh, no—I don't mean that. It's hers, I'm sure."

"Perhaps you mean, like the Roman satirist, that it's hers, because she bought it."

"Nor did I mean that either. Your inference is unjustified—likewise unkind. No, I think her hair grew on her own head, but that it is touched up a little."

"In short, that those gorgeous golden sun-kissed tresses owe their tints to—"

"Not to kisses from the sun, but to baths from a bottle. There—it's out—you've made me say it, and I hate to say ill-natured things."

"There is the judge at the door," interrupted Diana.

"So it is. He told me he had an engagement at the restaurant, but that he would come here for us after supper to go to the theatre. Run along and meet him, Diana, and say I'll be out in a few minutes. I want to talk to Mr. Yarrow, and we intend to gossip—oh! dreadfully!—and little girls must not hear us. Run along now, there's a dear."

Diana quitted them to meet Judge Tower, whose tall form was visible stalking through the tables toward them. After a word, Diana and her guardian turned to leave the room. But as they did so, Eugene noticed that Tower was gazing at Sophia Lucretia and Burke. They were so wrapped up in their conversation that they did not notice Tower. The intendment of his gaze surprised Eugene. It almost seemed as if he were turning away reluctantly. Had he, too, fallen under the spell of the lady with the yellow hair?

"Tell me, Mrs. Lyndon, who is this lady—this Sophia Lucretia Leigh?" inquired Eugene, when they were alone. "I am told she comes from New Orleans. You ought to know her—you are from New Orleans."

"Perhaps I ought to know her—but I don't. At least, I didn't. That is, I mean, I never knew her in New Orleans."

"But have you not made her acquaintance here?" "Y-e-e-s, I suppose so," drawled Mrs. Lyndon. "We've been introduced here, but the acquaintance doesn't flourish. We bow when we meet, but Sophia Lucretia always looks as if she'd like to bite my nose off."

"What's the cause of the threatened mayhem? You've never had any quarrel, have you?"

"Oh, no, not the least in the world. We couldn't have quarreled, you know, for we weren't well enough acquainted. It takes friends to make a genuine quarrel, and for a right good fight, you have to be all of one family."

"I know you belonged to the circle of old families in New Orleans. I suppose she wasn't in that set."

"No—she was born in a quarter we called the Pica-yune Tier. Her parents were *petites gens*—small tradespeople; they both died of yellow fever when she was very young; she was the only child, and inherited a small fortune. She was put in a convent school, which she left at once on coming of age. She went to live in St. Louis, and assumed complete control of herself, her life, and her fortune."

"She certainly showed the self-confidence and aplomb so characteristic of the American girl," remarked Eugene.

"And she also showed that she thought she didn't need any chaperon."

"This met with criticism, I suppose."

"Yes. By this time I had married, and was living in St. Louis, too. In New Orleans, European ideas have always prevailed concerning young ladies. It was so, too, in St. Louis among the older families. But many—perhaps most—American girls don't like chaperons."

"That depends on the chaperon. I have never heard Miss Diana express any disapproval of hers."

"I am talking of the institution and not of the individuals. But your remark, although intended as a compliment, is really a reflection on me. The typical chaperon is a sort of dragon."

"I cry peccavi! Miss Diana's opinion of chaperons, and mine, are probably both crude, and not based on experience. She has never had but one chaperon, and I have never had any at all."

"I fear that your views about Diana and chaperons are prejudiced—a little perhaps by her chaperon, and a great deal by Diana. But we were talking of Sophia Lucretia. She was high-spirited, hot-tempered, and beautiful. She made her money fly. Her reputation for wealth brought many suitors around her. Every Southern city, you know, has its belle, and Sophia Lucretia gave herself out as the belle of St. Louis—when she was away from home."

"But did St. Louis itself deny this St. Louis belle?"

"Her title was disputed, but that does not reflect on her beauty. St. Louis had a number of belles, then. It always had. In fact, when I was young there, I used to be a belle myself."

"Why drag in the past tense?"

"*Flatteur, va donc!* Were I not a seasoned woman of the world you would turn my head with your pretty compliments, you fascinating creature. But I am seasoned—almost as much so as Sophia Lucretia, but not quite. Well, there came a time when three men were engaged to Sophia Lucretia, and she was wearing three engagement rings and had plighted her troth three separate times. These sighing swains were threatening to pink or perforate each other, when an uncle, who had acted as her guardian, intervened to prevent bloodshed. Had he been her father he might have shut her up or knocked her down; being only her uncle, he found it necessary to take the young lady away from her three fiancés and let her get engaged to a fourth."

"And did she?"

"Did she? Well, just didn't she! She has kept on getting engaged—but there—I am getting ahead of my story. Her uncle wanted to come to this city on some business, so he brought his handsome niece with him to the land of gold."

"How old was she then?"

"Sophia Lucretia was about twenty-nine when she left St. Louis. She is twenty-six now, because she tells everybody so. Well, when they reached here they took up their quarters in this very hotel. In a week Sophia Lucretia was again a belle, again the centre of a circle of sighing swains. When uncle had finished his business he wanted to go home. But Sophia Lucretia demurred; she said she preferred to remain where she was. Uncle pointed out that it would be improper for a young unmarried lady to live alone in a hotel, and that she would thus defy the conventionalities of St. Louis society. She told uncle that she was not in St. Louis, but here."

"The implication being that there are no conventionalities here?"

"Well, there are very few, and the fewer the better for Sophia Lucretia, for what few there are she seems bent on breaking."

"And how do the women here take her defiance of even our meagre roll of conventionalities?"

"With disapproval—with strong disapproval. She has no women friends—her friends are all men. Did you ever notice, Mr. Yarrow, that there are some women who are not liked by other women, yet are great favorites with men?"

"Frequently—and I have also noticed that there are

some who are great favorites both with women and with men—yourself, for example.”

“Thank you, but let us drop compliments—I am speaking seriously now. To use your gambling phrase, you may always bet on a woman who is a favorite with other women. But the woman who is avoided by her own sex and is a favorite only with men—well, she may be all right, but I have not always found her so.”

“Your theories tally with those entertained by men,” replied Yarrow. “The social standing of a man in men’s circles is not affected by his standing in what is called ‘society’ which women control. When two men become acquainted through the introduction of a woman, they rarely become friends—sometimes they regard it so lightly that they forget to bow. A popular ‘society man’ may be ruthlessly blackballed at the clubs.”

“What you say about introductions surprises me. I did not know that men set so little store by a woman’s social indorsement of another man.”

“It is even more plainly shown in letters of introduction. Men never look seriously on such letters when brought by a man from a woman. Of course, I am speaking of more settled circles than the one in which we are. When a man comes to a strange city, and wants to be received by the men there cordially and frankly, like one of themselves, he must bring credentials from other men. A woman’s letter won’t do.”

“What are the factors which most affect men in their light regard for women’s introductions?”

“Probably the financial factor has a good deal to do with it. The qualities which women admire in a man are frequently admirable only from a society standpoint. For example, a man must pay his card debts; a woman not necessarily so. I have been told that women both cheat and welch at cards with impunity. But a man who does not pay his card debts, his debts of honor, is looked upon by other men as an impossible person; he is a social pariah; he is sent to Coventry; he must resign from his clubs; if he does not, he will be dropped. But to women an agreeable young dancing man who has incurred poker debts which he can not pay is simply unfortunate. To them he is a poor fellow, and to be pitied; to men, he is a welcher, and to be shunned.”

“We women have our own conduct code, and you men have yours. Your code sometimes seems absurd to us, but ours must often seem absurd to you. Still I think it is wisest to take the judgment of each sex on the qualities of its own members. But dear me! How very serious we have become! And how long I am lingering at table. I must leave you and join Diana. Shall we see you at the theatre tonight?”

“I asked Burke to go with me to see Booth, but he did not seem to care to go.”

“Then I shall look for you both there,” declared Mrs. Lyndon.

“You speak in riddles,” exclaimed Yarrow in surprise.

“Oh, no—it is as simple as ‘good day.’ I know that Sophia Lucretia is going. I also guess that she will tell Senator Burke that she is going. I guess again that then he will desire to go. It is easy then to conjecture that you will certainly go because—”

“Because why?” cried Yarrow. “O most prescient of mind-readers, prithee tell me why?”

“The answer is easy—it has nothing to do with mind-reading or heart-reading. You will go because—because your guest wants to go, and because—because you will have to go with him,” said Mrs. Lyndon, laughing. “That is not the answer you expected, but it is the answer. *Au revoir.*”

When Yarrow joined the many diners now leaving the room, he found himself just behind Sophia Lucretia and Burke at the door. As they were parting the lady said imperiously:

“I shall expect to see you at the theatre tonight. If you are there, pray come and visit me in my box.”

Yarrow did not hear the answer, but a moment or two later Burke saw him in the crowd and hastening to join him, said:

“Oh, by the way, Yarrow, I hear that Booth’s bill is excellent tonight. Suppose we go to the theatre?”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Bishop Charles H. Fowler, who died at his home in New York City March 20, may be called one of the statesmen of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which has developed not a few men of that type, as well as a great many accomplished politicians. Dr. Fowler was scholarly in his school and college years, and eminently efficient and practical in his long service as pastor, college president, editor of the church paper in New York, general missionary secretary, and for twenty-four years bishop. One of his valuable services was the suggestion of pooling the interests of the Chicago churches, after the great fire; another was the suggestion and beginning of the raising the twentieth century thank offering of the Methodist Church which resulted in a fund of more than \$20,000,000. And his large missionary labors in Russia and China, besides a score of other matters of high advantage, confirm the high esteem in which this powerful follower of Wesley was held in his church.

In a recent campaign of the French in Madagascar 14,000 men were sent to the front, of whom twenty-nine were killed in action and over 7000 perished from preventable diseases. In the Boer War the English losses were ten times greater from disease than from bullets.

FAMOUS PAINTERS OF AMERICA.

J. Walker McSpadden Deals with the Personal Side of Great American Artists.

Mr. McSpadden has done well to remind us that America’s list of artists, and of great artists, is already a long one. And in telling us something about them he has also done well to avoid the technicalities of their craft and to deal with the man rather than with the painter. His book is not, therefore, a history of American art so much as a collection of personalia of certain artists, a judicious selection of stories about the men themselves, of their early life and struggles, and of the places that they found for themselves in their day and generation. “Famous Painters of America” is therefore a book for the public at large, and not only for a coterie of art lovers and students.

The author has selected eleven men for his consideration. His list might have been a longer one without touching on the extensive domain of mediocrity. It could hardly have been shorter without disfiguring omissions. He chooses Benjamin West, John Singleton Copley, Gilbert Stuart, George Innes, Elihu Vedder, Winslow Homer, John La Farge, James A. McNeill Whistler, John Singer Sargent, Edwin Austin Abbey, and William Merritt Chase. He treats each and all of them intimately and from the human side, and the result is an unusually readable book, full from cover to cover with chat and anecdote and wholly free from the art discussions that are an unknown language to the majority of readers.

The place of honor is naturally held by Benjamin West, the little, untaught Quaker boy who rose to be president of the Royal Academy. Benjamin West was America’s pioneer in the field of art and the first of her sons to seek an education in its pursuit. He was sent to Europe, where he met many distinguished men, and among them Lord Grantham, and Cardinal Albani, who was blind, but who none the less was a connoisseur of medals and intaglios by reason of his exquisite sense of touch:

“Is he black or white?” asked the cardinal, who evidently thought the young artist must be an Indian.

“He is very fair,” replied Mr. Robinson.

“What! Is he as fair as I am?” exclaimed Albani, in a surprised tone.

Now the old cardinal was particularly swarthy, even for an Italian, and West was quite pale; so the humor of the remark amused West greatly, when it was translated to him. Indeed, it was caught up and passed all over Rome as a *bon mot*.

Another early emissary to Europe was Gilbert Stuart, “the painter of Presidents.” Stuart was born in Rhode Island in 1755, his father having been one of Prince Charlie’s men who, for prudential reasons, had forsaken his country after the battle of Culloden. His son was to return in less troublous days and as an art student, although the shadow of the Revolution was already creeping over the land. Stuart met Sir Benjamin West in London and was hospitably treated by the great academician for the sake of auld lang syne. He met Dr. Johnson, too, and his passage of arms with that old warrior is worth remembering:

Once he had the distinction of snubbing the great Dr. Johnson himself—autocrat of his day in letters if not in manners. Johnson was visiting one day in West’s studio, when he chanced to notice Stuart, and he remarked that the young man spoke very good English. The learned doctor thought this fact to be singular, as he understood that the pupil had come from America.

Turning abruptly to Stuart he roared, “Where did you learn it, sir?”

Stuart came back at him in a flash. “Sir, I can better tell you where I did not learn it—it was not from your dictionary.”

The dignified West held his breath at this retort; but the lexicographer was frankly delighted with the hit and took it in good part.

Stuart’s picture of Washington is, of course, universally known, but some incidents of its production may not be so familiar. Mark Twain says of this famous painting that “if George Washington should rise from the dead, and should not resemble the Stuart portrait, he would be denounced as an impostor”:

The first sitting, however, was unsatisfactory, and the chief trouble lay with the artist. For the only time in his life his easy assurance deserted him; and this was but a tribute to the peculiar reverence inspired by Washington in all with whom he came in contact. Stuart had jested with kings and potentates; he had played pranks upon West, and accented Reynolds’s criticisms with easy aplomb; he had snubbed Johnson himself and escaped unscathed. But here his ready tongue forsook him, and his jokes and anecdotes seemed out of place in connection with that calmly serious face. Washington, while kind and courteous, did not readily smile or exhibit his emotions, and Stuart felt here, as always, that the portrait must be a failure if he did not succeed in getting hack of the face to the man himself.

The result was not a success, at least not such a success as the painter coveted. Stuart himself says that he destroyed it, but if he did so he certainly made copies of it and they are now in existence, the best known being the “Gibbs-Channing” portrait, now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York:

But the best of all was the result of the third sitting. It is said that Washington rebelled against this third portrait, saying he had been painted often enough; but that he yielded to his wife’s earnest entreaty. Another story, which sounds apocryphal, goes that Stuart was intentionally late on the afternoon of this sitting, in order to get a show of displeasure into the placid countenance of the punctual President. Be that as it may, the resulting portrait is the famous “Athenaeum” head, showing the left side of the face, and accepted as the most authentic likeness of Washington. The original hangs in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; but Stuart, with an eye to business, made at least fifty copies of it.

John La Farge is described by the author as the “Painter of Experiment.” He was born in New York in 1835 and he, too, was sent on a “finishing trip” to Europe, but without any definitely artistic view. In Paris he met Edward May and he was not long in dis-

covering his true mission in life. A good story is told of his trip to Japan and of the persistence of a San Francisco reporter:

But we must not overlook a personal experience of a few years earlier. Even as a young man La Farge had been strongly drawn to Japan and the Far East. The Oriental influence—some say—is traceable in his early work. But it was not until 1886 that he could gratify his inclination and set sail for Japan. His friend Henry Adams, the historian, accompanied him. They went by way of San Francisco, and on their journey west a reporter endeavored to interview them. Adams was a brother of the president of the railroad they had chosen, and the reporter, scenting some ulterior motive in their trip, asked them point blank what was their object.

“We are going to find Nirvana,” was La Farge’s reply with unmoved countenance.

But the reporter was equal to him.

“Aren’t you going rather late in the season?” he asked.

It is naturally around Whistler that anecdote chiefly centres. Whistler’s birthplace and even the date of his birth must remain somewhat conjectural, as the painter firmly believed that if he could ignore time, time would ignore him:

To begin with, an apology seems almost necessary for so much as quoting a definite birthplace and date in connection with his name; for he hated all allusions to Time and Space—and so remained perennially young. He never carried a watch; never allowed a clock’s tick to be heard in his studio; and took delight in mystifying people about his nativity. Once a model whom he was painting asked where he was born.

“I never was born, my child,” he replied; “I came from on high.”

Quite unabashed the model retorted: “Now that shows how easily we deceive ourselves in this world. I should say you came from below.”

Whistler had his vicissitudes, and his early genius was not exactly of a nature to appeal to all and sundry. In the office of the American Coast Survey he was something of a failure, due perhaps to the uncongenial nature of his work. His early connection with Du Maurier is not universally known and is worth a reference:

Upon leaving the office of the Coast Survey, Whistler went to England, but soon proceeded to Paris, where he entered the studio of Charles Gabriel Gleyre. He remained here for two years, from 1855 to 1857, and found among his fellow-students a certain Du Maurier, who was presently to electrify the reading world with “Trilby.” Du Maurier decided that this “cheeky” young American would make excellent “copy” for his book; and so he introduced a good-natured caricature of him, labeled “Joe Sibley.” In the early chapters of *Harper’s*, where the story first appeared, Sibley was described as “a young man with beautiful white hair like an alhino’s, as soft and bright as floss silk; tall and slim and graceful, and like most of the other personages concerned in this light story, nice to look at, with pretty manners and an unimpeachable moral tone.” The author added gravely that Sibley worshiped but one god, and that god was—Joe Sibley.

While Whistler was always ready to spring a joke upon others, he did not relish this one turned upon himself. He wrote an indignant letter to the publishers demanding that the offending passage be suppressed—and it was accordingly cut out of the later version.

In 1863 Whistler made a voyage to South America, and for some reason he went in a sailing ship. An amusing story is told of some marine sketches that he made on the way:

“I went out in a slow sailing ship, the only passenger. During the voyage I made quite a number of sketches and painted one or two sea-views—pretty good things I thought at the time. Arriving in port, I gave them to the purser to take back to England for me. On my return, some time later, I did not find the package, and made inquiries for the purser. He had changed ships, and disappeared entirely. Many years passed, when one day a friend, visiting my studio, said:

“By the way, I saw some marines by you in the oddest place you can imagine.”

“Where?” I asked, amazed.

“I happened in the room of an old fellow who had once been a purser on a South American ship, and while talking with him saw tacked up, on the wall, several sketches which I recognized as yours. I looked at them closely, and asked the fellow where he got them.”

“Oh, these things,” he said; “why a chap who went out with us once painted them on board, off-hand like, and gave them to me. Don’t amount to much, do they?”

“Why, man, they are by Whistler.”

“Whistler?” he said blankly. “Who’s Whistler?”

“Why, Whistler the artist—the great painter.”

“Whistler, Whistler. I believe that was his name. But that chap wasn’t a painter. He was just a swell who went out with the captain; he thought he could paint some, and gave me those things when we got to Valparaiso. No, I don’t care to let them go—for somehow or other they look more like the sea than real pictures.”

Another of Whistler’s weaknesses was a disinclination to deliver pictures that had been bought and paid for. He did not admit that proprietorship in a work of art could be determined upon a money basis:

Those who knew Whistler best say that he never had the intention to defraud the patron, but that he always assumed a proprietorship over his pictures, even after they had passed into another’s possession. He felt that they were *his*, to do with as he pleased, and in one of his catalogues he spoke of a “small collection kindly lent their owners.”

Chase tells an amusing instance in point. One day a certain Lady B— drove up to the studio and engaged Whistler in earnest conversation at the door, the artist replying in his suavest tones.

“Mr. Whistler,” she said, “two years ago I bought one of your pictures, a beautiful thing, and I have never been able to hang it on my walls. Now, today, I have my carriage with me and I would like to take it home with me.”

“Dear lady, you ask the impossible,” he replied. “I will send it to you at the earliest possible moment; but there are a few final touches—” here his voice trailed off entreatingly.

The lady drove away disappointed without her picture. When Whistler returned to the studio, Chase heard him muttering to himself:

“How absurd of people to believe that just because they pay two or three hundred pounds for a picture they really own it.”

It would be pleasant to linger indefinitely over this effervescent book with its wealth of story and sketch. It is wholly delightful, while the thirty-eight illustrations, well chosen and well executed, give it an added charm and value.

“Famous Painters of America,” by J. Walker McSpadden. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$2.50 net.

CITIES UNDER A SINGLE ROOF.

Comforts and Necessaries to Be Had in the Big Office Buildings of New York.

Tenants of the newer office buildings in New York City have comforts and conveniences under their roofs that in a smaller place it would be necessary to go over the entire town to get, says the New York Sun. Everything virtually but sleeping quarters is provided, even to gymnasiums and musical entertainments. The latter may be enjoyed from the top of some lofty structure while the patron is eating an excellent meal and gazing over the picturesque harbor of the second greatest city in the world.

A business man needn't be annoyed if late in the afternoon he hears from friends visiting the city and finds it necessary to entertain them on short notice. Of course, he is not dressed for the occasion, but that is a matter easily attended to.

First of all, he steps into the elevator and descends to the ticket office in the building and secures tickets for a theatre. Then he steps into the tailor shop.

If he hasn't taken the precaution to leave his evening clothes in one of the lockers there he is able to have his business suit pressed while he waits, or in a pinch he may rent some after-dark wearing apparel. If his linen is a trifle soiled it takes but a minute to step into the haberdasher's on the same floor and replace it.

After a session with the barber and the manicure, an attendant has a bath for him at the proper temperature. While he is having his hair trimmed a long-distance telephone call comes in from Chicago.

He has informed his office assistants of his whereabouts and the operator switches the connection to the barber shop. A portable telephone is brought to the business man, and without leaving his chair or even interfering with the barber he carries on a conversation over the wire.

That reminds him that it is not a bad idea to save time by having his friends meet him at dinner in the building. After calling up the caterer—upon the roof or wherever the restaurant happens to be, for maybe it's one of the rathskeller kind—to reserve a table he wiggles the receiver hook, gets central again and notifies his friends uptown of the arrangement.

He's able to dictate a letter or so over the telephone to his stenographer while having his shoes polished, and after ordering some flowers and candy for the women of the party at the florist's outside the barber shop to be delivered at the restaurant later, he goes back to his office after an absence of less than an hour, during which he has lost little if any time from business.

The friends arrive just as the business man is signing his letters. They have come by the elevated railroad, which has a special entrance into the building, and they will leave later through a tunnel from the bottom of the elevator shaft into a nearby subway station.

But before they start for the theatre several hours may be comfortably spent at dinner in the building, made more enjoyable by a good orchestra.

There are several office buildings downtown where, if a tenant knows just whom to speak to, he may get sleeping quarters over night with the caretaker's family. For in nearly all of the larger office buildings the caretaker or custodian along with his family has quarters in the place. In most cases this is on the roof.

Not long ago a lawyer downtown, preparing an urgent case for court, found that it would be necessary for him to work the better part of the night. He lived in Jersey, making it out of the question for him to go home; also he was far from a hotel and didn't care about losing the valuable time during which he might be sleeping.

"I'll fix you up," said the janitor with a wink.

And he did in comfortable style. The lawyer commented afterward on the fact that the bed was as nice and cleanly as in any first-class hotel. The news of this man's find spread about and now it is possible in many cases to get sleeping quarters in skyscrapers, though possibly it may not be with the approval of the building's owners. One of the large Broadway buildings besides sheltering a theatre also boasts of the following luxuries that tenants there may have under one roof: a physical culture school, a fencing academy, tailor, dyer and cleanser, massage establishment, billiard and pool rooms, bowling alleys, restaurant, saloon, shoe shining stand, tobacco store, jewelry shop (where the bulky timepiece may be looked after), telegraph and cable office, baths, barber shop, dentist, doctor, and for the comfort of the women a hairdresser's and a millinery establishment.

Several buildings which are used largely by lawyers and engineers contain splendidly equipped libraries, while in others, in the financial district, there are branches of banks, or the main establishment, so that customers who have large deposits to make regularly are assured of increased safety by moving into these quarters.

One of the new buildings not far from the automobile belt up in the Forties has added a well appointed garage. This is a feature that is bound to come to many other buildings. And so one comfort innovation fol-

lows another. It is not beyond possibility that the time is not far hence when a man may sleep, carry on his vocation, and live in the same building.

The modern skyscraper is coming to be a complete community in itself, and a mighty big one when measured by the standard of towns elsewhere, especially in the case of the new structure that is to house some fifteen thousand workers in its five thousand or so offices.

RECENT VERSE.

Verses from "A Shropshire Lad."

Look not in my eyes, for fear
They mirror true the sight I see.
And there you find your face too clear
And love it and he lost like me.
One the long nights through must lie,
Spent in star-defeated sighs;
But why should you as well as I
Perish? Gaze not in my eyes.

A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,
One that many loved in vain,
Looked into a forest well,
And never looked away again.
There, when the turf in springtime flowers,
With downward eye and gaze sad,
Stands amid the glancing showers
A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.
—A. E. Housman, in McClure's Magazine.

Folded Hands.

I toil no more—my day is done;
How much I wrought I may not know;
I watch the low descending sun
And see the night approaching, slow.
My day's work as it is must stand,
For labor's joy no more is mine;
The tools drop from my nerveless hand,
My dim eyes see no mark or line.

I little thought to leave it so—
Unfinished, to the plan untrue;
Another day I thought to know,
When I might change or start anew.
With weary hands I now must see
Another's skill my task complete;
The gift of use is gone from me—
The gift that makes all life seem sweet.

The pleasant labor of the day,
The following hours of welcome rest—
These from my life have passed away,
No longer has it aim or quest;
I sit and wait—and all the hours
The happy past before me stands:
With dimming eyes and failing powers
I live the life of folded hands.
—Ninette M. Lowater.

Thought.

The thought is flashed to being, heralded
By moment's doubting. Then the sudden leap,
Stupendous, out of nothing, as from sleep
A maiden starteth by dreams garlanded,
A flame and perfect, lo, with wings outspread,
A passing visitant, its eyes still keep
The grave unfathomed mystery of the deep
Of outer dark, where first it raised its head.
And so, to hear this gleaming torch divine,
Our bodies are outworn and seek again
Communion swift with earth's oblivion.
Yet shall these lights innumerable shine
From all the watch-towers of the souls of men,
Stars of Immortal Vast, outflashed and done.
—Archer M. Huntington, in Everybody's Magazine.

Ravenna.

I came unto that place of old renown,
Ravenna, by the marsh-border'd sea—
An immemorial shrine of Italy;
The glamour here of Rome's imperial crown,
On glittering fane and mausoleum brown;
Of Dante's dream, of Bayard's chivalry,
Of Byron, and of Shelley: Yet for me,
One later memory all these could drown

Here is the grove of hallowed pines that gave,<
In Liberty's most dark and desperate hour,
A refuge to the never-conquered brave,
And peace to one strong heart it could not save:
Here, marked perchance by some red wildwood
flower,

Anita Garibaldi's lonely grave.
—Henry Tyrrell, in The Forum.

Transmutation.

See, dear, I burn upon 'tis April hill
The letters I have treasured for so long.
The day runs over with the bluebirds' song:
The buoyant wind blows delicately chill,
Twisting the clean, bright flames that have their
will

On our hearts' record, whirling for a breath
Gray wreaths of paper whereupon in death
Waver the words that shake my spirit still.
Herein I prove me worthy of your trust,
Leaving our letters not to mold and dust,
Nor, after me, ravished of alien eyes;
But changing them through fire and the spring's
Swift alchemy into fair, growing things.
So have the heart's frustrations made me wise.
—Elizabeth Whiting, in Century Magazine.

The accounting of the will of Julia Sands Bryant, daughter of the poet, Wilham Cullen Bryant, has been filed in the surrogate's court at Mineola, and the transfer tax amounts to \$12,428.90, the entire estate being valued at about \$270,000. With but one or two exceptions, the entire estate is left to nephews and nieces. The Public Reservation of Massachusetts gets \$10,000; Anna Rebecca Fairchild, a life interest in \$107,479; Julia F. Schreiner, \$10,000; Julia F. Van Duzer, \$10,000; Minnie Godwin Goddard, \$22,179.94; Annie Godwin de Castro, \$22,179.94; Nora Godwin, Fanny Godwin White, and Harold Godwin, \$22,179.94 each. The Bryant place on the shore of Long Island Sound is one of the most beautiful on the island. It was here that many of the poems of the original owner were written.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Charles Charmes, Jean Richepin, and Henri Poincare have been elected members of the French Academy at Paris, filling the seats vacated by the deaths of M.M. Berthelot, Theurier, and Sully-Prudhomme.

General Booth of the Salvation Army, in answer to a question as to his general habits of life, says that he eats neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, and that he does not smoke nor take tobacco or opiates in any form. He adds that he finds his comfort and stimulation "in the conscious favor of God."

The Duchess of Marlborough has arrived in New York on a visit to America and was met by her brother, William K. Vanderbilt, Jr. Asked as to the truth of recent reports that she had become a Socialist, the duchess laughingly replied that she had evidently been confused with the Countess of Warwick. She had no intention of becoming a Socialist, although she was much interested in benevolent and philanthropic work.

Archbishop John Ireland believes that the martial spirit of the young men of the country should be encouraged and sustained and he has so expressed himself to the House committee on military affairs. He explains that he is a peace advocate and a supporter of the spirit of arbitration, but he has never allowed himself the illusion of supposing that war can always be avoided. He adds: "I have too much love for this great nation to permit anything to happen that might in any way subject us to the humiliation of defeat."

Miss Mary Garden is to send two young women to Paris to have their voices trained under Jean de Reszke. She has agreed to bear all the expenses of the schooling of the two young women. The purpose of the offer is to further the interests of all young women who contemplate entering upon an operatic career. Mr. Hammerstein is greatly interested in Miss Garden's worthy object and has lent her all the assistance in his power to bring candidates to her. Miss Garden expects to arrive at a decision at once and start two young women on their way to operatic triumphs.

Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, the Czar's only brother, a bachelor and nearly thirty years of age, is having his first affair of the heart, but as the lady, whose name has not been made public, is of lowly birth the Czar has not only refused his assent, but has ordered that she be banished from the country, but with the intimation that the decree will be rescinded as soon as the girl shall have married a man of her own class. General Kaulbars delivered this cruel message with such energy, promptness, and dispatch that Grand Duke Michael's sweetheart and her parents departed from their estate within six hours.

Miss Helen Cannon, daughter of the Speaker, has been elected honorary president of a new patriotic society to be known as "Daughters of Senators and Representatives." The new organization, like others of its kind, expects to play an important social part at Washington. The other officers of the "Daughters" are: President, Miss Bessie Lamb of Virginia; first vice-president, Miss Julia Fulton Williams of Mississippi; second vice-president, Miss Tillman of South Carolina; third vice-president, Miss Mabel Madden of Illinois; fourth vice-president, Miss Gregg of Texas; recording secretary, Miss Chapman of Illinois; corresponding secretary, Miss Wilson of Pennsylvania.

An Esperanto republic is the ambitious scheme of Professor Gustave Roy, professor of living languages at the St. Girons College, who is an enthusiast about the new "universal language." His proposal is to convert the derelict province of Moresnet, where the frontiers of Holland, Belgium, and Germany meet, into a little independent state inhabited and governed by Esperantists, where Esperanto shall be the "native tongue." The present inhabitants—half German, half Belgians—number, in all, about three thousand. The government is to be republican in form, the president being the principal of the International Esperantist College, who would probably be Professor Gustave Roy himself.

The famous English singer, Sir Charles Santley, is now in his seventies and working harder than ever. "I should be good for nothing," he said the other day, "if I had not work I am bound to do." He may yet rival the famous singer Garcia, who died lately at the age of 101; singing when coupled with steady habits seems to favor longevity. Sir Charles is now writing a book on "The Art of Singing," which will be sure of a cordial reception in the musical world. Like other elderly artists, he finds times altered for the worse; there is not such singing as when he was young. He went not long ago to Covent Garden and heard in the cast "only one artist"—she was, by the way, Miss Lalla Miranda, who, like Mme. Melba, is an Australian. But most modern singers do not satisfy his exacting tastes, and he seldom goes nowadays to the opera.

M. Delcassé, once French minister of foreign affairs and always prominent in public business, began as a tutor in a country school. Then he became a journalist and he eventually reached Paris as secretary to a deputy. He

owed his rise to a high position by marked capacity as a diplomat and by a certain versatility that appealed to public taste. His one political project was to isolate Germany, and in his attempt to carry it out he brought France within a hairbreadth of war. And then his house of cards fell to pieces. Suddenly—after seven years during which it was thought his power was permanent—the government realized the extraordinary danger of permitting M. Delcassé to play with fire and he was shown to the door. The other day he emerged from obscurity with a menacing speech on the Moroccan question, which is, after all, his work.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Professor W. J. Thomas of Chicago University believes that yellow journalism owes its existence to an universal interest in the disastrous. It handles its events and persons from the standpoint of pain and catastrophe. The facts are unimportant so long as there is a record of loss, of the destruction of character or property, some story of tragedy or death. In a word, yellow journalism "is an appeal to the base reflex."

Professor Thomas argues his point convincingly, but we do not understand why there should be so large a difference between the readers of newspapers and the readers of novels. Even fiction of the fourth rank must "end happily" if it is to be approved. However villainous the villain may be, he must be discomfited in the last chapter; however dark the clouds, they must be dissipated toward the end. And we satisfy ourselves that these conditions are fulfilled by a surreptitious glance at the last page. Why, then, should the novel reader be a natural optimist and the newspaper reader a natural pessimist? Both are lovers of fiction and we must hesitate to attribute to the reader of the yellow newspaper a bloodthirstiness that is not necessarily a feature of inanity.

Personalism, by Borden Parker Bowne. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

The object of the author seems to be to legitimize a personal metaphysics as opposed to the abstract metaphysics which lies beyond human experience. Comte traced human thought through the three stages of a general relation of phenomena to capricious wills, the abstract metaphysical, and finally the positive or scientific. The author would preserve the positive stage, he would confine the metaphysical to personal experience, and he would postulate a will behind phenomena, but a will that is superhuman inasmuch as it is persistent and uncapricious.

The lectures in which these theories are advanced are singularly lucid, and it is unfortunate that they should be marred by a certain mental petulance in dealing with antagonistic views. Pantheism, for example, deserves more than a page, while it does not deserve the terms "unintelligible," "self-destructive," and "psychological contradiction" in almost the same number of lines. There have been many great minds to whom all religious thought is impossible except on a pantheistic basis. Nor is the subjective idealism of Berkeley to be dismissed with a paragraph. It would not be so easy to overthrow a conviction, irresistible to many, that human knowledge is, and must always be, confined to an observation of states of consciousness and that noumena must remain behind the veil. But the book remains a thoughtful, a sincere, and a conscientious contribution to philosophic thought and an able presentation of opinions that, for the moment, undoubtedly hold the field.

The Stuff of a Man, by Katherine Evans Blake. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; \$1.50.

Clay Hardisty is left a large estate in Kentucky on condition that he will engage heartily in the work of uplifting the negro. Otherwise the property remains in the hands of Philo Dorsey, who is now carrying on the testator's benevolent projects. When Hardisty, with an open mind, arrives on the scene he finds himself midway between the opposing forces of Judge Ochiltree, who belongs to the old régime and detests every project for negro betterment, and Philo Dorsey, who uses every expedient to enlist the sympathies of the stranger in his work, although he would himself be the loser by his success. Then, too, there are certain female influences, not without their weight, and that help in the making of a charming romance.

A great many books have been written in elucidation of the negro problem, but there are very few to maintain the race with this one, either for the charm of the story itself or for the realism with which a great question is presented. Judge Ochiltree, with his intense race prejudices, and Philo Dorsey, with his gentle persuasiveness and invincible faith, are characters not soon to be forgotten. The expulsion from the public school of the little boy Winkie upon an utterly unsupported suspicion of negro blood is a vivid and terrible incident, and when the beautiful Damoris champions the cause of the child we know that Clay Hardisty has made up his mind for the unpopular cause and that Philo Dorsey has won his coadjutor in the thankless and self-sacrificing toil of his life.

Fennel and Rue, by W. D. Howells. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

P. S. Verrian, a successful young author, receives a letter from a lady to the effect that she is dying and can hardly expect to read the end of his serial story. Therefore, will he send her advance proofs?

Of course, the letter was a school-girl freak and perhaps not the most grave of misdemeanors, but Verrian takes it to heart and writes a reply of ponderous severity. In fact, he writes with clever brutality and ought to be ashamed of himself. He is, indeed,

ashamed of himself, but quite inadequately, when he subsequently meets the girl in society, finds that she has in fact been very ill, and that remorse for her innocent prank has retarded her recovery. On the whole, we do not like Verrian or his complacent egotism, although he no doubt means well, as unpleasant young men often do. He gets some of his deserts in the end, but again inadequately.

In its presentation of a very subtle and perplexing character—that of the girl—the story is a notable one and "gives to think."

The Mongols, by Jeremiah Curtin. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$3.

President Roosevelt in his foreword to this volume reminds us that the author was one of America's two or three foremost scholars. He had at least a prodigious industry and a fascinating facility in throwing open his vast storehouses of knowledge.

His book ought to be a popular one. Whether we like it or not, both China and Japan are our next door neighbors and knowledge must surely be a preliminary to successful rivalry or relationship. To dip into Mr. Curtin's book is to get a glance into—for most of us—an unknown world wherein terrific forces move to and fro, a world stained by colossal tragedies and not unilluminated by sublimities and heroisms. We should like to know how much of Mr. Curtin's story is myth and how much history, and here unfortunately we are left largely without sufficient guidance. Nor can we feel at all sure that the picture of the Mongolian hordes drawn as it is from the description of their enemies, is a faithful one. We should like to see the other side of the shield, and in the meantime we may balance the effect of Mr. Curtin's stories by the recollection that wholesale barbarities have never belonged exclusively to Asia and that human nature elsewhere has left no depth unsounded when impelled by greed and cruelty.

The Art of William Blake, by Elizabeth Luther Cary. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

This book may very properly be described as a monument to the genius of William Blake. Nothing quite so good has been done along these lines, and its appearance is suggestive of a coming general appreciation of an artist who appealed in vain to his own time. The author's critical comments are sympathetic and appreciative as from a kindred spirit. No writer has given better evidence of understanding the nature of Blake's genius or of reliability as a guide to his pictorial works. There are fifty-one reproductions of Blake's paintings and sketches, and while the necessary loss of color is a disadvantage, those who are interested in Blake will find in this work all the essentials to a preliminary study.

Worlds in the Making, by Svante Arrhenius. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.60.

The author's name is identified with some ingenious theories on the radiation pressure of light, which he believes to be the key of many problems of evolution. His present book is an enlargement of speculations already put forward tentatively and that were received with much interested attention. The author believes that there can have been no spontaneous generation either of life or force, and that both are as old as matter itself. The subject seems to be abstruse, but it is presented not only lucidly, but with a certain fascination that commends the book for popular study.

The Thinking Machine on the Case, by Jacques Futrelle. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

The Thinking Machine is Professor Augustus S. F. X. Van Dusen, who is not a detective, but whose marvelous powers of analysis and cyclopaedic knowledge make of him a valuable and not unwilling adjunct in criminal mysteries. In mental acumen the professor surpasses Sherlock Holmes, but his personality is far less likable. The stories of his prowess are well told, and if we hesitate to acclaim a new creation in fiction we can at least give unstinted praise to a series of detective stories of unusual excellence.

Tabular Views of Universal History, compiled by George Palmer Putnam, A. M. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. New edition revised and enlarged.

The sub-title sufficiently explains the object of this most valuable historical reference book. It is "a series of chronological tables presenting, in parallel columns, a record of the more noteworthy events in the history of the world from the earliest times down to 1907." By its aid the student can see at a glance what occurrences were contemporaneous, or nearly so, with their dates.

The Hemlock Avenue Mystery, by Roman Doubleday. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

A clever detective story. Even the most experienced reader of the fiction of crime will hardly guess who killed Fullerton until he gets to the end of the book.



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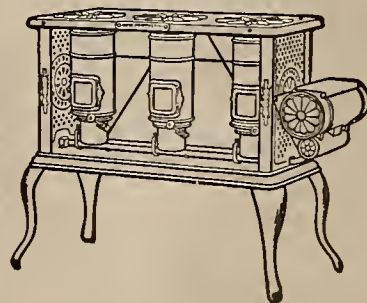


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LITERARY NOTES.

A New Edition of "Ik Marvel."

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, have published a complete and worthy edition of the works of Donald G. Mitchell, otherwise known as "Ik Marvel." The edition is in fourteen well bound volumes, "English Lands, Letters, and Kings" occupying four volumes and "American Lands and Letters" two volumes. The others are "Fresh Gleanings," "The Reveries of a Bachelor," "Dream Life," "Wet Days at Edgewood," "Out-of-Town Places," "Dr. Johns," and "Seven Stories."

It would be a misfortune if these dreamy and gentle works should be forgotten, nor would such oblivion be creditable to the age that permitted it. There was a time, and not so long ago, when "Ik Marvel" fulfilled nearly the whole ideal of the modern literature of refinement. We have wandered sadly from such standards today, and if we have gained somewhat in virility of intellect, we are not quite so close to the gods as when "Ik Marvel," sixty-one years ago as the crow flies, gave us his impressions of Continental Europe and called them "Fresh Gleanings." Much that he wrote then and in later years has been surpassed. Some of it is out of date, but as a literary monument alone there is nothing more distinctly worthy in American literature. It is the literary record of half a century, the record of a strong and alert mind that is sometimes romantic, as in the case of "Dr. Johns," sometimes competing with Thoreau in a whole-hearted and care-free vagabondage, as in "Edgewood," and sometimes critical, but without profundity, as in "English Lands, Letters, and Kings," and "American Lands and Letters." The author surveyed mankind from his youth upward, and if he tells us prodigally of the beautiful things that he found by the roadside he is unsparing in his contempt for the baseness and the greeds that, like the poor, are still and always with us.

Many of these volumes have enjoyed an immense vogue when literature was less abundant and more revered. In his preface, specially written for this edition, the author tells us that he has upon his shelves no less than forty totally different imprints of the "Reveries." They cost "from two pennies to a guinea each," but none of them, with one trifling exception, brought to him any moneyed return. There were presentation copies galore from "generously disposed publishers in Leipzig, Berlin, London, and various home cities," but remittances were conspicuous by their absence. Certainly we can not afford to let "Ik Marvel" drop out of sight, and this splendid edition will remind us, for our own well-being, of a prolific author whose unflinching kindness and genial, gracious humor belong distinctively among the ornaments of American literature. The price of the complete edition, sold only in sets, is \$22.50 in cloth and \$45 in half levant.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A series of sketches of "Historic Boyhoods" by Rupert Sargent Holland will begin in the April *St. Nicholas*, the first paper telling of Michael Angelo, "the boy of the Medici Gardens." Later papers will help young readers to pleasant acquaintance with the youthful days of Dickens, Scott, Garibaldi, Peter the Great, and other great men.

The first statue erected to the memory of Charles Dickens is in Clarence Clark Park, West Philadelphia. It is the work of F. Edwin Elwell, and is really a group, as the novelist is represented as seated in a chair with Little Nell beside him and gazing up into his face. Philadelphia records with pride the fact that the first edition of "The Pickwick Papers" in book form was issued in that city in 1836 by Carey & Hart.

In *Harper's Weekly* for March 28 the momentous question of the preservation of the forests of the United States is dealt with in an authoritative manner by Roland Phillips, who contributes a well-informed and most striking article on the subject. It is fully illustrated.

The March number of the *American Historical Magazine* contained an interesting article on "Early Massachusetts Newspapers," illustrated with fac-simile reproductions.

The Reverend Stopford A. Brooke has just finished a book of essays on Matthew Arnold, Rossetti, Morris, and Arthur H. Clough, which he calls "Four Victorian Poets." It will appear shortly under the Putnam imprint.

The fact that John Hay did write "The Bread Winners" is stated, with Mrs. Hay's consent, in the new Tauchnitz manual of American literature. This is the first statement of authority, but nobody has doubted it these many years.

The third and concluding series of the "Reminiscences of Carl Schurz" was begun in the April number of *McClure's Magazine*. This part of the autobiography deals with the reconstruction period. It opens with Schurz's mission to the South in 1865.

The arrival of Mrs. Humphry Ward for the first time in America has aroused more interest than the visit of any English novelist for a long space of years. Mrs. Ward's uncle, Matthew Arnold, in 1883 came to the United

States for the first time, and repeated his visit three years afterward. Mrs. Ward has been hesitated to tell whether she has come for "impressions" of America, and in reply intimates merely that she can not help but get them.

As a result of a suggestion made at the Cooperstown centennial celebration last August, the Fenimore Cooper Statue Association has just been formed. President Eliot of Harvard University is its chairman.

Of Francis Thompson's poem, "The Hound of Heaven," Sir Edward Burne-Jones said: "Since Gabriel's 'Blessed Damsel' no mystical words have so touched me." And Coventry Patmore, who was equally able to judge good poetry, voiced his belief that it had "so great and passionate and such a metre-creating motive, that we are carried over all obstructions of the rhythmical current, and are compelled to pronounce it at the end one of the very few 'great' odes of which the language can boast." Thomas B. Mosher, the publisher, of Portland, Maine, whose critical judgment of literary values is applied no less surely to the dress and arrangement of his publications, has just brought out a small quarto edition of Thompson's poem.

By a curious coincidence, there is to be a production in London soon of Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson," a truly American play. It will displace "The Squaw Man," which the English have decided is also truly American, and which they forced into a new book edition that the London house of Harper's called "A White Man."

A rather singular book notice appears in the London *Athenaeum*, written and signed by Maurice Hewlett, in which he says: "The Spanish Jade," written by me, is announced by the English publishers at the price of six shillings. I hope you will allow me to explain that the story is a short one (of thirty-five thousand words) and that the price, which is that of an ordinary novel, has been fixed by the publishers against my wishes and in spite of my protests. Having parted with the copyright, I have no authority in the matter and can only take this means of making my position clear to the public."

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Viceroy" is termed "a musical delight in three acts," and it is possible to let it go at that, as most of Victor Herbert's music for the piece is really worth while in this day of mechanical melodies. But the hook of the play is a misdemeanor. It may not be the silliest thing that Harry B. Smith ever perpetrated, and probably is not, for that would be a distinction. All this was known years ago, however, when the late and lamented Bostonians presented the Smith-Herbert off-spring and the public wondered how a thing with such vacant face and uncertain movements could have a seraphic voice. Perhaps it was hoped that age had improved it; that it had outgrown the weakness and misfortunes of its infancy, but no such luck. Perhaps it was thought that treatment by real specialists of the stage would help it—the Bostonians were really above acting; they could sing, and that was sufficient. But it is still a hurlesque on comic opera, or musical comedy, or what not.

For the moment it was forgotten that one of the later Bostonians is prominent in this week's revival of "The Viceroy" at the Princess Theatre. Helen Bertram, the original Tivolini, has her old part, and the centre of the stage much of the time. Not quite so sparkling as of yore, the voice a shade thinner, and the person a shadow or two more plump, but still pleasing. She wins a welcome with her songs, and this in spite of the fact that the Princess audiences are loyal to the young prima donna whose place is taken by Miss Bertram for a special engagement.

There is no occasion for sadness when Tivolini warbles or fills the stage, in green, or black, or red. But melancholy marks the meanderings of the male members of that erstwhile merry Princess crew. George B. Field is perhaps as near the author's conception of the freakish Viceroy as anybody can be, and live through it, but the weeping-willow tragedy of the part chills his young blood. Ben Lodge is not concealed behind his false scarlet eyebrows and mustache, but there are moments of evident aspiration for such seclusion. Oscar Apfel is indistinctly had as the Minister of Police, but it is not his fault. The librettist gratified a grudge of long standing against the minions of the law when he dashed off this distemper portrait. Arthur Cunningham alone, of the four principal conspiring and perspiring comedians, succeeds in making light of his part. His songs help him, even if one of them was written for a basso. It takes something more than inane lines and impossible situations to conquer the Cunningham cheerfulness.

Harold Crane, the brave and debonaire, is unmistakably shy in a Neapolitan fisherman's skirt, but he never sang better, and his love-making improves. George Baldwin, a recent accession to the company, is more than worthy. His *Rufino* is a good piece of work, as was his Douglas Verity in "A Country Girl."

After all there is a bright and altogether attractive side to this picture. Zoe Barnett's Beatrice is gay in color, alluring in beauty and movement, and effectively tuneful in song.

Sarah Edwards has another princess part in *Fioretta*, and presents new charms in expression. The dramatic force apparent in Laura Oakley's assumption of her first rôle, that of Nan in "A Country Girl," made certain her success as *Ortensia*, the consolation prize in a Palermo matrimonial lottery. The three maids of the court, *Grisella Kingsland*, *Florence Gardner*, and *Rita Abbott*, are choice selections from the Princess chorus.

And the chorus grows in numbers and still sustains Stage Manager Lask's standard of feminine attractiveness. It adorns the picturesque Palermo costumes and performs its duties with attention, rhythm, and harmony. It is the despair of visiting impresarios and the delight of the Princess habitués.

"The Viceroy" will run another week, and while it is certain that all comic-opera enthusiasts will go to see it, to revive old memories if for nothing more, it may be commended to others less sanguine of temperament as an example of the talent and the thoroughness with which all Princess Theatre productions are staged.

McIntyre and Heath in "The Ham Tree" open at the Van Ness Theatre next Monday night. There are not many amusement-lovers in the cities of the United States who have not laughed at the native fun of these two real "blackface" comedians. Their sketch, "The Georgia Minstrels," will remain a happy memory with theatre-goers for years. Their musical novelty, "The Ham Tree," was developed from the sketch, and its humor has merely been expanded and added to until the result is an evening's entertainment of bright comedy, good music, and artistic chorus work. The production was seen here a year ago, but it will be welcomed as if it were entirely new.

At the New Alcazar Theatre another Gillette play will follow the popular "Clarice." Next Monday evening "Secret Service" will be put on, and this, what many critics have declared to be the greatest American play, will have the same careful and adequate treatment as its predecessor. All the favorites of the company, and that means the entire list, are provided for in the cast, and each will have an opportunity for impressive characterization. It is a remarkable fact that "Secret Service" is as popular today as when it was first produced, a dozen years ago, and is one of the few plays founded on national themes that have found general favor in England and in France.

Stella Mayhew, the comedienne, is announced as among the newcomers at the Orpheum for next week's bill, beginning Sunday afternoon. Miss Mayhew's songs and singing are in high favor with Orpheum audiences, as her previous visits have proved. This time she will be assisted by Billie Taylor, a comedian and vocalist, and the music, imitations, and monologue features of their act entitle them to first place. The Dunedin Troupe of acrobatic cyclists is new, and it is said the quartet is very clever. Press Eldridge, the minstrel man, will again revive memories of other days, though his fun is new and all his own. Armstrong and Verne, the comedy duo, return for one week only. It will be the last week of the hanjoists, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, Frederick Brothers and Burns, and of Daisy Harcourt, and Charles E. Evans and company in their mirthful sketch, "It's Up to You, William."

Wilton Lackaye's engagement at the Van Ness Theatre will close on Sunday night.

Francis Wilson in Charles Marlowe's comedy, "When Knights Were Bold," will be seen at the Van Ness Theatre following the engagement of McIntyre and Heath. Clarence Handysides, Margherita Sargent, Campbell Gollan, and George Irving are among the star's supporting company.

Sunset Magazine for April.

It is not an unusual thing for the editor of *Sunset Magazine* to offer a number that is notable for its engaging treatment of Pacific Coast themes, but it frequently rises above its usual high level of excellence in a special effort to picture and describe adequately some timely phase of Western progress. The April issue of the magazine is such an effort, and it merits the praise of the discriminating. Its array of illuminative photographic reproductions of the San Francisco now well advanced toward complete reconstruction is the most extensive and best chosen of any previously exhibited. One plate is nearly four feet wide, offering a panoramic view of the downtown portion of the city, showing what has been accomplished in two years in a field swept bare by fire. Other engravings show prominent buildings of all sorts. The special articles accompanying these illustrations are by Dr. Wheeler of the University of California, Dr. Jordan of Stanford University, and a dozen of the leading architects and hankers of San Francisco. In addition to these features of especial importance there is the usual amount of good stories, verse, essays, and reviews. The number is one that the publishers will not easily surpass in their persistent efforts for improvement, and it will be read and preserved wherever the fame of the city it celebrates has preceded it. Price 15 cents, at all newsdealers.

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MRS. CAMPBELL'S GREEK TRAGEDY.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

As Electra, Mrs. Patrick Campbell recovered much of her mysterious and haunting beauty; a beauty compounded of sculptural outline, ivory-pale flesh, and midnight hair. In the mourning robes of dead Agamemnon's daughter, with a band of black around her blacker hair and with her long, pale, statuesque arms writhing in and out of the veil with which Electra, as it were, strewed ashes of desolation over her fallen head, the actress passes into the memory forevermore as the avenging princess of Mycenae.

The old Grecian tragedies, even when altered and abbreviated, as has been done in the present case by Arthur Symonds, can never wholly reach the sympathies of the average modern. Sophocles addressed his contemporaries with perfect certainty of response, but a characteristic of theatrical audiences of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries is a deep repugnance to the intrusion in the acted drama of emotions or motives that are barbarous or abhorrent. Electra, therefore, does not inspire the sympathy of comprehension. She is an abnormality, a madwoman. The fearful obsession of vengeance which possesses her is as a light upon her womanhood. Beautiful she is exceedingly, but hers is like the beauty of a Medusa. She is the spirit of tragedy, and this doubly distilled play of old Sophocles is as the inner shrine where dwells the muse.

Electra, like another Hamlet, mourns her father, the kingly Agamemnon, and, for that she execrates the crime of her mother, the murderous Clytemnestra, is banished to the outer confines of the palace. Here among the palace servants she abides, brooding upon the dark vengeance of death, to inflict which she must steel her woman's arm. Through the palace windows comes a stray strain of sombre music. Torch-bearers pass slowly by, appearing and reappearing at each opening in the thick stone walls. The imagination is deeply affected. One feels that the air within is heavy with premonitions of evil. This palace is the abode of shame and sin. The very music has a note of doom. It sounds a louder, a more challenging note. The guilty queen passes, lighted by her servile women. She sees the dark-robed outcast, and, from the opening, spits forth defiance and hate. Majestic in her immutable purpose of vengeance, the daughter foretells to the mother death from the hands of some one within the walls, and Clytemnestra, credulous, but still defiant, with a hurst of hysterical laughter, returns to the evil-haunted palace. Chrysothemis, the gentle sister, comes, and vainly pleads with her dark-browed senior for the relinquishing of her dread purpose.

Orestes returns. Fate has decreed that he is to be the avenger. He is unrecognized by his sister, until a passing slave recognizes and silently prostrates himself before him. Electra's whole being sends out a sombre irradiation of hope. The king, her father, is to be avenged. Orestes enters the palace. There ensues a piercing cry, the tumult that accompanies violent deeds, and silence. Alone, Electra walks without. Ægisthus, the king, returns. He is alone, and unattended. Electra seizes a torch, and, with a terrible mock of servility, offers to light him to his chamber. Against the flare of the torch, her dark beauty glows with a rival flame. The paramour of her mother hurls insult and defiance upon the princess, and rushes to his doom.

The people within hail the avenger. They press about him, and kiss his feet. The heart of the daughter of Agamemnon swells with the stern joy of gratified vengeance. Only the dance will fitly express her sombre triumph. But, no longer upborne by her terrible purpose, Electra makes few and faltering motions. Her body, no longer driven by her unswerving will, relaxes, and all in a moment she falls prone to the earth.

The acting by Mrs. Campbell of this fabled character of ancient Greece was magnificently in keeping with the tragic and awful motive. In movement and gesture she was classic, majestic, and beautiful. Her elocution was flowing and musical, rising, during the long and taxing scenes between Electra and her mother, her mother's paramour, and her brother, to a note of sustained power.

There are few women upon the stage today who could so well have interpreted to a modern mind the soul of the fierce and sombre princess. Few who could have given her the sculptural Grecian outlines, the monumental beauty of pose, the varied and beautiful elocution, the features fixed and stern with settled purpose, the eyes flaming with deadly resolve.

Nevertheless, in thus briefly outlining the story of "Electra" I have been mindful not only of the interest of those who were unable to be present, but of others in the audience who would not be able to pass an examination on the details of the play because they slept. Yes, it is indeed and shockingly true. "Electra" and Mrs. Campbell together conspired to lull a few people into peaceful and even unashamed slumber. I have even heard some of them boast of their heresy.

For, after all, "Electra" and the old Greek tragedies appeal more particularly to the student's interest, or to the seeker after dramatic novelty, than to the play-goer who seeks in drama cheerful entertainment or a reflection of life. I am very glad I saw "Electra," and Mrs. Campbell has left a life-long picture upon the retina of the memory, which I would not willingly lose. All the same, I never want to see it again. But if I ever have a chance to witness her appearance in another play of similar character, I shall seize the opportunity. For we know now that she has it in her to revive the spirit of the ancient tragedies that we had thought was extinct. And furthermore, the remarkable pictorial quality that characterized this representation of the Mycenaean princess is such that to have another classical figure added to our tiny gallery of historical Grecian portraits would be too choice a possession to forego.

Beyond Mrs. Campbell's portrayal of Electra there was no other impersonation that calls for special praise. But the style and correct taste in which the tragedy was mounted, and the characters costumed, and the simplicity yet perfection of detail, were worthy accessories to the central character.

"Electra" was preceded by "The Flower of Yamato," a Japanese play of but one act in length. It turned out to be rather dull, yet it, too, left an exquisite picture upon the memory. This was the tableau arranged for the rise of the curtain, in which we saw distant Fujiyama, its slopes of snow mellowed by a golden-silver moon, a far-off city on the great plain at its base with lights gleaming like jewels, and in the foreground a little group of ceremonious Japanese, in robes stiff with gold and silver, seated, or rather kneeling in a garden, saying many polite things to each other which the rustle of a late-arriving house rendered inaudible. As it happened, it didn't amount to a calamity. The little play was rather dull. But the costumes, which were very handsome, and not quite familiarized to us by the pictures on the commercially inspired hric-a-brac of Japan, and some of the details of manner and custom were interesting and curious.

Mrs. Campbell did not appear, Stella Patrick Campbell assuming the rôle of the young wife who yields to the Japanese passion for immolation. The young actress suggested nothing in make-up or impersonation of the Oriental character. She was plainly an English actress laying great stress on restraint, and did not for a moment convince us that the soul under that superb Japanese robe, stiff with gold, and lighted with splashes of scarlet symbolical of the life-blood that was to flow, was the soul of the Oriental Griselda of the play.

The others were even more plainly English men and women in the costumes of an alien race. The men assumed the courtly manner, the swinging tone, and the fine imposing demeanor of the characters in a powder-and-patches comedy.

The story reveals the guile of the Orientalist in stimulating his womenkind, by fable and story, to the deeds of devotion and self-sacrifice which are the ideal of a Japanese wife. Murasaki, wife of Hiroshima, is approached with proffers of love by Endo, an outlaw, who declares his love to be so fatal and terrible that the husband must die by his hand, and the wife must follow him. Murasaki, prompted by her deep love for her absent husband, dissembles. Her lips can not be given to Endo until her husband is dead. She indicates to the outlaw the spot on the shoji wherein he must thrust his sword when her husband returns. Hiroshima returns, and husband and wife, after a pretty scene of tenderness, close the sliding-paper doors, and retire. The assassin enters stealthily, plunges his long sword through the spot indicated on the paper shoji, and pierces the heart of the devoted wife.

It is not made clear why Murasaki, with the admirable common sense of our modern days—the piece dates from the sixteenth century—did not inform her excellent husband of Endo's intention and give that worthy gentleman a prior opportunity to remove his murderous rival. I suspect, however, that the reason was that it would have done away with an additional opportunity to preach the virtue of self-sacrifice to the gentle wives of Japan.

The first act of "The Bondman" is very confusing. In it Hall Caine has foolishly neglected to follow the example of the best dramatists by immediately enlightening the auditor as to the relation of the characters each to each. This initial obscurity was greatly assisted by the players in Wilton Lackaye's company, who raced each other in swiftness and unintelligibility. To add to this handicap, the sapient Mr. Caine has taken a leaf from James Herne's book and introduced a couple of children into the play. So what with the numerous Fairbrothers, their yelping youngsters, their shrieking farm hands, and

the violent and unexplained or incomprehensible eruptions that were continually made into the peaceful currents of family life, it was scarcely surprising that Michael Sunlocks departed hurriedly for Sicily at the end of the first act, even though he left a particularly pretty sweetheart behind him.

I suppose the intermediate steps by which an obscure native of the Isle of Man accomplished the position of governor of Sicily are explained and made faintly plausible in the book. Having long since sworn off on Hall Caine, I shall never know. But what surprises me is that such a bright man and clever actor as Wilton Lackaye should think the play worthy his serious attention. That it is melodrama is nothing against it. Melodrama has its place on the stage, and at heart we all have a weakness for it. High-class melodrama is very pleasant diversion, for it gives us the excitement and the wild, primitive thrill that we love, while soothing our sense of the fitness of things by its comparative adherence to the probabilities, its sense of character, and its surface of good taste and discretion.

Not all the sins of red-hot melodrama are committed in "The Bondman," but a good many get there. There is this governorship, for instance, then the acrobatic leaps made by events, as well as the geographical ones by the personages of the play, the seasaw of good and evil in the heart of Jason, the pitiable comedy, and the unshaded suddenness of transitions of feeling all round.

The sulphur mine scene, I admit, was quite exciting, but the yelling match was on, and I didn't in the least know what I was excited about. The two prisoners were greatly terrified at some villainous punishment imposed, the sulphur pit opened, flames streamed out, and so did all the prisoners from the perilous zone except the luckless pair. There were flashes, fumes, and detonations. I thought of the earthquake, of our dynamite thunder, even of flight, but stayed it out, partly because I enjoyed looking at Elsie Ferguson, partly because I was mildly curious to follow the antics of the plot. They keep up—the antics I mean—until the last moment. Apparently Mr. Caine had no difficulty whatever in thinking out numerous wrinkles in the folds of his characters' destinies. Mr. Lackaye, like better and worse actors, under such circumstances, showed the falsest side of his art. He reminded me of James O'Neill's fall when he dropped good art, and took to "Monte Cristo" and dollars.

Miss Ferguson is very pretty, and has delightful hair. She is a little self-conscious, being young and, I should fancy, a capturer of scalps. She has talent, and a rich speaking voice, which, however, is not yet under perfect control.

Sidney Ayres is a valuable aid to Mr. Lackaye in disseminating false doctrines, having all the ear-marks of the player of melodrama. But no—what do we know of the possibilities of any actor when we see him in such an atmosphere? Who would dream that the man who played the rôle of Jason could have acted that of Svengali? So we come back to the old story. A player must have a play, and when he secures one it is only human to try and persuade himself that his asset is not perforated with faults.

Zech Orchestra Concert.

The Zech Orchestra, an organization of advanced amateur players, announces its first concert of the season for Wednesday evening of next week, April 8, at Golden Gate Commandery Hall, 2137 Sutter Street. The programme will include works by Reissiger, Schubert, Grieg, and Wagner, and Vieuxtemps' "Fantasie Appassionata" for violin. Mr. William F. Zech is director of the orchestra, and Miss Olive Hyde the solo violinist. The membership of the club includes eleven first violins, eight played by ladies, and in the entire list of fifty musicians the feminine interest is well represented. The season of 1908 promises to be an auspicious one for the orchestra, as it increases steadily in numbers and in serious application.

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AGENTS

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VANITY FAIR.

Some time ago the country was startled by assurances from a newly elected senator that America is drifting toward monarchy. Of course every one laughed except a few ponderous editorial writers who felt themselves moved by the spirit to deliver themselves of some good old democratic platitudes. That the senator was new to his office may have had something to do with it. The old folks at home like to think that their chosen ones are powers at Washington and that there is something doing when they speak. Then again the worthy senator may have been shooting at a personal target and trying to make our flesh creep by political warnings not unmixed with malice. However that may be, the little sensation had its brief day and ceased to be. But now comes Mr. Sydney Brooks, whose trade it is to tell us what to think about public matters, and while Mr. Brooks does not actually say that we are in sight of a monarchy he does say that the increase of etiquette and formalism at Washington points suspiciously in that direction.

He points out that the White House was once a place for the transaction of national business, and that such social aspects as it possessed were subordinate to affairs of state. Even the family of the President was deprived of domestic conveniences to which the average middle class establishment is accustomed. But what a change within five years. The state receptions of today will accommodate between two and three thousand guests, and now it is the official and utilitarian side that is kept in the background, and for the first time in its existence the White House has become a great social centre. And all Washington reflects the splendor. Indeed, it may not be long ere it shall dethrone Newport as the place par excellence where everybody who is anybody must be seen.

In the matter of precedence its victories, defeats, and heart-burnings, Mr. Brooks doubts if even Vienna or Madrid, the very homes of ceremonial, can show the like of Washington. Precedence, in all its thousand gradations, is debated in the national capital with a feverish intensity to which there is no parallel. All such matters in European courts are settled by immemorial usage and there can be no appeal, nor is there room for manoeuvres or disappointment. But there is no established usage in Washington. The aspirant who has the sharpest elbows or, what is worse, the sharpest tongue, can carry off the laurels of precedence, and if such a thing as a code is being gradually formed, it is at the cost of an infinity of ill-repelling and chagrin. It must be admitted that the external equalities imposed by a republic in form have never been so completely in vain to any appreciable extent. Indeed, an artificial repression of the natural tendency toward ambition, and Mr. Brooks says that the citizens of a republic are not less anxious to advance themselves above the heads of their fellows than the aristocrats of precedence at Washington. And on the lower levels, is thus said Mr. Brooks, by an acerbity and contentiousness that are directly proportioned to the lack of rules to regulate it.

But order is gradually evolving out of chaos. It is now understood that an invitation to dinner at the White House is equivalent to a command. In Europe the favored one is "commanded." In Washington he is "invited," but it is only the form that varies and the substance is the same. It is now understood that the President enters first, that every one remains standing until he is seated, that he is served first, and that if he dine elsewhere as a guest he must be furnished with an advance list of all other guests.

But there are a hundred other points still awaiting settlement. Probably senators do not much care whether they have precedence or not over cabinet ministers, so long as they get the same dinner. But their wives care, and the great battle that is waged so ceaselessly is mainly one of Amazons. And how about the Speaker and the Secretaries of State? Who comes first, and who second? How about the Vice-President and ambassadors? Where do the judiciary come in and what is the exact place of unmarried daughters of great officials? These are momentous questions, and who shall settle them with a finality that shall lay them forever at rest? The monarchies of the world did this long ago, and their orders of precedence have a validity and an observance that might be envied by the Ten Commandments. But who shall do it for a republic without invading the sacred principle of equality upon which republics are supposed to rest? Mr. Brooks by no means draws the conclusion that we are descending the steep place that leads to the sea of monarchy, but he does believe that we are reaching a point where we must recognize that human vanities must be regulated in very much the same way as is done in the courts of "effete Europe."

It is evident that the financial pinch is still sharp enough to impose economy even upon the very wealthy. The New York World is authority for the statement that there are now fifty of the largest yachts in the country for sale. Yacht builders would have us believe that the sellers intend to order still more vessels to take their place, but of this

there is no evidence. Yacht owners simply can not stand the immense expense, and when the time for retrenchment comes the yacht is the first luxury to go.

Among well-known owners who are selling their vessels are such financial magnates as George Gould, John Jacob Astor, Frederick W. Vanderbilt, John Hays Hammond, Frank J. Gould, Isaac Stern, Morton F. Plant, William J. Leeds, Edmund Randolph, Roy A. Rainey, Cornelius Vanderbilt, W. K. Vanderhilt, Jr., Cleveland H. Dodge, Henry F. Noyes, and E. Walter Clark. The total value of the yachts offered for sale is \$4,000,000, and they range from the *American*, belonging to the Watt Estate, valued at \$230,000, to the *Naera*, owned by A. M. Judson, that can be bought for \$6000. Some of these vessels are very well known, and not only in American waters. John Jacob Astor has entertained on his *Nourmahal* in nearly every civilized port, while the sailing schooner *Invincible* now offered by Mrs. Barney, was once the property of Charles T. Barney, the president of the Knickerbocker Trust Company. Any one who wishes to do so can now purchase no less than five of the American yachts that took part in the transatlantic race for the Kaiser's cup in 1905. They are Edmund Randolph's *Apache*, Robert E. Tod's *Thistle*, Edward R. Coleman's *Hildegard*, George Lauder's *Endymion*, and Dr. Lewis A. Stimson's *Fleur de Lys*. The total values of these five yachts is about \$300,000.

It is to be feared that the market will not be a brisk one. A good many fortunes have been seriously diminished in the last few months and very few new ones have been made. The times are not propitious for lavish expenditure.

Sometimes people wonder why the *tiers état* show signs of a periodic restlessness and why they do not tranquilly accept the lot in life "unto which it has pleased God to call them." The questions are not hard to answer from the columns of the daily press. Here, for instance, are two details in the life of one of the leaders of New York society that find an undesigned place upon the same page of a newspaper and accompanied with the inevitable photographs. The first incident refers to the lady's English hull-terrier pup that was encased in a blanket in which was a pocket. In the pocket was a lace handkerchief, and in reply to a question as to the puppy's need of a handkerchief the lady replied that "doggie sometimes got cream on his nose."

The second story is to the effect that the lady and her husband are seeking a mutual divorce and that ten co-respondents are named upon one side and eleven upon the other. The husband is one of the best-known hankers in the country and the story of this apish profligacy is published broadcast for the delectation of thousands of readers who have small chance to get cream either on their noses or in their tea.

Another infallible heavy device is upon the market, so to speak, although the interview with the lady who introduces it leaves us in doubt whether she is the more concerned with advertising her device, or herself. Mrs. Post Wheeler lives in Japan and she has discovered the secret of the perpetual beauty of the Japanese women. That the Japanese women are perpetually beautiful will be something of a revelation to those who are familiar with the California variety, but perhaps they are not representative. However that may be, these perpetually beautiful Japanese women achieve their triumph by the use of a wooden neck pillow:

Throwing the head back over the block and lying flat on one's back has a tendency to take the pressure from the brain, and to relax the body, which of course means rest. Repose means lack of worry, and the whole result means youth and smooth, mobile skin—the two things which women, from Cleopatra to Recamier and down to the modern woman, prize as among the most desirable things in the world.

Pressure on the brain is not among the more serious ailments of the modern woman, and there is a very good reason for this when you come to think of it. Mrs. Wheeler wears the kimono and uses the wooden pillow of "my adopted land of Japan," and her full length portrait in Japanese costume that accompanies the descriptive article seems an invitation to admire the result. She does not say so herself, but she allows the fascinated reporter to say for her that she is "a very beautiful woman; her white skin with its delicate pink tinge is the envy of all her friends." Those who wish to try her recipe can easily do so and order their pillows from the lumber yard. But her advice would be much more acceptable if she had added that some particular kind of wood must be used and that it must be cut at the full of the moon.

What is an unfortunate judge to do when a lady refuses to pay for a supply of "chemises" specially made for her, on the ground that they do not fit? In the case of other and more exterior garments there are plenty of legal precedents. The lady retires to the judge's private room—alone, and presently emerges clad in the disputed garment, in order that his honor may judge for himself as to its approximation to the human form divine that is underneath it. But chemises!

Such was the problem before an Eastern

judge the other day. Well might he exclaim "What am I to do in such a case as this? I can try a jacket on and say if it fits, but how can I fit on these things?" And then his feelings got the better of him and he groaned, "Really, you ladies, this is too awful for words. I am very much afraid I shall have to refer this case to some one who is older and wiser than I am. It is far too delicate for me." Eventually the irate ladies were persuaded to talk the matter over among themselves and try to reach some agreement. Otherwise the court would have to appoint a lady arbitrator and abide by her decision.

The great Transvaal diamond recently presented to King Edward has been successfully cut into two pieces by the Amsterdam firm to whom it was intrusted. This, it seems, is a necessary preliminary to the subsequent operations of polishing and facing that it must undergo. The cleaving was accomplished in the following way:

The diamond was imbedded in cement, and the sharpest diamonds available were bought to make the first incision. The making of the

incision took several days, says the London *Evening News* special correspondent. Next, a specially made knife-blade of finest steel was fitted into the incision, and then Mr. Asscher struck a terrific blow on the knife-blade with a thick steel bar. This cut the stone in twain.

The next process is the cutting, which will be intrusted to Mr. Henri Koe, who will work for a whole year in a locked room with three assistants. His daily hours of labor will be from 7 in the morning until 9 o'clock at night. A watchman will keep guard outside the door of the room, and two other watchmen will always be on guard in the building.

The diamond will be cut by being pressed against a disc lubricated with a mixture of diamond-dust and oil, and revolving 2400 times per minute. At night the great gem will be placed in a special safe in a strong room with walls of iron and cement two and one-fourth feet thick. The head of the Asscher firm, armed with a revolver and accompanied by ten of his staff, places the gem in the safe and takes it out night and morning.

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Organdies

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Women's Handkerchiefs

Piques

Men's Hosiery

Men's Underwear

Women's Hosiery

Women's Underwear

Brown Shirts

Bleached Shirts

Wide Bleached Sheetings

Wide Brown Sheetings

Ducks

House Linings

Colored Denims

Laces

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A well-known Washington architect who has just returned from Boston says that in the reading-room of one of the most exclusive clubs in the Hub there is a sign that reads: "Only Low Conversation Permitted Here."

The vaudeville artist resented the proposition to censor his jokes. "Ridiculous," he exclaimed. "If my jokes are off color the time for censoring them was about 2000 years ago." Upon investigation the censor himself accepted this view.

O'Flanagan came home one night with a deep band of black crape around his hat. "Why, Mike!" exclaimed his wife. "What are ye wearin' 'tbot mournful thing for?" "I'm wearin' it for yer first husband," replied Mike firmly. "I'm sorry he's dead."

A Bladensburg merchant was dozing in his store one day when a little girl with a pitcher appeared in the doorway and asked for a quart of molasses. The storekeeper yawned, stretched himself, half opened his eyes, and then in an injured tone said, "Aint there nobody in Bladensburg that sells molasses but me?"

On one occasion when in Congress, General Benjamin Butler arose in his place and intimated that the member who occupied the floor was transgressing the limits of debate. "Why, general," said the member reproachfully, "you divided your time with me." "I know I did," rejoined Butler grimly, "but I didn't divide eternity with you."

The late King of Portugal was a sportsman and a good shot as well, and once at a dinner the rather inferior shooting of an English visitor was praised and some one said: "And Lord Gadabout, you know, sends everything he shoots to the hospitals." The king laughed, and taking the long black cigar from his lips, he said: "Naturally, since he never shoots anything but gamekeepers."

Martin W. Littleton, the noted New York lawyer, recently said of an opponent: "Gentlemen, if you knew Blank as well as I do, you'd understand that when his mouth opens his brain ceases to work. He reminds me of a little steamer that used to run on the Missouri. The steamer had a seven-inch boiler and a twelve-inch whistle. The effect of this was that when the whistle blew the steamer stopped."

One day, Charles Baudelaire came to Maxime du Camp's rooms with his close-cropped hair dyed green. Du Camp affected not to notice it. Baudelaire did all he could to direct attention to it, and finally, as his friend persisted in not noticing it, he burst out: "Don't you see anything strange about me today?" Du Camp answered: "Not at all; lots of people have green hair." Baudelaire left at once, disgusted.

In a Pennsylvania town, where everything is up to date and the ladies are always planning some new scheme, a strange thing happened. A "White Elephant" party was announced, and each guest was requested to bring something that she could not find any use for, and yet too good to throw away. The party would have been a great success but for an unlooked-for development, which broke it up. Eleven of the nineteen women brought their husbands.

When the artist had finished his scenic sketch of the stretch of woods skirting the suburban road, he looked up and beheld a serious-faced Irishman, whom he had previously noticed digging in a trench by the roadside, gazing queerly at his canvas. "Well," said the artist familiarly, "do you suppose you could make a picture like that?" The Irishman mopped his forehead a moment, and, with a deep sigh, answered: "Sure; a mon c'n do annything if he's driv to ut!"

The battle was going against him. The commander-in-chief, himself ruler of the South American republic, sent an aide to the rear, ordering General Blanco to bring up his regiment at once. Ten minutes passed; but it didn't come. Twenty, thirty, an hour—still no regiment. The aide came tearing back hatless, breathless. "My regiment! My regiment! Where is it? Where is it?" shrieked the commander. "General," answered the excited aide, "Blanco started it all right, but there are a couple of drunken Americans down the road and they won't let it go by."

A Scotch story is that of a diminutive drummer in a local brass band who was in the habit when out parading with his comrades of walking by sound and not by sight, owing to his drum being so high that he was unable to see over it. The band, on Saturday afternoons, paraded usually in one direction, but the other day the leader thought he would change the route a little and turned down a by-street. The drummer, unaware of this movement, kept on his accustomed way, drumming as hard as ever he could. By-and-by,

after finishing his part and not hearing the others, he stopped and, pushing his drum to one side, he looked to see what was the matter. His astonishment may be imagined at finding that he was alone: "Hae!" he cried to some bystanders, "has any o' ye seen a band hereabout?"

Ibsen has invaded the sacred precincts of the select school for young ladies in the guise of a "Course in Northern Literature." In one of these establishments a blonde beauty taking the Ibsen course recently remarked to her instructor: "I don't think Ibsen knew much about dramatic art. I've just been to see 'The Master Builder,' and they wore the same costumes all the way through." The astonished instructor swallowed quickly and responded: "Don't judge Ibsen by one play. In 'Hedda Gabler' they wear morning, afternoon, and evening clothes. It's really quite dressy."

Some of the West Indian islanders have learned that when a foreigner misbehaves on their shores it is better to suffer in silence than to mete out punishment at the risk of a descending gunboat from the miscreant's native land. A judge in Haiti, however, recently took occasion to pay off old scores and to redeem his self-respect in the case of an offender brought before him. To his first question, as to the nationality of the accused, the interpreter had answered that the prisoner was from Switzerland. "Switzerland!" said the judge, "and Switzerland has no seacoast, has it?" "No seacoast, your honor?" replied the interpreter. "And no navy?" continued the judge. "And no navy, your honor," was the reply. "Very well, then," said the judge. "Give him one year at hard labor!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

After the Quarrel.

You go your way, I'll go mine.
Yours may be the better.
You can toe your own chalk line,
Wear your kind of fetter.
I can stand alone, my friend;
Help you need not now extend.
Oil and water won't combine.
You go your way, I'll go mine.

You go your way, I'll go mine.
Nobody disputes you.
Do the thing that you design—
Anything that suits you.
I can hoe my little row
If you'll give me half a show.
Why you don't I can't divine.
You go your way, I'll go mine.

You go your way, I'll go mine.
I won't criticize you,
If you're wrong I won't repine,
Pester and advise you.
You just do the same by me.
Let's agree to disagree.
Your way may be mighty fine.
You just take it; I'll take mine.

—Chicago News.

As Things Look to Them.

Pa says that things look very dark,
But ma keeps hopeful right along;
She says there's no use feelin' blue,
For right will triumph over wrong.

Ma's got a lot of fine new clo's,
And all her words are full of cheer;
I guess that pa will have to wear
The spring suit which he got last year.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Habitations.

I'd like to live in Germany, where dogs are eight feet long—
They call 'em quadrupeds, but that is manifestly wrong.
Yet they're not octopi, and this the wherefore and the why—
They more than make up for their length by being one foot high.

I'd love to live in Scotland, where the cult of Celts wear kilts,
Or in Provencal marshes, where the peasants walk on stilts;
I'd like to live in England, too—but mercy, what's the use?
Nobody'd understand my jokes—the Angles are obtuse!

—Cleveland Leader.

Jack Abertheney, the Rough Rider, can catch a wolf alive by grabbing its lower jaw with his bare hands. Mr. Abertheney, on his last visit in Washington, was asked by a reporter for his opinion on a certain political question. "I can't give you an opinion on that question," the Rough Rider replied, "because it's a question I pay no attention to. I am indifferent to it—as indifferent as the backwoodsman's wife. That lady, you know, looked on while her husband had a fierce hand-to-hand tussle with a bear, and afterward she said it was 'the only fight she ever saw where she didn't care who won.'"

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Although Lent is little more than half over, there is already a lessening of the strictness with which the season was first observed and there will be several affairs of importance before the quiet of Holy Week comes. There are numerous weddings for the spring and early summer, and one or two engagements of importance are soon to be announced.

The engagement is announced of Miss Julia Woods of Kansas to Captain Henry H. Wagner, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Josephine Brown to Mr. Harry Stetson will be celebrated on Monday, April 20. Mr. Stetson and his bride will leave during the first week in May for Europe, where they will spend several months.

The wedding of Miss Edna Middleton, daughter of Mr. John Middleton, to Mr. Cornelius Fitzgerald Buckley, Jr., took place on Tuesday last at the home of the bride on Green Street. The ceremony was celebrated at 4 o'clock in the afternoon by the Reverend Father Ramm. Mrs. Arthur Watson was the matron of honor and Miss Anna roster the bridesmaid. Mr. William K. White was the best man. Mr. and Mrs. Buckley left for a brief honeymoon and on their return will occupy an apartment on Green Street, near Hyde.

Mrs. Francis Carolan entertained at a luncheon on Sunday last at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, at which fifty guests were present.

Mrs. Harry Babcock was the hostess at a luncheon on Friday last at her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King entertained at a dinner on Friday evening last at their home on Broadway in honor of General and Mrs. S. M. B. Young. Twelve guests were present.

Mrs. Francis Carolan entertained at a dinner on Sunday evening at her home in Burlingame in honor of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., was the host at a tea on Monday last in honor of Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. Stienfeld entertained at luncheon at the St. Francis on Friday in honor of Miss Reta Lewis and her fiancé, Mr. Marco Hellman of Los Angeles. Covers were laid for eleven.

There will be an official reception at the Fairmont Hotel May 7, tendered to Honorable Victor H. Metcalf, Secretary of the Navy and personal representative of the President, Admiral Evans, and officers of the fleet, Governor Gillett and staff.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss gave a dinner at The Peninsula, San Mateo, last week to a number of young people. The party enjoyed the trip from the city to San Mateo and return in the private car "Hermosa."

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William H. Crocker, who has spent the winter in New York, expects to return to California to spend the summer at her Burlingame home.

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun and Miss Martha Calhoun will leave early in May for New York for a brief stay and on their return will be accompanied by Miss Margaret Calhoun, who has been at school there during the winter.

Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helene Irwin left on Sunday for the East and will sail shortly for Europe for a stay of a year

or two. Mr. Irwin will leave in about a month to join them.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, who are at their Burlingame home for the season, spent a few days in town early this week at their apartment at Hillcrest.

Bishop William Ford Nichols, Mrs. Nichols, and Miss Claire Nichols, who have been at the Fairmont, returned early this week to their home in San Mateo, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. H. M. Gillig, who has been for some weeks in San Francisco, has left for Los Angeles.

Mrs. Morton Mitchell, formerly Mrs. George Ladd, who has been in Europe for some years, is at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her son, Mr. J. W. Byrne, who have been spending the winter on the Coast, expect to sail from New York April 9 to remain a number of months abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy left on Sunday last for New York and will from there go abroad for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Page and Miss Leslie Page, who have been at The Hillcrest for the winter, have postponed their return to their San Rafael home and will not leave town until April 15.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh, who have had a cottage at Burlingame during the winter, will return next week to their home at Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. David R. C. Brown (formerly Miss Ruth McNutt) will leave Washington, D. C., where they have been during the winter, about April 20 for their Colorado home, where they will remain for the summer.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin has been a guest recently of the Walter Martins at Burlingame. Mr. Edward M. Greenway was a recent visitor at Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope will leave shortly for Europe to spend the summer.

Miss Stella Campbell, who accompanied her mother, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, to San Francisco, left on Sunday last for the East, en route to London and was chaperoned across the continent by Mrs. William G. Irwin.

Mr. and Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer have taken a house at Menlo Park for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, who have spent the winter in town, have returned to Menlo Park for the summer and fall months.

Miss Betty Hammond arrived here this week from Santa Barbara and will spend a fortnight or more as the guest of Miss Frances Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. McCutchen, who have been occupying apartments at the St. Xavier this winter, will spend the summer in Berkeley.

Mrs. William Kohl, accompanied by Miss Price, will leave next week for the East, en route to Europe for a stay of some months.

Mrs. C. O. Alexander has returned from a fortnight's visit to Mrs. John Bidwell at Chico, where Miss Harriet Alexander is staying and attending school.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell was the guest of Mrs. Francis Carolan for several days this week at the latter's Burlingame home.

Admiral Kempff and Miss Cornelia Kempff will leave shortly for the East, where they will spend most of the summer.

Miss Florence Hopkins, who has been at school in New York this winter, has returned to California and has recently undergone an operation for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Libby, of Portland, Maine, are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Le Breton and Miss Marguerite Le Breton will arrive about April 15 from the East, to remain during the stay of the fleet in this port.

Mr. Athole McBean left at the first of the week for a brief Eastern trip.

Mr. Walter Dillingham sailed on Tuesday of last week for his home in Honolulu.

Miss Lutie Collier has returned to town, after a visit to Miss Dorothy Anderson at Mare Island.

M. Louis Monnier, M. de Neufize, M. Mallet, and M. Julheit, of Paris, France, are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, who have spent the winter at San Mateo, have leased the Shreve house on Pacific Avenue and will come to town in the near future.

Miss Ruth Casey left recently for the East, where she will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton have returned from a visit to Coronado.

Mrs. Eugene Gallois and Miss Jeanne Gallois, who have been abroad for some time, will return from Paris in May.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels and Mrs. Harry Holbrook left recently for a visit to the City of Mexico.

Mrs. Uriel Schree, Mrs. W. T. Swinburne, and Rear-Admiral Swinburne are at Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood will return this month from a stay of several months in Europe and Egypt.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Chanslor have taken Mrs. Sallie Stetson Winslow's house on Pacific Avenue and will occupy it within a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Cudahy of Chicago and Kansas City are guests of their daughter, Mrs. John B. Casserly, at The Peninsula, San Mateo, this week. Mr. and Mrs. Cudahy with a party of friends came by motor car from Pasadena.

Major and Mrs. C. H. McKinstry have taken an apartment at the Hotel St. Francis.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among recent arrivals at The Peninsula, San Mateo, were Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Bradley, Senator A. P. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Donald McDonald, Miss Bessie Moseley, Mrs. W. S. Davis, Senator and Mrs. J. C. Sims, Miss Sybil Page, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado were Mr. H. Justins, Mr. E. Hoelle, Mr. D. W. King, Mr. R. C. Reed, Mrs. J. Plover, Miss Plover, Miss K. V. Plover, Mr. Edward H. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Dent H. Robert, Mrs. E. J. Howard, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Wilson, Miss Helen Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt L. McDonald, Miss Blythe McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Towle, Mr. Carleton H. Wall, Mr. A. L. Meyerstein, Judge A. J. Fritz, Mr. A. E. James, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. A. D. Shepard, Mr. A. L. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Gemmell, Mr. H. G. Seaman, Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Cumherson, Mr. J. W. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Easton, Miss Anna Easton, Mr. Fletcher F. Ryer, Mr. Samuel G. Buckhee, Miss L. M. Purdy, Mr. and Mrs. S. O. Johnson, Mr. W. P. Johnson, Mr. G. M. Herrington, Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kelham, Mr. Maurice A. Hall, Mrs. Mary P. Huntington, Miss Marian Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. John Brockway Metcalf, Mr. E. W. Mason, Mr. L. B. Fuller, Mrs. Fritz M. Van Sichlin, Mr. N. W. Price, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Remington, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Cole, Miss Bessie Cole, Miss C. B. Lusk, Mr. George S. Waterlow, Mr. C. Bruce Jones, Mrs. Clara D. Putnam, Miss Helen Putnam, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Redfield, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Allen, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. Hicks, Mr. Nelson T. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Warner, Miss Warner, Mr. E. W. Rollins, Mr. Sherwood Rollins, Mr. H. B. Sturges, Colonel William Sayer, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Gordon and Miss Gordon, of San Francisco.

Lyric "Pop" Concert.

The second Lyric Hall Chamber Music Concert will be given Sunday afternoon, April 12, when the string quartet will play a posthumous quartet by Schubert, Haydn's "Serenade," Mendelssohn's "Canzonetta," and Raff's "The Mill." Miss Amy Seller, a brilliant young pianiste, will make her debut, assisting the organization in the rendition of Beethoven's Quartet, Op. 16, for piano, violin, viola, and cello, an attractive programme.

Seats at these events are 50 cents and \$1, and may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s stores or by writing to Will L. Greenbaum.

The opening of the International Horse Show in London at Olympia has been fixed for June 18 and the show will remain open until June 27. Not less than \$150,000 is to be expended on the show and the prize list runs into a third of that amount. Nearly all classes of exhibits will again be taken in hand by international judges.

The number of new operas produced in the theatres of Italy last year was forty-eight. Not one of them apparently was a genuine success.

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WEEK DAY	SUN- DAY	SUN- DAY	WEEK DAY
9:45 A	8:45 A	10:42 A	7:25 A
9:45 A	9:45 A	11:46 A	1:40 P
1:45 P	10:45 A	1:48 P	4:14 P
1:45 A	11:45 A	2:45 P	
SATUR- DAY	1:45 P	4:15 P	SATUR- DAY
4:45 P	2:45 P	5:15 P	9:30 P



Legal Holidays
Sunday Time

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army
and navy people who are or have been
stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel George L. Anderson, inspector-general,
U. S. A., went to Benicia Barracks,
which are to be abolished, on Monday last
for the purpose of inspecting the material and
supplies there and deciding as to their disposi-
tion.

Colonel A. B. Dyer, Fourth Field Artillery,
U. S. A., Vancouver Barracks, Washington,
has arrived here for a brief leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Corbusier,
deputy surgeon-general, U. S. A., is relieved
from further duty as chief surgeon, Depart-
ment of Columbia, and will proceed to his
home, where for his own convenience he is
authorized to await retirement from active
service.

Lieutenant-Colonel E. F. Ladd, adjutant-
general, U. S. A., who was relieved from duty
with the War Department for duty in the
Philippines, will sail on April 6 from this port
on the transport *Sherman*.

Lieutenant-Colonel Beverly W. Dunn, Ord-
nance Department, U. S. A., who is on duty
pertaining to the preparation of regulations
governing the transportation of explosives and
to the establishment by the American Railway
Association of a bureau for the regulation of
such transportation, has arrived here on of-
ficial business.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. W. Gray, deputy
surgeon-general, U. S. A., will sail on the
transport *Sherman* on Tuesday next for Ma-
nila.

Major James Canby, paymaster, U. S. A.,
upon his arrival in San Francisco will pro-
ceed to Vancouver Barracks and report to
the commanding general, Department of Col-
umbia, for duty as chief paymaster with sta-
tion at Portland.

Captain James A. Penn, General Staff, U.
S. A., is ordered to make the annual inspec-
tion of the military departments of the educa-
tional institutions, among which are: St.
Matthew's Military School, Burlingame;
Mount Tamalpais Military Academy, San Ra-
fael; and the University of California, Berke-
ley.

Captain William H. Burt, Pay Department,
U. S. A., sailed from the Philippines on
March 18 for this city.

Captain William M. Morrow, Twenty-First
Infantry, U. S. A., upon relief from duty in
the army transport service will proceed to
join his regiment.

Captain Frederick G. Stritzinger, Jr.,
Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., has been
granted two months' leave of absence, which
took effect on April 1, with permission to
apply for an extension of one month.

Captain William H. Wassell, Twenty-Second
Infantry, U. S. A., is ordered to proceed
to Fort Bayard, New Mexico, and report in
person to the commanding officer, General
Hospital at that place, for observation and
treatment.

Captain Robert J. Maxey, Twenty-Fourth
Infantry, U. S. A., Army General Hospital,
Presidio of San Francisco, having been re-
ported fit for duty, will proceed to Madison
Barracks, New York, for duty with his reg-
iment.

Captain Charles Y. Brownlee, assistant sur-
geon, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at the
Pacific Branch of the United States Military
Prison at Alcatraz, and will sail from this
port on the transport leaving this city on May
5 for Manila.

Captain Robert L. Carswell, assistant sur-
geon, U. S. A., is granted leave of absence for
two months, with permission to apply for an
extension of one month, to take effect when
his services can be spared by the commanding
officer of Fort McDowell.

Captain John L. Shepard, assistant surgeon,
U. S. A., now on leave of absence, will pro-
ceed on or before the expiration of said leave
to Fort Sam Houston, Texas, and report in
person to the commanding officer of that post
for duty.

Captain Henry S. Greenleaf, Medical De-
partment, U. S. A., will arrive from Manila
on the transport *Buford*, which sailed from
that port on March 18.

Lieutenant D. W. Todd, U. S. N., is or-
dered detached from the *Monterey* and to the
Concord.

Lieutenant Robert J. Arnold, First Field
Artillery, U. S. A., is honorably discharged
from the service of the United States.

Lieutenant Ira F. Fravel, Twenty-Fourth
Infantry, U. S. A., Army General Hospital,
Presidio of San Francisco, having been re-
ported fit for duty, is ordered to proceed to
Madison Barracks, New York, for duty with
his regiment.

Ensign B. Y. Rhodes, U. S. N., is detached
from the *Monterey* and ordered to the naval
station, Olongapo, P. I.

Headquarters, staff, and Troops I and M of
the Third Squadron, Fourteenth Cavalry, U.
S. A., under command of Major Harry C.
Benson, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., will
leave the Presidio of San Francisco on or
about April 16 and march to the Yosemite Na-
tional Park for duty under instructions to be
furnished by the Interior Department, for the
purpose of protecting the park from depreda-
tions.

Troop G, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., un-
der command of Captain Cornelius C. Smith,

Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., will leave the
Presidio of San Francisco on or about May
20 and march to the Sequoia National Park
for the purpose of protecting the park from
depredations. Immediately upon arrival in
camp detachments of this troop will be sent
to the General Grant National Park for duty
therein.

The Second Infantry, U. S. A., commanded
by Colonel Francis W. Mansfield, U. S. A., a
portion of which command sailed from Manila
on the transport *Buford* on March 18, will
not upon arrival here proceed, as was for-
merly ordered, to Fort Wayne and Fort
Brady, but instead the headquarters, band, and
two battalions will go to Fort Thomas, Ken-
tucky, and one battalion will proceed to Fort
Assiniboine, Montana.

The Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., will not
proceed to the Philippines on April 6, as was
heretofore directed, but will remain instead at
the present stations of Fort Wayne and Fort
Brady.

Harold Bauer's Farewell.

At Harold Bauer's farewell concert Sunday
afternoon, April 5, at Christian Science Hall,
the artist will play Beethoven's "Sonata Pa-
thetique," which has not been heard at a
public concert in this city for many years.
Schumann will be represented by his "Papil-
lons," "Romance in F sharp," and "Novelette"
in E, and Chopin by his difficult "Polonaise
Fantasie," Op. 61, and "Berceuse." A Liszt
"Etude," Schubert "Impromptu," two Men-
delssohn "Songs Without Words," and Saint-
Saëns's "Etude en forme de Valse," will com-
plete one of the finest offerings in the history
of pianoforte recitals in this city.

Seats at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and Sun-
day at the hall.

Oscar Straus, the Viennese composer, is in-
dignant at the English criticisms on the
libretto of his opera, "The Waltz Dream."
He thinks that an injustice has been done to
his collaborators, since every critic has praised
the music and condemned the libretto as weak
and inadequate. Mr. Straus's other successes
have been confined to Austria and Germany,
but his new light opera, "Didi," with a Sardou
hook, will have an English and American pro-
duction, as will also his musical version of
Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man."

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sion from France, and it is now known as
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still retain the right to use the old bottle
and label as well) distilled by the same order
of Monks, who have securely guarded the
secret of its manufacture for hundreds of
years, taking it with them at the time they
left the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse,
and who, therefore, alone possess a knowledge
of the elements of this delicious nectar. No
Liqueur associated with the name of the Car-
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—Do you think it helps a play to have a moral? *He*—Not half so much as an immoral.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Jeweler—Shall I engrave the bride's initials on the inside? *Fiancé*—Better say, "For my best beloved."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

The Professor's Wife—You haven't kissed me for a week. *The Professor (absently)*—Are you sure? Then who is it I have been kissing?—*Life*.

Wallie—Next to a woman, what is the most nervous thing you know? *Willie (ungrammatically)*—Me—next to a woman.—*Somerville Journal*.

Maggie (calling upstairs)—The gas stove went out, mum. *Mistress*—Well, light it! *Maggie*—It went out through the roof, mum.—*Success Magazine*.

Bill—I see in a favorable wind a fox can scent a man at a distance of one-quarter of a mile. *Jill*—Of course, he could scent him farther if the man happened to be in an automobile.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"The corporation has resolved at last to lay out a park for the benefit of the poor." "Have the preparations begun?" "Rather! All the 'Keep Off the Grass' boards have arrived already."—*Tit-Bits*.

"The Swelltons seem to keep up an imposing establishment," remarked the canned goods drummer. "You bet they do," replied the groceryman, with a sigh long drawn out, "and I'm one of the fellows they impose on."—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Excuse me for not stopping," exclaimed Little. "I'm in a hurry to get home." "That's rather unusual," said Large, "what's the trouble?" "My wife has a cold," explained Little, "and she can't speak above a whisper."—*The Bohemian*.

"What does you reckon yer'll like ter do w'en you gits ter glory?" "Well," said Brother Dickey, "since you put de question ter me, I'll make answer ter it: Ef dey lets me have my way, I'll des lay back on a white cloud, an' let de heavenly winds blow me fum star to star."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"Have you fixed up my will just the way I told you?" asked the sick man, who was the possessor of many needy relatives and some well-to-do but grasping ones. "I have," asserted the lawyer. "Just as strong and tight as you can make it, eh?" asked his client. The lawyer nodded. "All right," said the sick man. "Now I want to ask you one thing—

not professionally—who do you think stands the best chance of getting the property when I'm gone?"—*Youth's Companion*.

Waiter (who has just served up some soup)—Looks uncommonly like rain, sir. *Diner*—Yes, by Jove, and tastes like it too! Bring me some thick soup.—*London Tatler*.

"Bilger eloped with his cook, the unfeeling wretch!" "Well, I don't know. Why shouldn't he if he wanted to?" "But his wife was just going to give a dinner party."—*Life*.

Wink—He didn't use to dodge his rich relatives, but he does now. *Bink*—Does, eh? And as poor as he is? *Wink*—Sure! All his rich relatives have bought automobiles.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Beware!" whispered the fortune teller; "your bitterest enemy will shortly cross your path—" "Hooray!" cried the man, delightedly; "my new motor car won't do a thing to him."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Boston Bill—I'm getting weary of this blasé, nomadic, peripatetic existence, aren't you, pal? *Omaha Red (after recovering)*—Why—e-r, yer sec, Bill, it never struck me in dat light before. Is it really as bad as all dat?—*Puck*.

"Mamma, is the old black hen going to be sent away for the summer?" "No, Tommy; but why do you ask?" "Well, I heard papa tell the new governess that he would take her out riding when he sent the old hen away for the summer."—*Harper's Weekly*.

"Confound it," cried the angry husband, "any old thing appeals to you if it's only cheap!" His bargain-hunting wife grimly smiled. "Don't forget," she sarcastically remarked, "that you yourself are one of my characteristic investments."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"What brought you here, my poor man?" inquired the prison visitor. "Well, lady," replied the prisoner, "I guess my trouble started in attendin' too many weddin's." "Ah! You learned to drink there, or steal, perhaps?" "No, lady; I was always the bridegroom."—*Tit-Bits*.

"But, Mr. President," protested his adviser, "the Constitution in its very inception specifically provided that certain prerogatives should lie with the legislative arm." "Did, eh?" answered the executive, with an air of doubt. "But you must remember," he added, brightening up, "that the Constitution was young and inexperienced then."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

See Salada Beach. Write 1803 Fillmore.

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Merion.....Apr. 11 Haverford.....May 2
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Statendam.....Apr. 22 Ryndam.....May 6

RED STAR LINE

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Finland.....Apr. 11 Zealand.....Apr. 25
Vaderland.....Apr. 18 Kroonland.....May 2

WHITE STAR LINE

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
Baltic.....Apr. 16 Arabic.....Apr. 30
Cedric.....Apr. 23 Celtic.....May 7

N. Y.—PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON
Teutonic.....Apr. 15 Majestic.....Apr. 29
Adriatic.....Apr. 22 Oceanic.....May 6

BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
Cymric.....Apr. 22, May 23

New York—Azores—Mediterranean
Republic.....Apr. 18, noon
Cretic.....May 9, June 20

Boston—Azores—Mediterranean
Romanic.....Apr. 25, May 30, July 3
Canopic.....May 16, June 27

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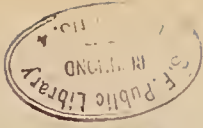
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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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No Wheels for the Capitol.

We note that Sacramento is organizing a campaign in resistance to the proposal to move the State capital to Berkeley. A considerable fund has been raised for the purposes of this campaign and the work of presenting the facts and arguments to the voters of the State will be pursued systematically and vigorously. This is well in itself; if it does nothing else, it will summon the people of Sacramento to united action, and, let us hope, teach them what a tremendous force for progress lies in the habit of pulling together. Nevertheless, Sacramento need not seriously worry over the removal project. It was, as everybody knows, the scheme of a group of real-estate speculators, its only purpose being to make a pretext for cutting up the North Berkeley cowpastures into town lots, with the sale of the same to guileless investors. There was never the first show of reason in the movement. The public understood this at the time and will understand it even better before the campaign is ended. Furthermore, the chance, if ever there was a chance, to reestablish the capital was

lost with the coming of stringent times. In flush times a State may do many fool things, but in bad times it will do nothing so radically foolish as to accept an unnecessary project, calculated in the nature of things to cost the taxpayers of the State a round million dollars annually from now until our grandchildren are grayheaded. No; the people of California will not vote any such tax upon themselves, their children, and their children's children, for the sake of helping the Berkeley land boomers to get town-lot prices for wind-blown pasture tracts.

The Red Flag.

A few days ago a young Russian exile named Silverstein threw a lighted bomb into the midst of a crowd gathered in Union Square, New York. A bystander was killed, the assassin himself was fatally injured, and a number of other persons were more or less seriously wounded. This event, combined with the murder of a priest in Colorado and the outbreak of inflammatory oratory at Chicago and elsewhere, has so far got upon our nerves that we seem to be on the verge of a general campaign against revolutionary opinions of all kinds. We may indeed succeed in deporting a few undesirable characters and in convincing those who remain that we are desperately afraid of them, while driving them into a dangerous secrecy, but if we are really to combat a mischievous epidemic of lawlessness we shall have to use other weapons than these, and perhaps a certain amount of judicious contempt may be the most useful of them all.

It is very certain that no one must be allowed directly to incite others to violence or crime. That, however, is a matter of the ordinary law and we do not need any exhortations from Washington or elsewhere to urge its enforcement. But to enforce an existing and common-sense law is one thing, while to give to every policeman a roving commission to determine for himself what is and what is not an incitement to violence, and to suppress the right of free speech on the ground that it may be misused, is quite another thing. To notice the recent feverish anxieties of the Chicago police we might suppose that civilization would crumble forthwith into ruins if Emma Goldman were allowed to say a few words in public to her tatterdemalion followers. That interesting virago's consequent opinion of her own importance may be left to the imagination, but it is a disquieting fact that her influence over her disciples has of course been increased a hundredfold. She remains at liberty; it seems she can not be deported; thousands have heard of her and are attracted to her who hardly knew her name before; and she has all the added prestige that comes from a sort of bastard martyrdom. If she had sketched the campaign herself she could not have done it more adroitly.

What we need in this matter is more dignity and a better knowledge of human nature. Enforce the law relentlessly against every one who incites another to crime, but there is no law forbidding a man to speak in public on the ground of something that he may perhaps say, and lawless force is itself anarchy. There is nothing half so dear to the average anarchist as publicity. To be talked about, to be hunted from place to place, to be forbidden to speak, to be arrested, all these things are as the breath of life to him. Under such circumstances he goes among his fellows like the disease-laden housefly on the pat of butter. Every footstep becomes a colony of social bacteria. Contempt and indifference are the only things that kill him.

We might, perhaps, get a useful wrinkle from England in this matter. To a great extent England has always been exempt from anarchist outrage. Bomb-throwing is almost unknown there, while no public man has ever been assassinated by the "reds." And yet England is almost the only country in Europe where the anarchist may say and do anything he pleases so long as he keeps the laws common to civilization. He may fly the red flag in Hyde Park to his heart's content and orate until he is black in the face, and indeed

he does both with tiresome monotony. The bored policemen stand close to the platform, but their only mission is to see that no one interrupts or molests him, that no one attempts to close the safety valve of speech and so turn a harmless mountebank into a dangerous plotter. The man who talks never does anything else. The real danger is from the men who do not talk, and it is just because the red flag can be seen in Hyde Park any Sunday in the year and because red oratory can be heard there, and all under the benevolently contemptuous eye of the police, that no one takes any particular notice of either of them and they do no more harm than the imbecile proceedings in a lunatic asylum. They are commonplace and uninteresting. We can not afford to make martyrs of those who hold particular opinions. We can not afford that crazy degenerates like the wretch in New York should think themselves of sufficient importance to dislocate our social machinery or persuade themselves that we are afraid of them. Least of all can we afford to act illegally or to give to anarchist opinions the extraordinary advertisement of suppression without legal process.

Immunity a False and Fraudulent Promise.

It turns out as all sound lawyers have declared it would from the beginning, that Ruef's immunity contract is illegal and therefore of non-effect. It is not worth and never was worth the paper it is written on. And since Ruef's contract is no good, the immunity contracts held by Gallagher and the other "good dogs" must likewise be illegal and non-effective. This group of precious scoundrels stands today subject to prosecution, precisely as it did fifteen months ago before the immunity arrangement was entered into.

Now, are we to understand that Mr. Langdon and his fine array of special prosecutors did not know the law, and therefore entered into a series of contracts ignorantly, but in good faith; or are we to understand that they did know the law—that they understood perfectly that they were going outside the law in bargaining with Ruef, Gallagher, and all the others—and were simply playing a game of pretense and fraud for the sake of getting "power" over these scoundrels for their own purposes? On the whole, it is easier to believe that Mr. Heney knew what he was about and that he played a false rôle knowingly, since this is only one of many instances in which the course of the prosecution, presumably directed by him in its legal phases, has departed from the line of legality and good faith.

It is, of course, gratifying to know that Ruef is not to have the benefit of the bargain so shamefully made with him by the agents of the prosecution a year ago. It is gratifying to know that he will not be allowed to evade arraignment for his crimes because a malevolent boss prosecutor, a scheming lawyer, an intriguing and bulldozing detective, and a weak, temporizing judge entered into a conspiracy to give him immunity for his crimes with leave to keep the vast wealth which these crimes had brought him. And since Ruef is not to be immune because it suited the purposes of the prosecution to condone his crimes, why should the eighteen supervisors be allowed to have the benefit of the same species of indecent, illegal, and fraudulent connubiation? Every reason which now justifies disregard of the Ruef contract of immunity, likewise justifies disregard of the contracts under which practical pardon was meted out to the guilty supervisors. What is sauce for one offender ought to be sauce for the rest; the logic of Ruef's prosecution implies the prosecution likewise of the supervisors.

It is needless to say that the public—everybody excepting the little group of private conspirators—would be more than pleased to see the anti-graft movement go back to the purposes upon which it was founded originally, and in view of which it at first commanded an untimely measure of public respect and approval. The public would like to see those who are known to have been traitors to their trust, who are known to

have been criminals, against whom there is evidence more than enough to convict—brought to the prisoner's dock. The public has never accepted the theory that these demonstrated criminals are entitled to immunity, simply because under the threat of exposure and punishment and under a fraudulent promise of immunity, they were brought to confess, and because it was hoped through their fears and weakness to "develop" evidence against the business rivals and personal enemies of Mr. Rudolph Spreckels and Mr. James D. Phelan. The public has never acquiesced in the theory that it was right or decent or expedient to condone the crimes of those who might easily be convicted in order to get certain other possible criminals. Today the public would be glad to have the entire "graft" movement shorn of all merely collateral, personal, and vindictive aims, and directed to the work of prosecuting criminality, high and low, without fear or favor. The cry of the prosecuting agents has been that those who have insisted upon the prosecution of Ruef and the supervisors have wished to leave the "higher-ups" unpunished. This is simply a cheap lie; a lie on a par with many other lies from the same source. Some there may be who for personal or business motives, would like to see the "higher-ups," guilty or not guilty, escape, but the attitude of the great body of citizenship is today what it has been all along. If it were possible to get a full and complete expression of public opinion, we believe the vote would be overwhelming in volume for a course calculated to punish criminality, whether the criminal be a "higher-up" of the Calhoun type, or just a plain scoundrel like Gallagher and his associate "good dogs."

It appears to the *Argonaut* a most propitious time for taking this whole business of prosecution out of private hands which have so blundered and defrauded it, and putting it into hands legitimately representative of the community. It is high time to make this prosecution what it ought to have been all along, namely, a public prosecution dealing with criminality as such, without respect to persons, proceeding upon the initiative of authorized agents and holding its methods strictly within the lines of legality and decency. Mr. Spreckels, through Mr. Langdon, has offered to "step out" if the supervisors will provide a fund of \$120,000 to continue the prosecution. Whether so great a sum ought to be provided is a matter to be considered, but there can be no doubt Mr. Spreckels ought to be allowed to "step out"—indeed that he ought to be put out, if he should decline to step out. Whatever moral justification there may have been at the beginning for his entrance into this matter no longer exists; it is impossible that he, smirched as he is by the record, convicted as he stands of wrong motives and of arbitrary and illegal courses of action, should be of any further service to the cause of pursuing and punishing criminality.

The *Argonaut* is most heartily in favor of the proposal that the board of supervisors shall take over this work of prosecuting the grafters, put it into disinterested and able hands, and provide whatever funds may be necessary for its diligent prosecution. Possibly the sum of \$120,000 as suggested by Mr. Langdon is not too much; possibly it is not enough. Whatever is legitimately necessary, be it much or little, ought to be provided.

But, let us ask, why at this stage of the game should any large amount of money be required? The courts before whom these cases are to be tried are supported under a general and fixed scheme, and nothing is needed in the way of special appropriation for the task now before them. Witnesses, too, are paid under a system financially provided for in the regular order of things. And surely after eighteen months of activity, and in view of what we are told has been accomplished by Mr. Burns and his assistants, there ought now to be no serious need at the point of discovering witnesses. Again and again we have been assured that this part of the work has been done; not only that it has been done, but done with a skill and thoroughness almost beyond comparison in the records of detective achievement. Now, since there are no special charges for court procedure, and since the testimony has been secured and all that remains to be done is to call the witnesses into court, why is it necessary that so great a fund should be provided for this purpose? We fail to see where money is now needed, unless it be to employ special attorneys to carry forward the work of prosecution. Here indeed the need is manifestly serious. From its beginning, the legal phases of the anti-graft movement have been discreditable at all points.

It is time indeed that there should be brought into the work of prosecuting criminality lawyers competent by knowledge of the law, by the carefulness and diligence of their methods, and by respect for the law itself, to carry forward this movement by legitimate and proper methods, to legitimate and proper ends. Whatever amount of money may be necessary for the employment of first-class legal talent ought to be provided, if not by the supervisors, then by somebody else with authority to employ public funds for public uses.

We hear it suggested that the real purpose of the demand for the sum of \$120,000 is not only to relieve Messrs. Spreckels and Phelan of future financial obligations in connection with the movement, but to repay them for expenditures already made! It is suggested that ways may be found by which, with the sum of \$120,000 of public money in hand, the "backers" of the movement up to date may get back no small part of the money they have advanced. We hear it said, for example, that Mr. Heney is to get the sum of \$50,000 for his services. If this be true, it would be a nice thing for Spreckels and Phelan if payment could be made not by them, but by the supervisors from the public purse.

The Sovereignty of China.

When Secretary Root instructed the United States consul at Harbin in Manchuria to recognize Chinese sovereignty only, and to treat Russian pretensions with a polite indifference, he was well in line with an American policy that aims to prevent the partition of China and the formation of any further spheres of influence. It is not easy to understand the precise scope of the discussion or the circumstances that gave rise to it. By the treaty of 1896 China gave to Russia the "control" of the slip of land upon which Harbin stands and which was necessary for the railroad project. Whether such "control" conferred sovereign powers upon Russia is another matter and it is probably the precise nature of the Russian position that is in dispute. According to Baron Rosen, Russia admits the sovereignty of China while claiming the right of full administrative control. It seems to be a distinction without a difference and is no doubt so intended by Russian diplomacy. If Secretary Root is able to draw a line between sovereignty and control he will do a great service to China and incidentally to the cause of the general peace.

But there is some fear that America may find herself in a minority of one in any effort that she may make for the integrity of China. There is no moral idea whatever behind the halting sympathy of the great powers. One and all of them would be delighted to pick pieces from the living body of the colossus, and it is only the terrible dangers of a general scramble that hold them back. Even Japan gives her support to Russia, and her reasons are not far to seek. She supports an "exclusive and absolute administrative control" over Harbin by Russia simply because she herself is in the same questionable position toward other parts of Manchuria, and while the integrity of China is a pious opinion she does not propose to discount her own claims by setting an awkward precedent of protest. Russia may do what she likes in Harbin so that Japan may do as she likes elsewhere. The proposition is quite a simple one. As for the other powers, it suits them exactly to keep China in just that gelatinous condition from which frequent and easy detachments may be expected.

The attitude of Japan is a little surprising to those who suppose that the animosities of war outlast the echoes of the guns. The struggle has already become the "late misunderstanding," and the statesmen of both nations are audibly purring at each other and gently deprecating such unchristian sentiments as resentment or revenge. The Russian minister for foreign affairs in a speech to the Duma discovers that Russia, after all, did not lose much in the war. A few outlying territories changed hands, but then Japan had a good inheritance claim to them. Russian dignity was untouched, the valor of her soldiers undisputed, and we can almost hear the tears in the voice of the good man as he urged the international duties of forgiveness and forgetfulness. What a picture it would have been for Christmas time as M. Isvolsky proved that the opportunity had come for "recasting" the relations of Russia with Japan.

It is a word of ill-omen for China. Wu-Ting-fang may well say that Russia is "still fighting for a permanent foothold in China." If it is true that honest men profit when thieves fall out it must be equally true that honest men had best beware when thieves come to an agreement. With Russia singing the praises of Japan, and Japan finding that Russian aggression in Man-

churia is fitting and proper, it would seem that China is in a bad way. Secretary Root's remonstrances are not likely to go very far against such a combination as this. France, of course, sides with Russia, and England with Japan, although the influence of Germany would be the other way, not because Germany loves China, or justice, or the Ten Commandments, but because she hates Japan. It is an interesting situation, and those who have to deal with it will find that a predatory understanding between Japan and Russia is not the least of its perplexities.

Judge Lindsey of Colorado.

If we had a better eye for human perspectives we should accord a very large place in our esteem for Judge Benjamin B. Lindsey of Denver, Colorado, who has lately lectured in San Francisco, after a tour through Southern California. In the matter of criminal reform Judge Lindsey is a pioneer. He is almost the first one to batter down the cruel and stupid system which we have applied to the problem of juvenile wrong-doing, a system that has been fatally inefficient for good, but fatally efficient for evil, and that has done as much for the creation of the habitual criminal as any other cause. His efforts have, of course, been confined to his own particular jurisdiction, and he has been venomously opposed by all those social factors that are never so unanimous as in defense of some time-honored iniquity. But the victory is with him and he is today recognized all through the world as the author of an innovation triumphantly successful in itself and setting the cue for similar attempts everywhere.

Judge Lindsey proceeds on the double line that no boy is hopelessly bad, and that the parents have a greater share of responsibility for his wrong-doing than the boy himself. He has found that the sensitive spot in the nature of the boy, even of the very bad boy, is his sense of honor. This will remain firm and strong even when everything else is decayed. It has been Judge Lindsey's practice, when committing a boy to the reformatory, to put the papers of commitment into his own hands and to send him on his journey unaccompanied, taking his word of honor not to escape. Upon hardly any occasion has his confidence been misplaced. He once gave to a boy criminal the necessary money to redeem from pawn a stolen watch, and the boy promptly returned to the court with the watch and the change. What may be called the active principle of his judicial policy is the assumption of existing good in boyish nature and a fearless reliance upon it. The experiment may have been a daring one, but it has been justified beyond all dispute and day by day for years. The record is almost unbroken.

After all, it is not difficult to understand the revolution created in the nature of the boy criminal by a sudden proof of confidence in his honor. It means the introduction of a new and unexpected principle and from the most unlikely of sources. It means the realization of an unthought-of asset of human dignity, and it can hardly fail to create an alliance with decency where before there was nothing but defiance. As a matter of fact, it does not fail, and there have been numberless cases where the nearly dead spark has been fanned into an enduring flame of respectability by just this redeeming touch of human sympathy and confidence. It may not be possible to embody it into a new penal code, but we allow our judges enough discretion and enough latitude to make imitation an easy matter. To their credit, a great many are imitating it and with success.

The second line of Judge Lindsey's practice is no less commendable. It has come as an unpleasant surprise to a good many Colorado parents, who supposed themselves greatly aggrieved by their children's misdeeds, to find themselves held as legally responsible for those misdeeds and liable to the lion's share of retribution. And yet who can doubt the responsibility of the father who has tacitly taught his son that no moral law must interfere with money-getting and that the only real crime is to be poor? Who can question the guilt of the mother who has left her girls wholly unchecked in their mania for pleasures and finery? The children who have been left uneducated in self-restraint, with no imagined check on acquisition but a lack of opportunity, are nearly certain to become criminals if they have the pluck, but the real criminality lies with the parents who imparted to their offspring the criminal instinct without the necessary cunning and skill to avoid its results. In the case of juvenile wrong-doing Judge Lindsey assumes that the child is the subject for

redemption but the parent for punishment, and although his methods aroused a good deal of maudlin tearfulness on the part of fathers and mothers who expected sympathy from the court and got something else, it has created some new and salutary ideas on the subject of parental responsibilities.

No doubt Judge Lindsey has a good deal of opposition ahead of him, but as he is moving with the stream of moral ideas and not against it, we need not have any doubt of the result. In a few years his enlightened methods will be universal.

Powerful German Pencils.

Herr Groeber in the German Reichstag became angry when some of the newspaper reporters present were apparently stirred to mirth by one of his characteristic expressions and characterized his scornful critics as "swine." This precipitated a strike of the reporters. They joined in an agreement to write nothing of the proceedings in the parliament, and for several days the Berlin newspapers did not print a line of news about the legislators or their doings. Then pressure was brought to bear on Herr Groeber by the leaders of the several political divisions in the Reichstag, the hasty head of the Clericals made an apology in a statement which he read with some show of contrition, and the reporters took up their pencils again.

The incident is a significant one. It demonstrates the power of the press, for it is admitted that all work in the Reichstag was impeded by the disinclination of the members to speak or act on public questions when their doings were to go unrecorded in the newspapers. It proves the existence of a mode of repression or punishment that is real and efficacious, no matter how superior its subjects. But it makes plain also that only in cases of self-interest, in this instance merely a wounded self-respect, is the press ready to exert its monetary influence.

Were the newspapers of the day willing to regard sins against the community as seriously as indignities to themselves, society would have reason to rejoice in their aid. There is a long list of abuses and disreputable practices that might be cut short were the journals of the day inclined to assist in uprooting them by a policy of studied silence. Many of the plague-spots of civilization slowly extend their borders through the publicity given them by the press without pay. They would disappear if they were not skillfully advertised as news features.

Perhaps it is expecting too much to look for moral effort in business enterprises. The publisher says he is no more called upon to guard the moral health of the community than the grocer or the blacksmith. He makes his papers to sell; he strives to make his advertising columns sought if not of actual value; he is in the newspaper business for money, not as a reformer. Yet a wise manager might reason out a money value in absolutely clean methods. At least there are thoughtful readers who will cherish the theory that such methods are possible, and who will continue to remark with sorrow the neglect or misuse of a great power.

It need not be regarded as a distinct advance in ethical standards to require of editors and publishers the service they are able to perform. The chemist who discovers a powerful poison is bound not merely to refrain from its use, but to guard his discovery. Conversely, should he find a chemical combination of immense possibilities for good, such as a universal antitoxine, he would be bound to apply it vigorously for the benefit of humanity. His relations with the public are on a higher plane than those of commercialism. The journalist, by the nature of his public vocation, acquires a power that is not possessed by the private citizen. He should be bound to exert that power for the benefit of the community from which it is derived, not merely to refrain from its use to distinctly immoral ends. The time will come when he will find it impossible to evade this issue.

The Fleet Reception Fund.

The offer of a lump sum of twenty-five thousand dollars for the fleet reception fund if Mr. Phelan will retire from the chairmanship of the committee, if not a delicate way of declaring a personal dislike, is at least a very emphatic way. It puts Mr. Phelan in the awkward position of limiting the reception fund by \$25,000, of resigning the chairmanship, or of putting up the money himself. Probably Mr. Phelan will take the first of the three horns of the dilemma, since putting up large sums for unselfish purposes is not precisely in his line, while resignation, of course, is wholly out of ques-

tion. The world had it long ago upon the most eminent authority that no Irishman ever declines or resigns public office. This incident, with the difficulty which the fleet committee has had in raising funds, due wholly to the conspicuous part Mr. Phelan has assumed in reception arrangements, goes to confirm the theory that we have had and are having something closely akin to civil war in San Francisco. Mr. Phelan as an active participator in this war should have known that he was not the man for chairman of the fleet reception committee. Probably he did know it, but chose to disregard it, since he dearly loves the platform and the limelight and grasps eagerly at every opportunity for public distinction. We trust that the incident will instruct Mr. Phelan in the very potent fact that there are a lot of people in San Francisco who neither like nor trust him, and that it would greatly become him to bear this fact in mind and not thrust himself into the very front seat the next time there is a demand for volunteer community action.

Democracy's Difficulties.

In a brief paragraph Mr. Bryan's personal organ, the *Commoner*, calls attention to the fact that Governor Johnson's candidacy for the Democratic nomination for the presidency was announced through Walter Wellman, Washington correspondent of the *Chicago Record-Herald*. It also says that Mr. Wellman in a second letter stated that there were six hundred thousand Scandinavian votes in the United States and that Governor Johnson will be certain to receive those votes.

The brevity of this notice is an indication of Mr. Bryan's attitude toward his one formidable rival, and the word formidable is correctly applied, as there is no other so likely to attract all the elements in opposition to the twice-defeated candidate. A Washington correspondent of a Western paper recently expressed the opinion that Bryan would allow himself to be nominated at Denver and then decline "in the interests of harmony." The idea is scarcely tenable. Bryan is still unforgiving and bitter against the Eastern Democrats who denied his claims for support in 1896, as he knows that they are still hardly willing to accept him even at the price of assured success. Johnson's only strength in the West lies in his State, and any accessions to his standard must begin with delegations from Atlantic Coast States. That fact of itself will nerve Bryan for any necessary conflict. There is not even a remote possibility of his withdrawal so long as any movement toward another candidate is prompted by antagonism to himself.

It is a difficult position for the great leader, and no less difficult for the many district leaders who are loyal yet distressed. Bryan surely does not court a third defeat; yet, sanguine as he may be, he can see no assurance of success with a half-hearted following in the great Eastern States whose electoral votes are indispensable. Build as he may on Republican apathy or defection, he can hope for nothing where Democracy will not gird itself for the fight. Even were he the unselfish patriot his admirers believe him to be, he could not pass his strength with his crown to any aspirant. He probably is not wrong in his conviction that he can secure more old-line Democratic votes than any other man in his party, and probably he feels that any candidate chosen in his place with the hope of winning additional support in the East would lose proportionately in the West and South. He can see no safety for his followers in a personal sacrifice.

Yet in these later years Mr. Bryan has learned to avoid a contest that is sure to go against him. His quarrel with Roger C. Sullivan in Illinois has been patched up. The National Democratic Club in New York hesitated before inviting him to its dinner and finally acceded with ill grace to Representative Sulzer's entreaty, but Mr. Bryan scented conflict, as Governor Johnson was to be present, and withdrew his acceptance after it had been given. It has been said that it is better to leap into the pit than to tarry till the enemy pushes one over the edge. Mr. Bryan must decline before the convention makes new difficulties or not at all. And there is not the slightest mark of indecision in his present course.

Stanford Spirit.

Dismal prophecies made by leaders of the student revolt at Stanford University, to the effect that the "Stanford spirit" would suffer irreparable damage under the system of discipline proposed by the faculty, finds no justification in the result of last Saturday's athletic contest between Stanford and Berkeley teams. After a spirited contest, it is noted that Stanford won

the day, under the captaincy, be it noted, of a youth who only a week ago was prominent as the leader of the radicals and who was the first to admit the error of his course. The spirit of success in the contests of life—the spirit which Stanford and every other college will do well to cultivate—is that which comes as a product of manly acceptance and yielding to discipline. The boys at Stanford have accepted the situation; they have returned to their duties disappointed possibly, but wiser infinitely than before, and we suspect that in this chastened mood they will develop a "spirit" quite as worthy and far more effective on the whole than that which prompted the absurd rebellion of two weeks ago.

Editorial Notes.

Temperance sentiment for fifty years active in the United States, is taking on new vigor everywhere, especially in the South and the Middle West, and is applying the prohibition principle over a large part of the country. As usual, radicals come to the front in periods of agitation and they are establishing and carrying the movement to lengths wherein it can not permanently be sustained. Prohibition is wrong in principle, a mistake in tactics and a failure in practice. A free country will not permanently accept or enforce it. It will be infinitely better for the temperance cause if those who are directing its policies will accept a conservative and middle course, taking advantage of the universal enthusiasm to establish the rule of high license with its manifold advantages, including the highly important one of setting the liquor traffic itself on guard against illicit practices. Wherever prohibition has been tried, it has failed; wherever high license, it has succeeded, at least to the extent of measurably reducing the evils of the liquor traffic.

Mr. Theodore Shonts is already finding out that the pleasure of having a "noble" son-in-law is not without its mitigations. It is, we believe, only a month since the Duke de Chaulnes married Shonts's daughter, and already he is being sued in a New York court for a tailor's bill of \$2000, contracted in London previous to his marriage and assigned to a New York bill collector. The tailor wrote to the collector that he had heard of the duke's marriage and thought there ought now to be no difficulty in getting his money. De Chaulnes was arrested on the steps outside the Shonts house and bail was secured for him by an attorney whom no doubt Papa Shonts drew into the case. Really we think it would have been better if the Shonts girl had married some plain American of the self-supporting type. Probably in the long run both she and her father would have gotten more satisfaction out of the match.

The *Chicago Tribune* shares in the universal idea that the battleship fleet will not return intact to Atlantic waters. If part of the fleet shall be retained in the Pacific Ocean it will, says the *Tribune*, "meet with the approval of the great majority of the American people." Proceeding, the *Tribune* says:

Our interests in the Pacific are large and growing larger. Our responsibilities are large and growing larger. Our relations are not simple and they are not growing simpler. We also recognize that we are not, so far as our western developments are concerned, in what Captain Mahan would call a state of "preparedness." In fact, we are, except for the temporary presence of the battleship fleet, notoriously, if not scandalously, unprepared for eventualities. And if the present indications are reliable we are to be still weaker. Whether we are equipped to take care of a heavy fleet on the coast and in the islands seems to be doubtful. But if we are not now we should lose no time in equipping. It is true that even if Japan, the chief power in the Far East, were inimically disposed, she seems now to be at such a financial and economic disadvantage as to preclude an aggressive war. Yet the nation that relies too much or too long upon a possible or probable rival's weakness is likely to pay for it in the long run.

Harvard College under the lead of President Eliot has been blinking its eyes for some time past with respect to college athletics. It has come to be seen that the athletic fad when carried too far crowds out the scholastic spirit, that it occupies the whole mind of students, to the neglect of more important matters, creating an atmosphere fatal to anything like high or serious culture. The theory is that the larger and truer scholarship, unless there comes a change, must seek other channels of development and become estranged from our universities. This feeling no doubt is back of the resolution adopted on the 21st of March by the Harvard faculty: "The Harvard faculty, believing that the frequency of intercollegiate games is injurious to the scholarly interests of which it has charge, urgently recommends to the committee on the regulation of

letic sports that it shall seek by means of agreement with competing colleges or otherwise to reduce considerably in the coming year its programmes of intercollegiate contests."

In common with the rest of the country, the *Argonaut* doesn't think much of the Abruzzi-Elkins match. We think it would be infinitely better for Miss Elkins' welfare and happiness that she should marry a man of her own country and in her own social sphere. This is saying nothing against the duke, who is fairly well known in San Francisco; it is saying only that marriage under circumstances of wide disparity of social condition is likely to become a burden and ultimately a failure. But with respect to one point, we think Miss Elkins is entirely right. If she is going to marry the Duke of the Abruzzi, she should share fully and completely in his social, domestic, and political position. Any other sort of a marriage is a libel on the name of marriage and unthinkable from the standpoint of dignity and self-respect. It is by no means necessary that Miss Elkins or any other American young woman should marry a prince or a duke in order to be happy; but if she is going to marry a prince or a duke she must, to be happy, share fully in the possessions, the responsibilities, and the dignities of her husband. The principle is the same whether she marry an ashman or a prince; she must not in any instance be less than a wife in all that the name implies. The morganatic arrangement now suggested in the case of the Duke of the Abruzzi and Miss Elkins is nothing less than an affront which no self-respecting woman—at least no self-respecting American woman—should for one moment consent to. Miss Elkins is probably making a mistake in taking up with a foreigner and a man of royal rank, but she is making no mistake in standing upon her dignities and insisting that if she is to marry the Duke of the Abruzzi, it must be upon terms and conditions making her a full sharer in his political and social and domestic interests.

SPRING LITERARY NUMBER.

The next issue of the *Argonaut* will be a special *Publishers' Announcement Number*. It will be largely devoted to announcements of forthcoming books, reviews of the books of the season, portraits of authors, half-tones of unique book-covers, and other illustrative matter. It will also contain a number of special articles, literary letters from London and Paris, and general correspondence from New York and the East. In addition it will contain the usual departments and miscellany. The number will be printed on heavy toned paper and will consist of 24 pages. Price, ten cents. Newsdealers will do well to send their orders in advance.

Lady Evans, the wife of the new solicitor-general for England, was a Miss Rule of Cincinnati, and subsequently Mrs. Da Pinto. Her present husband met her in London at Mrs. James MacDonald's, and, being a susceptible widower, became very much in love. He is a pleasant, keen, able man, whose standing in the House of Commons is very much higher than that of most lawyers. His salary in his new post is \$40,000 a year, and fees should bring him in about the same amount. After the attorney-general, he has the right by usage to claim any judicial office that falls vacant. It is not at all beyond the bounds of possibility that he may yet be seen on the Woolsack, lord chancellor of England, and a peer of the realm. Lady Evans is a very attractive, clever woman, and socially has been a great help to her husband.

The foundation for a fight to prevent the Honorable Joseph G. Cannon from succeeding himself as Speaker of the House of Representatives in the event he fails to get the Republican nomination for the presidency is already being laid. Representative William P. Hepburn of Iowa is the leading spirit in the movement and he is credited with the sympathy if not the actual backing of President Roosevelt. Mr. Hepburn is determined to curtail the power of the Speaker in the present Congress as a first step in the direction of keeping him off the rostrum in 1909. Behind this fight is resentment on the part of the White House and Mr. Hepburn over the Speaker's reference of the Civic Federation's bill to amend the anti-trust law to the committee on the judiciary and the ambition of Mr. Hepburn to be Speaker.

The body of Emanuel Swedenborg, after resting in the vault at the Swedish church in London for 135 years, is shortly to be removed to Sweden and reinterred there next to the grave of the eminent chemist, Berzelius. An application for the removal of the body was made a few years ago by some Swedenborgians, but it was refused by the British government. Now that the Swedish government has made the request the British government can no longer refuse.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

From violent opposition to sullen acquiescence, then to more cheerful recognition of its value, and latterly to a mood of jubilation over its political developments, has been the record of the Eastern press on the triumphant progress of the fleet from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This paragraph is from the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*:

It has been asked with some pertinence, since a battleship fleet is as much needed in the Pacific as in the Atlantic, why bring the one that has just with great labor and expense been taken there home again? Moreover, as the presence of the fleet in the western ocean will stimulate the activity of Eastern congressmen in insisting that the needed protection for the Atlantic coast shall be provided as soon as possible, it would be good politics for the Navy Department to follow the course here suggested. The country needs a fleet for each ocean, and the keeping of the one we now possess in the Pacific would be far more effective in pressing home the need than if its early return to the Atlantic should be permitted.

It is said that Mr. Roosevelt does not look with favor upon the bill introduced in Congress making ex-Presidents of the United States perpetual commissioners to The Hague Peace Conference at \$10,000 a year. Mr. Roosevelt, it was added, wouldn't like to sit quiet and advocate peace for so limited an honorarium.

This is the dignified and tactful manner in which Governor Johnson of Minnesota replied to a letter from the publisher of a Swedish paper in Minneapolis:

"I do not believe that any American citizen should be an active, open candidate for the nomination to the presidency. Any American would appreciate the high honor which could come to him in being selected as standard-bearer of his party. While I realize that the press has had much to say about me in connection with this high office, I have hitherto avoided any public or private expression regarding my position. Matters have progressed so far that it seems to me that I should at least say in answer to your interrogation that if the Democratic party believed me to be more available than any other man and felt that by my nomination I could contribute any service to the party and to the nation I should be happy to be the recipient of the honor which it would thus confer. In this connection I desire it understood that in no sense am I to be a candidate for the purpose of defeating Mr. Bryan or any other man; that the only consideration which would induce me to allow the use of my name would be the feeling that I might be necessary to the cause. If the Democratic party should see fit to nominate Mr. Bryan or any one else the action would meet with my approval, and the nominee certainly would have my unqualified support, as I should expect his support if conditions were reversed."

South Dakota Republicans can not well be regarded as reactionaries. A report of their State convention, which declared for Taft, notes the passing of a stringent resolution on tariff revision:

The resolution favored the placing of iron, coal, lumber, and all other articles manufactured or controlled by a monopoly on the free list, an extension of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, a flat two-cent passenger rate and a reduction of freight and express charges.

The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* has looked up some forgotten figures to add weight to its parallel of Henry Clay and William Jennings Bryan:

Henry Clay offers the only parallel for consideration in relation to Bryan, for he is the only man before Bryan to seek the presidency again, after two unsuccessful attempts, as the candidate of one of the great political parties of his time. There are many resemblances between the two men. Bryan is, like Clay, a man of popular and magnetic qualities, a great orator, a resourceful politician, and the recognized leader of his party—differing from Clay, however, in being less given to compromise and far more given to radical policies. Like Clay, also, Bryan has risen above his two defeats seemingly more popular than ever; while Clay, even after his third defeat, drew such a crush of people to hear him speak on a popular occasion in Washington that one of his party who did not like him said: "Clay can get more men to run after him to hear him speak, and fewer to vote for him, than any man in America." The same thing has frequently been said of Bryan, but it was originally said of Clay and not Bryan.

Yet it must not be supposed that Clay was weaker than ever on his third run for the presidency. In fact, he proved to be much stronger than he had ever been before. He stood fourth in the Electoral College when he ran the first time, in 1824—having thirty-seven votes to ninety-nine for Jackson, eighty-four for J. Q. Adams, and forty-one for Crawford, thus being thrown out altogether when the election was given over to the House of Representatives. Clay's second attempt, in 1832, against Jackson on the United States bank issue, was if anything more disastrous than his first, for he obtained only forty-nine electoral votes to Jackson's 219. If the American people are exceptionally fickle in their attachments to public leaders, and quick to tire of them, it should not have been possible for Clay to try again with any hope of success, after that crushing disaster of 1832. He appeared as a leader who led only to defeat. Under him the political map of the United States became painted pretty much all over with the dark shade of the opposing party. Was it to be expected that he could ever again stir up any popular enthusiasm as a presidential candidate?

That was what he did. His third running, in 1844, was the strongest and most enthusiastic of all, and history admits of no question that he would have been elected but for his attempt to ride two horses at once on the Texas annexation and slavery questions. That turned enough Whig votes in New York State to the Liberty party ticket to give Polk the thirty-six New York electoral votes and consequently the election. As it was, Clay had 105 out of 275 electoral votes, and his popular vote was only a trifle under Polk's—1,299,062 against 1,337,243.

Here was one man at least for whom his party never seemed to tire of voting. They even came near nominating him again for the presidency in 1848. And he was a man closely resembling Bryan in personal qualities and the attributes of popular leadership. Clay, however, made his third run twelve years removed from his second, while Bryan is to make his within eight years. But the Clay comparison affords no support to the theory that Bryan is doomed to defeat simply because the country must be tired of him. As a "perpetual candidate" he is not worse than Clay, and he may prove to be quite as hard to heat this time as Clay was in 1844, when he heat himself.

Associated Press dispatches of April 7 give this report of a discussion said to be based on a newspaper statement that Secretary Taft favored a reorganization and an enlargement of the army which would bring it up to 125,000 men:

A warning against increasing expenditures for the military establishment of the United States was sounded in the Senate today by Senator Hale, chairman of the committee on naval affairs, and his alarm was taken up and repeated by other senators. The immediate occasion for Senator Hale's speech was the passage yesterday of the Army Appropriation bill, carrying nearly \$100,000,000, and he used it as showing the

tendency of the times. Moving to reconsider the vote by which the Army Appropriation bill was passed, Senator Hale said senators did not realize that 70 per cent of the revenues of the government were today expended for what has been termed the needs of present, past, and future years.

"What is going on," continued Hale, "without senators or the country being aware of it, are the enormous increases of the military establishment to the prejudice of all other appropriations and claims. We can not get consideration of other bills because everybody knows the revenues are waning and we are likely to be confronted with a deficit, and in not many months we shall be found spending more money than comes into the treasury from the existing ordinary sources. We can not pass the omnibus appropriation bill, which has thousands of items that ought to be paid as much as a note at hand; we are to have no river and harbor bill because it is a peace bill; we can have no public building bill because the military expenses are mounting so rapidly that we can not afford these items that are for peace."

Hale recapitulated appropriations for military purposes and said every item represented great aims of the future. There has been, he said, an increase of \$20,000,000 in the appropriations for the army and about the same increase for the navy. This, he said, did not represent the "enormous increase for the navy, as only two, instead of four, battleships are provided for."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Tree Leaves as Flea Bane.

SANTA ROSA, CAL., April 5, 1908.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—San Francisco and Oakland are spending lots of money, time, and labor killing rats, which *per se* are only lodgings for the hunched fleas. Why not drive the fleas out of our houses and off human beings? The infallible remedy is right at our very door and free as air. Across the bay in Marin, Sonoma, and Napa Counties grow millions of trees, the *Umbellularia Californica*, commonly known as laurel, the bay, the pepperwood. The leaves of these trees have a pungent odor, which is dreaded by the *pulex* family, and makes the fleas seek safety in flight. These leaves retain their strength and should be broken to bits, dry or green, and distributed between the sheets, in our clothing, put around in the house and also where dogs and cats sleep. Uncle Sam describes these leaves as superior to anything known for flea powder in a book published by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Division of Botany, "Contributions from the National Herbarium," Vol. VII, No. 3—"Plants Used by Indians of Mendocino County, California." Yours very truly, J. B. CLIFFORD.

The British Cabinet being now, in effect, a committee of the House of Commons to carry on the government, one of its members becomes a sort of chairman of it. The very word prime minister is unknown to English law. Lord Beaconsfield signed the Berlin treaty as "Prime Minister of England," but, as it has been pointed out, this was both unauthorized and inaccurate; if he was prime minister of anything, he was of Scotland and Wales as well. The fact that the law makes no distinction between ministers of the crown was the basis of the question put to one prime minister—Lord Palmerston, we believe—by a colleague, who querulously wanted to know what the difference was between the premier and any other minister. "The difference is," was the reply, "that if we disagree, it is you, and not I, whose duty it is to resign."

The latest innovation aboard the new North German Lloyd liner *Kronprinzessin Cecilie* is a fully equipped photograph studio, which has become popular with travelers. The ship's photographer, who is always on hand, can take a picture on any part of the deck in a few minutes and deliver the traveler a dozen copies in a few hours. The photographer also takes the responsibility of sending pictures to the traveler's friends, and the busy tourist is relieved of that trouble. Then, the anxious actor or opera singer, who is afraid the newspaper photographer who boards the steamer with the reporters may overlook him, arranges with the ship's photographer to take his picture and mail copies promptly to all the newspapers.

At a conference last fall, the New England college presidents, in answer to a request by President Eliot, voted in favor of curtailing the schedules of intercollegiate athletic contests. Following this action, the Associated Press canvassed the faculty representatives on the athletic committees of the various New England colleges, and with one or two exceptions all favored the proposed plan. President George Harris and the athletic authorities of Amherst College are in favor of the plan, President Harris holding that a few games are better for the scholarship and physical well-being of the students than a long schedule or the abolishment of contests altogether.

A remarkable specimen of the New York citizen has been revealed by the city's board of tax commissioners in a communication from Granville Dailey, hat merchant, that his personal tax assessment should be \$50,000 rather than the \$15,000 imposed. Asked to give his reasons for so extraordinary a step, Mr. Dailey simply remarks that "I get a great deal out of the city in police and fire protection and in personal safety, and I thought I should pay adequately for it."

Miss Ida M. Tarbell is to take the field in behalf of the New York and Massachusetts Association Opposed to the Extension of Suffrage to Women. She will make her first appearance on the last day of the present month in the Colony Club and will speak against Mrs. Margaret Chanler Aldrich, who is as much in favor of suffrage for women as Miss Tarbell is opposed to it.

Mr. Farman, the winner of the \$10,000 aeroplane prize for a circular flight of one kilometre (three-quarters of a mile), has established a London agency in Piccadilly, and it is now possible to order a flying machine much in the same way as one would order an automobile. The cost is \$6000.

CLOSE OF HAMMERSTEIN'S SEASON.

Success in Grand Opera and Its Rewards, as Shown in the Manhattan Opera House Record.

To write of the grand opera season just ended without applying the phrase "New York's greatest" would be to slight a legitimate opportunity for the use of the superlative and to minimize a generally recognized fact. Not alone the presence of two rival companies that included all the great singers of the time, not the visit of a new and adorable star, not the production of more unknown works than ever before in one season, not the discovery that public interest in this form of musical entertainment is practically unlimited—one of these remarkable features or all of them together explains the characterization. It was New York's greatest season because, in spite of financial disturbances and forced economies with opera-goers, it saw the cost of this luxury mount to a figure nearly double that of any previous record. And again, with all the discussion of music and its famous exemplars that has accompanied this lavish illustration of our love for the emotional, the over-tones, and the under-tones, too, have echoed the pervading clink of coin. What it has cost Hammerstein at the Manhattan Opera House, how the Metropolitan Company has recouped itself for its errors and losses, the amounts that Tetrazzini and Caruso have earned for themselves and for their employers, the drawing power and money value of operatic novelties, these are the topics that are first with hearers whose critical appreciation of tone and tempo is not vociferous, and last though not least with those who speak in technical phrases.

When we talk of money the fascination of rotund figures becomes apparent. It is therefore well to begin with the assertion on good authority that Mr. Hammerstein has taken in for twenty weeks of grand opera at his cozy Thirty-Fourth Street opera house more than a million dollars. And even this leaves no impressive overplus of profit, for it costs something like \$45,000 a week to keep his show going. The Metropolitan, with its season one week longer than that of the Manhattan, will show a total of receipts perhaps a third larger, and probably with a greater margin, as it has not been obliged to invest so heavily in the mounting of new and unfamiliar operas. Of the rewards gained by the voices and fame of the singers, undoubtedly that falling to the first of present-day tenors, Caruso, \$56,000 for the season, is by far the most munificent. Tetrazzini, at \$2000 a night, has earned \$40,000, and this although her first appearance was in January when the season was just half over. Mary Garden, at \$1200 for each appearance, will have received \$30,000. Bonci, the tenor who has not yet attained the vogue of Caruso but is much nearer to him in ability than in salary, is credited with \$20,000 for his five months' artistic if not arduous efforts. Geraldine Farrar will be able to demand next season more than \$700 a night, but at that figure she has been paid \$21,000. Emma Eames has earned \$11,500, and Calvé, though only seen on three occasions, has drawn \$4500. Ellen Beach Yaw was paid only \$200 for her appearance, but the experience and its success in securing favorable consideration for next season is most likely very satisfactory to her. The basses and baritones and the tenors of utility rather than of grandeur have set down against their names such gratifying amounts for the winter's work as \$27,000 for Renaud, \$20,000 for Chaliapine, and \$17,000 for Dalmorès, and thus down the scale.

Musical enthusiasts will give more time to a review of the accomplishments of the singers, perhaps, than to their gains, and a backward glance brings out some notable happenings. The production of Charpentier's "Louise" and Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" at the Manhattan in the last half of the season were important events, and, as good fortune would have it, no less pleasing to the manager for their financial success than to the public for their freshness and unique qualities. The failure of "La Damnation de Faust" in the earlier weeks was at least partially compensated in the enthusiasm stirred by these two readily accepted novelties. However, the coming of Tetrazzini and her immediate conquest of a curious yet cautious public, was the popular sensation of Mr. Hammerstein's season. In "Lucia" and "La Traviata" her appearances invariably tested the seating capacity of the opera house, but with "Rigoletto" there was a sensible diminution of regard. Even Caruso at the Metropolitan finds that he can not make "Fédora," "Iris," or "Manon Lescaut" popular favorites, though his loyal followers are never missing when "Il Trovatore," "Faust," or "Madam Butterfly" is put on. Most serious of all the discoveries of the season, however, is the fact that the great German realist may be ignored. Wagner had no representation in the twenty-three operas given at the one hundred and twenty-four performances of the Manhattan season. Here are the figures on the more popular presentations: "Les Contes d'Hoffman," 12 times; "Louise," 11 times; "Carmen," 10 times; "T'Pagliacci," 9 times; "Lucia" and "Aida," 8 times each; "Pelléas et Mélisande" and "Thais," 7 times each; "Faust," "La Traviata," "Rigoletto," and "Il Trovatore," 5 times each.

I am giving most of my space to the Manhattan Opera House record, as the season there closed last Saturday night, while the Metropolitan will finish this week and afford opportunity for a later summing up. And I can not afford to pass over in silence the efficient aid Mr. Hammerstein has had in Campanini, his able and untiring conductor. The \$1000 a week which this

enthusiastic and capable director is paid is not a fair measure of his value to the Manhattan manager and company. It is pleasing to note that Mr. Hammerstein fully appreciates his services, and here is a significant demonstration. Signor Campanini is the husband of Eva, elder sister of the great Tetrazzini, in her time a singer of fame a little less splendid than that of the entrancing Luisa. Twenty years ago she sang at the Metropolitan Opera House with Italo Campanini, later her brother-in-law, when Verdi's "Otello" was produced. Signora Campanini desired to sing again, and to furnish her a most favorable opportunity, partly in compliment to her and probably even more in recognition of his obligation to her husband, Mr. Hammerstein recently revived "Andre Chenier" for one performance, at an initial cost of not less than \$10,000. The kind-hearted, erratic, but thoroughly independent impresario is already deep in the figures of preparation for next season, and though none may surely foretell his success, none will doubt his earnest, painstaking, and lavish effort. Grand opera continues to be not merely a speculative but a hazardous enterprise in spite of its present favor with a capricious public.

NEW YORK, April 2, 1908.

FLANEUR.

OLD FAVORITES.

Two Queens in Westminster.

In the chapel of Henry the Seventh,
Where the sculptured ceilings rare
Show the conquered stone-work hanging
Like coihweh films in air,
There are held two shrines in keeping,
Whose memories closely press—
The tomb of the Rose of Scotland,
And that of stout Queen Bess.

Each side of the sleeping Tudor
They lie; and over their dust
The canopies mold and blacken,
And the gilding gathers rust;
While, low on the marble tablet,
Each effigied in stone,
They lie, as they went to judgment,
Uncrowned, and cold, and alone.

Beside them pass the thousands
Each day; and hundreds strive
To read the whole of the lesson
That is known to no man alive—
Of which was the more to be pitted,
Or which the more to be feared,
The half-masculine, petulant ruler,
Or the woman too close endeared.

One weakened her hand with faction,
One strengthened with hands of steel;
One died on the black-draped scaffold,
One broke on old age's wheel.
And hoth—O sweet heaven, the pity!—
Felt the thorns in the rim of the crown,
Far more than the sweep of the ermine,
Or the ease of the regal down.

Was the Stuart of Scotland plotting
For her royal sister's all?
Was it hatred, in crown or in person,
Drove the Tudor to wish her fall?
Was there guilty marriage with Bothwell,
And black crime at the Kirk of Field?
And what need heed the smothered passion
That for Essex stood half-revealed?

Dark questions!—and who shall solve them?
Not one, till the great assize
When royal secrets and motives
Shall be opened to commonest eyes.
Not even by hookworm students,
Who shall dig, and cavil, and grope,
And keep to the ear learned promise,
While they break it to the hope.

Ah, well!—there is one sad lesson
Made clear to us all, at the worst—
Of two forces, made quite incarnate,
And that equally blessed and cursed:
With the English woman, all conquering,
Was Power, with its handmaid Pride;
With the Scottish walked hot-hrowed Passion,
Calling lovers to her side.

And the paths were the paths of ruin,
Of disease and of woe, to both—
With their guerdon the sleepless pillow,
And their weapon the broken troth;
And each, when she died, must have shuddered
To know she had failed to find
So near an approach to contentment
As that felt by some landless hind.

Ah, well, again!—they are sleeping,
Divided, yet side by side;
And the lesson were far less heedful
If their sepulchers severed wide;
And well for Bess and Mary
That the Eyes to judge them at last
Will be free from the veils and the glammers
Binding all, in the present and past.

—Henry Morford.

Memphis, on the Nile, one of the greatest capitals of the ancient world, is buried beneath ground which is now under cultivation by the villagers of Mitrahineh, who will have to be transferred to other plots and compensated before the work of excavation can proceed very far. It is estimated that an expenditure of about \$15,000 annually for fifteen years will be required to excavate the temple sites, apart from the city. The unearthing of Memphis, which contained the finest school of Egyptian art, will be by far the greatest archaeological work of recent times and must result in a vast addition to the world's knowledge of ancient Egyptian history and civilization. The work will soon be begun by Professor Petrie, head of the British School of Archaeology in Egypt.

The Olympic games to be held in London this year will see the greatest gathering of athletes the world has ever known. At least twenty-one countries will be represented and the actual number of competitors will range between two and three thousand.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

William Barret Ridgely has resigned from the office of comptroller of the currency to accept the presidency of the National Bank of Commerce of Kansas City, Missouri.

Wharton Barker of Philadelphia is now busily engaged in creating and assembling a new "American" party. Mr. Barker was once more or less prominent as a Prohibitionist and is indebted to the newspapers for a notoriety which he has never completely justified.

Because of inflammatory matter in a negro paper, Sheriff Horace Hood of Montgomery, Alabama, withdrew permission for a meeting to protest against the attitude of the President on the race question. The meeting was to be held as part of an anti-Taft movement.

Revision of the tariff at the next regular session of Congress or at a special session to be convened immediately after the inauguration of the next President, March 4, 1909, and the nomination of Speaker Cannon for President were demanded by the Republicans of Illinois in State convention March 26.

Governor Broward has appointed Hall Milton of Marianna to succeed the late William James Bryan of Florida in the United States Senate. Mr. Milton's appointment is for the unexpired term of the late Senator Mallory, which had been filled by the appointment of Mr. Bryan three months ago. Mr. Milton is a grandson of John Milton, former Governor of Florida. He is forty-two years old. He was born in Marianna, where he is a successful banker and business man.

President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Root want Congress to reimburse the citizens of the United States who raised the sum of approximately \$66,000 to ransom Miss Ellen M. Stone, the American missionary who was captured by brigands in Turkey in 1901. The President has transmitted to Congress a communication of Secretary Root on the subject in which he strongly urged that reimbursement be provided out of the Federal treasury for those who contributed to the Stone ransom fund.

Oscar S. Straus, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, was born in Otterberg, Rhenish Bavaria, in 1850, and came to the United States with his parents in 1854. He graduated at Columbia University in 1871. He was appointed United States Minister to Turkey by President Cleveland in 1887, and by President McKinley in 1898. Mr. Straus is the author of a number of volumes of a historical character, and was appointed a member of the permanent court of arbitration at The Hague, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of ex-President Harrison.

Miss Maud Malone, who organized and managed the first open-air suffragist meetings in Madison Square, New York City, and later organized the Progressive Woman's Union, announces that she has resigned from the union. She wants the fact that she is out of the union made prominent, she said, because many women are now joining it because they think she is identified with it. Miss Malone says that "certain influences have developed within the union and obtained control over it which have changed its original policy to one of reaction and exclusion." She asserts that the present policy is "to attract a well dressed crowd, not the rabble," and "to exclude from its platform woman suffrage speakers against whom one or two women in the union have a personal prejudice or who stand in the way of their ambition."

Colonel William F. Stewart of the Coast Artillery Corps has been assigned to the command of Fort Grant, Arizona, a former army post which has been abandoned for many years. It is needless to say that the coast artillery has no connection with a desert and deserted army post hundreds of miles from the nearest blue water. But Colonel Stewart is there. There is something of a mystery behind this official marooning of an old soldier who has served forty-two years in the army. Investigation developed the fact only that he had been sent to Fort Grant, or what once was Fort Grant, by the personal direction of President Roosevelt on the recommendation of the War Department. Colonel Stewart entered the army just after the close of the civil war as a second lieutenant of the Fourth Artillery. He was brevetted a captain on February 27, 1890, for gallantry against the Indians at Clearwater, Idaho, in July, 1877. He is a native of Rhode Island.

"At last the mystery of Hearst's refusal to support Bryan is in a way to be cleared up," remarks the New York Evening Post, and continues in this satirical vein: "Personal motives have been alleged, and even private grudges hinted, but such suspicions were all along unworthy Mr. Hearst's record is a guaranty that he can be influenced only by the public interest and by the highest moral considerations; and he now makes it plain that his unwillingness to help Bryan is a matter of lofty principle. In the first place, he has sorrowfully come to regard Mr. Bryan as 'a self-advertiser.' This alone would make it impossible for a shrinking and fastidious man like Mr. Hearst to support him. Furthermore, Mr. Bryan is now possessed of 'large wealth.' His income, Mr. Hearst is informed, must be as much as \$70,000 a year. Such a candidate ought to have known in advance that he would have been repugnant to one so inflexibly opposed, as is Mr. Hearst, to a rich man going into politics."

THE ORDEAL OF DOLORES.

By Jerome A. Hart.

VIII.

Saturday night was the night of the week at Yubaville. Sunday was nothing. Sunday meant "closing down" the work of the claim, it is true; but it also meant bread-baking; it meant washing; it meant mending—it meant drudgery which the miners loathed. But if Sunday was cleaning-up day for the miners, Saturday was cleaning-up day for the mines. On Saturday the diggers diverted the water from the sluice-heads and began the fascinating raffle of the "rifle"—the lottery of the sluice. For the weekly task of examining and cleaning out the riffles was a delicious, delicious gamble.

When the miners shut off the water, and began to examine their sluices, sometimes the riffles would be clogged with coarse gold; sometimes packed with fine gold-dust; often there was nothing in them but "the color"—ghostly flakes of gold set in black sand. In the one case it meant rejoicing—and whisky; in the other it meant gloom—and whisky. But in either event it meant whisky. For drink is sought for antipodal effects. The happy man drinks whisky because he is happy; the gloomy man because he is not. In winter, lovers of the protean tippie drink whisky because they are cold; in summer, they drink whisky because they are hot.

Therefore, the lucky miners drank because they were lucky. The unlucky miners drank because they were not. And lucky or unlucky, they all deserted their claims for the town on Saturday night. Into the town, from miles around, the miners poured. They greedily sought for amusement after their hard and monotonous labor of the week. And the town was ready for them. The saloons and gambling hells were all hospitably wide open and all brilliantly lighted. Music sounded from the wood and canvas buildings, in which the miners found the only approximation to comfort that their hard lives allowed them. With most of them it was the custom to drink deep on Saturday night, and often to gamble away their hard earnings; then to return to camp on Sunday to spend the day in washing their own clothes. And what a life to lead! To toil from dawn to dark with pick and shovel and pan during all of the week; to "clean up" on Saturday a few ounces of gold-dust; to take their dust to the town on Saturday night and spend it for whisky or lose it at faro or roulette; to return to camp and begin the round all over again. Such was the life of the average miner. It was not to be wondered at that they got drunk and gambled. It would have been strange if they had not.

On this particular Saturday night, Yubaville was full of miners. There had been a big strike on Grizzly Creek, and some men had been taking out eight or ten ounces a day. This the lucky ones were spending royally. In every saloon were Grizzly Creek men, inviting "the whole house" to drink, and sharing their earnings with the wheel of fortune and the faro tables. The monte table in the Sunset saloon was presided over by a pretty little Mexican woman, Dolores, assisted by her "partner," Joaquin Basquez; it was surrounded by a circle of miners, some of them intent on winning gold and others on winning a word from Dolores. Among the latter was Big Jack Gunn. Jack and his partners, Schwartz and Smithy, were from Grizzly Creek, and all three were lavishly handing out their gold-dust, and all three were drunk. But Big Jack was the drunkest of all. He was not content with the formal intercourse which gambling etiquette exacted at the monte table, but persisted in directing at Dolores flattering remarks, more than once received with a frown by Joaquin.

"Aw, come now," cried Big Jack, "what'll you take for a kiss, Dolores? That's an easier way to win money than playing monte for it."

"Pardon, señor," replied Dolores, in labored English, "it is my business to make the monte, but it is not my pleasure to listen to the insults." And her eyes flashed dangerously at the drunken miner.

"Here, here, Jack," cried his partner Smithy. "Don't let's have no trouble. Let's shake this deadfall. Come along, we'll go over to the Arcade." And with some difficulty Big Jack was dragged away by Schwartz and Smithy, turning every now and again to throw kisses at Dolores, beside whom stood the scowling Joaquin.

Thus the night wore on, with every saloon filled with carousing miners. Toward 4 o'clock in the morning, Big Jack and his partners were roaring along the street on their way back to their mining camp. From time to time it amused them to rap at closed doors as they passed, shouting to the inmates to "treat to the drinks." As these invitations sometimes brought forth hospitality and sometimes abuse, their progress was slow. Daylight was approaching when they rapped at a rickety door, demanding drink. From within there came a voice in a Mexican accent bidding them in ungente tones to begone.

"It's a greaser!" cried Big Jack. "What! A greaser tell me to go on? No greaser can tell me to go on!" And with an oath he hurled himself against the frail door. It burst from its leathern hinges and fell in. Big Jack found himself in a small room in the centre of which stood a woman partly clad, while a man just rising from his cot was lighting a candle. With drunken delight Big Jack shouted, "Why, it's Dolores!" Springing forward, he put his arm around her shivering form; then holding her in a bear's grip,

he bent her head back and pressed his lustful lips to her unwilling ones.

Smithy tried to check him. "Aw, Jack, let the greaser's girl alone!" he exclaimed.

"Look out!" came the cry from the watchful Schwartz. "Look out for the man!"

There was a snarl from the Mexican in the corner, and he leaped forward like a wildcat. But even before he did so, Dolores had suddenly plucked from Big Jack's belt his own bowie-knife and plunged it into his breast. He uttered a sound something between a sob and a cough. His knees gave way under him, and he slowly sunk upon the floor. The blood bubbled and frothed from his mouth with every movement of his heaving chest.

"Good God!" cried Schwartz, "she's stabbed him!—stabbed him plumb through the lungs!"

Big Jack's partners, taking the ropes from the cots in the corner, bound Dolores and Joaquin hand and foot. This done, they gave the alarm.

The miners soon gathered, and Big Jack was tenderly taken to the saloon next door. There he was lifted to a long table, where his bed was laid on a faro layout set in green baize, and decked with a dealer's box and faro chips.

"Put a guard over them greasers!" shouted Schwartz when they left the cabin carrying their wounded comrade, and two men took up their station by the Mexican husband and wife. A six-foot miner, heavily armed, stood guard over the little Mexican woman, bound hand and foot, lying helpless on the floor.

Around the faro table the miners gathered, and watched the dying convulsions of Jack. They were made more terrible by his great strength and his gigantic form.

"Have you sent for a doctor?" asked Jim Lane.

"Yes, we've sent for three," was the response.

"Here's one coming now."

"Yes, here's the doctor—here's Doc Atkins."

The doctor looked over the wounded man, examined the wound, felt the feeble pulse, and shook his head.

"The man is dying," said he.

"No show for him, doc?"

"None."

"Then here goes for his boots," muttered Smithy, "no man can say that Big Jack's partners let him die with his boots on."

He and Schwartz pulled off the boots of the dying man. Then it was seen that his toes were twitching, while his fingers began to pluck feebly at the air. His knees were spasmodically drawn up, then as suddenly relaxed. The writhing body was still.

The doctor stooped and applied his ear to the chest. "It is all over," he announced. "The man is dead."

Like an echo there arose a fierce cry:

"Lynch the greasers!"

"Hang the Mexican slut!"

"Hang her and her man, too!"

It was day now. It was Sunday morning. The streets were filled with miners. Some were revelers, still drunk from the night before. Others were early arrivals, coming in from their claims to spend Sunday in the town. As the news ran from man to man the cry grew general:

"Lynch the greasers!"

While the mob was shouting outside, Dr. Atkins had made his way into the room where the two prisoners still lay bound on the floor. At first the guards demurred, but yielded when he told them he was a physician. He glanced carelessly at the man, but carefully scrutinized the woman. Addressing her in her own language, he said gently:

"Is he your husband?"

"Yes."

"How long have you been married?"

"Nearly a year," was the faint answer.

The doctor turned to one of the guards. "Jim," he said carelessly, "I want to look at the way this woman is tied. I think you have a knot pressing on a blood-vessel."

Waving his hand magnanimously, the sentry replied: "Go ahead, doc—it's all right so long as you don't leave her get loose."

The physician made a few rapid and skillful manipulations about the woman's body, as if to assure himself of the adjustment of her bonds, and then put another question to her in Spanish. The woman's face changed color, the tears came to her eyes. For a moment she hesitated, then whispered, "Yes." With a kindly word, bidding her be of good cheer, the physician hastened to join the gathering in the street outside.

There the crowd had speedily convened as a court. It was the terrible tribunal of Judge Lynch. With the fine humor of a mob, which delights in doing hideous things in the most awful fashion, the leaders had chosen as a judge a poor wretch of an attorney, humorously dubbed "the Squire." A decrepit wreck—a poor, shambling shyster—a whisky-sodden bit of human rubbish, always at the beck and call of any man who would buy him a drink—such was the Squire. And this was the magistrate chosen by the mob to sit in judgment over a human life.

The mob's "judge" was alternately maudlin and terrified; bursting into maudlin laughter when his terrible subjects jested with or at him; terrified into maudlin tears when, like wolves, they showed their teeth at him. This they did not fail to do when he made a wrong ruling—that is, an unpopular one.

"Judge, name your jury," shouted Big Jack's partner, Smithy.

The Squire began weakly calling off the names of various men in the crowd. When he selected one

whom King Mob feared, as possibly inclined to clemency, he was imperatively ordered to change him for another and a harsher man. The mob exercised the right of challenge, and allowed no men but miners on the jury, preferring those from Grizzly Creek, where Big Jack used to mine. And when twelve good men and true were thus selected, every one of whom the mob was reasonably certain would find the "right verdict," the Squire was ordered to proceed.

"We'll call the first witness," announced his honor. "Who was with Big Jack when he was stabbed?"

"I was," said Smithy, "me and Big Jack was partners."

"And so was I, Squire," added Schwartz.

Both testified that Big Jack accidentally fell against the door and the woman wantonly stabbed him. Here, one Hallet, a tenderfoot, who had dared to point out to the Squire the absence of any counsel for the accused, was ordered by the mob to "shut up, or he would get hurt."

It was at this point in the proceedings that Dr. Atkins appeared.

"Judge," said he, "I have just examined this woman, and I want to assure you and all present, on my honor as a physician, that if you execute her in her present condition it will be an outrage—a black and indelible stain on this community. For she is a married woman, and if you execute her now you will take two lives instead of one. Whether the woman is innocent or guilty, at least her unborn infant is innocent."

It might be thought that such an appeal would move any gathering of men. Not so this group of miners. A chorus of obscene jests arose, and every ribald remark that could spring from a foul imagination was hurled at the doctor.

"We got two more doctors here," shouted Schwartz. "What's the matter with them? Let them examine the greaser woman, too. Let's see what they say."

The mob roared its assent. Two terrified young doctors were hustled into the prisoner's room, where they made a rapid and perfunctory examination, and returned almost immediately.

"What is your report, gentlemen?" quavered the Squire, as he looked toward the two physicians. "Is the prisoner pregnant?"

One of the two doctors, striving to steady his shaking voice, replied:

"Your honor, I don't believe that the woman is with child."

"And I," assented the second doctor, "I agree with my colleague. We disagree with Dr. Atkins. The woman is not about to become a mother."

The doctors' duty done, the stalwart miners who stood guard released them, and with blanched faces the two young mediceos made their way through the crowd and disappeared.

Dr. Atkins was still standing near the Squire, where he had made his appeal. The crowd gathered around him with threatening faces. First there were muttered menaces, and then came shouts:

"Hang the doc!"

"Hang Atkins!"

"Get another rope for him!"

Soon the cries became so ugly and so general that Atkins, although no coward, considered it prudent to leave.

Undaunted by Atkins's danger, another man strove to move the mob to mercy.

Jumping on a whisky barrel—for Judge Lynch was holding court in front of a saloon—the new advocate attempted to check the passions of the crowd.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "although you have already refused to listen to a similar plea, let me urge you to pause. Every instinct of manhood should impel you to protest against this woman being tried without a hearing. She is not represented here before this court. She is still in that room there, bound hand and foot. She is not permitted to testify; she has no counsel to speak for her. If under such circumstances you condemn any human being, above all a woman, and what is more, a woman who does not understand our language or our laws, you commit an infamous—"

He got no further. With a yell of rage, the crowd rushed at him, dragged him from the barrel, knocked him down, kicked him, and stamped on him as he lay in the dust. When his friends succeeded in dragging him, bleeding and unconscious, out of the hands of the mob, no one of them could have recognized his battered face.

Peering cautiously from the window of an adjacent saloon, the crowd detected Representative Keller, their newly elected congressman. The mob was getting uneasy; it wanted a little official backing. So a cry arose: "Keller! Keller! Speech! Speech!"

But the prudent congressman promptly withdrew his face from the window, and was seen no more.

"Where's the alcalde?" shouted one of the leaders.

"Where's Judge Fox? The Squire's no good. We want a smart lawyer for judge."

"Fox! Fox!"

"Bring out Judge Fox!"

Fox was within earshot—in fact, he was in the room with Keller, but, like him, he remained inside. His sense of duty, his inherited respect for law, his New England conscience, all impelled him to go forth and take the side of the law as against the mob. But a more compelling sense of what was prudent urged him to remain indoors. He saw that the mob was bent on taking a human life. He did not wish to be a party to this deed, yet neither did he wish to imperil his future standing by upholding the unpopular side. Therefore, he remained indoors. There he had no man's scorn to endure, except his own. No man's, that

is to say, except Keller's. And Keller's did not count.

Thus it seemed that men of light and leading could not be obtained as sponsors for Judge Lynch's court, so the crowd determined to conduct matters in its own way.

"We've heard enough witnesses!" shouted a ring-leader.

"No more witnesses!" went up the answering cry. "Judge, give the case to the jury."

But even in the whisky-sodden brain of the poor old wreck in Judge Lynch's seat, there was some atrophied sense of right.

"But say, boys," he pleaded weakly, "we haven't heard any witnesses for the defense."

"There aint none!" shouted back the mob.

"I know, I know," said the timorous judge. "But, boys, we ought to hear the woman herself, and see what she's got to say."

Confused and contradictory cries arose—mobs are fickle. At first the crowd wavered—it was uncertain; at the end a majority was in favor of bringing her before the court. But this was not mercy, it was merely curiosity.

"Bring her out!"

"Bring out the greaser woman!" Thus roared the crowd.

In a moment the prisoner and her guards appeared. They had taken the ropes from Dolores's feet, but her hands were still bound. With a firm step she walked between them.

"I'll cross-examine her myself, boys," said the Squire. "I can talk what they call 'buckayro' Spanish. It aint got but thirteen words in it, and twelve of them are cuss words," he added, with a cackling laugh.

But the hunted look in the eyes of the little creature before him made him suddenly serious, and he faltered for a moment as he spoke:

"Well, this is a bad business. What you got to say for yourself, señora?"

"Nothing," she replied.

"Why!—nothing?" he asked.

"What good would it do?" she said quietly. "I am condemned already."

"Did you stab the man?" asked the judge anxiously, "or was it your husband did it?"

"I stabbed him," she replied quickly.

"Why did you do it?"

"He insulted me. He put his hands on me. I was half clothed," she answered, her head drooping.

"Was it with your husband's knife?"

She looked up quickly as she answered. "No," she said. "It was with the miner's knife."

"Had you ever seen him before?"

"Yes. More than once he had persecuted me. That same night he annoyed me at the monte table, and followed me to my house."

The old Squire shook his puzzled head; every word she uttered made out a stronger case of self-defense. It was not her husband who had stabbed the miner, but she herself, because he had outrageously handled her. It was an assault, and an assault on a woman, and on a half-naked woman at that. She had not used her husband's knife, or one of her own, but had snatched the knife from the miner's belt. All of this was bad—bad for the prosecution—bad for Judge Lynch's case.

"You people that run gambling outfits ought to be more careful," pronounced the judge at last. "If you git into trouble with honest men, it's bound to go hard with you before the law—before the people, that is. How long have you been in the gambling business?"

"Two weeks."

"And before that?"

"Before that my husband, Joaquin, was a miner, but the Americans drove him off the river, and threatened to shoot him and all the other foreign miners if they came back. That's why he has to gamble for a living."

Perplexedly the poor fuddled Squire rubbed his red nose, and pondered. But the crowd was getting impatient.

"Cut it short, judge!" went up the cry. "We aint got all day for this. What's the greaser woman giving you?"

"Well, boys," replied the Squire, deprecatingly, "she says that Big Jack insulted her, and followed her from the monte saloon up to her house, and broke in the door, and caught hold of her, and that she grabbed a knife out of his own belt and cut him. She makes out a pretty strong case of self-defense, boys, it seems to me."

"What you got to say?" came a harsh voice from the mob. "Give the case to the jury. All you got to do is to pass sentence."

The poor Squire gave way. He announced that the testimony was closed, and requested the jury to deliberate and render a verdict.

The jury began its discussion in full sight and hearing of the mob. From the first it was evident that there was weakness among the jurymen, which soon showed itself in a disposition to acquit the prisoner. When this treacherous feeling became plain to the crowd, some of its stronger spirits raised the cry, "Bring ropes for the jury!" This had an immediate effect on the twelve good men and true—it toned them up wonderfully, and they promptly brought in this verdict:

"We find that the Mexican woman, Dolores, is guilty of the murder of Big Jack Gunn, and we sentence her to be hanged."

A certain air of relief appeared on the Squire's face when he noted that the jury had usurped his functions of passing sentence.

"The jury has sentenced the prisoner," he announced, "so the judge has nothing to do, except to appoint a

sheriff *pro tem*. The court hereby appoints"—here his eye roved around the crowd—"the court appoints Mr. Smithy, partner of the diseased, as sheriff *pro tem*."

"Not much you don't," growled Smithy. "She killed my partner, but I won't hang her. I won't fix no hangman's knot."

Schwartz also flatly declined. Others refused the odious task. It looked as if the execution might be indefinitely postponed. For some minutes there was hope, for a mob is both fickle and forgetful. But a man stepped forward, saying:

"I know how to run this operation. I can tie a hangman's knot. I'll fix her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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RECENT VERSE.

Renewal.

She was so old, the Year,
So bent with all that bows us more than days!
The wind had swept her green familiar ways
Where Summer made sweet cheer;

The snow had blinded her,
Had choked her harp, whose rich and wanton song
Had sent her pulses laughing for so long,
Her blithe, young feet astir.

She was so bent and gray
We saw her die in blessing not in grief,
Her rustling shroud knit of the fallen leaf,
Her watcher the dark day!

Now from the glist'ning blue
A kindlier sunlight looks upon the earth,
Now from the russet shell in joyous birth
The living Spring leaps new!

Thro' all the throbbing air
A million songs, a million blossoms break.
O happy Year; that only died to wake
More young, more wondrous fair!

Ah! So shall I depart
With broken harp, my laughing songs all sung;
So shall I sleep—to wake more fair, more young,
More rapturous of heart!
—Margaret Belle Houston, in *Broadway Magazine*.

Andante.

Now gently falls the long, sweet summer day
To blossom-breathing dimness. The sharp wings
Of chattering swallows touch with mystic rings
The shadowy pool. The last wide western ray
Glows tawny-prim. And from far away
Each breeze that stirs the timorous poplar brings
The moan of herds, the call of feathered things,
The laugh and song of little ones at play.

All beauty, Pain and passion seem as far
From this calm spot as you great city, spread
Behind the smoke-topped mountains, where the breast
Of patient earth sobs to the ceaseless jar
Of steel on stone, the clash of bells, the tread
Of slumberless millions. Here is only rest.
—Brian Hooker, in *The Forum*.

The Eden Memory.

Now, when the Angel missioned with the sword,
At Eden-gate his burning falchion drew,
And when our sad First Parents had passed through,
How did that garden mourn their fate untoward!
The fourfold rivers from their urns were poured
With unconsol'd repinings; and the dew
Did stand like tear-drops in the heart's-ease blue,
And waned the lilies' golden honey-hoard.
The breathing air henceforth was but one sigh
That all around that lonesome pleasure ran,
While Voices asked—and lapsed without reply. . . .
Such wistful airs about my garden fan,
I dream, some grief of Eden still must lie
At heart of every garden made by man!
—Edith M. Thomas, in *Success Magazine*.

A Song of Beauty.

Oh, sing me a song of beauty! I'm tired of the stressful song,
I'm weary of all the preaching, the arguing right and wrong,
I'm fain to forget the adder that under the leaf lies curled,
And dream of the light and beauty that gladdens the gray
old world!

Oh, sing of the emerald meadows that smile all day in the
sun!
The ripple and gleam of the rivers that on through the
meadows run!

Oh, sing of the sighing branches of trees in the leafy woods,
And the balm for the heart that's hidden afar in the solitudes!

The birds—let them sing in your singing and flash through the
lines you write,
The lark with his lilt in the morning, the nightingale charming
the night,

The butterfly over the flowers that hovers on painted wing—
All these, let them brighten and lighten the beautiful song
you sing!

And let there be faces of lovers, and let there be eyes that
glow,
And let there be tears of gladness instead of the tears of
woe,

And let there be clinging kisses of lips for a time that part,
But never a trifling shadow to darken a trustful heart!

Ay, sing me a song of beauty—away with songs of strife!
Away with the spectre of sorrow that saddens the most of
life!

Though under the leaf the adder of death and of doom lies
curled,
Oh, sing, for a space, of the beauty that gladdens the gray
old world!

—Denis A. McCarthy, in *New York Sun*.

The largest and costliest building thus far undertaken in New York, the city of immense structures, is the magnificent \$10,000,000 Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine, now being erected on Morningside Heights. This will be the greatest sacred edifice in America, and the fourth in importance in the world.

The Cambridge crew is said to be using pure orange juice as a tonic and appetizer in training for the university boat race.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

After almost a year of painful anxiety, Andrew Carnegie has received positive medical assurances that his little daughter Margaret will not be a cripple for life, a result that was much feared as a result of an accident to the ankle sustained while skipping.

Maxim Gorky, the Russian novelist, in reply to a question as to his early life, says that he began to earn his living in 1887 as a shoemaker's apprentice. Then he became a pattern-maker's apprentice; a year later he was a helper in a steamship kitchen and after four years on the water he became a porter, a baker, a chorus singer, a street peddler, and a clerk. He published his first novel in 1892 and this he regards as the beginning of his career.

Wilhelmina Adamovics, the divorced wife of Leopold Wolfing, formerly Archduke Leopold of Austria, is said to have become insane and to have made three attempts at suicide. The archduke gave up his title and estates, took the name of Wolfing and married her, a fascinating but uneducated woman, in 1903. Two years later he divorced her and married again. Miss Adamovics considered herself very ill treated, especially because a larger allowance was not given her. Trouble preyed on her mind and she had shown maniacal symptoms for some time.

A report from St. Petersburg says that Marie Spiridinova has escaped from Siberia and is supposed to have found refuge upon one of the Australian islands. It will be recalled that Marie Spiridinova was the daughter of a general, well bred and delicately reared. Horrified by the atrocities committed by Luzhenoffsky, chief of police at Tamboff, she shot him, was arrested and subjected to shameful indignities, and was eventually transported to Siberia. She had no accomplices, but the policeman and the Cossack officer who inflicted torture upon her while in prison have both been assassinated.

The head of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind at Norwood, London, is an American, Dr. Francis Joseph Campbell. The Norwood College is perhaps the most notable of its kind in the world and it owes its organization and success to Dr. Campbell's efforts. Dr. Campbell was educated at Harvard, became a musical director in Tennessee, and was practically boycotted for the double offense of being a friend of Lloyd Garrison and teaching a negro boy to read. He was, indeed, threatened with death in twenty-four hours if he would not recant, although public opinion would not have allowed the hanging of a blind man. From Tennessee Dr. Campbell went to Boston and thence to England on a vacation. While in England he was persuaded to undertake the philanthropic work to which he has since devoted his life.

The Earl of Dudley, who has been appointed Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia to succeed Sir Henry Stafford Northcote, whose term is about to expire, was immensely popular in Ireland, where he was lord lieutenant from 1902 to 1906. During his term he became practically converted to home rule and upon several occasions since has shown that he has ideas in sympathy with the present government. This partially explains the appointment of a Unionist to be governor-general of Australia by a Radical government. Lady Dudley also is a great favorite. She is the daughter of a Quaker banker named Gurney. Some years ago her father failed in business and gave his entire fortune to his creditors. Miss Gurney thereupon opened a millinery shop in London, but was subsequently befriended by the Duchess of Bedford, at whose house she met her husband.

Katherine Elkins is the only daughter of the West Virginia senator by his second wife. But there are four sons, the youngest of whom, Blaine Elkins, a Harvard graduate ('04), ran away a few months ago and married Miss Mary Kenna, daughter of the late Senator Kenna of West Virginia, an arch-enemy of Senator Elkins in the old days. Richard Elkins, a Princeton graduate ('01), lives in Philadelphia; Stephen, the eldest, a graduate of Yale ('99), is practicing law in New York, and Davis, a Harvard man ('99), spends the greater part of his time with the family in Washington. All are more or less connected with their father's railroad interests, although neither confines himself to work. Mrs. Elkins is the daughter of ex-Senator Henry Gassaway Davis, worth from \$20,000,000 to \$30,000,000. He began life as a railroad brakeman, but that fact is rarely referred to except by the aged senator himself, who appears to take keen pride in his humble start.

The Sultan of Morocco, whose difficulties with his unruly subject Raisuli have nearly produced international complications upon more than one occasion, has become an enthusiastic amateur photographer, his first marked success being a picture of Sir Harry Maclean caressing his favorite hound. The Sultan's dark room cost \$30,000, while his cameras are said to be fine examples of the jeweler's art. For some weeks the despot ran around hugging cameras like one possessed and devising subjects of all kinds, chiefly the ludicrous. Borrowing the bicycle of Dr. Verdon, his English physician, his majesty insisted on Kaid Bel Harty, keeper of the palace keys, trying to ride. But so great was the Sultan's hilarity over the performance that he could not take the picture. Bel Harty is a tall, dignified old man of sixty odd, and all the Christians earned his undying hatred by reason of laughter it was impossible to suppress, as he lurched crazily this way and that, and finally fell sprawling in the mud.

AN ANONYMOUS BIOGRAPHY.

Tragedy, Comedy, and Pathos Are Combined in the Life Story of a Literary Man.

A biography by an unnamed author is something of a novelty, but readers of "Father and Son" will recognize that there are advantages in a nominal anonymity. In this instance it is nominal only, for all the world has been allowed to know that "Father and Son" is by Mr. Edmund Gosse and that he is telling the story of his own childhood with the entire freedom and even abandon that only his own admirable method would allow.

It is indeed a remarkable story. In smallest epitome it is a record of the religious struggle between the old world and the new. The author's father was a scientist of considerable repute who managed to reconcile the observed facts of nature with a theology so narrow and so insistent as almost to awaken an incredulity of the intelligence behind it. He belonged to the sect known as "Plymouth Brethren," still existing doubtless, but certainly with no hold upon thought or ripened intelligence. It is an unmatched study in human nature to note the slow rebellion of the boyish mind against dark creeds that must have seemed all the darker to the fresh illuminations of childhood. That the boy was able to lift himself from such a spiritual quicksand speaks volumes for his early independence of thought and is consonant with the record of his later life. The steps of his slow deliverance, exquisitely recorded, have an interest that is more than personal.

It was indeed a strange household into which the boy was born, a household saturated with a dour religion that left its impress upon every act and upon every moment. And yet not without its strange contradictions, as witness the following incident:

Another instance of the remarkable way in which the interests of daily life were mingled, in our strange household, with the practice of religion, made an impression upon my memory. We had all three been much excited by a report that a certain dark geometer-moth, generated in underground stables, had been met with in Islington. Its name, I think, is *boletobia fuliginaria*, and I believe that it is excessively rare in England. We were sitting at family prayers, on a summer morning, I think in 1855, when through the open window a brown moth came sailing. My mother immediately interrupted the reading of the Bible by saying to my father, "Oh, Henry, do you think that can be *boletobia*?" My father rose up from the sacred book, examined the insect, which had now perched, and replied: "No. It is only the common vapourer, *orgyia antiqua*," resuming his seat, and the exposition of the Word, without any apology or embarrassment.

Young Gosse's experiences in what he calls a natural magic are not without suggestiveness, for these strange ideas entered a mind that had been wholly isolated from any of the causes to which we might naturally turn:

Being so restricted, then, and yet so active, my mind took refuge in an infantile species of natural magic. This contented with the definite ideas of religion which my parents were continuing, with too mechanical a persistency, to force into my nature, and it ran parallel with them. I formed strange superstitions, which I can only render intelligible by naming some concrete examples. I persuaded myself that, if I could only discover the proper words to say or the proper passes to make, I could induce the gorgeous birds and butterflies in my father's illustrated manuals to come to life, and fly out of the book, leaving holes behind them. I believed that, when, at the chapel, we sang, drearily and slowly, loud hymns of experience and humiliation, I could boom forth with a sound equal to dozens of singers, if I could only hit upon the formula. During morning and evening prayers, which were extremely lengthy and fatiguing, I fancied that one of my two selves could flit up, and sit clinging to the cornice, and look down on my other self and the rest of us, if I could only find the key. I labored for hours in search of these formulas, thinking to compass my ends by means absolutely irrational. For example, I was convinced that if I could only count consecutive numbers long enough, without losing one, I should suddenly, on reaching some far distant figure, find myself in possession of the great secret. I feel quite sure that nothing external suggested these ideas of magic, and I think it probable that they approached the ideas of savages at a very early stage of development.

These promptings seem to have followed him for years, for he tells us that on his first introduction to the ocean he hastened to taste its water, apparently with some idea of propitiating the forces that it represented and that he seems to have personalized. Other writers, if we mistake not, have spoken of similar youthful ideas of which no current explanation seems satisfactory.

The first revolt against parental authority came very early, and it disturbed the boy greatly to find that his father was not infallible either in knowledge or in argument. The occasion was the efficacy of prayer, a rock that has often proved fatal to unconsidered faith:

Several things tended at this time to alienate my conscience from the line which my father had so rigidly traced for it. The question of the efficacy of prayer, which has puzzled wiser heads than mine, began to trouble me. It was insisted on, in our household, that if anything was desired, you should not, as my mother said, "lose any time in seeking for it, but ask God to guide you to it." In many junctures of life, this is precisely what, in sober fact, they did. I will not dwell here on their theories, which my mother put forth, with unflinching directness, in her published writings. But I found that a difference was made between my privileges in this matter and theirs, and this led to many discussions. My parents said: "Whatever you need, tell Him and He will grant it, if it is His will." Very well; I had need of a large painted humming-top which I had seen in a shop window in the Caledonian Road. Accordingly, I introduced a supplication for this object into my evening prayer, carefully adding the words, "If it is Thy will." This, I recollect, placed my mother in a dilemma, and she consulted my father. Taken, I suppose, at a disadvantage, my father told me I must not pray for "things like that." To which I answered by another query, "Why?" And I added that he said we ought to pray for things we needed, and that I needed the humming-top a great deal more than I did the conversion of the heathen or the restitution of Jerusalem to the Jews, two objects of my nightly supplication which left me very cold.

Imagine a young child being taught to pray for the restitution of Jerusalem, and then let us admire the

strength of an innate sincerity that can resist such a nightly sap. But a greater blow to childish faith was to arise, not so much from argument, as from practical experiment:

All these matters drew my thoughts to the subject of idolatry, which was severely censured at the missionary meeting. I cross-examined my father very closely as to the nature of this sin, and pinned him down to the categorical statement that idolatry consisted in praying to any one or anything but God himself. Wood and stone, in the words of the hymn, were peculiarly liable to be bowed down to by the heathen in their blindness. I pressed my father further on this subject, and he assured me that God would be very angry, and would signify His anger, if any one, in a Christian country, bowed down to wood and stone. I can not recall why I was so pertinacious on this subject, but I remember that my father became a little restive under my cross-examination. I determined, however, to test the matter for myself, and one morning, when both my parents were safely out of the house, I prepared for the great act of heresy. I was in the morning-room on the ground-floor, where, with much labor, I hoisted a small chair on to the table close to the window. My heart was now heating as if it would leap out of my side, but I pursued my experiment. I knelt down on the carpet in front of the table, and looking up I said my daily prayer in a loud voice, only substituting the address "O Chair" for the habitual one.

Was there ever such a picture! And yet how many children, greatly daring, have done this very thing. *Experientia docet* and the grain of fact outweighs the pound of theory. Nothing happened. His father had said that God would manifest his anger, and God had made no sign. "My father, therefore, was not really acquainted with the Divine practice in cases of idolatry."

The interpretation of prophecy was what might be called the "strong hold" of the elder Gosses. It was not so much an earnest study as a recreation, and almost the only recreation that these strange people ever knew. When the labors of the day were ended then came the light relaxation of the Book of Revelations. There was no mysticism in the Gosse family, no such thing as Divine allegory or myth. Everything was real and practical:

This was curiously exemplified in the very lively interest which they both took in what is called "the interpretation of prophecy," and particularly in unwrapping the dark sayings bound up in the "Book of Revelation." In their impartial survey of the Bible, they came to this collection of solemn and splendid visions, sinister and obscure, and they had no intention of allowing these to be merely stimulating to the fancy, or vaguely doctrinal in symbol. When they read of seals broken and of vials poured forth, of the star which was called Wormwood that fell from Heaven, and of men whose hair was as the hair of women, and their teeth as the teeth of lions, they did not admit for a moment that these vivid mental pictures were of a poetic character, but they regarded them as positive statements, in guarded language, describing events which were to happen. It was the explanation, the perfectly prosaic and positive explanation, of all these wonders which drew them to study the Jukeses and the Newtons, whose books they so much enjoyed. They were helped by these guides to recognize in wild Oriental visions direct statements regarding Napoleon III and Pope Pius IX and the King of Piedmont, historic figures which they conceived as foreshadowed, in language which admitted of plain interpretation, under the names of denizens of Babylon and companions of the Wild Beast.

The Pope was antichrist in the Gosse family—nothing less. The Catholic Church was the one dark infamy veiling the light that came from the Kingdom of Heaven. Never was fanaticism carried to a length more extreme and this receives many illustrations, of which we may select one:

At this time the street was my theatre, and I spent long periods, as I have said, leaning against the window. I feel now the coolness of the pane, and the feverish heat that was produced, by contrast, in the orbit round the eye. Now and then amusing things happened. The onion-man was a joy long waited for. This worthy was a tall and hony Jersey Protestant with a raucous voice, who strode up our street several times a week, carrying a yoke across his shoulders, from the ends of which hung ropes of onions. He used to shout, at abrupt intervals, in a tone which might wake the dead:

Here's your rope
To hang the Pope
And a pen'north of cheese to choke him.

The cheese appeared to be legendary; he sold only onions. My father did not eat onions, but he encouraged this terrible fellow, with his wild eyes and long strips of hair because of his "godly attitude towards the papacy," and I used to watch him dart out of the front door, present his penny, and retire, graciously waving back the proffered onion.

Then, too, there was Punch, and when the dread visitant arrived upon the mimic stage and announced "It is the Devil come to take you to hell," it was "solemn and exquisite to me beyond words." He was not amused, but rather "purged with pity and terror."

Prophecy, as has been said, was an interlude to the sterner studies of the damnatory creeds:

We were not always reading the "Epistle to the Hebrews," however; not always was my flesh being made to creep by having it insisted upon that "almost all things are by the law purged with blood, and without blood there is no remission of sins." In our lighter moods, we turned to the "Book of Revelation," and chased the phantom of Popery through its fuliginous pages. My father, I think, missed my mother's company almost more acutely in his researches into prophecy than in anything else. This had been their unceasing recreation, and no third person could possibly follow the curious path which they had hewn for themselves through this jungle of symbols. But, more and more, my father persuaded himself that I, too, was initiated, and by degrees I was made to share in all his speculations and interpretations.

Hand in hand we investigated the number of the Beast, which number is six hundred three score and six. Hand in hand we inspected the nations, to see whether they had the mark of Babylon in their foreheads. Hand in hand we watched the spirits of devils gathering the kings of the earth into the place which is called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon. Our unity in the excursions was so delightful that my father was lulled in any suspicion he might have formed that I did not quite understand what it was all about. Nor could he have desired a pupil more docile or more ardent than I was in my flaming denunciations of the papacy.

For his mother, in spite of a hateful Calvinism, the author seems to have had the tenderest affection. Assuredly she was worthy of it, for she combined the

saintliest of dispositions with a creed that fought in vain against a natural purity and holiness.

The boy himself seems to have been constantly ailing and fragile, perhaps the necessary result of an unchild-like life and the constant saturation with a poisonous theology that he accepted in all of its main and worst features in spite of occasional spasms of infantile rebellion. Upon one occasion he overheard a conversation between two maids when they thought that he was asleep:

Our cook, Susan, a person of enormous size, and Kate, the tattling, tiresome parlor maid who waited upon us, on the summer evening I speak of were standing—I can not tell why—on each side of my bed. I shut my eyes, and lay quite still, in order to escape conversing with them, and they spoke to one another. "Ah, poor lamh," Kate said trivially, "he's not long for this world; going home to Jesus, he is—in a jiffy, I should say by the look of 'un." But Susan answered: "Not so. I dreamed about 'un, and I know for sure that he is to be spared for missionary service." "Missionary service?" repeated Kate, impressed. "Yes," Susan went on, with solemn emphasis, "he'll bleed for his Lord in heathen parts, that's what the future 'av in store for 'im." When they were gone, I heat upon the coverlid with my fists, and I determined that whatever happened, I would not, not, not, go out to preach the Gospel among horrid, tropical niggers.

Fortunately both alternatives were successfully avoided and the sea air of Devonshire and a larger intellectual life gradually made amends for a mental and religious penury that must have had their reaction upon a physical frame never robust. Even the vicissitudes of the little conventicle of saints over which the elder Gosse presided must have done their share in hastening the salutary reaction that was to follow. The boy very soon noticed that precept and practice were by no means such bosom friends as they should have been, and that an extraordinary laxity of conduct sometimes accompanied the most fervent professions of faith:

The addition of so many young persons of each sex to the communion led to an entirely new class of embarrassment. Now there arose endless difficulties about "engagements," about youthful brethren who "went out walking" with even more youthful sisters. Glancing over my father's notes, I observe the ceaseless repetition of cases in which So-and-So is "courting" Such-an-One, followed by the melancholy record that he has "deserted" her. In my father's stern language, "desertion" would very often mean no more than that the amatory pair had blamably changed their minds; but in some cases it meant more and worse than this. It was a very great distress to him that sometimes the young men and women who showed the most lively interest in Scripture, and who had apparently accepted the way of salvation with the fullest intelligence, were precisely those who seemed to struggle with the least success against a temptation to unchastity. He put this down to the concentrated malignity of Satan, who directed his most poisoned darts against the fairest of the flock.

It would be pleasant to continue these vivacious extracts to a much greater length, but enough has been done to show that in "Father and Son" we have a biography of no ordinary kind and of no ordinary significance. It is a book that seems to be the story of the century in miniature, the story of the world-wide rebellion against a pernicious religious dogmatism, and of the emancipation effected on the one side by definite scientific knowledge and on the other by a liberated conscience and an unhampered search after the divinity of the spiritual life.

"Father and Son, Biographical Recollections." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

Sir William S. Robson, England's new attorney-general, holds, next to the lord chancellor, the best-paid billet in the administration. He gets a salary of \$35,000, which, although his is not a cabinet post, is \$10,000 more than any member of the cabinet receives, with the exception of the lord chancellor, who draws \$50,000 a year. Before he got his recent promotion Sir William was the Liberal solicitor-general, and for that received \$30,000 a year. But there is no doubt that he makes a considerable financial sacrifice in taking a salaried job. He is one of the topnotchers of the legal profession in England, and in private practice has long commanded very high fees. It is recorded of him that he once refused to take a case for which he was offered a retaining fee of \$50,000, because of conscientious scruples. In dress he is a good deal of a dandy and is particularly partial to white spats and colored waistcoats. But nobody ventures to poke fun at him because of his sartorial tastes. He is fifty-six years old and is an exception to the general rule that, to achieve success in Parliament, one must make an early start there. He was forty-three when he was first elected to the House of Commons.

Pink and white have always been the florists' colors for Easter, but this season's decorations will be far pinker than usual. A fashionable New York florist has produced a new rose for the occasion, exhibited for the first time. This new departure, the Paradise rose, is a potted plant, standing some four feet tall and covered with luxurious clusters of pink and white shaded roses, growing not unlike sprays of very large and very pink apple blossoms. The deep pink calla lily, hitherto a rarity, will be seen in abundance this year. Its brilliancy of color is rivaled only by the scarlet and gold amaryllis, which will be used in cut flower groups.

Sir Sydney Buxton, the British postmaster-general, said that, as objection had been taken by some persons to mourning envelopes, it had been suggested that he should produce a stamp with a black border to be used instead. "I feel rather inclined to make a small issue of such stamps just to please the stamp collectors," he said. "At least I am certain that the philatelists would buy them up at high prices."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Hall Caius, enumerating some of the essential qualifications of the novelist, says that he must, first of all, be a man who can tell a story. Secondly, there must be some ethical value to his works if his force and power are to become great.

There are plenty of writers now in the field who can tell a story, but how many are there who employ the ethical factor or even believe it to have any value or any proper place in their art? And the ethical factor does not imply the drawing of a moral as that phrase is usually understood. It means the presentation of a picture of moral progress, the suggestion of ascent, of growth, and of evolution. It must be admitted that the majority of novels point downward rather than upward, and stimulate the lower rather than indicate the higher.

No such responsibility, however, attaches to the playwright. The work is not wholly his own, because it will be enriched or impoverished by its presentation. He must be neither overpraised for its excellencies nor over-humiliated by its failures. But in a book the author is entirely responsible for its contents, and if he wishes it to live, to be something more than ephemeral, it must draw its vitality from some ethical factor.

Memoirs of a Russian Governor, by Prince Serge Dmitriyevich Urussov. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that a perusal of this remarkable book is essential to an understanding of the Russian problem. Since Russian affairs reached their latest acute stage we have been overwhelmed with descriptions, reports, and opinions, all of them from outside standpoints, and nearly all of them colored by preconception and bias. Now, for the first time, we are invited to enter the charmed circle of officialism and to read the records of a Russian governor.

The glimpse is a pleasant one and well calculated to give a touch of humanism to a picture that has sometimes seemed to be wholly diabolic. Prince Urussov was appointed to the governorship of Bessarabia soon after the Kishinev massacres and his headquarters were in that forlorn centre of massacre. He tells us of his appointment from Count Plehve, that scarecrow figure of misrule, and of how he went down to his new territory, of his efforts to understand the situation, and of the magical effect of intelligent and tactful sympathy alike upon the Jews and upon their oppressors. Urussov was neither for the Jew nor against them. He was for justice and the law, and if we could believe that Russia has many governors such as he our forebodings for the empire would be less menacing than they are.

These memoirs are written with transparent candor and even, one might suppose, with indiscretion. They emphasize the supreme evil of Russian local government, the dependence of the authorities upon instructions from St. Petersburg, where fixed and narrow theories are relentlessly imposed upon all sorts and kinds of conditions. For example, Urussov allows a man claiming to be an English journalist to interview the prisoners in the Kishinev prison, the very men charged with the massacre. He even withdraws out of hearing, in order that the talk may be unrestrained. The result is the appearance of an authoritative and eulogistic pamphlet and reassuring statements on the situation in the British Parliament. What, he asks, would have been the result of a reference of the request to St. Petersburg?

No one who wishes to understand the Russian situation can afford to overlook this striking book. It has a value equal, let us say, to 99 per cent of the literature now available.

Literature and the American College, by Irving Bahhitt. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; \$1.25.

It is fortunate that these masterly essays have been allowed to appear in book form. They may, indeed, be as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, but they will take their place among the sober and warning forces that are urging us to educational reform. The modern college has been saturated with the vicious spirit of the day, the spirit that flouts at worth and worships appearance, that decries thought and applauds action, however senseless it may be, that contemptuously cuts itself off from honorable and tested tradition and devotes itself to the specialized training for place and power. The author tells us that in these and in other respects the college must reform or it must cease to be. He does not, indeed, seem very hopeful that the admonition of Demosthenes, "In God's name, I beg of you to think," will be more immediately fruitful today than it was in Athens of old.

That admonition may indeed be taken as the text of his book. We neglect humanism and without it education is a farce and worse than a farce, because it becomes a negation of the spirit of democracy which should incline us always to the search for the best men. There may be a touch of bitterness when he says that in public opinion the per-

fection of the type is that Chicago professor whose "discoveries" are regularly heralded by a delirious press. Here are some of them:

Kissing causes lockjaw.

A dog will not follow an uneducated man. Marriage is a form of insanity.

The Pennsylvanians are turning into Indians.

John D. Rockefeller is as great a man as Shakespeare.

And so on *ad nauseam*. These are the gods, and they share their educational laurels with the presidents of colleges who win football matches and those other presidents whose mendicancies are a weariness to the wealthy. In our self-sufficiency we may go on yet awhile, but the penalties must follow.

A Shepherd of the Stars, by Frances Campbell. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

The class to which this delightful and clever book belongs ought to be much larger. The attention paid by American fiction to foreign countries is far too small and this is regrettable at a time when the educational opportunities of the novel were never so great. "A Shepherd of the Stars" is first of all a skillful romance and secondly it is a picture of life in Morocco which we would not willingly wipe from the mental canvas.

It is the story of a lady who goes to Morocco for her health, accompanied by her two unconventional nieces. They enter into such society as the place affords—hunters, travelers, and artists, while the irrepressible energy of the girls introduces them to picturesque phases of native life that are described with unmistakable accuracy and a refreshing vigor. There are, of course, a certain number of young men in evidence, and a very pleasing love incident is unfolded with delicate simplicity.

One of the characters is no less than Raisuli himself, and we are glad to find that a good word can be said for the man who has been gibbeted before the world as a brigand and a bandit. Perhaps he has degenerated, but in this book he appears as an Oriental Robin Hood, a protector of the poor, and a dusky potentate without fear and without reproach. It is Christian jealousy that has besmirched his character, but Moroccan residents speedily learn that they can sleep in peace when Raisuli is on deck if at no other time. It is all singularly convincing and for the moment we forget Mr. Percicaris and Kaid Maclean. "A Shepherd of the Stars" is a book to be read, a book with individuality and distinction.

The Courage of Blackburn Blair, by Eleanor Talbot Kinkaid. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Blackburn Blair is a young Kentucky politician who finds, not for the first time in history, that love and duty may pull in opposite directions. The girl in the case is Cicely Overton, whose feminine selfishness resents a divided devotion and who fails to understand a duty that is larger than the confines of the hearth. Her allegiance to her lover is strained by his insistence upon his own broader path, but it crumbles away entirely when he defies Kentucky tradition by refusing to fight a duel with an opponent of Governor Goehel who has publicly insulted him. Blackburn subsequently redeems his character by a display of exceptional courage and is reconciled with Cicely, whom we can not admire quite so much as the author evidently wishes us to—possibly from an incapacity to appreciate Kentucky sentiment.

The story is well and delicately told, although with a certain over-accenuation of character. The picture of Kentucky life is charming, while too much praise can hardly be given to the description of the intense acerbity of party feeling that culminated with the assassination of Governor Goehel.

The Solar System, by Charles Lane Poor. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$2.

This valuable book is well adapted for popular use and for perusal by those who wish to be well informed without aspiring to expert knowledge. It is a general survey of the solar system, with special emphasis upon phenomena sometimes slighted in similar works, such as tides and tidal evolution. On the whole, the subject matter is selected with discrimination, while its treatment is lucid and fascinating. With reference to the Martian "canals," the author brings in a verdict of "not proven," but he does so with an open mind, while apparently adopting the curious position that life can only exist under conditions similar to those prevailing here. To the mere layman it seems more philosophic to suppose that the forms of terrestrial life are the result of terrestrial environment and that while other environment may and must produce other forms, it can in no way negate the existence of life. Is it the life forms that seek the congenial conditions, or the conditions that produce their congenial life forms?

The Judgment of Eve, by May Sinclair. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.25.

This book may be commended to those who multiply words without wisdom on the sub-

ject of "race suicide." Aggie Purcell and Arthur Gatty at the time of their marriage are very ordinary young people with literary and poetic ideals that must at all cost be preserved through post-nuptial years. Children begin to come with some regularity and with detriment to the esthetics. Aggie is wearied with much serving, and Arthur is irritable and exacting, as selfish and small-natured men usually are. The ideals fade away and Aggie's health slowly fails under the increasing burden, until at last the doctor tells the husband that another child means the death of his wife. Of course, another child comes, or promises to come, and the poor, devoted little woman dies suddenly and so prevents Arthur from going on the little vacation that he had planned for the benefit of his health. It is a story of very humble but very human life, and one to be read by those who prate from a high moral platform of their own building about the dangers threatening the perpetuation of the race.

The Sixth Speed, by E. J. Rath. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.50.

A young chauffeur named Sanderson quarrels with his employer and in the leisure that results he discovers a new principle of speed. He builds a boat, enlists a party of kindred spirits, and plays the pirate among the yachts of the millionaires on the Atlantic coast, easily evading every attempt at capture by a velocity that makes even a torpedo boat seem

to be moving backward. It is an ingenious idea, but as there is none of the conventional bloodshed, the story seems to lack a popular element usually associated with pirates.

Mothers in Israel, by J. S. Fletcher. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.25.

No one acquainted with village life, and especially in England, needs to be convinced that slander and malice are conspicuous sins in small communities and that they too often centre in the religious institutions. But we shall none the less heartily rejoice at the retribution that overtakes Deacons Gill and Hancock and their respective and back-biting wives for the infamous aspersions that they throw upon the character of the school-mistress. It is unfortunate that such penalties occur more often in fiction than in fact.

Bahama Bill, by T. Jenkins Hains. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

Bahama Bill is a gigantic Florida negro who follows the calling of a wrecker. The author tells of his achievements in sixteen stories illustrating his immense strength and courage and a certain resourcefulness of character and dominance of personality that compels the admiration and respect. It is a thoroughly well written book and certain to be read with delight by those who appreciate stories of action and strange tales of the sea.



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THE ART ASSOCIATION EXHIBIT.

By Hanna Astrup Larsen.

The fifty-fifth exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association now being held at the Institute of Art is not so large numerically as some of the collections that were seen in the old Mark Hopkins. It is unfortunate that the schism dividing the small art world of San Francisco into even smaller sections should have prevented several of the best-known painters of the Coast from sending work to what ought to be the most representative exhibition in the State. Others perhaps have simply neglected the opportunity from indifference or from a feeling that personally they do not need it. Yet the exhibition contains work by some artists of established reputation and of some that it is a pleasure to welcome in the ranks of those who do good work.

No one needs the publicity of an exhibition less than William Keith, the one California painter who without leaving his home State has gone on working quietly and sending out pictures that have won for him an international reputation. Keith has come to the aid of the Art Association with four canvases of striking merit, and indeed he has made the occasion an event in his own career as an artist by sending in a picture of a character entirely different from the style of his later work. His "Spring" might be called a return to his earlier manner, but that it is a misnomer to speak of anything so spontaneous as a return to anything in the past. I would rather think of it as an outburst of the springtime feeling. It is not given to every one to turn to new things at seventy, but Keith has kept through all the years of bard work the enthusiasm that makes him every evening wish it was morning so that he could paint. There is the exaltation of bird notes in his little canvas. The sunlight lives in the luscious green of the grass and flecks the walls of the humble dwelling-house which he has made part of a spring idyll. Even the homely detail of a very ordinary wardrobe floating from the clothes-line is handled so as to contribute to the color poem. The California eucalyptus is pressed into service, but its heavy masses are etherealized into something of the feathery delicacy of northern birches. Of the other three canvases from Keith's hand one shows a California landscape in the fullness of summer, and the other is one of the golden autumn scenes with which his admirers are familiar. The third is called "After a Storm," and pictures the fierce beauty of fiery clouds.

Eugen Neuhaus has contributed four large pictures of more elaborate composition and finished workmanship than anything he has yet exhibited here. His outdoor studies shown from time to time in local exhibitions have been of a remarkably sparkling, vivid quality. The present exhibition shows that he is not afraid of hard work and that he is a thoroughgoing German in the solidity of his technical knowledge. He still preserves the light, deft touch that made much of the charm of his more rapid work, but there is not quite the same sparkle. There is a little too much sameness of coloring in the several canvases and a hint that Neubauss is succumbing in some degree to the low-pitched school of California painters headed by Arthur Mathews. His "Valley Oaks" has a wonderful heat shimmer.

Theodore Wores is not afraid of color. His views from the Greenbrae marshes below Mount Tamalpais are executed with much fidelity to the locality in which a crisp clearness of atmosphere makes every detail stand out almost photographically. Sometimes his devotion to truth results in a certain harshness of outline and crudeness of color.

A vivid note of scarlet is "Little Red Riding Hood," by Harry W. Seawell. She is a delightful little lady, dainty and full of life from the tip of her swinging toe to the top of her scarlet hood with a sweet face within it. Another picture which is a somewhat ambitious departure from the ordinary conventional landscape is a scene "With the Rising of the Moon," by Gordon Coutts. It shows three couples in decidedly fleecy attire dancing under the light of the full moon. It has delicacy of coloring and of drawing, but it is scarcely strong enough for such a subject. It is neither a bacchanalian orgy nor a dance of the fairies. It is just six people disporting themselves without very many clothes on. And what is the use? The nude or semi-nude must be first class to be tolerable at all.

Among the most attractive landscapes of the exhibition is Charles J. Dickman's "Cypress Tree, Monterey," a single tree throwing a dark and jagged outline on an evening sky. Maurice Del Mue's work is always full of poetic feeling. "A Home by the Sea" is one of the most satisfying pictures I have seen from his hand. The strip of blue sea gives color and that invaluable, mysterious sense of distance. John A. Stanton is represented by a strong portrait of an old man and by some interesting marines, "The Return of the Fishing Fleet" and "Low Tide." C. Chapel Judson has some good landscapes.

Gottardo Piazzoni is being sparing of showing his work since his return from Europe. His "Early Spring, Switzerland," renders the pale colors and severe outlines and much of the chill, austere beauty as well as the intense stillness of the high altitudes. A square canvas with twin puppies rub-

bing noses is all too little of the work of Elizabeth Strong and is only a reminder that we should like to see more by this gifted painter of animals.

Frank J. Van Sloun is a young artist whose work as exhibited earlier in this city showed remarkable strength amidst much that was crude. He has three canvases at the Art Institute that show a fulfillment of the earlier promise and strike a vigorous individual note. His "Baker's Beach" stands out by virtue of firm, rapid handling and clear, vivid coloring. In this as in the gray tones of "East River, New York," the distance is admirably suggestive.

"The Flight of April 18" is made the subject of a sculptured frieze by Florence Manor. The exodus from the burning city with all the improvised vehicles and even the omnipresent parrots that form so large a part of the recollections of many who took part in the flight are treated with a realism that appeals to the memory. Florence Manor exhibits a number of pieces, among which a medallion head of a child is particularly noticeable for beauty and delicacy.

There is a miscellaneous collection of drawings, etchings and water colors and a few monotypes, none of which are remarkable. The pencil drawings of the old town by Hubert R. Chapin are of interest as preserving a number of the old landmarks that are no more.

The exhibition will be open until April 24.

LITERARY NOTES.

The New Henry James Series.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, have published four additional volumes in the new Henry James series that has already been mentioned in these columns. It will be remembered that the series will consist of twenty-three octavo volumes and that "Roderick Hudson" and "The American" have already appeared. Now we have "Portrait of a Lady," in two volumes, and "The Princess Casamassima," also in two volumes. In each case Mr. James contributes a critical preface, explaining the circumstances under which the novel was written, and with such candid comments as later years and a fuller experience suggest. The photogravure frontispieces, as before, are admirable. Price in cloth, \$2 per volume, and in half levant, \$4.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Quirido's "Menschewee," a novel that recalls both the work of Balzac and of Zola, is to appear in an English translation under the Putnam imprint.

Notable reproductions in the April *Century Magazine* are Frances Houston's portrait of Miss Ethel Barrymore, Henry Brown Fuller's beautiful "Triumph of Truth over Error," and Kenyon Cox's "Greek Science," the statue made by the painter-sculptor for the new building of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Science.

Katherine Evans Blake is one of the latest names to be added to the long list of Indiana novelists. She is a Hoosier by birth, though nowadays she lives in Minneapolis, and her stories are thoroughly Hoosier. "Heart's Haven," published a year or two ago, dealt with the celibate community of Rapites at New Harmony. "The Stuff of a Man," just issued by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, has its scene laid at "Blufftown," which is recognized as Rockport, Indiana, a beautiful town on the bluffs of the Ohio River. Rockport was Mrs. Blake's birthplace. There at the age of thirteen she wrote her first novel—in pencil, on the wrong side of some rolls of wall-paper—with illustrations by the author. Years after, when the old family farmhouse had been sold, Mrs. Blake visited it; in a bedroom she tore away a little corner of wall-paper and found some pale lines of childish writing still visible upon it.

The new play, "Major Strod," which has just been produced in London, was written by A. E. W. Mason, the Liberal member of Parliament for Coventry. He is the only man in the House of Commons who has been a professional actor. For some years he was a member of Mr. Ben Greet's company and also played on tour with Mr. Benson; while he was in the original cast of Bernard Shaw's play, "Arms and the Man," on its production at the London Avenue Theatre in 1894. As a novelist and playwright Mr. Mason is better known than as either actor or politician.

The library board of the United States navy recently ordered eight copies of "The South Americans," by Dr. Albert Hale.

A writer in *Reynolds's Newspaper*, London, gives this account of Disraeli's latest literary effort: "In the year 1872 Lord Beaconsfield commenced his last novel, 'Endymion,' a work undertaken chiefly from the honorable desire to obtain a sum of money that would finally wipe off a residue of monetary engagements. He worked at it pretty steadily till the general election of 1874 called him to office, when his literary work was set aside. Still he wrote at it occasionally till the beginning of the year 1876, when the Eastern question coming to the front and engrossing his attention, he, as he thought, finally laid the work aside. He then wrote a letter to Lord Rowton, inclosing the manuscript, unfinished by something like 100 pages of printed matter. He

stated his view that the pressure of public work would preclude his continuing the novel, and in the event of his decease he instructed Lord Rowton to finish the work, but not to volunteer the announcement that it had been left in an incomplete state or to avow his collaboration, leaving the book to stand solely in the name of its original creator. Lord Beaconsfield, however, living through his own administration and finding comparative leisure when in Opposition, completed the novel with his own hand, and it was sold for the splendid sum of £10,000, a windfall which enabled him to fulfill his cherished desire of paying off his debts."

One of the important books of the spring is the "Life and Letters of George Bancroft." Bancroft was one of the first of the young scholars to go abroad for study and carried some very putanalian ideas with him. He met Byron and read his "Don Juan." He was horrified to find such low ideas mingled with such exquisite poetry. He told Goethe about it when he met him. Afterward he read the second part of "Faust" and remembered and regretted what he had said. He was one of the few people who knew Von Moltke intimately and to whom the famous German talked of his wife, whom he rarely mentioned after her death. Bancroft was born in the same year and died in the same year as Von Moltke. He made three sojourns in Europe—one to get his doctor's degree at Göttingen in 1820, one as minister to England in 1846, and one as minister to Germany in 1874. The book is made up from diaries, letters, and papers placed by the Bancroft family in the hands of Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe of Boston, who has spent several years in arranging them.

New Publications.

"Mental Healing," by Leander Edmund Whipple, has been published by the Metaphysical Publishing Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.

Among notable and elaborate school books is "Physiography," by Rollin D. Salisbury of the University of Chicago. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

"Reflections on the Psalms," by Janet E. Ruitz-Rees, is a little series of undogmatic homilies simply and pleasingly written. Published by Newson & Co., New York.

"Window Gardening," by Herman B. Dörner, with illustrations, has been published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. A useful aid to the house beautiful.

"The Scarlet Shadow," a story of the "Great Colorado Conspiracy," has been written by Walter Hurt and published by *The Appeal to Reason*, Girard, Kansas. Price, \$1.50.

Mrs. Franz Liebich has written the volume on "Claude-Achille Debussy" in the Living Masters of Music Series, edited by Rosa Newmarch. Published by John Lane, New York.

A little volume to be kept within reach is "Aporisms and Reflections from the Works of T. H. Huxley," selected by Henrietta A. Huxley and published by the Macmillan Company, New York. Price, \$1.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, are publishing their "First Folio" Shakespeare in separate plays. "Othello," "The Tempest," and "The Winter's Tale," now before us, promise a handsome edition and one that will be unique as the only reprinting of the first folio obtainable in handy form.

A Magazine of Art and Inspiration.

The price of *The Craftsman* is twenty-five cents a number, three dollars a year, but the real value of the magazine is far beyond these nominal figures. There are a half-dozen illustrations in the April number worth the money asked for a year's subscription. One of these is a photogravure of Gutzon Borglum's portrait bust of Abraham Lincoln. Others are views of sculpture shown at the recent exhibit at the Art Institute in Chicago, notably Lorado Taft's group, "The Blind," illustrating the great moment in Maeterlinck's drama; Miss Walker's group, "Her Son"; and Miss Kratz's impressive figure, "At the Sign of the Spade." The frontispiece, a fine portrait of Miss Ida M. Tarbell, the author and investigator, belongs in this selected list. But the engravings, though much more than mere embellishments, are a small part of the attractive and valuable contents of the number. "Relation of Manual Training in the Public Schools to Industrial Education and Efficiency," a prize essay by Arthur D. Dean; "The Relation of Mural Decoration to the Vitality of a National Art," by Giles Edgerton; "Small Farming and Profitable Handicrafts," by Gustav Stickley; "Significant Features of the Exhibition of the Architectural League," and "Art in Ornamental Planting," by Grace Tabor, are some of the leading articles, nearly all of which are illustrated. There are several departments, devoted in general to the practical application of artistic effort, and there is nothing that is not well considered and cleverly written. There is no American publication more handsomely printed. In every detail it is a delight to the eye. It should have as many subscribers as there are reading families in the country. Published by Gustav Stickley, 29 West Thirty-Fourth Street, New York.

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BLACK-FACE FUN AND MUSIC.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"Nigger minstrelsy" is not dead yet, and McIntyre and Heath are helping to keep it alive. The joke of it is that the chorus attends strictly to the music-minstrelsy department, while the pair in black-face run the end-man and fat-interlocutor-in-the-middle-exchange of pleasantries with which we all became so familiar in the long ago. The familiarity is none the less felt because the rows of black-coated, white-cravatted minstrels in cork are absent. The dialect is there, the dark intonation, the perambulating absurdities of dialogue, the occasional shrewd hit at some bumpishness of human nature that invites attack. This department is entirely in the hands of Messrs. McIntyre and Heath.

A tolerably competent company assists the principal pair, chief of whom is Frank O'Brien, who goes through numerous clever and amusing gyrations as the persistently cavedropping tramp, and who is apparently up to being comedian-in-chief. There is no female star, three rôles of equal importance being assigned to three rather uninteresting women. Jeanne Towler is too heavy for attractions of the class of "The Ham Tree," Carolyn Gordon too negative, and Belle Gold too feebly pert. I think, as a consequence, the pretty high-kicker who leads the chorus girls attracted an even larger battery of unoccupied glances than she would have otherwise.

The part of the show not carried by McIntyre and Heath is a combination of musical comedy and vaudeville. There are some forty chorus girls, whose beauty of countenance, by the by, has not justly earned the flowery encomiums bestowed upon it by the press agent. There is a lesser supply of chorus men, youths of exceedingly tender age, scarcely out of knee pants, in fact, who looked barely able to support the weight of bumox upon their boyishly lean knees, when that now-inevitable exchange of familiarities took place in the chorus.

Inevitable; always expected; that's just the trouble with the details of these singing comedies. For to that brand belongs the Hobart-Jerome-Schwartz piece which is making people laugh this week at the Van Ness Theatre. "The Ham Tree" is just like any other comedy of its kind, except for a long conversational duet between the two chief comedians in the second act. To this the audience took most kindly; bowing in laughter, like a field of wheat before a gale, under the rapid-fire attacks of "nigger-minstrel" humor. Nevertheless, I thought this conversational interlude too long. In light entertainments of this order, perpetual change is absolutely necessary. We in front must not be sufficiently undiverted to have time to think. Thought in such places is fatal to a receptive frame of mind.

The black-face comedians began with a humorous exchange that went off like a package of firecrackers—snap, crackle, flash! The audience giggled, or gurgled, or guffawed, according to age or temperament. But the talk lasted too long. It consisted of the stunt which McIntyre and Heath gave in vaudeville, and gave successfully. But in "The Ham Tree" it was too long drawn out and became monotonous. The cracklings and the flashes lessened. I looked around upon the audience with curiosity, wondering if there might be some who shared my sentiments. The green curtain was not in place. The rear rows were well filled. There were several theatre parties near. The younger members were in stitches, but the chaperon had gone frankly and unaffectedly to sleep. Mrs. Greylocks had several guests, contemporaries. The middle-aged man by her side had fallen into a fit of profound abstraction. He was probably planning some financial coup. He was dead to "The Ham Tree," and "The Ham Tree" was dead to him. His hostess, having provided her guests with humorous entertainment, was perforce obliged to laugh at it. But her mirth was perfunctory, and I surmised that she was longing for home and supper. But just beyond her was another grizzled man who laughed like a minute-gun over each volley of wit. After all, Mrs. Greylocks, her ruminating guest, the slumbering chaperon, and I were in the minority.

So "The Ham Tree" is a success. Go, by all means, if you like excellent dancing, spirited, well-rehearsed choral work—the lean-kneed boys have fine, grown-up, resounding voices—lots of costume changes, chorus girls whose looks are up to the average, and whose kicking is rather higher, and for the core and centre of the whole show a pair of fine old

crusted specialists who are keeping alive some of the essential qualities of negro minstrelsy.

What a disastrous blow it would be to the drama if all the world did not love a lover. I recall, at the moment, only four plays that I have seen in which there were no lovers: "L'Aiglon," "Everyman," the miracle play, "Peter Pan," and "The Little Princess." "L'Aiglon" becomes tiring before the play is played out, "Everyman" does not belong to our time, and the last two, although so full of fresh charm and interest, really appeal to children or to the lingering remnants of childhood that we still blessedly preserve within our hearts.

Now there is a pair of lovers in "Clarice"—the Gillette piece that was on at the New Alcazar last week—that might have been, were almost, squashy, in the completeness of their surrender to the power of the plump little god, but, because of this age-old tenderness of the world for deeply loving lovers, they were not—wholly. People do such things as they did when they are in love, and Gillette's lovers mingled tenderness and devotion with their infatuation.

Being by Gillette, a clever craftsman who thoroughly understands the value of suspense, and surprise, the play is not merely a love idyl.

The melodramatic element enters in the person of an intriguing aunt, who, being of a dog-in-the-mangerish disposition, objects to the man who wouldn't have her acquiring possession of somebody else. She plots improbably, and succeeds impossibly. But the incident which results from her separation of the lovers—and which, by the way, is an attempt at suicide—shows another characteristic touch of the Gillette hand. Surprise and suspense, suspense and surprise, are kept up in alternation, the audience, unless it is very sophisticated, remaining uncertain up to the very last whether or not the despairing lover will be saved. It takes a Gillette to revive the old idea of curing poison by an antidote, in sight of the audience.

In this play Thais Lawton shone out more advantageously than the leading man because woman acting a part of tenderness and devotion is following her own special prerogative.

But "Secret Service" gives Bertram Lytell an opportunity to act the man's part, and here he supplants his fair associate in the favor of the audience.

"Secret Service" is full of thrills, and the cleverness of it is that so many of them are caused by silent acting. It is a long time ago since Gillette first brought it out, but its power to interest, to absorb, and to excite, is scarcely dimmed. Plays hinging on our national history, and especially our wars, have an Americanism of character which makes them particularly acceptable to the popular taste, and the Civil War has been a most fruitful source of romance.

The New Alcazar company is, numerically, and in the matter of merit, well represented this week. The management has spread itself on the proper stage equipment, the mechanics of the exciting scene in the telegraph office and in others, working admirably, and, in fact, "Secret Service" is, generally speaking, so competently produced, and so freshly and spiritedly acted that, for those who prefer the spoken drama to musical pieces, it is the attraction of the week.

Discussing the recent movement of the Metropolitan Opera House directorate towards grand opera in English, *Musical America*, a leading organ of its kind in this country, says: "It needs only the indorsement of our leading opera houses now to start a national movement in this direction. With the wonderful effectiveness of Mr. Savage's 'Madam Butterfly' fresh in mind, no formidable objection to English versions of operatic masterpieces can possibly be offered. It has been said that the English language does not lend itself to a high form of musical expression; that it lacks the poetic grace, the mellifluous quality of foreign languages. This may or may not be true, but the fact remains that the greatest objection to English as a medium of musical expression lies not in the language itself but in the way it is popularly used."

F. R. Benson has completed his arrangements for the next Stratford-on-Avon festival, which will begin on April 20, and last for three weeks. He has secured the cooperation of many well-known actors and actresses. The performance of "Measure for Measure" will be during the first week, as will "Richard III." In the second week "Henry V" and "Romeo and Juliet" will be given. The third week "Hamlet" will be produced. There will be a Shakespearean costume ball in the town hall at Stratford on April 30.

There are now in Boston five young women of stage prominence in various dramatic productions who were members of San Francisco stock companies at the same time—Lillian Kemble and her understudy, Grace Goodall of "The Man of the Hour"; Margaret Wycherley of the Castle Square, Ruth Allen in vaudeville playlet at Keith's, and Miss Gordon of the Boston Theatre. Miss Kemble was leading woman of the Neill-Morocco stock and the others are graduates of the once famous Alcazar.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The New Alcazar Theatre next week will put on Augustus Thomas's effective play, "In Mizoura," in which Nat Goodwin created the part of the sheriff, a rough diamond in a community of frontier characters. Bertram Lytell will have the rôle next week and an opportunity to display his ability. Thais Lawton, as the Southern girl, may be trusted to sustain the emotional interest. All the favorites will be in the cast. "Secret Service," noticed in another column, is now in its last nights.

Next Monday night the Princess Theatre will offer a double bill composed of "Little Christopher," announced as a musical eccentricity, and "The Song Birds," a travesty of New York operatic and theatrical life, written by George V. Hobart and Victor Herbert and first produced at a Lambs' Club gambol. In "Little Christopher" the vivacious Helen Bertram will have the name-part, while Arthur Cunningham will be Captain Patrick Slammer. A new accession, William Burress, who comes with a reputation as a character comedian, will be the Sherlock Gillette Kelcey Holmes. In the travesty Miss Bertram, Mr. Burress, Oscar Apfel, and the other favorites are appropriately cast. Harold Crane, Zoe Barnett, Sarah Edwards, Laura Oakley, George B. Field, and Ben Lodge may be relied on for earnest and inspiring efforts. The chorus will continue to hold its own as an indispensable attraction.

McIntyre and Heath with their company are delighting those who are not superior to the claims of innocent merriment at the Van Ness Theatre, and will continue all of next week. "The Ham Tree," which is still flourishing like the proverbial green bay, is reviewed in another column.

At the Orpheum next week, beginning Sunday afternoon, the Empire City Quartet will be chief among the entertainers. This organization is one of the best of the sort, in songs and in comedy. The Three Leightons will introduce an act which illustrates the hardships of a one-night stand in minstrelsy. Frank Orth and Harry Fern will present their new musical skit, "Sign That Book." Orth is a clever trick pianist, and Fern, as a messenger boy, is droll. James F. MacDonald will make his first appearance. He is a singing comedian and monologist with new songs and stories. Ida O'Day, who made a favorable impression recently with her songs and recitals, will return for one week only. It will be the last week of the Dunedin Troupe of bicyclists, and of Press Eldridge. Stella Mayhew will also close her engagement with this programme. A recently imported series of Orpheum Motion Pictures will also be shown.

The last time Francis Wilson appeared here was in his productions of the comic operas "The Merry Monarch" and "The Lion Tamer," more than a dozen years ago. The star has forsaken the musical stage for straight comedy offerings and comes here with his greatest success, "When Knights Were Bold." His engagement at the Van Ness Theatre opens Monday, April 20.

Prince Robert de Broglie and his American wife (who was Estelle Dolores Alexander of California), are now legally married according to French law and are appearing on the stage in Paris despite the powerful influence of the prince's family. His father, Prince Amedie, appealed to the prefect of police to prevent a De Broglie from so disgracing his lineage. Prince Robert found a way around the difficulty by taking the stage name of Maritza. The princess has been singing at the Salle Gaveau. Her princely husband, who led the orchestra when she sung in America, accompanied her on the piano.

The fire which was reported to have practically destroyed Drury Lane Theatre, one of the most famous playhouses of London, did not do so much damage as was at first supposed.

Henry Miller has scored another triumph as a producing manager. His latest offering, "The Servant in the House," now at the Savoy Theatre, New York, has been pronounced one of the great plays of the generation and one of the most daring ever produced, in its scoring of hypocrisy in religion.

George Ade will go to London to be present at the English premiere of his comedy satire, "The College Widow," on April 20, at the Adelphi Theatre.

Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay, who last appeared in "The Lancers," will return to vaudeville. He will appear in a one-act comedy by Robert H. Davis, of *Munsey's Magazine*, entitled "Footfalls."

It is now decided that Richard Strauss's "Salomé" is to form part of the repertoire of the Paris Opera. The question of the cast, which has been exciting much speculation in Paris musical circles, is nearly definitely settled. Miss Mary Garden will take the part of Salomé, Alvarez will play Herod, and Delmas or Renaud will impersonate Iochanaan.

See Salada Beach. Write 1803 Fillmore.

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VANITY FAIR.

So once more a French aristocrat is to the front in the matrimonial affairs of a silly—but unfortunately wealthy—American woman who says first that she will and then that she won't, and ends up, of course, by doing what every one knew she would do from the first. The sensational newspapers have done their best to persuade the actors in this latest projected mésalliance that they are really very important people and that the eyes of the nation are upon them. In addition to such vitally important items as the lady's costume and her precise replies to impudent questions, they have printed remonstrances galore and exhortations to the "marquis" or the "prince" or the "duc" to seek a wife in his own country rather than to ensnare an unfortunate lady whose early matrimonial experiences in the same aristocratic line were so disastrous.

The gentleman in question has many and obvious reasons for seeking a wife outside the boundaries of his own nationality. He has nothing but his title to recommend him and in France a title is not a recommendation—to French women. They know too much about titles in France and the Parisian is more likely to run away from them than to be attracted by them. The French aristocrat is necessarily a poor sort of a creature, if only because he displays his title in a republican society that knows nothing of titles and does not recognize them. The French titled aristocracy disappeared in the revolution. The seigneurs and their ladies were decapitated, drowned, expropriated. Their estates were sequestered, their title deeds destroyed, and they themselves ceased to be as absolutely as though they had never existed. Their coats-of-arms and all the other dreary rubbish of heredity and heraldry and genealogy were simply thrown to the four winds of heaven for any one to claim and to wear as soon as it became safe to do either. And no one interfered with these poor aspirants because it was worth no one's while to interfere. They were merely picking over the ash heaps of the old order; they were simply aristocratic chiffonniers. No one takes any notice of them in France, and as for cultivating their acquaintance because they have titles, no Frenchman or Frenchwoman would be so supremely ridiculous. They have no money and very few of them have any morals, except had ones. Their manners do not commend them to attention and they find, in short, that there is no home market for their wares and they must peddle them abroad, where their worthlessness is not understood.

It would, of course, be unjust to say that all French aristocrats belong to the demi-monde if they are women, or are supported by the demi-monde if they are men. Without doubt there are some whose titles are directly inherited and who try to live worthily. But it would not be unjust to say that every prominent demi-mondaine wears a title, as does every fashionable rascal who lives upon iniquity. And this assumption of rank is entirely for the benefit of the foreigner. It does not deceive the Frenchman for a moment. He can count the genuine titles upon the fingers of his hands and all other claims to nobility receive his silent disdain. Indeed, they are never made for his benefit at all. They are only for export.

While on the subject of marriages, there seem to be some perplexities threatening in the romance between the Duke of the Ahruzzi and Miss Elkins. The reports are conflicting. It is said in some quarters that the King of Italy objects to the engagement on the ground that Miss Elkins is a commoner. Elsewhere we are told that the difficulty arises from the fact that the lady is a Protestant. Neither of the obstacles is an insuperable one. Miss Elkins can be ennobled by a simple exercise of the royal will, while she can become a Catholic by the simple exercise of her own will. A mere matter of religion never yet stood in the way of two hearts that beat as one.

The King of Italy can, of course, forbid any marriage in his own family of which he disapproves. Such a marriage would then be illegal in Italy and any resulting children would be illegitimate, although such an alliance would of course be perfectly valid in America.

The consent of the monarch to a royal marriage is essential in all European countries and a failure to secure it may have unpleasant consequences. A Russian grand duke nearly committed such a faux pas only a few weeks ago, and the Czar effectually intervened by banishing the girl and all her family from Russia. But then some very funny things are done in Russia. A similar case has been on the carpet in Germany for some time. Prince Joachim Albrecht of Prussia, son of the late regent of Brunswick and a second cousin of the emperor, is very anxious to marry the Baroness Lulienberg, and although the emperor refused his permission, it is said that "relations" between the interesting couple have continued. Eighteen months ago the recalcitrant prince was sent as a punishment to the German forces in southwest Africa, but it would seem that his ardor remained uncooled, for immediately on

his return he sought out the lady and was reinstated in the anomalous position of her lover. He has now resigned from the army by direction and will not be again permitted to wear the uniform. The Baroness Lulienberg was once an actress and she was on the stage when the prince made her acquaintance. Supposing that the imperial rage was due to her lowly station, the enterprising young woman devised a scheme that she hoped would be successful. She offered a substantial sum of money to Baron Lulienberg if he would marry her, give her his title, and then aid her to get a divorce. The two were married in London, but there was evidently some hitch, for the money was not paid, and the divorce was not secured. But what has true love to do with such formalities as these? Obviously nothing, for it is openly said that the prince and the baroness have been living under a transparent incognito in Prussia. Now the emperor has once more intervened and the too-constant prince ceases to adorn the imperial army. Such, at least, is the story which has been for a long time one of the choice morsels of European gossip.

It is an old romance, as old as royalty itself. Young princes do not like to be confined in their love affairs to the royal preserves, and so there is a long history of broken hedges, and of sentiments that have sometimes been faithful and sometimes quite the reverse. Did not Jerome Bonaparte, afterwards King of Westphalia, marry Miss Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore, and were there not all sorts of "ructions" and broken vows, not to speak of broken hearts, as a result? Napoleon was not an easy man to resist, and when he denounced the marriage of his brother it was effective, and Jerome subsequently married some one who was supposed to be closer to his own rank. The present Attorney-General of the United States is Jerome's grandson.

Then, too, there was the marriage of George the Fourth of England to Mrs. Fitz-Herbert, a marriage afterwards dissolved by Parliament. Unless our memory serves us falsely, the late Duke of Cambridge, commander-in-chief of the British army, was the son of the king and of Mrs. Fitz-Herbert.

It is said that the Queen of Italy has intervened in favor of the Duke of the Ahruzzi and that the most auspicious events are in progress. Probably there will be no more formidable difficulty than a change of religion. There is a certain pliability about modern faith that augurs well in this instance, and religious convictions are very much like the political opinions of Artemus Ward, which were clear and well defined, but which could be changed on the spot if found to interfere with the "show bizness."

If there should be a marriage it will probably take place in Italy, but not necessarily so. The Duke of Aosta was married in Jamaica and any Italian consul in any part of the world is empowered to give legal validity to the ceremony. The Duke of the Ahruzzi can hardly be styled a fortune hunter, seeing that he will eventually become commander-in-chief of the Italian fleet and that he has a very respectable fortune in his own right. Then, too, living is cheap in Italy.

A club woman, writing in the Philadelphia Record, reveals a feminine inconsistency in the peculiar views held by some women about the use of their first names. She says:

"A couple of years ago I had occasion to send a letter to a married woman and in addressing her I wrote 'Mrs. Henry.' Imagine my surprise when in reply I received an indignant letter from her in which she said: 'I do not at all like to have my identity submerged in that of my husband; I do not see why I can not be addressed by my own name. Because I am married, is that any reason why I should lose my individuality? My name is Anna.' The next letter I wrote to the indignant wife you can be sure it bore the first name of the woman in question, but the climax came recently, when the husband died and my fastidious friend was left a widow. I wrote her on club business, and, hearing in mind her first scolding, took particular pains to address her as 'Mrs. Anna —.' The answer to this from her makes me shiver to think about. 'Do you think I have so far forgotten my beloved Henry,' she said, 'as to be willing to abandon his name altogether? I wish you would address me as Mrs. Henry in the future, please. I may be an unfortunate widow, but I still hear my husband's name, I think.'"

Some curiosity has been expressed as to the nature of the new dance, known as "La Vague," that has been so successful in Europe. It is not easy to understand a new dance from a description, but it may be said that "La Vague," or "The Wave," is suggested by the Boston and is danced diagonally. The Boston itself is derived from the waltz, and from it comes the double Boston and a Canadian step. The French journal *Femina* describes The Wave in the following terms, comprehensible perhaps to those who have passed the lower initiations:

At the beginning the couple place themselves diagonally, the lady turned towards the salon and glancing to the left, the gentleman with his back turned to the centre of the salon.

The gentleman advances while his partner recedes, the first step, a very long one, counting one, two, three; the second step counting one, the point of the foot lightly touching the floor as long as possible from the rear to the front; these two steps, imitating the movement of a wave, are com-

pleted by the two and three times of the Boston. A half-turn is afterwards made by one Boston step turning to the right; then the dance begins again with the other foot and executes the half-turn, turning this time to the left.

Another charming dance is the Polonaise Espagnole, which is performed by two couples who place themselves face to face, the gentleman on the right of the lady:

The two couples take three steps forward and backward; afterwards the first of the couples pass under the joined and raised hands of their vis-à-vis, holding right hands in changing place; then they join left hands, again changing place; then they begin again with three steps forward and three backward. Then the other couple pass under the joined and raised hands of their vis-à-vis, then they give again the right hand in changing place, and finally they Boston with their vis-à-vis.

At every dance of the Polonaise one couple place themselves in front of a fresh couple, changing the lady as often as possible.

Nothing is so badly needed as innovations in our dancing habits. Perhaps the young men who are now too bored to come to dances or, when there, to remove their support from the walls of the room, might be

tempted by novelties to be a little more promiscuous.

The Pleiades Club of New York may not really have been guilty of the unpardonable *gaucherie* reported, but if the incident really happened it would seem to show that we are still in the darkest ages of the worst manners. The story goes that the club invited Mme. Tétrazini to enjoy an evening with them at the Hotel Brevoort. Mme. Tétrazini accepted the invitation and arrived in company with Mme. Campanini, the wife of the conductor of the Manhattan Opera House. With the knowledge that she would be there, the attendance was a large one. Toward the conclusion of the evening the president of the club made a flowery speech and with a daring and inspired originality compared her with the lark. He then announced that she would sing or make a speech. Much to the obvious disappointment of the audience, Mme. Tétrazini howled coldly and declined.

Language is the vehicle of thought, but a lot of times it travels empty.—Puck.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A certain dramatic author was seen by a friend to have a manuscript almost falling from his pocket. "If you were not so well known, you would have had your pocket picked," said the friend.

At the police court of a provincial French city an old poacher was condemned for the twentieth time. At the moment that the gendarmes led him away he said to the judge in a benevolent voice, "Don't be disturbed, judge. You shall have your game all the same for dinner this evening."

Madame X—wishes to secure a new butler. "You know how to serve the table? and especially, can you serve well?" she asked of an applicant. "Madame may rest assured of it," he replied. "When one has been ten years a surgeon's servant in a dissecting room, one ought to understand his business."

At Nice two travelers arrive at a hotel and having ordered a double-bedded chamber go out to take a stroll. When they return to the hotel the fair chambermaid lights them to their door, and, with a bewitching courtesy, says: "Here is your double-bedded room, gentlemen. One of the beds is occupied by two other guests, so you will have to sleep together. Good-night."

At one of the Philadelphia clubs an old member, a clever chap, was being frightfully bored by his vis-à-vis at table in the café one night, the latter individual being as dull as the former was bright. The talk was fast becoming unendurable, when the first named member chanced to observe a man at the other end of the dining-room yawning in a manner that threatened to dislocate his jaws. "Look!" he exclaimed in desperation, "we are overheard!"

The best man thought he'd take a look around and see that everything was running as a fastidious bride would wish it, and up in the room where the presents were displayed, alone and unhappy-looking, he came upon a youth, seemingly ready, like the wedding guest of the English poet, to "beat his breast." He was wandering about, looking at silver and cut glass without seeing them, and the best man hardly knew how to approach him. "Er—have you kissed the bride?" he asked at last. And the answer told far more than its two meagre words might have been expected to. It was: "Not lately!"

Said the editor to the new reporter, "You must learn never to state a thing as a fact until it has been proved a fact. You are apt to get us into libel suits. Do not say, 'The cashier stole the funds'; say, 'The cashier who is alleged to have stolen the funds.' That's all. Oh, get something about that First Ward social tonight." And this is the report turned in by the young man who heeded the editor's warning: "It is rumored that a card party was given last evening to a number of reputed ladies of the First Ward. Mrs. Smith, gossip says, was the hostess, and the festivities are reported to have continued until 11:30 in the evening. The alleged hostess is believed to be the wife of John Smith, the so-called 'high-priced grocer.'"

It is related of the great Abernethy that one day a very voluble lady took her daughter, who was ill, to see him. "Which of you two wants to consult me?" said Abernethy. "My daughter," replied the older woman. Abernethy then put a question to the girl. Before she had a chance to reply her mother began a long story. Abernethy told her to be quiet, and repeated his question to the girl. A second time the woman began a story, and a second time he told her to be quiet, then she interrupted him a third time. "Put your tongue out," he said to the mother. "But there's nothing the matter with me," she exclaimed. "Never mind, put your tongue out," he commanded. Thoroughly overawed, the woman obeyed. "Now keep it out," said Abernethy, and he proceeded to examine the girl.

The head of a bureau in an important government department has long been afflicted with a friend who calls upon him regularly and sits down, and sits, and sits, and goes on sitting till assault and battery becomes a virtue. The other day this sedentary bore was in the full exercise of his functions, when suddenly the official, who had been scrutinizing him closely, cries: "I knew it! I was sure of it! Confound those office-boys with their tricks on strangers! They've been putting glue on your chair again. Hi, Jimmie, bring a sponge and a pail of water," and pressing with all his weight on the shoulders of his victim to keep him down, he continues: "Don't stir, you'd tear the cloth, sure. Nothing is half so adhesive as glue on a cane-seat chair. Here, Jimmie, moisten this gentleman so that we can get him loose. Don't spare the water—the cloth won't shrink or fade." The faithful messenger obeys, and when the operation is concluded the official conducts the visitor to the door and bids him farewell with the remark, "Perhaps you want to hurry

home and change your clothing, so I won't keep you. Good-bye, bless you! If your trousers are spoiled let me know, and I'll stop the price of them out of the pay of the infernal scoundrel if I can find out who he was, and to that task I will devote all the energies of my lifetime, and the whole machinery of the government. Good-bye! The scoundrel! I thought for several days past that there was something wrong." His friend goes like the visions of youth, never to return.

In Sydney, a town of 500,000 inhabitants, one can get nothing to eat on a Sunday. Certain restaurants supply food surreptitiously, but the whole time the guests are in danger of being arrested. Once an Italian was in such a restaurant on Sunday, when suddenly the police entered. The Italian was promptly pushed by the proprietor into a room where a waitress happened to be standing in negligé. Even this room the police invaded, but the waitress saved the situation by declaring that the young man was her fiancé. The young man, by the way, had been married some time. He thought that he had deceived the policeman, but, as a matter of fact, he had got out of the frying-pan into the fire. One fine day the waitress called him before the courts, and claimed £300 for breach of promise. The Italian had to pay. And then came the worst of all. His wife sued for a divorce, and shortly after married another man.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Cause and Effect.

"I can not understand," said he,
"I hope you are not shocked,
Why stockings of a certain ilk,
They always duh as clocked."

"'Tis easy," quoth his female friend,
With such a quest to clutch,
You probably have oft observed
They're always watched so much."
—Town Topics.

Prophets After the Event.

There was no chance to win, they said;
The odds were too exceeding great,
And if he dared to face the goal
He would but tempt the hand of Fate.
"I'm not afraid of odds," he said,
And faced the struggle and the din.
He won—and then the crowd exclaimed:
"We knew you couldn't help but win!"

Another man they urged along
And told him that his chance was good.
They buoyed him up with foolish hopes
And he, poor dolt, misunderstood.
He failed; and in the hour of gloom,
When every hope in life was low,
They came to him and told him that
They knew he never had a show.
—New York Sun.

The Only Danger.

"I'd trust my husband anywhere," she said;
"My faith in him is full, 'tis satisfied;
I know that all his thoughts are fair," she said;
"I know he'd put temptations all aside."

"I know that he is strong—sublime," she said;
"I know that all his love is mine; for e'er
I'd trust my husband anywhere," she said,
"Unless a woman happened to be there."
—S. E. Kiser.

A Confession.

The happiest moments of my life
Were spent in the arms of another man's wife—
My mother.
—What to Eat.

The Love Sonnets of a Cowboy.

The other night the Two-Bar gave a dance,
And she was there, a shinin' star all right,
Not dressed to kill, but jest in simple white,
And yet, you bet, she breathed of elegance;
You oughter seen her when some puncher'd
prance
Right up and try to git off somp'n bright:
She'd sling her noose of talk jest out of sight—
Calif-ropin' didn't seem a happenstance!
And when she danced it looked to me jest like
A purty flower, swayin' on the plain
When some cool breeze has come f'm off the
hills;
I didn't dare to ast her fer a hike
Around the floor with me—'twould set my brain
A whirlin' round jest like a herd that mills!
—Denver Republican.

Gladstone, a Jamaican negro, was assistant to a district physician in the Canal Zone, and, being rather poor in his Latin, the bottles had been numbered for his benefit. One day a Spanish laborer came in for medicine, and the doctor told his worthy assistant to give him two pills out of number six. After he had gone the doctor asked: "Gladstone, did you give the man a dose of number six?" "Oh, no, sah, doctor; numbah six war finished, so I just give him one pill out of numbah foah and one out of numbah two."

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Quite the quietest season of the year prevails just now and but little is heard save plans for entertaining the officers of the naval fleet and the other distinguished strangers within our gates who are expected to arrive for that week. The expected delights of the festivities are keeping many people in town some weeks later than is customary and but few departures for the country have taken place. It is expected that there will be a general exodus before the end of May, however.

The wedding of Miss Nannie Morris, daughter of Dr. Denton S. Norris of Baltimore, Maryland, to Midshipman Bruce R. Ware, Jr., U. S. N., of the U. S. S. *Washington*, was celebrated on Tuesday afternoon of last week at Howard-Street Presbyterian Church, in this city, the Rev. J. S. Thomas officiating.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid gave a luncheon at the St. Francis last week to Mrs. Harriman, Miss Harriman, and Miss Dawson, of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Easton.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway will be assisted in receiving at the ball of the Friday Night Club, on Friday evening, May 8, at the Fairmont, in honor of the officers of the fleet, by Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon, Mrs. Joseph Crockett, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. Walter Hobart, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Francis J. Carolan, and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Pease celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding last Saturday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue. Mrs. Arthur Watson (formerly Miss Maylita Pease) assisted her mother in receiving and entertaining their guests.

The regular semi-monthly hop given by the officers and ladies of the Presidio took place on Friday evening of last week. Colonel Lundeen, commandant of the post, was assisted in receiving by Mrs. John Burke Murphy and Mrs. Edwin Long.

The officers of the *Maryland* and the *West Virginia* entertained at a dance on Friday evening of last week at Mare Island.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was the hostess at a dinner on Monday evening of last week in honor of General and Mrs. S. B. M. Young of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week at the St. Francis Hotel. Her guests were: Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Miss Agnes Tohin, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. Lansing Mizner, Mr. William G. Irwin, and Mr. Alan Patrick Campbell.

Lieutenant William W. Galbraith, U. S. N., was the host at a luncheon on Tuesday of last week on board the U. S. S. *Tennessee* in honor of Miss Anna Peters of Stockton.

Captain Casey and Lieutenant Bowen were the hosts at an informal tea at the Presidio on Thursday afternoon of last week after dress parade.

Miss Frances Howard was the hostess at a house party and picnic on Sunday of last week at her San Mateo home, her guests being: Miss Edith Berry, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Josephine Brown, Miss Amie Brewer, Mr. Lloyd Baldwin, Mr. Harry Stetson, Mr. Gayle Anderton, Mrs. Arthur Foster, Mr. George Busch, and Mr. Frank Brewer.

Miss Evelyn Norwood was the hostess at an informal bridge party last week.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and her father, Mr. D. O. Mills, left on Thursday of last week

for New York, and Mrs. Reid will sail at once for England to join Ambassador Reid and Miss Jean Reid.

Senator Francis G. Newlands and his daughter, Mrs. C. H. L. Johnson, who have been visiting here for the past few weeks, left this week for their home in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, Miss Martha Calhoun, and Miss Julia Langhorne spent the week-end at Del Monte, motoring on Monday to Santa Cruz and returning to town on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott have returned to their San Mateo home, after a sojourn at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William Miller Graham, of Santa Barbara, who have recently returned from abroad, arrived here early this week for a brief stay.

Mr. William F. Herrin, Miss Kathryn Herrin, and Miss Alice Herrin have returned from a motor trip to Southern California.

Miss Flood, who went East recently for a stay of several months, is a guest at the St. Regis.

Mrs. George Harding, who has been the guest here of her sister, Mrs. James W. Keeney, for several weeks, left on Monday for her home in Philadelphia.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway will go to Santa Barbara to be present at the festivities in honor of the fleet on April 23.

Dr. Lewis Morris and Mrs. Morris (formerly Miss Katharine Clark) returned last week from a sojourn in Honolulu and have spent the week at the Fairmont and visiting Mrs. Morris's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark, at San Mateo, and Dr. Morris's sister, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy. They will return very shortly to their home in New York.

Miss Julia Calhoun, who has been in California since the first of the year as the guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, left on Saturday last for her home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard and Mrs. Sallie Stetson Winslow will leave about the end of this month for New York, en route to Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bryant Grimwood left on Sunday last for British Columbia, where they will spend several weeks.

Miss Helen Wheeler will return this week from a visit in Santa Barbara as the guest of Mrs. John Hays Hammond.

Miss Christine Pomeroy has returned from a visit to the Misses Person at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer have taken a house at Menlo Park for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Cudahy and Miss Cudahy, of Chicago, have taken apartments at the Peninsula Hotel at San Mateo for a stay.

General and Mrs. S. B. M. Young, who were guests at the Fairmont for a fortnight or more, left last week for Southern California, en route to Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, who makes her home at Del Monte, is spending some days as the guest of her daughter, Mrs. George H. Howard, at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney of Rocklin arrived in town last week from Del Monte and spent several days here at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton have taken the Perry Eyre home at Menlo Park for the summer months.

Mr. Joseph O. Tobin has returned from a trip to Coronado and Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McBean have taken apartments at the Fairmont, having given up their flat on Walnut and Jackson Streets.

Mrs. T. Waln-Morgan Draper and Miss Dorothy Draper have returned to their home in San Rafael, after a stay of several weeks in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Moore will spend the summer months in Ross Valley.

Mrs. John A. Lundeen and Miss Marie Lundeen and their guest, Miss Louise Hill of Minneapolis, were among the recent guests at Del Monte, going from there to Southern California.

Miss Helen Jones went last week to Burlingame, where she was the guest of Miss Elena Brewer.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Maud, who have been guests at Del Monte recently expect to leave in June for Europe.

Mrs. M. P. Huntington, Miss Marian Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. J. Brockway Metcalf, and Mr. and Mrs. George D. Metcalf motored to Del Monte recently and spent the week-end there.

Mrs. C. L. Wickersham is a guest at the Hotel Victoria.

Miss Jane Seymour Klink, formerly of San Francisco and Mills College, now of New York City, will spend the month of May here. Her address will be 1484 McAllister Street, as the guest of Mrs. E. D. Sawyer.

Mrs. Theo. F. Payne and Mr. W. A. Payne of Menlo Park are stopping at the Fairmont Hotel while visiting in the city.

Mrs. C. F. Runyon and Miss Helen Runyon left for the southern part of the State this week and are now visiting in Riverside.

M. Paul Beau, governor of French Indo-China, is a guest at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Graham of Santa Barbara are guests at the Fairmont Hotel.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado were Mr. W. W. Cleveland, Mr. and

Mrs. A. W. Jackson, Miss Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Bliss, Mrs. E. A. O'Connor, Mr. O. Cole, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, Mrs. Randall Stoney, Miss Wilson, Mr. W. F. Bowers, Mr. John Baker, Jr., Dr. H. A. Frederick, Mr. and Mrs. Landry C. Bahin, Mr. W. B. Hopkins, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Rafael were Mrs. J. Newbauer, Mr. A. B. Ford, Mrs. A. B. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Mahoney, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Meyers, Mr. M. T. Moses, Mr. Peter F. Gilroy, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Taylor, Mrs. M. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. George William Hooper, Miss Owen, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Del Baere, Mr. J. V. Coffey, Mr. Jeremiah Coffey, Mr. Edward Coffey, Mrs. A. Fleishacker, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Scheeline, Miss Scheeline, Mr. and Mrs. Gallick, Mr. and Mrs. M. Mehrenberg, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Houghton, Miss Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. William Haas, Mr. and Mrs. Brandenstein, Mr. Charles W. Haas, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Del Monte were Mrs. A. W. Bogart, Miss Adeline Bogart, Mr. Frank Wilson, Mr. R. A. Crothers, Mr. Loring Pickering, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. W. H. Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Guthrie, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Oppenheimer, Mr. W. M. Ogilvie, Mr. Stanley D. Levin, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Williamson, the Reverend and Mrs. Charles Hitchcock, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Amann, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Norris, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Ryerson, Miss Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Houghteling, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Mitchell, Mrs. William H. Sherman, Miss Edith Sherman, Miss Edna S. Mason, Miss Alice Irwin, Mr. A. M. Stewart, Mr. R. A. Strong, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Little, Mrs. A. W. Edson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Bonner, Mr. and Mrs. F. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Browning, Mr. F. W. McCartney, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Allen, Mrs. W. C. Brown, Mr. F. E. Booth, Mr. Stanley Webster, Mr. and Mrs. James Madison, Mrs. E. M. Sutton, Mr. Milton Davis, and Mrs. N. H. Gordon, of San Francisco.

The Second Lyric Pop Concert.

The second Lyric Hall popular chamber music concert will be given Sunday afternoon, when Miss Amy Seller will make her debut as pianiste. The splendid quartet will play numbers by Schubert, Mendelssohn, Raff, and Haydn, and, with Miss Seller's assistance, the Beethoven Quartet, Op. 16.

The concert will be given at Lyric Hall, corner of Turk and Larkin Streets, and seats may be secured at either of Sherman, Clay & Co.'s stores.

Mayor Busse of Chicago has decreed that slighting references to prominent millionaires must not be allowed in the vaudeville theatres of the city in order to reduce to a minimum the repeated criticism of men of wealth by the anarchistic element. Accordingly a quiet "tip" has gone out through the office of the police department to the managers of vaudeville houses that it would be well to stop this class of vaudeville acts.

The local alumni of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity will give a banquet in the Red Room of the Hotel St. Francis Saturday night. Many prominent college men from Western cities will attend.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Major-General Adolphus W. Greely, U. S. A., was retired on March 27 from active service on account of having reached the age limit.

Brigadier-General E. S. Godfrey, U. S. A., retired, arrived here last week for a brief stay.

Colonel Edward T. Brown, formerly lieutenant-colonel, First Field Artillery, U. S. A., was promoted to his present rank, to date from February 25, and transferred to the Fifth Field Artillery, U. S. A. He has been ordered to report to the commanding general, Department of California, for assignment to duty, pending the sailing of the transport on which he may secure transportation, and will then proceed to join his regiment in the Philippines.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles H. Watts, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at Brooklyn, New York, and ordered to report to the commanding general, Department of California, for temporary duty pending the sailing of the transport, when he will depart to join his regiment in the Philippines.

Lieutenant-Colonel David J. Rumbough, formerly major, Third Field Artillery, U. S. A., was promoted to his present rank, to date from February 25, and transferred to the First Field Artillery, U. S. A.

Commander F. C. Bowers, U. S. N., is detached from duty at Hartford, Connecticut, and ordered to duty as head of the Department of Steam Engineering, Naval Station, Cavite.

Major William G. Haan, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., sailed on the transport on Monday last for Honolulu. He was accompanied by Mrs. Haan.

Major C. H. McKinstry, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., has returned from an official visit to Honolulu.

Major William Lassiter, formerly captain, Sixth Field Artillery, U. S. A., was promoted to his present rank, to date from February 25, and transferred to the Third Field Artillery, U. S. A. He will remain on duty at Fort Riley, Kansas, as recorder to the Field Artillery Board until further orders.

Mrs. S. W. Dunning, the wife of Major Dunning, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., commanding office, Fort Shafter, Honolulu, H. I., sailed on the transport on Monday last for Honolulu to join her husband.

Captain Rogers F. Gardner, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from treatment at the General Hospital, Washington Barracks, D. C., and will return to his proper station.

Captain Henry S. Greenleaf, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., is granted four months' leave, with permission to go beyond the sea, to take effect upon his arrival in San Francisco, about April 15, from the Philippines.

Mrs. Chauncey Thomas, wife of Captain Thomas of the U. S. S. Maryland, arrived here last week from Philadelphia and has taken apartments at the Fairmont.

Chaplain George H. Jones, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., is transferred to the Coast Artillery Corps, to take effect July 1, and will then proceed to the Presidio of San Francisco and report in person to the commanding officer of that post for duty.

Lieutenant G. S. Lincoln, U. S. N., is detached from duty on the California and ordered to the Pennsylvania.

Lieutenant George E. Turner, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, is designated for detail in connection with the Progressive Military Map of the United States and reported on April 10 to the chief engineer officer, Department of California, for instructions.

Lieutenant John S. Williams, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is transferred from the Ninety-Second Company to the Sixty-Fifth Company, and will proceed to join the company to which transferred when he shall be physically able to travel.

Lieutenant Fielding Poindexter, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., having been examined by a board of officers and found physically disqualified for duties of a first lieutenant of the Coast Artillery, by reason of disability incident to the service, his retirement from active service as a first lieutenant is announced, to date from March 11, the date on which he would have been promoted to that rank by reason of seniority, if found qualified.

Lieutenant Augustus B. Van Wormer, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, is designated for detail in connection with the Progressive Military Map of the United States, and he reported on April 10 to the chief engineer officer, Department of California, for instructions.

Lieutenant Benjamin R. Wade, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., having reported at headquarters, Department of California, is assigned to duty there, with station in this city, pending the sailing of the transport, on or about May 5, when he will join his regiment in the Philippines.

Lieutenant Roy C. Hill, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, has been granted leave of absence for one month, to take effect on or about May 20.

Assistant Surgeon M. C. Baker, U. S. N., is detached from duty at Midway Island and ordered to the Navy Yard at Mare Island.

Contract Surgeon Andrew V. Stephenson, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at the Depot of Recruits and Casuals, Angel Island, to take effect at such time as will enable him to comply with this order and will then proceed on the transport to sail from San Francisco on or about May 5 for the Philippine Islands, and upon his arrival at Manila will report in person to the commanding general, Philippines Division, for assignment to duty.

A Famous Ibsen Interpreter.

Manager Will Greenbaum announces that he has secured the services of Mr. Ole Bang, the famous Norwegian playwright, author, and reader, who was an intimate associate of Henrik Ibsen, for two dramatic readings of the great author's masterpiece, "Peer Gynt."

Mr. Bang made his first appearance in New York some months ago under the patronage and direction of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, and created a very deep impression by his splendid interpretation of the play. The critics agreed that as Mr. Bang recited it seemed as if the stage was full of actors and actresses in the respective rôles.

A few weeks later Mr. Bang was invited to appear before the faculty and students of Harvard University, and since then he has toured with success and received high praise from the papers in Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia. One must hear him in order to appreciate what one man of genius can do with a play.

Mr. Bang will precede his recitations by interesting information about the great Norwegian playwright.

The readings will be given at Lyric Hall, Sunday afternoon, April 19, and Tuesday evening, April 21.

Seats will be \$1.50 and \$1, and these may be secured at both of Sherman, Clay & Co.'s stores, commencing next Wednesday morning.

Mr. Bang will also appear at the University of California.

A large party of representative Japanese merchants, bankers, and members of the prefectural assemblies arrived on the Mongolia on a tour of the country. The visitors are from Tokyo, Osaka, and other cities, and are especially interested in the manufactures and commerce of America. The tour is the result of the establishment of offices in the Far East by Thomas Cook & Son, the tourist and steamship agents, and it will probably be followed by others as important.

A special musical service will be held at St. Dominic's Church on Sunday evening, April 12 (Palm Sunday), when Dubois's beautiful oratorio, "The Seven Last Words of Christ," will be sung by an augmented choir, with the following soloists: Mrs. B. Apple, Miss Leola S. Stone, Mr. T. G. Elliott, and Mr. Burkhalter. Dr. H. J. Stewart will preside at the organ and direct the choir.

Manager Will Greenbaum announces that he has received from Mr. Walter Damrosch all the programmes for the great festival of music in May, and public announcement of the plans will be made within the next fortnight.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I did not see you in church last Sunday." "I do not doubt it. I took up the collection."—*Bohemian*.

"Has the patient a generous reserve force, nurse?" "No, doctor; he has nothing but a mean temperature."—*Baltimore American*.

Hyker—Brouson tells me he is taking mud baths now. *Pyker*—Why, I thought he was out of politics.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Kind Lady—I hope your sick husband is cheerful, Mrs. Briggs. *Poor Woman*—Oh yes, ma'am. He's one o' them homeoptimists.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Grace—So you have at last made up your mind to marry Jack? *Lolo*—Yes, I'm tired of having him hang around the house every evening.—*Chicago Daily News*.

First Editor—We haven't printed anything about Carnegie for several days. *Second Editor*—Is it necessary? *First Editor*—Not absolutely so. But what's the use of needlessly offending him?—*Life*.

The Lady (to hastily-retreating burglar)—Pardon me, but won't you please wait till my husband sees you? I told him there was some one in the house, and he said "Rubbish!"—*Horper's Bazar*.

"What! going to the masquerade this evening?" "No—Saturday night. I'm getting my dog used to the costume so that he will know me when I come home Sunday morning."—*Flugende Blätter*.

Ascum—How on earth did you ever get a messenger boy to deliver your note and bring back the answer so quick? *Wise*—I took his dime novel away from him and held it as security.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Mrs. Jones—Good gracious, Mrs. Brown, why is your husband going through all those strange actions? Is he training for a prize-fight? *Mrs. Brown*—Not at all; he's merely getting in form to beat the carpets.—*Horper's Weekly*.

Miss Rottle—Yes, that's a photo of my maiden aunt. Perhaps you saw her name in the papers last winter. She frightened away a burglar. *Mrs. Winkler (closely inspecting the portrait)*—Did she? Well, I don't wonder at it.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Shall you see the new play, Mrs. Brown? It's to be a very brilliant performance, I believe." "Well, I hardly know. My daughter is to be one of a box-party of school-girls tonight, and if she deems it suitable for a person who acquired her sense of propriety

before 1890, I shall probably go. Certain things are discussed on the stage nowadays which perhaps I am too old to hear."—*Puck*.

"Ever seen Congress in session?" "No," replied Farmer Coboss, "but I know how it looks. I hev a hired man who kin git as busy doin' nothin' as anything on earth."—*Washington Herald*.

"I want a man to do odd jobs about the house, run on errands, one that never answers back and is always ready to do my bidding." "You're looking for a husband, ma'am, not a man."—*The Jewish Ledger*.

He—So your father thought I wanted to marry you for your money. What did you say? *She*—I persuaded him that you didn't, and then he said if that was the case you didn't have any sense.—*The Jewish Ledger*.

"Willie, did you put your nickel in the contribution-box in Sunday-school today?" "No, mamma; I ast Eddy Lake, the preacher's son, if I couldn't keep it an' spend it for candy, an' he gave me permission."—*Denver News*.

"Have you seen De Murky's latest battle-piece? It's the most pathetic thing he has ever done." "No, but I've seen Von Dawber's 'Horscradish Grinder.' Nobody can look at it without crying."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Angry Scot—Look here, Mr. O'Brien. I've the verra greatest respect for yer country, but ye mauna forget this: Ye can sit on a rose, and ye can sit on a shamrock, but, O mon, ye canna sit on a thistle.—*Success Magazine*.

"Young man," said the pompous individual, "I did not always have this carriage. When I first started in life I had to walk." "You were lucky," chuckled the youth. "When I first started in life I couldn't walk."—*The Catholic News*.

Nell—He doesn't know anything about the little niceties of paying attention to a girl. *Belle*—Why, I saw him tying your shoe-string. *Nell*—Yes; but he tied it in a double knot so it couldn't come untied again.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Tommy—Do you helieve it is fortunate to be the seventh son? *Mickey*—Naw! I'm the seventh son. *Tommy*—But the fortune-tellers say the seventh son has all kinds of luck handed down to him. *Mickey*—Huh! All I have handed down to me is me six brothers' old clothes.—*Chicago News*.

See Salada Beach. Write 1803 Fillmore.

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FrieslandApr. 25 Westernland ..May 9
HaverfordMay 2 MerionMay 16

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT
Minnetonka ...Apr. 18 Minneapolis ..May 2
MinnehaApr. 25 Minnetonka ...May 16

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE
NoordamApr. 15 N. Amsterdam. Apr. 29
Statendam ...Apr. 23 RyndamMay 6

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—DOVER—ANTWERP
VaderlandApr. 18 KroonlandMay 2
ZeelandApr. 25 FinlandMay 9

WHITE STAR LINE

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
BalticApr. 16 ArabicApr. 30
CedricApr. 23 CelticMay 7

N. Y.—PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON
TeutonicApr. 15 MajesticApr. 29
AdriaticApr. 22 OceanicMay 6

BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL

Cymric.....Apr. 22, May 23
New York—Azores—Mediterranean
Republic.....Apr. 18, noon
Cretic.....May 9, June 20

Boston—Azores—Mediterranean

Romanic.....Apr. 25, May 30
Canopic.....May 16, June 27
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S. S. America Maru.....Tuesday, May 19, 1908
S. S. Nippon Maru.....Tuesday, June 16, 1908

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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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American Consul vs. Japanese Postman.

The affair at Mukden and the resulting conferences at Washington are an unpleasant reminder that Japan has her own code of ethics in international matters and that we must not expect too close an adherence to established usage. The incident itself is trivial and by the application of recognized precedents it would have been closed in a few days. The American consulate was forcibly entered and the consul assaulted. A cer-

tain postman is accused of these offenses and the correct procedure would have been to suspend him at once and to express regrets to the consul with promises of rigid investigation and punishment. That is what would have been done by any other country and the matter would hardly have been heard of again. But the Japanese government proceeds on the basis of a police court judge who is embarrassed by the conflicting testimony of two roustabouts. We are told that it is a question of veracity between the American consul and the postman and we are allowed to assume that if the consul is found not to have lied about the affair the postman will be punished. If that is the Japanese conception of international courtesy it is not one shared by any other civilized power.

Of course the affair will be adjusted and we need not pay any more attention than usual to Captain Hobson and none at all to anonymous senators who talk fire-eating nonsense to newspaper reporters. But if the facts are at all as reported—and they seem to have caused some conferences at Washington—they serve to show that Japan is not at all in the cowed and dejected attitude that was supposed to follow the arrival of the fleet, and that she is carrying out to the letter the rôle of self-confidence and self-assertion that older nations have learned by experience to be the worst of bad policies.

The New English Premier.

Mr. Asquith becomes prime minister of England at a time when his party is in serious straits. The gradual wane of popularity that always follows the political enthusiasm of election time has set in with unusual force. Loudly advocated panaceas have proved ineffective or disappointing and resistance unexpectedly stubborn, while new problems have loomed up largely and with disintegrating effects upon party cohesion. By its constitution the Liberal party in England is a party of insurgents; its members are free-lances of change and reform, and discipline is forgotten in the excitement of a general advance. Campbell-Bannerman held his followers in some semblance of order by a certain shrewd diplomacy of compromise and expectation that had probably reached its limit of effectiveness. It now remains to be seen if Asquith can accomplish as much or more by an uncompromising policy applied impartially to friends and foes alike.

The rocks ahead of him are many and dangerous. He takes office within a few days of a metropolitan by-election that has turned a Liberal majority of 2339 into a Conservative majority of 2494, and there is every reason to believe that these figures have a national significance and application. The direct issues involved in this particular election were the licensing bill, the education bill, and free trade. Back of all of them was the shadow of Socialism, a shadow that has at times seemed to be so close as to blur the outlines of all other questions. It is, however, the licensing bill that has awakened the greatest amount of popular fervor simply because it was an attack on the vested interests of the liquor trade and indirectly upon the great beer thirst of the multitude. An appeal in defense of beer rarely fails in England and the Liberal defeat in a London constituency is probably due more to the saloon rally than to anything else.

Next in importance is the education bill. The House of Lords rejected Campbell-Bannerman's effort to regulate a matter that has nothing at all to do with education, but everything to do with the presence of the parson in the school-house. Now, there is another bill before the country and it is assailed by the clericals as a worse affront than its predecessor. The clericals and the saloon men are therefore in the same camp, as usual. Beer and Bible is a combination hard for the Liberal party to resist. Campbell-Bannerman probably made a mistake when he accepted the rejection of his bill by the House of Lords. He should either have come to close quarters with the upper chamber at once or retaliated with another bill excluding the parson ab-

solutely and forever from all schools in receipt of public money. And yet with such an object lesson before us there are well-meaning people in America who are ceaseless in their efforts to introduce into our schools precisely the same causes of sectarian virulence and denominational arrogance.

There is no doubt too that protection has had something to do with the Liberal decline. The unemployed problem is very grievous in England and distress is widespread. The enemies of free trade have naturally used the weapons readiest to their hand and there can be no doubt that great numbers of people, anxious for a change of some kind, are not inclined to examine over closely the nature of the change suggested to them. But protection will have a long road to travel before it finds acceptance in England.

And lastly there is Socialism. For the first time in history an English government has been compelled to look at Socialism face to face as a practical and living question, to shape a clear and definite policy towards it, while recognizing that the substantial and powerful outskirts of its own party are deeply committed to revolutionary economics. There can be no doubt that the masses of the English electorate have been deeply stirred by the sudden discovery that what seemed to be no more than an interesting phantom has real flesh and blood with the ability and the will to make itself felt.

There is therefore no bed of roses awaiting the premier. He may be able to stem the deluge of attacks against his party by some resolute action—that will be his followers upon a point of common agreement. He may be able to allay the suspicion that his party is sure of its attitude toward Socialism or that it can control the extremists within its ranks. But the task is one of immense difficulty. In his favor is a straightforward and uncompromising character, utter indifference to praise or blame, and a dominating strength that compels admiration although not affection.

The Public and the Prosecutors.

In the answers of talesmen in Judge Dooling's and Judge Lawlor's courts within the week we have an emphatic demonstration of how the so-called graft prosecution stands with the people. Citizen after citizen drawn from varied walks of life has declared his lack of confidence in the prosecuting agents with his contempt for their theories and their methods. The prosecution through its control of District Attorney Langdon still has the machinery of justice in its hands; but it is plainly impotent because public sentiment is against it. It has taken the people a good while to see the true inwardness of this business, to understand what some of us discovered a year ago, namely, that men were being prosecuted not so much because they are criminals as because they are the business rivals and the private enemies of Rudolph Spreckels and James D. Phelan. And now that the public does understand it, it gives to this movement the distrust and contempt which it deserves. If there be those who doubt this—those who think that it is only the rich and the mighty who question the motives and the doings of the prosecutors—let him read attentively the answers given by a hundred or more citizens in Judge Dooling's and Judge Lawlor's courts.

There has come a situation in this graft matter precisely as the *Argonaut* predicted nearly a year ago. We have a situation so affected by public disrespect for the prosecutors as to endanger their work even at points where failure would seem to be impossible. The ease is clear at least against Ruef and Schmitz and some others; these men are grossly guilty and they ought to be punished. But there seems little prospect of getting convictions against them while the sinister names of Spreckels and Heney are connected with the prosecution. The feeling is universal that whatever the crimes of Ruef and Schmitz, they may not worthily be prosecuted by those who trafficked with them under the immunity game and who actually pledged them-

selves to give immunity to Ruef. Apparently it is a case where the prosecutors, having lost their character before the public, have also lost whatever power they once had for useful public service.

Ruef and Schmitz and those associated with them in the shameless business of debauching San Francisco ought not to escape the penalties of their misdoings because a group of unworthy men, actuated by gross motives and working through unspeakable methods, have intruded themselves into our affairs. It ought not to be that San Francisco is to lose the moral advantage which conviction of these criminals would yield because Rudolph Spreckels has bought and made his own certain public powers for the sake of punishing his private enemies. And yet this is precisely what we may expect if the situation is left to carry itself—if nothing shall be done to make this prosecution what it ought to have been from the beginning, a legitimate and proper thing acting upon moral motives through legal processes and towards legitimate ends.

The board of supervisors has been asked to provide a sum of money to carry forward this prosecution. Whether or not it has authority to act we do not know. But if it has authority to act and if Mr. Langdon speaks in good faith, then there is an opportunity which ought not to be neglected. It is nothing less than the opportunity to take the prosecution out of unworthy and inefficient hands, out of hands that have botched it from the beginning, to separate it from motives of private malice and to make it in truth as in its pose a public matter. If this can be done, and if by doing it a public cause may be rescued from sinister domination, then no price can be too much. As a community we shall be subject to the severest censures if through the moral and legal insufficiency of the prosecuting agents those who so long befouled our political life shall be allowed to go unpunished.

We are told by lawyers of unquestioned reliability that with the evidence at hand the conviction of Ruef and Schmitz and others of their gang would be a very simple matter if the work could be put into hands at once honest, capable, and in public respect. And now with the way thus plain, must we suffer disappointment, chagrin, and injury because persons incompetent for the work to be done are permitted to go forward with it?

New Gods Out of the Machine.

During the second session of the first congress of cave-dwellers a delegation of hunting-club makers appeared before the forests and rivers committee to protest against the use of that new invention, the strong-bow, and to urge the immediate extermination of the arrow-makers. It was represented that unless immediate action were taken not only would all the game soon be destroyed and starvation for mankind ensue inevitably, but that many worthy artificers in bludgeons would shortly be out of a job and a time-honored industry be throttled. Action was taken, but the making of bows and arrows continued nevertheless and in time every hunter carried not only a club with an edged-stone head, but as well a bent branch strung with dried sinew, and feather shafts with notched ends. And wild game persists to this day.

The descendants of the club makers also persist and keep up the traditions of their forbears. In later days they predicted the extinction of the horse when the first railroad was constructed, and again when the first automobile made a mile in ten minutes. They foresaw the ruin of the pressmen's guild when the first rotary printing machine was started. When ten-cent reprints of foreign novels were offered in the market they presaged the doom of all worthy literature and the stamping out of native-born literary genius. Through the years and generations they have mourned as one who sees the hole of the doughnut about to be removed by irreverent hands.

The joint committee on copyright of the Sixtieth Congress has just been hearing the complaints and protests of dramatic authors and managers and of music composers and publishers. The theatrical men declare that the moving-picture men are wrecking the great American drama. The mechanics, it is alleged, combine piracy with their passion for manufacturing and exhibiting, and steal the plays which they project on screens for the entertainment of five-cent patrons. The inventors and printers of deathless melodies aver that their tunes are filched by the makers of phonographs and piano-players, and that they have no recourse. Wherefore immediate action should be taken. Next all forms of the drama and the inspiration and art of the living musician be totally and irreversibly lost to civilization.

It is the old misapprehension. The alarm of the theatrical people and the musicians is not well founded. This is not the end of art, musical or dramatic, nor is it, as they believe, even a danger. On the contrary, it is a distinct and important gain, the first manifestation of an impulse that will broaden and multiply the demand for better plays, for actors of greater power, for music of a higher quality, and for more of all. It is the raising of the curtain, the waving of the leader's baton, for a thousand new audiences, for millions of spectators and auditors who have been denied such pleasures. It is knowledge and education for all, where before only the denizens of cities could taste such delights.

Even in the cities it has been the few and not the many who have heard good music and have seen the best plays. When the second home of grand opera was built in New York, two years ago, the pessimists said that the competing houses would destroy each other. Instead of this, the patrons of opera have more than doubled. New operas have been produced and young, aspiring composers and singers have been encouraged. Boston and Philadelphia will have new opera houses through the stimulating influence of this example. Since the introduction of talking-machines the sale of sheet music has not decreased, but instead has increased to nearly double its former figure. It could not be otherwise. Where one so qualified could be found ten years ago, a hundred people now can appreciate and identify the great works of the masters of music.

There is but one real danger to the present-day managers, authors, and composers in this forward march of musical and dramatic knowledge and its available resources, and that danger is one of their own making. Should they succeed in preventing the use of their products by the picture-machines and phonographs, the mechanical people will be obliged to fall back upon the works of earlier writers. Copyright protection, when complete and effective, does not reach back more than a generation. Much of the music and many of the plays of earlier times would compete advantageously with the more modern output. On the whole, it is probable that the public would benefit by the revival of productions that have been crowded out of memory by new arrivals.

Whatever the result of the agitation, it can not deprive the age of these newly acquired possessions. The moving-picture machine that brings before us the impressive actualities of far distant lands as well as the dramatic figures of the nearer and smaller mimic world, is not to be taken away, but is to be improved and perfected, and that by use and profit. The phonograph and the piano-player are not to be repressed, but are to be advanced to higher uses, and recognized and valued with increasing consideration. There are no more potent, irresistible forces in civilization.

"Rights" of Organized Labor.

If Mr. Gompers in his threats before a Congressional committee has fairly represented the spirit of organized labor in the United States, we have to deal not merely with selfishness and social aggression, but with downright disloyalty to the country and its institutions. Organized labor, according to Mr. Gompers, demands special privileges—privileges under the law not accorded to other classes and bodies of citizens—but it "is in no temper to be denied." This is a pretty high tone. Those who declare themselves in no temper to be denied are commonly in the mood of taking by force that which may not be accorded to them by other means. Does Mr. Gompers mean to imply that if organized labor in the United States can not secure in the re-writing of our laws such special privileges as it wants, it will undertake to obtain these privileges by other and presumably by violent means? If this be the mood of organized labor, we would better know it—and the sooner the better. At last accounts, as nearly as anybody can make out, organized labor comprises less than 15 per cent of the whole body of labor in the United States. It is this fractional part of a particular class which insists that laws made in equity for all our people shall be warped to its own particular advantage. And now if organized labor proposes to stand on this principle—to have what it wants, right or wrong—there is no better time than the present to try it out. Organized labor has precisely the same rights as unorganized labor—this and no more. If organized labor imagines that there has come a time when it may demand for itself special privileges—rights or action denied to other classes of citizens—it would better submit the matter to the test. Those of us who deny to

organized labor, or to any other class, any rights not guaranteed to all our people, would like to know where we stand; and we would as soon have the matter tested now as at some later time.

A Daily Newspaper Exposition.

There is no product of modern times that has so steadily and surely advanced from the list of luxuries to that of necessities as has the daily newspaper. With a continual gain in attention and consideration it has secured in favored situations a circulation that is little less than wonderful, when the difficulties in the way even of rapid printing and distribution that had to be overcome are understood. There are a number of daily papers that issue a half-million copies daily, and two or three that send out twice as many. The public has been accustomed to these figures and heeds them no more than it does the floating paragraphs which tell of the fortunes accumulated by the proprietors of the popular journals. It is probably less a manifestation of interest in the topics than a disposition to ignore statements which are usually exaggerated and distorted out of all semblance of truth. But occasionally there is an opportunity for the readers of a journal to look through the business office screens and discover for themselves interesting and illusion-dispelling facts. Such an opportunity exists just at present in this city, and those who avail themselves of it will possibly gain some new ideas on newspaper-making, especially on the desirability of circulation and the value of daily paper advertising space.

One of the San Francisco dailies has now in progress a prize contest with the object of securing new subscribers. A list of sixty odd prizes is advertised, aggregating \$20,000 in value, to be given away to those who win by popular vote, the ballots required being furnished only by the newspaper. The contest has been going on for a month, and the report printed in last Sunday's issue shows that some 200 contestants in various parts of the State are working for the prizes, and that 560,000 votes have been cast.

To get any definite information from these figures a little explanation is necessary. Every issue of the paper contains a blank ballot that may be cut out, filled in, and forwarded to the publisher, who agrees to register it. Assuming for the purpose of illustration that the paper has a circulation of 20,000 daily, there have been printed and sent out in the past thirty days for absolutely free use some 600,000 ballots, or 40,000 more than have been sent in for registry. Were this the actual result it would show no income or new business for the publisher; and it is hardly probable that the scheme is so non-productive or badly planned as this. It is not likely that the publisher would take the chance of giving away \$20,000 in prizes, no matter how small their actual cost, without more than a promise of some return.

A new subscriber to the daily who pays 75 cents for one month's subscription is entitled to 100 votes, and an old subscriber who renews for the same period may have fifty votes, these to be registered in the name of the subscriber's choice. Now, assuming that the paper has 12,000 subscribers, and that each one has paid a month's subscription during the past thirty days and received the ballots to which he is entitled, this accounts for 600,000 ballots, or 40,000 more than have been received. It is evident that there are less than 12,000 old subscribers, or that they have not all paid during the month, or that some of them do not care to enter the contest for prizes. Again, under this condition, there is no new business, no addition to the publisher's income.

Now, to be not merely fair but liberal in making these estimates, let us assume that the contest has actual producing power. Let us say that of the 20,000 papers issued daily only one in three is mutilated for the ballot it contains, and that of the 600,000 free ballots only 200,000 are sent in by contestants. Then, let us say that only one in three of the 12,000 paying subscribers asks for the ballots to which they are entitled when they pay—this accounts for 200,000 ballots more. Now we have 400,000 votes, and still no addition to income, no new subscribers. Under this hypothesis there are 160,000 votes to be accounted for under the head of new subscriptions. Should each 100 votes of this 160,000 represent a new subscriber, it would, of course, show a gain of 1600. But a new yearly subscriber gets 3000 votes, his gift being multiplied two and one-half times as an inducement for a subscription of twelve months instead of one. Thus, were the 160,000 votes credited to new yearly subscribers, they would represent a gain of fifty-four names only. It is

certain, however, that the votes are secured in most cases for subscriptions of less than yearly periods, as more than one-half of the contestants have to their credit totals less than 1500, the number given for a renewal of one year by an old subscriber. No contestant has as many votes as are given for six new yearly subscriptions.

This analysis is sufficient to show the struggle found necessary by some daily papers, not only to gain new subscribers but to retain old ones. The expense of this contest, in prizes, in advertising, in the pay of additional clerks and bookkeepers, must amount to a large sum. Present indications would seem to show that it can not bring in as much as it will cost, and this in the gross, without reference to the small margin of profit on a daily paper sold to carriers at less than 2 cents a copy. It illustrates with impressive force the strenuous efforts required to gain and keep a circulation that will justify high prices for advertising space.

As a side-light on this latter consideration it is worth while to note the cost to the publisher in his most valuable product—advertising space. Since the contest began, in March, an average of say two and one-half columns of space has been given daily to advertising it. This space, seventy-five columns, at, say, \$50 a column, would amount to \$3750, or more than \$2 each for the hypothetical 1600 new monthly subscribers, under a liberal estimate, who would have paid in 75 cents each; or \$70 each for the hypothetical fifty-four new yearly subscribers who would have paid in \$9 each. Verily, it is an expensive business.

Ocean to Ocean.

It is reported from New York that by a shrewd movement in the financial market Mr. E. H. Harriman has acquired control of the Erie Railroad, including its through line between Chicago and New York. From the standpoint of local interest it is to be hoped that this is true, for it will give what we have never had before, namely, an agency of transportation under one administration between the Pacific Ocean at San Francisco and the Atlantic Ocean at New York. This has long been a dream among railroad men, but one until lately regarded as beyond the line of working practicability.

It is only yesterday that San Francisco's immediate railroad connection with the East ended at Ogden. Between Ogden and Omaha was another road dominated by another and not entirely friendly administration. Between Omaha and Chicago there was still another link; and here, too, the administration was not directly interested nor very friendly to the interests of the West. It is not forgotten how difficulties and differences served to hamper and delay transcontinental traffic, to increase its cost and therefore in a very positive sense to hold the Pacific and the central regions of the continent separate and apart from each other. The great achievement of Mr. Harriman—the thing which lifts his name above that of a mere financial operator—was that of welding into a continuous line, of bringing to a state of advanced physical perfection, and of putting under one administration the several links in the chain of transportation between San Francisco and Chicago. In itself it was a great achievement; and it came none too soon for San Francisco. There was competition both at the north and at the south under conditions which would surely have taken away from San Francisco her prestige—and her profits—as the chief depot of transcontinental traffic, likewise of traffic between America and the Orient. If it had remained to San Francisco to be served in her transcontinental interests by a railroad route broken into detached sections, restricted by obsolete construction and equipment, oppressed by unsympathetic and oftentimes downright unfriendly influences, she could not have matched the competition of Los Angeles on the south, served by the Santa Fé, nor of Seattle on the north, served by the Hill system.

If now Mr. Harriman has succeeded in bringing the Erie Railroad into his system—if, in other words, he has made such connections as will give a continuous line from the Pacific to the Atlantic—he has accomplished a thing of the very highest importance in its relations to the commercial welfare of San Francisco. It means nothing less than the extension from Chicago to New York of what we may call the direct reach of a transportation system of which San Francisco is the Pacific terminus. And—since competition in transportation has reached a point where whatever is achieved by one interest must be duplicated by others in competition with it—the extension of the Harriman

system from Chicago to New York must be matched by similar extensions on the part of other and competing roads. If it shall turn out to be true that the long deferred dream of an ocean-to-ocean line has been realized, then nothing can be more certain than that we shall soon have other lines equally provided with the means of directly reaching New York. The Santa Fé system, the new Gould line—these, too, must soon become ocean-to-ocean systems to keep pace with the developments of their great competitor the Harriman system.

No feature of American progress within the last half century is more interesting than that in connection with the welding together of separated railroad systems. The original idea of a continental railroad was to connect the Hudson River on the East with Lake Erie at the west. But nobody dared to take up this vast project as a single venture. Upon the presumption that the Hudson River afforded every necessary facility for transportation between New York and Albany, the western railroad movement began at the last-named city. It aimed at Schenectady up the Mohawk Valley. From here another little road was projected to Utica. And from Utica to Syracuse and so on and on west no less than seven separate railroad projects were to make the continuous line between Albany and Buffalo. For a good many years these little links of railroad each dominated by a separate administration made up the traffic route between east and west across the State of New York. One who started from New York to Buffalo had first to go to Albany by steamboat, and thence by broken stages over the seven little railroads running to the West. Between the several managements there naturally arose multitudinous causes of friction, with the result that there was little or no attempt to work harmoniously. There were changes at every terminal, often with considerable carriage journeys across-town, while times of arrival and departure bore no fixed relationship to each other. Of necessity the traveler had to spend tedious lapses of time at each terminal, waiting for the departure of the train which was to carry him along the general course of his journey. In the transportation of freight the difficulties and delays were correspondingly serious, no small element of time, likewise no small element of cost, being connected with transfer at points of interchange.

What the great railroad managers are doing today in the welding of railroad systems between east and west is only the duplication on a vast scale of a movement which half a century ago brought the broken sections of the Buffalo and New York railroad system into a continuous line. It is a movement made necessary by the needs of commerce, a movement not only legitimate but essential in the material progress of the country. Curiously enough, this movement has been censured by so high an authority as the Interstate Commerce Commission and by one so eminent as the President of the United States. And this merely shows how stupidly wrong men in high places may be. The whole country has cause for congratulation in the progress of this movement; and in the particular instance—that of establishing a continuous line from the Pacific to the Atlantic—San Francisco has especial motives for satisfaction.

Popcorn and the Legislature.

Who can doubt that the spirit of the reformer is abroad in the land or that it is pervasive enough to reach all sorts and conditions of men? It has reached even the Oklahoma legislature, and although it met with a momentary reverse, it is to be remembered that such is the usual fate of even the most beneficent efforts. Upon this occasion the iconoclastic reformer was Representative Vandeverter, formerly Speaker of the Arkansas house and once a competitor with United States Senator Jefferson Davis for governor of his State. Animated, no doubt, by a record so strenuous and so combative, Mr. Vandeverter has determined that he will be the human instrument under Providence for putting an end to the legislative practice of eating popcorn during the debates. It is a practice prevailing in both houses and Mr. Vandeverter maintains that it is not only undignified, but that the bursting of the empty bags is subversive of the rights of free debate. It is an interruption to patriotic oratory not authorized by law nor contemplated by the Constitution. Mr. Vandeverter spoke up like a man in support of his resolution, but the forces of a blind conservatism, of an unthinking adherence to precedent and popcorn combined against him, and after an excited debate his great measure of reform was defeated.

Of course, Mr. Vandeventer will try again. He may die, but he will never surrender.

At the first excitement of the news our sympathies were with Mr. Vandeventer, but then we remembered the nature of Oklahoma oratory and we veered somewhat. It is not easy to see why any one who can stand the speeches should object to the popcorn or even to the bursting of the bags. There is, indeed, a certain delicate and chaste analogy between the latter operation and the eloquence that is usually associated with a legislature. The bursting of a bag as a method of applause at the conclusion of a speech has a graceful appropriateness that commends it. The analogy is not, of course, perfect—few analogies are—inasmuch as the bag once burst can never more be filled with air, whereas the oratorical inflation may be, and usually is, repeated again and again. But it is at least more logical, more attuned to the proceedings, than such unmannerly interruptions as the clapping of hands, stamping on the ground, catcalling, whistling, or imitating the noise of domestic animals. On the whole, we think Mr. Vandeventer was ill-advised in his interference with a sticky but not unwholesome pastime, while as for suggesting that members should refrain from bursting the empty bags he was asking more than he had a right to expect from male human nature when in presence of political oratory.

There should, of course, be moderation, even in the bursting of popcorn bags. The good taste of the Oklahoma legislature will perceive the propriety of bursting the bag as soon as it is empty, neither hastening nor delaying the operation so as to secure contemporaneity with particular speakers or opinions. The knowledge of an inflated bag with its thunderous potentialities might well ruin a peroration or snap a chain of argument, but all such things may be left to Oklahoma suavity and decorum. There is no need to point out that while popcorn bags may be burst as a method of suggestive applause at the conclusion of a speech and as signifying a similar relief from the monotony of the session at all other times they must be burst with discretion and with no other consideration than the preservation of their contents. There is no need to point out that the means of terrorism, of blackmail, of bribery, of coercion. With such an understanding of the subject, the venter will no doubt recognize the propriety of bursting from any further attack on the subject of the constitution.

Editorial Notes.

After its triumphal progress from the Atlantic to the Pacific around South America, and a brief resting at Magdalena Bay on its northward cruise, the fleet reached home waters again on Tuesday and anchored off San Diego. The commanders, their men, and the battleships received a warm welcome, Governor Gillett speaking the formal words which assured the visitors of the regard of the people and the honor in which the navy is held. For the next month the line of receptions and celebrations will move up the coast, and everywhere there will be a blaze of congratulations and a lavish spread of hospitality. It is well to celebrate with pomp and pageantry the arrival of these representatives of national dignity and might. The spectacle will not merely crystallize and put on exhibition the pride and patriotism of this western shore; it will mark the passing of an era of governmental neglect and half-blindness. From this time America has eyes for the West as well as the East.

Mr. Heney, abandoning the conduct of the Ruel case to a young partner, has gone to Oregon to take the stump in opposition to the candidacy of Mr. Fulton for reelection to the United States Senate. This is of course congenial work; Mr. Heney's main hold is to object to something, to "arraign" somebody, and to fight everything with which his individual interests are not directly connected. Mr. Heney charges that Mr. Fulton is criminally involved in certain land transactions and with much noise and fury he avows his ability to prove it. But the question arises: Mr. Heney was for something more than a year the United States prosecuting attorney for the District of Oregon. He is now a special prosecutor with authority to act in Oregon matters. If Senator Fulton is in fact a criminal, if Mr. Heney can prove it, why does not Mr. Heney hale Senator Fulton before the courts and justify his charge by legal procedures? If Senator Fulton is guilty, Mr. Heney is the man to demonstrate it. He has brought the charge; he himself is the agent of the government. Why does he content himself with arraigning Mr. Fulton in public and private utterances,

why does he go hollering and bellowing up and down the Oregon country, when through legitimate processes he might bring Senator Fulton to the bar of outraged justice? We know Mr. Heney very well in this country: we know that above all things he loves to "get" a distinguished victim; we know that he is not allowing Senator Fulton to go unprosecuted through any motives other than those of sheer inability to get results. In other words, he is not prosecuting Senator Fulton because he knows that he can not convict him. And since he can not convict Senator Fulton, is it not a bit unworthy, not to say cowardly to attempt to besmirch him before his people? To be sure, these are considerations hardly likely to appeal to a man like Mr. Heney. He has never been inclined to "shut up" here in California because of his inability to "put up"; he is never so busy in maligning men as when he finds it impossible to reach them in any other way. However, Mr. Heney's power on the stump in California at least has been a good deal abridged by his record in the last municipal campaign. Those who heard Mr. Heney declare in that campaign that when Abe Ruef demanded immunity at his hands he (Heney) in a burst of moral indignation told him to "go to hell," are hardly likely to take seriously anything which he may now say.

Paso Robles Hot Springs appears to be working its customary wonders in the case of Admiral Evans. It is only a little more than a week since he was carried there emaciated almost to a skeleton and so reduced in strength as to be incapable of any sort of self help. His improvement has been steady from the beginning and there seems no doubt now that he will be able to rejoin the fleet at Santa Cruz and to stand on the bridge of the *Connecticut* as she leads into San Francisco Bay the greatest naval pageant the western world has ever seen. Paso Robles is only one of many curative marvels of California. We have in the number and variety of our medicinal springs natural facilities equal if not surpassing any country in the world. The difficulty is that we have not yet matched by artificial arrangements the natural advantages of these nature-cures. If there is a mineral spring in California which a health-seeker may visit under circumstances of assurance as to their adaptation to his particular case, we do not know it. Many of our people make the far journey to Germany to take waters potentially less valuable than those available at home simply because our own waters have not been properly analyzed and made subject to proper and definite systems. We know of no field of local development giving assurance of better results than that of analyzing and defining the worth of our mineral waters and of divining and prescribing precise means for their use.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is justly accredited as an authority in all matters relative to the capability and the discipline of young lads; but this does not give him authority to speak with respect to other matters quite outside the lines of his special study and experience. When Judge Lindsay speaks of the "universal disregard for law among the big business men of the country" he is talking about something clear beyond the sphere of those interests in which he is justly to be regarded as a specialist with the right of positive and authoritative assertion. The incident is only one of many going to illustrate the folly of crediting a man with universal wisdom because he happens to know one thing well.

Evelyn Thaw, of whom long since we heard more than enough, continues to occupy an undue share of public attention. She is to get her divorce without difficulty, the New York court apparently having reduced its functions to the point of ratifying the arrangements made by the Thaw family. Then the frail Evelyn is either to go abroad, or stay at home, or go to California, or go to live with her people, or abandon her people, or live in Montana, or marry again, or not marry again, or—but the story grows wearisome. What Evelyn Thaw will do will be to carry her pretty face and her scandalous notoriety to the stage, where for a time she will attract the curious and the morbid. Then when her face is no longer pretty and when her wretched history interests nobody any more, she will sink to the 10-cent vaudeville. Then—but if we should say in plain words what will then happen, we might have difficulty in getting the *Argonaut* through the mails.

Bryan's hopes for an instructed delegation from New York have been dashed. Overwhelming sentiment developed against instruction.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SANTA BARBARA, April 14, 1908.

This writing has no more serious aim than the setting forth of casual observations made at Los Angeles and round about during the past week by one whose mood has been that of rest rather than that of work. I have not pursued any interest or any line of inquiry with business intent nor sought to get below the surface of things. This much, perhaps, is necessary by way of explanation, lest he who reads may take too seriously that which is written perhaps too lightly.

Los Angeles is at the end of what is called the winter season, not because they have a season here which may fairly be called winter, but because winter elsewhere sends here each year a multitude seeking to evade the rigors of less hospitable climes. Southern California has come to regard the winter visitor as a fixed and assured element of her productive life. Taking the past six years together I am told that an average somewhere between twenty and thirty millions of dollars per year is expended here by seekers after pleasure or health. The amount seems large—so large as to be almost past belief—but the more one goes over the territory south of the Tehachapi Mountains, sees the multitudinous and costly arrangements made everywhere for public entertainment and encounters the myriads of "tourists" young and old, he finds it easier to have faith even in large figures. It is, naturally, impossible to keep account of the number of visitors or of how much they spend; but the aggregates are manifestly large. It is easy to believe that in the winter visitor the southern counties have a resource not only large, but dependable. And as facilities for travel become easier—and they are getting better every year at the points of time, comfort, and cost—this resource is one whose value is bound to increase.

In common with everybody else, I have heard the "tourist crop" of Southern California spoken of lightly. There could be no greater mistake. The tourist crop is quite as sure as the wheat crop year in and year out. It varies in volume with times and conditions, but it is never a total failure and in the nature of things—climates being what they are—it is certain to be more fruitful as time goes on.

It is inevitable that an annual influx of thirty or forty or fifty thousand persons, for the most part fatigued and all bent on killing time, should have a marked effect both upon the material and social conditions of the country. It makes fine hotels everywhere, for the visitor wants the best of everything and usually pays with an open hand. It makes a magnificent system of local transportation between cities, since the winter visitor is a persistent traveler from place to place. It makes a magnificent road system, for the winter visitor is not uncommonly a motorist. It threads every mountainside with picturesque trails, because that is one of the ways in which the visitor diverts himself. It provides even the little hamlets with showy curio stores which, while they cater wholly to the tourist trade, make a spectacle of infinite variety and delight. Your winter visitor demands all manner of things for his entertainment, therefore these things are provided. Go anywhere throughout the southern region and you find a thousand facilities for comfort and pleasure wholly lacking in those regions dominated by strictly business necessities and motives.

Furthermore, one who goes about Southern California during the winter or spring season falls in un-failingly with agreeable people bent like himself upon translating idleness into pleasure. Be he an old man seeking the sunny side of a porch, a matron devoted to quiet interests, a youth of spirit who rides and shoots, or a maiden fair with—well, I shall not attempt to be definite at this point—companionship, fellowship, sympathy, opportunity, all are to be found here. There is a special interest, too, in the fact that persons of accomplishment and distinction are to be met with—or at least seen—almost any time almost anywhere in Southern California during the winter season. One who has a taste for observing at close range the distinguished figures of the world may indulge it here without any sense of impertinence or intrusion. And even those of us who individually care nothing about the social game and who would not bother with it under any conceivable circumstances, are nevertheless not displeased now and again to look in, so to speak, for the sake of seeing the wheels go around. I know of few things more charming as a mere spectacle than the dining-room of a great caravansary like the Raymond at Pasadena, the Coronado at San Diego, or the Potter at Santa Barbara at any dinner hour during the "season," with its magnificent show of luxury and beauty. And there are few things prettier or pleasanter on a gorgeous spring morning than to sit on the piazza say of the Potter Hotel, where I am writing, and to watch gay parties speeding away in automobiles and the still happier groups mounting their ponies for rides up the mountain trails. The whole atmosphere is so apart from the busy and sordid side of things in which most of us spend so much of our lives as to seem a veritable glimpse into paradise. To be sure, your muck-raker may damage the picture more or less by giving you the history of certain brilliant personalities who enter into its make-up; and your social philosopher may easily find motives for grief in the spectacle which has its faults on the moral side. But one who simply looks upon it as a spectacle, seeing in it only that which is beautiful and bright, may find in it an entertainment very rare in its color and charm. It seems worth while to come now and again into this atmosphere of beauty and luxury for that sort of ele-

vation of spirit which comes from contact with the sheer joy of living.

The influence of the "tourist" upon the life of Sothern California is by no means confined to the winter hotel or limited to the social "season." Those who come for a period of rest and pleasure not infrequently remain and attach themselves permanently to the country, affecting its fortunes in ten thousand ways. They build homes large or small in the valleys and on the mountain sides; they establish in places where one would least expect to find the refinements of life, centres of domestic and social luxury; they set a pace so to speak in the way of domestic habit which has a prodigious influence on all round about. Nothing here has interested me more than to see the growth throughout this whole region of a social spirit based upon respect for country life as distinct from city life. It is interesting to find that the man who owns an orange grove or a walnut grove holds himself in a social sense as one apart from the ruck of townspeople who pursue ordinary business courses. Throughout the country the rule has long been the other way; the "business man" and his womankind have commonly held themselves as persons of a certain superiority as compared with the farmer and his family. In Southern California, the rule of social dignity runs the other way. What calls itself society here has far more respect for the farmer of civilized type than for the business man of the adjacent town. Of course, in Los Angeles, which is the only real city of this whole region, the universal standards maintain themselves. But even in this centre, a certain distinction attaches to ownership of the soil and to the maintenance of productive industries as compared with the activities of strictly business life. The whole tendency is interesting and I think wholesome. Its influence goes distinctly to the exaltation of things genuine as compared with things artificial. It goes, too, by increasing the recognitions and dignities of productive country life to elevate its standards and to redeem it from the vulgarities so often associated with sheer rusticity.

The tourist season just ended has not been a prosperous one in Southern California; nor indeed was that of the previous year prosperous. For the comparative failure of the "tourist crop" a year ago the blame must be laid to the earthquake. True, the earthquake was a mere local affair in the northern or central part of the State. But people living far away do not easily discriminate. An earthquake at San Francisco meant an earthquake in California; and that was enough to keep timid thousands at home or to send them to some other land of sunshine. The trouble with this last season was not so much earthquake fears as the financial stringency. Rich men have had to stay home to take care of their affairs; people of moderate means have not had the means for skylarking. The result has been a dull season. And yet it has had this curious feature, namely, whereas in the earlier months there were few comers, there has been a big crowd during late February and March. And further, curiously, there have been fewer rich people with vastly greater numbers of those seeking the middle line of expenditure. At a time when the Raymond Hotel at Pasadena was not getting in enough money to pay its bellboys, cheaper houses in Los Angeles and the country about were full to overflowing. One first-class hotel in Pasadena has been open and full the whole season, but it was compelled, so I have been told, to cut its rates below the level of former years.

The plain fact is that the visitors have not had this year the same amount of money to spend as in former years. And in truth it will not be bad for the tourist business to have its standard of expense somewhat reduced. The capability and the willingness of visitors to pay has stimulated the avarice of hotel keepers, of hotel servants, of the hundreds who minister to the entertainment of visitors, to a point almost prohibitive to almost anybody but a millionaire. The game has clearly been overworked. A time has come when it is necessary to reduce somewhat the standards of expense—and perhaps it has come none too soon for the permanent welfare of what I may call the most unique productive industry of this or any other country.

I have no thought of "writing up the country" in the sense of describing either its general features or its industry. But lest somebody get the impression that the main interest of Southern California is its annual "tourist crop," I hasten to present a few figures illustrative of other productive activities in the seven counties south of the Tehachapi. I find that during the past twelve months the southern counties have shipped out in round numbers 30,000 carloads of citrus fruits, 3500 carloads of wine and brandy, 5000 carloads of vegetables, 700 carloads of nuts, 1100 carloads of canned goods, 750,000 gallons of olive oil, 300 carloads of beans, 300 carloads of dried fruits and raisins, 15,000 tons of structural material, 2000 carloads of sewer pipe, 150 carloads of honey, 800 carloads of melons. I give these figures of staple industries in order that a writing which deals chiefly with certain lighter features of condition of life here shall not be misleading. I want the reader to get at least a glimpse of this truth, namely, that while Southern California is in an exceptional sense a summer land and a pleasure land, while it draws vastly through the attractions of its climate upon the accumulation of other States, it is none the less a country of definite and positive productive power, and stands firmly upon a foundation of business-inactivity.

ALFRED HOLMAN.

Thirteen thousand different kinds of postage stamps have been issued by the various countries of the world.

PASSING OF A RUSSIAN EMPIRE-BUILDER.

Sketch of M. Pokotilow, the Diplomat, at Peking.

The great brain which for the last ten years has been working silently and untiringly in Peking for the spread of Russian influence in the Far East—scheming as Cecil Rhodes schemed for Britain in Africa—works no longer. M. Pokotilow is dead, and with almost paralyzing suddenness.

To his country he will be an irreparable loss. It is difficult indeed to think of Manchurian affairs going on without his guiding hand, for he was the great specialist on Manchuria. Every corner of that disputed country, every phase of its tangled history, was known to him, and when Count Witte was chosen as a delegate to the Portsmouth Peace Conference in 1905 he immediately remarked, "Oh, we must have Pokotilow also. We can not do anything without his technical advice."

Witte, German bourgeois and ex-railway clerk, and Pokotilow, Armenian and ex-consul assistant, had much besides their friendship in common. Both had Jewish blood in their veins; both were self-made men, dominating by sheer power of brain in a country where men prefer to acknowledge the authority of birth; both were as disdainful of society as they were unfitted for it.

M. Pokotilow, by reason of his position, was constantly forced to appear at the diplomatic entertainments in Peking, but he hated them and was almost always bored by functions. I remember once his saying to me at a dinner party that society was a gigantic conspiracy against work. "Our friends," he remarked, "become our enemies when they invite us to dine with them too often."

Yet, unsuited as he was for society—his manners were always gruff and masterful and he had none of the facility for flattery that diplomats usually acquire—no one who met him ever mistook him for a mediocrity.

His tall, gaunt figure, angular and loosely built, was striking. As for his head, it was of a most peculiar shape. The forehead was the steep-fronted forehead of the thinker; an unusually long jaw showed extraordinary strength and tenacity of purpose; while black, piercing eyes contrasted singularly with the half Oriental pallor of the long face.

When he chose to talk, he talked brilliantly in Russian, English, German, French, or Chinese. But if his neighbor at table displeased him or appeared dull-witted, he would flatly refuse to talk at all and console himself with eating the dinner, which, if good, soon absorbed him.

His own brain was extremely quick, uncomfortably so for his neighbors, whose thoughts he would sometimes read before they were actually formed. On one occasion, I remember a lady asked him some trivial question about one of his secretaries. "You have asked me a question," the great man remarked bluntly; "let me in return ask you one. Has my secretary been proposing to Mlle. So-and-So, and are you, as a friend, asking information about him?" This was exactly what had happened, though M. Pokotilow at the time had no possible reason for suspecting it.

On another occasion, when dining at a certain legation, he unconsciously threw his hostess into a panic. Fish and entrées had been already eaten and it was time for the roast to appear. It did not come, however, till after a long and agitating pause. On inquiring next day into the cause of the delay, the lady of the house discovered that M. Pokotilow had asked for a glass of water, and every servant in the room had immediately hurried to get it—regardless of their other duties.

Such was ever his masterful way. When he wanted a thing, no matter how unimportant, he demanded it in a manner that impressed the listener; and naturally the imperious authority of his intellect that affected even the Chinese servants of his friends affected the men who worked with him and for him a thousand times more strongly. His staff might love him or not as they pleased, that was immaterial; but they must work for him. Nor was he, who could work so untiringly himself, always considerate of those who were less inclined to be energetic. The position of his personal secretary especially was no sinecure; for of late years M. Pokotilow, who suffered from cramp in one hand, was obliged to have every scrap of writing done for him; and when a pressure of business came, he never had time to waste on an "If you please" or a "thank you" to his underlings.

When he died, representatives from all nations paid him the homage for which he had neither time nor taste in life. His funeral was an international event, for publicity in death as well as in life is a part of the price that a great man pays for success.

The tiny chapel of the Russian legation was packed with celebrities. Prince Chun, who went to Germany to apologize for the German minister's murder at the time of the siege, Yuan Shih Kai, Chang Chih Tung, and the other high Chinese officials were all there; but they soon tired of standing through the interminable mass, and after much very audible consultation among themselves, went out to wait for the procession in the courtyard.

It was a strange sight to see the Chinese clergy supporting the Russian bishop, their long unkempt, uncombed black hair hanging over their velvet and silver vestments. Chinese choristers, too, chanted the responses and considerably spoiled the solemnity of the occasion by trying the pitch of their next notes during the prayers.

Outside in the courtyard of the legation, the scene was wonderfully brilliant. The diplomatic corps in bright uniforms stood against a background of Cossack guards, some mounted, others on foot. There were military attachés of eleven nations come to do the dead minister honor. But these various uniforms, brilliant as they were, might appear together in any capital. The strange part of the whole spectacle was the guards of eight nations lined up on historic Legation Street. In no other country, certainly in no other capital in the world, would soldiers and sailors of almost the whole family of nations appear together to pay their respect for a dead man, no matter how great he might be. It is this strange mixture of nationalities and interests that makes Peking so unique today.

As the coffin passed slowly down the street, the Americans, French, British, Japanese, German, Austrian, Dutch, and Belgian contingent saluted, the French buglers sounded the silver notes of the funeral call that belongs no more to one nation than another. There was a halt, a march past, and the official ceremony was over. By special permission from the Emperor of China, who usually forbids a corpse to pass under the walls of the palace, the body was escorted by the Cossacks straight across the city to the Russian mortuary chapel, whence it will presently be taken home to Russia.

CHARLES LORRIMER.

PEKING, March 9, 1908.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Secretary of War Taft will deliver the Memorial Day address at the exercises to be held at Grant's Tomb in New York City on May 30.

Congressman Grant E. Mouser of the Thirteenth District of Ohio has refused a renomination and comes out with a blunt statement that the Taft managers are throwing Ohio into the arms of the Democrats. It appears to be undeniable that the Republican presidential canvass, thus far, has left an amount of personal hostility and bitterness in its wake quite unexampled.

John Mitchell, former president of the United Mine Workers of America, recently called on President Roosevelt, and on leaving the White House said the President had offered him the position of special commissioner to study and report upon labor conditions in the Panama Canal zone. Mr. Mitchell said he was not able to accept the offer, as it was necessary to recover his health before taking up work of any kind.

In compliance with a resolution passed by the House recently, Secretary of the Navy Metcalf sent to Congress all the information in the possession of his department concerning the *Maine* and the men who went down with her. According to Mr. Metcalf, it will take an expenditure of about \$50,000 to raise the wreck of the *Maine*. The company which investigated the wreck shortly after the Spanish war ended has already been paid a large sum for this work, but an additional expenditure will be necessary to float the ship.

Chairman Woodruff of the New York Republican State Committee wrote to Governor Hughes asking the governor to designate the four men he desired selected as delegates at large to the Chicago convention. The chairman took it for granted that the candidate should have the naming of the delegates, and, furnished the slate, the chairman was ready to attend to the detail of putting it through. In his reply Governor Hughes declined to name the delegates and showed his fondness for old and almost archaic principles. To him a political convention is something more than merely a ratifying body whose only business is to approve programmes prepared for it.

Senator Foraker began his fight this week with a long argument in the Senate for his bill directing the President and the Secretary of War to reinstate the negro soldiers of the Twenty-Fifth Infantry, who were discharged without honor by the President after the Brownsville affray, with back pay for the time the men have been out. Foraker threw the Senate into such confusion that not a word of the special message from the President was heard, and for the first time in history, instead of reading a message in full, the clerk read only a word here and there. Almost all of the space in the galleries was occupied by negroes. They obtained many seats in the private gallery reserved for senators. When Senator Foraker concluded his speech, after three hours' debate, the negroes broke into a storm of applause and the Vice-President was unable to check it. Foraker denounced the bill of Senator Warner, in behalf of the administration, under which any of the men who were discharged may be reinstated by the President after they have proved their innocence. He insisted that this reversed entirely the methods of legal procedure, since it placed an accused man in the position of first proving his innocence, instead of placing the duty upon the State to prove his guilt.

Joseph Howard, Jr., the veteran newspaper man of New York, died last week, aged seventy-five years. A writer in the New York *World* says: "Joe" Howard served brilliantly in nearly every capacity on one or another newspaper; he had been war correspondent, he had been dramatic critic. Occasionally he wandered into the lecture field. He became a journalist by accident. In 1860 he happened to be in Lynn, Massachusetts, during a big strike. He wrote an account of it and sent it to the New York *Times*, then edited by Henry J. Raymond. He merely signed his initials to it, but Mr. Raymond published it with his full name. He remained in Lynn five weeks at Mr. Raymond's re-

quest, writing about the strike. Then he came to New York and became a member of the *Times* staff. In May, 1864, Mr. Howard wrote the celebrated bogus proclamation, in which President Lincoln was represented as calling for more volunteers. He was imprisoned for this by the government in Fort Lafayette, remaining there fourteen weeks, when his friends, among whom was Henry Ward Beecher, obtained his release. A week later he was made official recorder at the headquarters of the Department of the East, General Dix commanding. Mr. Howard had been attached to most of the New York newspapers during his long and sometimes exciting career; he was editor of the old *Star*. He retained his office in the American Tract Society building, Nassau Street, until a week ago. Recently he had been writing a political letter for a syndicate of newspapers."

OLD FAVORITES.

Pipes and Beer.

Before I was famous I used to sit
In a dull old underground room I knew,
And sip cheap beer, and he glad for it,
With a wild Bohemian friend or two.

And O, it was joy to loiter thus,
At peace in the heart of the city's stir,
Entombed, while life hurried over us,
In our lazy hachanal sepulcher.

There was artist George, with the blonde, Greek head,
And the startling creeds, and the loose cravat;
There was splenetic journalistic Fred,
Of the sharp retort and the shabby hat.

There was dreamy Frank, of the lounging gait,
Who lived on nothing a year, or less,
And always meant to be something great,
But only meant, and smoked to excess;

And last, myself, whom their funny sneers
Annoyed no whit as they laughed and said:
"I listened to all their grand ideas,
And wrote them out for my daily bread."

The Teuton beer-bibbers came and went,
Night after night, and stared, good folk,
At our table, noisy with argument,
And our chronic aureole of smoke.

And O, my life! but we all loved well
The talk, free, fearless, keen, profound,
The rockets of wit that flashed and fell
In that dull old tavern underground.

But there came a change in my days at last,
And fortune forgot to starve and stint,
And the people chose to admire, aghast,
The book I had eaten dirt to print.

And new friends gathered about me then,
New voices summoned me there and here;
The world went down in my dingy den,
And drew me forth from my pipes and beer.

I took the stamp of my altered lot,
As the sands of the certain seasons ran,
And slowly, whether I would or not,
I felt myself growing a gentleman.

But now and then I would break the thrall;
I would yield to a pang of dumb regret,
And steal to join them, and find them all
With the amber wassail near their yet.

Find, and join them, and try to seem
A fourth for the old queer merry three,
With my fame as much of a yearning dream
As my morrow's dinner was wont to be.

But the wit would lag, and the mirth would lack,
And the God of Jollity hear no call,
And the prosperous broadcloth on my back
Hung over their snirls like a pall!

It was not that they failed, each one, to try
Their warmth of welcome, to speak and show;
I should just have risen and said good-by,
With a haughty look, had they served me so.

It was rather that each would seem, instead,
With not one vestige of spleen or pride,
Across a chasm of change to spread
His greeting hands to the further side.

And our gladdest words rang strange and cold,
Like the echoes of other long-lost words;
And the nights were no more the nights of old
Than spring would be spring without the birds!

So they waned and waned, these visits of mine,
Till I married the heiress, ending here:
For a caste approves the cigars and wine,
She must frown, pertorce, upon pipes and beer.

And now 'tis years since I saw these men,
Years since I knew them living yet;
And of this alone I am sure, since then,
That none has gained what he toiled to get.

For I keep strict watch on the world of art,
And George, with his wide, rich-dowered brain,
His fervent fancy, his ardent heart,
Though he greatly toiled, has toiled in vain.

And Fred, for all he may sparkle bright
In caustic column, in clever quip,
Of a truth must still be hiding his light
Beneath the hush of journalism.

And dreamy Frank must be dreaming still,
Languishing through life, if yet alive,
Smoking his vast preposterous fill,
Languishing, smoking, striving to strive.

And I, the fourth in that old queer throng,
Fourth and least, as my soul avows,
I alone have been counted strong;
I alone have the laureled brows.

Well, and what has it all been worth?
May not my soul to my soul confess
That "succeeding," here upon earth,
Does not always assume success?

I would cast, and gladly, from this gray head
Its crown to regain one sweet last year
With artist George, with splenetic Fred,
With dreamy Frank, with the pipes and beer.

—Edgar Allan Poe.

THE JUSTICE OF JUDGE LYNCH.

By Jerome A. Hart.

IX.

The volunteer hangman was not known to the Squire, who looked disquieted at the sudden offer. He had hoped there would be no candidate.

"I've never seen you around this camp," he said. "What's your name?"

"My name is Strang," said the new-comer. "I'm a stranger in these diggings—I only come up from the Bay yesterday. Now, gentlemen, where would you like this little hangin' bee to take place—right here, or out a little ways? There aint no good trees here, but there's plenty of 'em across the river."

A harsh voice came from the crowd: "Swing her off'n the bridge."

"Bridge it is," responded Strang. "I noticed, as I come along, that it's got a good high suspension cable. We'll swing her off'n that. Now, my lady, if you'll get a move on, we'll soon attend to you."

The prisoner looked up at him with uncomprehending eyes. She had little English, and both the words and the situation were strange to her. The Squire explained to her in Spanish what Strang meant. When she understood she poured forth so beseeching an appeal that the Squire was moved.

"Boys," he explained, "she says she'll go quietly to the bridge, but she begs us to let her say good-bye to her husband."

A mocking laugh from the crowd interrupted him. "Well, she calls him *morito*, and that's greaser for husband. I s'pose she means the monte dealer over yonder—her man. It's the only thing she asks for—I s'pose we'd better let her have her way."

There was a disapproving murmur from the mob, but no man openly said nay. So the prisoner, escorted by the Squire and her guards, led the way back to the cabin where she had left her husband. He lay there as she had left him—lying still, bound hand and foot, upon the floor.

She asked the Squire if her hands might be unbound. "Yes," he said.

But the guards objected, and only consented at last when they had roughly searched her.

"She might have another knife stuck in her stocking," grumbled one of them. "She's mighty handy with a knife, and she might use it to cut this greaser's ropes."

But the search of the prisoner revealed nothing. She knelt beside her husband. She bent over and kissed him. Her tears fell upon his face.

"Adios!" she moaned. "My love! My life! Adios!" "Lola! Lolita mia!" he muttered. "What do you mean? Are we to be parted longer? Do they condemn you to prison?"

"Alas! we are to be parted long, Joaquin. In an hour we shall be parted forever!"

The bound man writhed fiercely in his rope lashings. "What do you mean?" he hissed. "These Gringos, these devils from hell—they can not mean to kill you?"

"Yes," she said simply. "They have held a tribunal. They have condemned me. I am to die."

"You!—to die!" The man's staring eyes seemed as if they would start from his emurpled face. "Condemned to death! *Guordete Dios*, Lolita! But this is madness! You must misunderstand them. It can not be possible. Even they would not kill a woman for defending herself against a *borracho*."

"But it is true, Joaquin. They await me now in the street, with a rope. For your poor Lolita is to be hanged!" And with a wild burst of weeping she threw herself prone upon his prostrate body.

From without came the shouts of the impatient mob: "Hurry up!"

"Bring her out!"

"Bring out the greaser woman!"

They could not understand the words, but they understood the cry. It was a sound more terrifying than the roaring of wild beasts or the hissing of venomous snakes—it was the most terrible sound that ever falls on human ears—it was the call of a mob thirsting for human blood.

"Come along!" cried one of the guards.

But Dolores did not rise. She did not see. She did not hear. She still lay on the body of her husband, her face to his, sobbing convulsively. It was the last kiss of the two wretched beings; they were fairly torn apart by the guards, and the weeping woman was dragged through the door, while the man, writhing with rage and horror, still lay bound upon the floor.

Outside in the street stood Strang. He was waiting there, with his hangman's noose all ready, while two volunteer assistants carried some auxiliary planks and ropes. The sight of their victim, now weeping, seemed to renew the mob's appetite for death. When she had left them a few moments before she was seemingly calm, and for a time it appeared as if they were relaxing in their ferocity. But the sight of her tears, her suffering, inflamed their passion, their lust—the mob passion, the lust to kill. So with oaths and ribald jests the group set forth—the little prisoner and her armed guards, the hangman with his assistants and their grisly implements of murder, the shambling, whimpering Squire, and a rabble of miners now many hundreds strong.

It was not far to the bridge—the camp was small. Nor did it take long to prepare the gallows. Just where the bridge left the bank to span the stream, Strang lashed a plank to its floor, while from the cable overhead dangled the snaky noose. When his prepara-

tions were completed, Strang stepped back, looked around him with a gratified air, and said:

"I'll allow that there's a pretty neat job. Now, señora, if you'll step onto this here plank we'll fix everything all right."

She did not entirely understand his words, but pushed by her guards and prompted by a word from the trembling old Squire, she stepped out on the plank. When Strang made as if to adjust the noose around her neck she waved him back with a few words in Spanish.

"Let her alone," muttered the old Squire. "She says she'll fix the rope herself so you won't muss her hair." His voice broke, and he turned away.

Standing on the plank projecting over the edge of the bridge, little Dolores lifted her hands as if to rearrange her hair. But she paused and looked around her—for, she thought, it was the last time she was to look upon this great, green, pleasant world. Beneath her feet rushed the yellow river. On its scarred and gashed banks, amid piles of boulders and heaps of tailings, stood hundreds of roughly clad miners. On the bridge behind her stood a little group made up of the guards, the hangman and his assistants, and the old Squire. On every side, wherever she looked, she saw only a cold, a cruel, or a ferocious face.

She drew a long breath—she was again becoming more dazed than terrified. It seemed incredible that out of all that throng of men there would not come some help. Could it be possible that among those thousands not one man would even try to save her life?

She sighed, and again she lifted her hands to her hair. Strang stepped forward, but the Squire restrained him.

"Hold on a minute," he said. "I s'pose she's a Catholic, and there's no priest here, but we ought to give her time to pray. *Quiere usted orar, señora?*"

Pray? Dolores looked at him vaguely. Pray—why should she pray? The priests had told her to pray, and she had prayed all her life. But the priests had also told her that God is good. But if God is good, why was she standing here? Why were all these cruel men clamoring for her life? Was it because she had



Ada Woodruff Anderson, Author of "The Heart of the Red Firs." Little, Brown & Co.

slain the drunken giant who attacked her? But why did God permit this giant to become crazed with drink? If she had not defended herself, she could not have prevented Joaquin from defending her. And if Joaquin had killed the giant, then Joaquin would have been killed by the miner's comrades. Or the drunken giant would have killed Joaquin. Every way she turned, her thoughts encountered murder. Yet why did God permit men to be drunken and lustful? She had done nothing to tempt the lustful miner. Why, then, did she deserve this awful fate? God had made her as she was—why did he make her so that this man lusted after her? Why did he let the man become blinded with drink as well as lust?

Pray? No—why should she pray to God? He was up there, up where the stars are, the priest told her. God saw her now. Yet he permitted the strong and criminal to slay the weak and innocent. God had forgotten her. No—she could not pray.

She looked up to the blue sky, fleckless, flawless, out of which poured the gorgeous sunlight. Was this beautiful world of green, and blue, and gold suddenly to be turned for her into blackness, night, and dark? Was she never to see that brilliant sun, that cloudless sky again? A gentle breeze blew down the river and stirred her hair: it moved some object over her. She looked up; it was the hangman's noose—she shuddered and closed her eyes. Behind her she heard something which sounded like sobbing. She turned—it was the old Squire. He had broken down at last, and was weeping bitterly. Perhaps it was only drink; perhaps it was some trace of his vanished manhood. Who can tell?

This, the only evidence of human sympathy she saw in that mass of hard, set, scowling faces, moved her. She waved her hand to the old Squire and smiling sadly murmured, "*Adios, pobre viejo*."

Again Strang approached her—this time unchecked by the Squire. Unfastening her long and heavy hair, she tied it into a knot on the top of her head. Taking the noose from Strang's outstretched hands, she herself adjusted it around her neck, closed her eyes, and gave the signal.

Strang cut the lashings. The plank tilted forward. It fell into the river with a splash. The little body plunged giddily down to the end of its rope. It rebounded, dangled, twirled around twice or thrice. It

spun backward on the untwisting cord, rocked, oscillated, bowed to its murderers. Then it stood still.

Now that its hideous work was done, the mob seemed awed. The shouting had died away. All talk was in undertones. The crowd of miners began to disintegrate into groups. The groups were slowly growing thinner. The miners were scattering. But they were checked by an unexpected arrival. A horseman appeared on the opposite side of the river. When he saw the large gathering he urged on his horse, and rode across the bridge at a quick gallop. Then the crowd saw that it was John Tower. Not until he was almost under it did he see the little body dangling in the air. Leaping from the saddle, he ran to the side of the body, drew his bowie-knife, and cut the rope. He was so tall and strong, the victim so tiny and so frail, that the little figure fell into the hollow of his strong left arm as if it were that of a child. He felt the wrist—not a thread of pulse. He put his ear against the chest—not a flutter of heart-beat. Tenderly, he laid the little form down on the bridge floor. Rising, he glared around him.

"Who has done this?" he cried. "Who stands for this vile and cowardly deed?"

There was a long silence. No one answered him.

"I ask again who is guilty of this lynching? Since when have American miners turned cowards and taken to hanging women?"

Again there was a silence. Some of the most loud-mouthed ringleaders stirred uneasily, but they, too, were silent now.

Tower turned fiercely to Strang. "Were you in this cowardly business?" he demanded. "What is that axe in your hand for? Did you cut that lashing?"

"Yes," admitted Strang reluctantly. "But I was ordered to hang the woman—ordered by the judge."

"By the judge?" repeated Tower, disdainfully. "What judge? Judge Lynch?"

"No, it wasn't no Judge Lynch court," returned Strang resentfully. "It was a regular Vigilante Court—a people's tribunal, and the Squire here was the judge, dooly elected by the people."

Tower turned toward the Squire; he looked coldly at the shambling wreck of a man.

"You chose a fit tool for your devil's work," he cried. "Now that the mob is ashamed of its cowardly deed it will try to repudiate this murder; it will try to foist it on this poor old drunkard here."

He looked around in his anger, seeking some one whom he could call to account. But there was no one. The old Squire, between drink and excitement, was already collapsing. The hangman, Tower did not know; Strang was a stranger in the camp—probably some vagabond with a thirst for killing.

The crowd had grown uneasy—it was melting away. Again Tower checked them as he shouted:

"Men, who did this? Who let it be done? Where were the authorities of this town? Where were the officers of the law when the law was outraged here?"

Still no answer came, as the miners continued to desert the scene. But at last Tower saw a man appear whom he could call to account. It was Fox. Ignorant of the arrival of his enemy, the prudent alcalde had at last concluded to appear at the scene of the lynching. Accosting the departing miners, he was deploring the occurrence.

"This is too bad, boys," he said, deprecatingly, to a group of men as Tower approached them, "altogether too bad. You ought not to have done this. These irregular executions are deplorable. They give a bad name to a town. Just see what happened to that camp over on the American River. They had a few regrettable affairs like this, and it got the name of Hangtown, which has stuck to it ever since."

"So, sir!" said Tower sternly. Fox wheeled at the sound of his voice. "So you are here at last! Do you see that body lying there? Do you know that a woman has been lynched? You, the alcalde of this town, suffered this shameful deed, yet you did not prevent it!"

Fox's face grew gray as he listened to the scornful words.

"How could I prevent it?" he asked in an injured tone. "I was not present."

"As if it were possible for any man in this small camp to be ignorant of it," sneered Tower. "Where were you when the mob was lynching this helpless creature?"

"I was in my office, sir," replied Fox stiffly, "and I was entirely ignorant of what was taking place. But I do not recognize your right to cross-question me."

"I will exercise that right with you or any man who is a principal or accessory in a cowardly murder," retorted Tower.

"Be careful what you say," said Fox sharply. "I have already told you that I had nothing to do with this affair."

"And I say that you, as alcalde, are responsible for it. You should have prevented it even at the peril of your life. Cowardice made you hide—it made you sneak away from the scene of your duty."

"I will hold you personally responsible for these words, sir," declared Fox. "My friends shall wait on you this evening."

"Why wait?" returned Tower tauntingly. "Now is a good time. You believe in irregular executions—why be so particular about a regular duel?"

Fox's face flushed, and then grew pale again. He hesitated before he replied. At last he spoke:

"I am the chief civil officer of this place. It would be unseemly for me to be embroiled in a street fight. Besides, some of your partisans may take a hand."

"You need have no fear," sneered Tower. "I need no man to fight my battles. If you are of so coy and

shrinking a disposition that you prefer an indoor fight I will accommodate you. We need not fight in the street. Let us go to the hotel. There we can be locked in a room, each man to have his bowie-knife and revolver. There you can have satisfaction, and I will prove that you are both a coward and a liar."

Again Fox faltered. Again his tell-tale face betrayed him. From the demeanor of the crowd, which was watching him closely, he saw that there was doubt as to his courage.

"Agreed," said he, sullenly. "We will fight with knife and pistol. I have no knife, but I can borrow one."

The crowd about them had listened in silence. As the dispute grew hotter it began to separate into two groups. When the challenge was accepted the partisans of the two duellists had formed around them, and as if by signal the two compact bodies of men started up the street toward the place set for the duel. But they had gone only a few yards when they were stopped by the sheriff. Apparently, that official had also been in convenient retirement.

"Sorry, gentlemen," said the sheriff, apologetically. "sorry to trouble you, but I'll have to take you to my office and bind you over to keep the peace. That is," he added, "unless you both give me your word of honor there won't be any fighting—in that case I'll waive formality, and let you go on your own reckonances."

Fox promptly consented. Fowler also consented, but more reluctantly. The crowd dispersed with an appearance of deep disappointment.

* * * * *

Balked of a duel, and with only the lynching to discuss, the crowd of miners at last deserted the streets for the saloons. The two intending duellists had been led away by their friends. Of the important personages in the tragedy, there remained only the sheriff and Smithy. By reason of his partnership with the dead man, Smithy conceived that it was his duty to arrange all matters yet unsettled. Having been one of those who bound the Mexican, Joaquin, he reflected that it was no more than right that he should formally turn over the man to the custody of the law. So thinking, he accosted the sheriff.

"Jim, what are you going to do with her feller?"

"What feller?"

"Why, the Mexican woman's man."

"I don't know."

"Ye see, Jim, he's over yander yet in their—I mean in his shack. We roped his arms and legs, and he's in there yet, a-lyin' on the floor."

"Well," said the sheriff, musingly, "better leave him loose, I guess—take his gun away from him, and then leave him go."

"I got his gun, Jim—I don't leave no gun with no greaser when I've helped hang his woman. But say—don't you think the feller will want to carry off the body—that is, the remains? None of the boys will want to tech it."

"Right you are, Smithy. He had ought to have it anyway. Nobody hadn't ought to have hard feelings against a person after they're dead. Besides, we don't know where she—or he—that is, where they would want to have it buried."

"Well, s'posin' we go round together and leave him loose. We can tell him kind o' harsh-like to take the body and git out of here. And then, if he aint got no horse, we can lend him the loan of one."

"Lend a horse to a greaser!" cried the sheriff in astonishment. "Why, Smithy, what's got into you?—you wouldn't never git it back!"

"I don't care if I didn't," replied Smithy moodily. "I want him to take it away and bury it. I don't want never to see it again. I tell you what, Jim, the sight of that little body give me the creeps. Before that hangman feller shoved her off the plank I was mad yet—I was mad clear through—thinking of the way she stabbed my pardner Jack. But when she went down to the end of the rope—*Kerchug!*—I tell you what, it made me sick. I seen lots of men die—some shot—some hung—and some hung and filled full of bullets while they was bein' hung. But I never seen a woman hung before—and I never want to again."

"It must 'a' been rather a raw piece of work for a fact. Glad I didn't see it. But then I couldn't 'a' had, of course, bein' myself a law officer. Good thing for you fellers she wasn't put in my keepin'."

"Why?" queried Smithy, with fitful interest.

"Because you'd never have got her away so long as I was alive and kickin'."

"Why, Jim, what difference does it make to you about a greaser woman?"

"It don't make no difference at all—that is, as far as the woman is concerned. But as a matter of pride in my job, I wouldn't 'a' let you fellers take her away."

"Eh! You don't mean gun play, do you, Jim?"

"That's what I mean, Smithy! And if my best friends had been in the crowd that came to take her, I'd have shot 'em up just the same."

"I believe you would, Jim," cried Smithy admiringly. "But I'm mighty glad you didn't have to have her for a prisoner. The boys was bound to hang her."

"Yes, and it's going to make heaps of trouble for us all," grumbled the sheriff. "Them Mexicans is down on us already for driving them out of the rich diggings down on the Amargosa River. Now they'll have another crow to pick with us. I'm afraid a lot of them'll take to the tall timber."

"You mean turn road agents—holdin' up stages?"

"Yes, and all sorts of deviltry generally. But say, Smithy, let's go down to the greaser's shack and leave him go."

When they reached there the guards were gone, but the Mexican was still lying bound upon the floor. When they untied him he could not for a time move his cramped and stiffened limbs, but at last he was able to walk. Smithy's offer of a horse he declined, saying he had one of his own. He went to the rear of his shack, where in a rough stall stood a horse. The Mexican hastened to water the animal, which had been untended for hours. On its back he placed an *aparejo*, or pack saddle; on the front of this, partly across the animal's withers, he strapped his riding saddle. Then on and back of the *aparejo* he bound a *serope* and some other of the dead woman's wraps to make a couch. He arranged the "pack" with all the dexterity of a practiced Mexican muleteer. Last of all he strapped on a bag of fodder for the patient beast. It seemed strange that he should think of this in his great grief. When he had finished he turned to the two men who were silently regarding him.

"Where is she?" he asked quietly.

"Down the road a ways, *hombre*," said Smithy, "come along, and we'll show you."

So, followed by the stricken man leading his animal, the two led the way to the bridge.

She lay there as she had been left—in the roadway—just where the bridge left the banks. On the bridge floor the soft dust had been carried by the wheels of many vehicles, and this reddish yellow dust was her couch. This mortal shell of ours makes little show after death, when, the life-current stopped, the body lies prone. Even ranks of stalwart soldiers, when mowed down by machine guns, look like heaps of bloody rags. This little creature seemed merely a wisp as she lay limp in the yellow road. The bit of human clay was so small, so shrunken, so insignificant, that it looked in its dust-covered garments almost like a heaped-up windrow of the dust in which it lay.

The man dropped the halter-ropes by which he was leading the horse, and flung himself beside the inanimate little figure. Harsh barking sounds burst from his chest—sounds like horrible laughter—sounds like animals crying to each other—hideous, unhuman



Mary Inlay Taylor, Author of "The Reaping."
Little, Brown & Co.

sounds. They were not like the sounds which come from women weeping, and no tears came from his dry and staring eyes. But the two listeners, although they had never heard such sounds before, knew that the man was sobbing. They knew, too, that bitterly as he was crying, he hated them still more bitterly; they knew that his pride would have concealed his emotion had it not proved too overmastering for him.

"*Pobrecito!*" he moaned, as he lifted the little hand and dropped it when he felt its icy fingers. The arm fell heavily back into the soft thick dust. "*Lolita mia!* Poor little soul! Soul of a white dove! Soul that never harmed any one! And to be murdered by these devils of Gringos! Black devils—devils from hell!"

He threw himself forward with his face to hers, and moaned. His body shook with his sobs.

Smithy stirred uneasily as he looked down at the man. "Come, Jim," said he, "let's git out of this! I never seen a man take on like that before. Let's vamoose!"

"Yes, we'd better leave him be, Smithy. When he gits through his takin' on he'll pack her away and bury her. This is a bad business, Smithy, a terrible bad business. I'd rather hang fifty men than one woman. We'll have trouble over this. The boys had oughter had this case tended to by the regular county judge and your Uncle Jim here."

"Well, Jim, maybe so. But it's too late now to talk about it. Let's git out."

The two men gone, the unfortunate husband was left alone with his dead. He lifted the little figure from the road, and reverently composed its garments. He needed no help—he would have refused it—he was glad they were gone. He lifted the slight body and placed it on the couch he had made for it between the cross-bars of the *aparejo*. The head reposed on his riding saddle between the high pommel and cantle, and the body he strapped firmly to its place with the leathern thongs of the *aparejo*. Over the body he draped the *serope*, and then, pressing a kiss on the cold lips, he covered the swollen and disfigured face with her *rebozo*, and set forth.

It was late in the night when this meagre funeral procession paused at a point on the mountain slope above the gorge where the Grizzly Creek diggings lay. In the deep darkness of the pines—for little starlight or moonlight sifts down through the tall trees by night—he thought he saw a tent and cried out:

"Tiburcio!"

At once there came a shout from the tent:

"*Quien es?*"

It sounded like an echo, so quickly was he answered. A young Mexican lifted the tent flap. "Joaquin—is that you, Joaquin?" he cried.

"Yes, it is I, *hermanito*."

"And what brings you out so late—is there more trouble?"

Joaquin tried to speak, but his inarticulate words only died away in a groan.

"Is it the Americanos again?" demanded Tiburcio bitterly.

Joaquin nodded.

"They drove us from the mines—have they driven you from the town, too?" asked Tiburcio anxiously, as he lighted a lantern.

Joaquin made a sign of assent without speaking.

"But where, then, is my sister? Where is Dolores? Have you left her in the town among those cursed Americanos?"

Joaquin shook his head.

"She is here," he said, lifting the *rebozo* from the swollen face. "She is here—my wife—your sister—she is here. Here is Dolores."

Tiburcio bounded forward. "Dolores here?" he cried. "Why does she not speak?"

The dim rays from the lantern fell on the disfigured face.

"Look up, Lolita! Speak to me, *hermanita mia!* Ay! But her face is bruised and swollen—her hands are icy cold! Ah, God! She is dead! Dolores is dead. *Ay de mi!* Who has done this foul deed, Joaquin?"

"The Americanos, those demons from hell!" hissed Joaquin.

"God of my life, but look!" cried Tiburcio. "What is this black and hideous mark around her white neck? What have they done? What have the devils done?"

"What have they done? Do you ask, Tiburcio, with that black bruise to tell you? With that swollen face? With those bloodshot eyes starting from their sockets? They have hanged her; that is what they have done. They have strangled her at the end of a rope. Dolores—your sister—my wife—has been hanged by the Americanos."

Soon the terrible story was told by the husband to the crushed and weeping brother. The little body was lifted from its bier and laid on a couch of pine needles in the tent. Against a wall of picks and shovels still stood idle, as they had ever since the two Mexicans had been driven from the rich diggings on the bar below. With these tools the two men had dug treasure from the earth; now with these same tools they buried their dearest earthly treasure.

"Dig the grave deep, brother," said Joaquin. "Dig it deep, that it may not be desecrated by the Gringos!"

By the lantern's light they worked long, and at last a deep grave. When it was done the first streak of daylight were climbing up from the east, but the tall trees on the mountain side it was still dark. With no shroud but her *serope*, clad in the dust and ments in which she had been done to death, little Dolores was laid away in her mountain grave. There was no priest or acolyte, no funeral chorus, no religious rites for the victim of Judge Lynch. The only chorus was the aeolian music of those giant harps, the wind-blown pines, whose ceaseless requiem sounds like the sob of the sea. The only religious rite was when the two mourners knelt, and clasping hands across the grave swore solemn vengeance.

"*Muerte a los Americanos!*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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To the surprise of every one present, James R. Day, chancellor of Syracuse University, failed to secure his election as one of the ministerial delegates to the General Conference at Baltimore when the delegates were chosen at a session of the New York Methodist Conference. It had been generally supposed previous to the actual casting of the vote that he would head the list of the conference's representatives. The defeat of Chancellor Day was regarded by many of the ministers present as a quiet rebuke for his recent utterances in the newspapers. It was said that there was considerable feeling in the conference, which, while it declined to condemn his remarks openly, privately regarded them as "yellow" and sensational. For this reason, it was asserted, the ministers who held such sentiments did not regard him as a fit representative of the New York clergy at the Baltimore Conference.

J. Ogden Armour is preparing to retire as head of the great Armour packing-house. He has chosen his successor as head of the enormous interests that bear the name of his father, the late P. D. Armour. Watson Armour of Kansas City, a cousin, has been named for this important position. The selection of one of the younger members of the Armour family is preliminary to the permanent retirement of J. Ogden Armour from active participation in the packing and financial affairs of the West. In making the selection of his cousin, who is but twenty-six years old, Mr. Armour has been influenced largely by sentimental reasons. His desire is not alone to leave the direction of affairs in the hands of some one allied by blood to his family, but to one who also bears the name of Armour, so that the name of the founder of the vast fortune will be perpetuated.

THE BOOK MILL IN ENGLAND.

The Flood of Fiction Shows No Signs of Diminution While General Literature Holds Its Own.

If there is to be any end to the making of books that consummation is not yet in sight so far as England is concerned. The publishers' catalogues are congested with new arrivals, while the reviewer who would keep abreast of the flood must sit up late of nights, and even then he can do little more than cut the pages of the new books and estimate their quality by smelling the paper knife. And these books find readers, certainly the novels among them. Some few are, of course, published at the author's expense and to gratify the author's vanity, but the greater number of them go direct into an omnivorous market that is not over-particular about quality so long as the quantity is unstinted.

We have, fortunately, a ready means of estimating the popularity of a novel and the extent of the reading public. As all the world knows, "Mudie's Select Library" is a British institution designed, not to sell books, but to lend them. It is the business of Mudie's to estimate the demand for each new novel as it appears and to be prepared for the applications of their subscribers. By the courtesy of the manager I am able to give you the extent of some few of their recent purchases in illustration of the novel-reading habit and the part played therein by the great lending libraries. For this purpose the following recent novels will suffice:

"Lady of Rome," by F. M. Crawford.....1560 copies
 "Paul," by E. F. Benson.....1040 copies
 "Chipping," by S. Weyman.....1040 copies
 "Sophy of Kravonia," by A. Hope.....1000 copies
 "Letters of Queen Victoria," 3 vols..... 810 copies
 "Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.....3200 copies
 "Fenwick's Career," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.....2080 copies
 "Lady Rose," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.....3339 copies
 "Master Christian," by Marie Corelli.....3060 copies
 "Temporal Power," by Marie Corelli.....3143 copies
 "Sheaves," by E. F. Benson.....1300 copies

That the demand upon the leading library is not exclusively for fiction is shown by the fact that Mudie's found it necessary to purchase 3000 copies of Stanley's "Darkest Africa," and 608 copies of the "Life of Lord Granville." All these books are eventually sold as second hand as soon as their demand by borrowers is on the wane.

There is perhaps no cause for congratulation in an enormous national consumption of novels, which usually indicates a peculiar need for mental distraction. But a large demand for books of a serious nature is an evidence of mental sanity which can not be overlooked. And the demand for such books is today as large as it has ever been. Indeed, the number of really notable books, of books that are not merely transitory and evanescent, is remarkable. History, as usual, leads the way, and under this heading we may well include the "Letters of Queen Victoria." These letters are not only an historical document of unique character, but they are generally taken as an indication from the king himself that the governing duties of royalty are not so entirely nominal or ornamental as has been popularly supposed. Another notable history is "The Romance of George Villiers, First Duke of Buckingham," by Philip Gibbs. Villiers was penniless and well-nigh shirtless when he came to the court of James I, and he owed his success to a grace of mind and of figure, but certainly not of heart. As a result of this book we know more of a powerful court favorite than we should ever know otherwise. Then, too, there is an admirably told story of "Lady Jane Grey and Her Times," by I. A. Taylor, not perhaps of any startling novelty, but none the less a gracefully done portrait of a popular and pathetic figure. M. Montgomery Campbell is the editor of "Records of Stirring Times," based upon unpublished documents from 1726 to 1822. The Georgian days are certainly stirring enough, but their story might have been written with more vivacity and with a greater number of redeeming anecdotes. Ireland gets her share from the pen of George A. Birmingham, who writes "The Bad Times." The story begins with the year of the Union and the iniquities of that period are set forth convincingly and with plenty of welcome fire.

Literature comes in for a fair and liberal heritage. "The Poems of Coleridge," by E. H. Coleridge, points out the pictorial quality of the poems and supplies a useful piece of constructive criticism. Alfred Stibbings writes of "The Poets," from Chaucer to Tennyson, but without much evidence of an individual line of thought. Sir Theodore Martin supplies a translation of the "Poems and Ballads of Goethe." Sir Theodore Martin is a scholar, but whether from too close adherence to the original or from some other cause a good many of these translations are wooden and clumsy. Bliss Perry writes a life sketch of John Greenleaf Whittier that contains much that is admirable and sympathetic, while we have a whole crop of Shakespeareana of varying merit. F. J. Furnivall gives us an edition of "Love's Labor's Lost." Edward Viles and F. J. Furnivall write of "The Rogues and Vagabonds of Shakespeare's Youth," with much new matter about the quaint villains of the poet's early days. W. G. Boswell-Stone gives us "Shakespeare's Holiesied, the Chronicle and the Historical Plays." There could be no more useful volume for the student to whom the early chronicles are inaccessible, while the average reader will be interested in a survey showing the extent of the poet's debt to the historian. Along the same general direction we have "Green's Pandosto," edited by P. G. Thomas. "Pandosto, the Triumph of

Time," was the original of "A Winter's Tale," first dramatized by Puget de la Serre, but quite without the charm that it was to acquire under the touch of Shakespeare.

Art does not make a very good showing, although quality of writing is an admirable substitute for quantity. "Fifty Years of Modern Painting: Corot to Sargent," by J. E. Pythian, does a useful work by showing the actual performances of half a century. There is plenty of ground for a legitimate pride in a creditable record, although achievement may still lag somewhat behind anticipation. Mrs. A. H. Clough has translated from the German "The Cicerone: An Art Guide to Painting in Italy." It is fifty years since Dr. Jacob Burckhardt's learned work appeared, but the new translation shows that it is in no way outworn. T. C. and E. C. Jack publish two admirable little volumes on Raphael and Leighton, while G. Bell & Sons have similar monographs on Van Eyck and Botticelli. Then, too, we have a series of handbooks on Velasquez, by R. A. M. Stevenson; Piero Della Francesca, by W. G. Waters; Pinturicchio, by E. March Phillips; and Perugino, by George C. Williams.

Among books of a more general nature H. J. Mackinder's "The Rhine: Its Valley and History," contains many delightful half-hours and should upon no account be left behind by those who would explore this so accessible wonderland. Another fine book of a similar character is "Italian Gardens," after drawings by George S. Elgood, R. I., with notes by the author. The brush can not, of course, idealize such nature as this, but it can go a long way, and in these drawings its skill is at its best. Then again we have "The Builders of Florence," by I. Wood Brown, a successful effort to show the relation of Florentine building to the life and history of the Florentine people. Very interesting, too, from the pseudo-scientific point of view is "The Astronomy of the Bible," by E. Walter Maunder. The author is a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, and we must therefore listen with some simulated respect when he tries to convince us that "the sun stayed in the midst of heaven and hastened not to go down about a whole day," together with certain other occurrences of a like nature. After wrestling somewhat dubiously with the scientific aspect of these singular occurrences, Mr. Maunder takes his stand on scriptural warrant and accepts them as miracles. Mr. Maunder believes in their literal accuracy and this in itself is also something of a miracle. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, April 2, 1908.

Drachmann, the Danish Poet.

[Miss Larsen has written this brief biographical sketch of Holger Drachmann as an introductory note for his characteristic story, "The Dead Man's Boots," which appears on page 254 of this number.]

In the death of Holger Drachmann, Denmark mourns the passing of the greatest and the most wholly Danish of her contemporary poets. His was a nature of such over-abundant wealth that it needed to be clipped and pruned in order to produce the strongest growth. He was a lyric poet, and yet he was very successful as a dramatist. He was equally excellent as a novelist and a short-story writer. It was said by those who knew him well that it was a pity he could not live two lives, one as a painter and one as a poet.

One strong ruling passion, however, binds together all the various elements of his genius, his love for the sea and the men that live by the sea. His father was a surgeon in the navy. Through him Drachmann as a boy came in touch with the sailors and was more interested in them than in the distinguished men that crowded his home in Copenhagen. He began by painting them. During a stay in London he maintained himself by painting scenes from the docks, but while there he became interested in the cause of the laboring men. His poem "English Socialists" caught the attention of Georg Brandes, who persuaded him that his real vocation was that of a poet. "From the Boundary," a long patriotic poem dealing with the conflict with Germany in 1864 first gave him a popular recognition. After that he strewed about him with both hands lyrics, patriotic songs, and poems of labor. In translating into poetry the physical toil that makes our civilized life possible he is admitted to be without an equal. His chief novels are "Bound" and "Kitzvalde."

For a number of years Drachmann lived at Skagen, the North Cape of Denmark. He had a profound understanding of the fishermen and of that mixture of sordidness and heroism in their constant fight with death which is so different from the fat comfort of agricultural Denmark. His stately figure and poet's face framed in its white flowing beard was very noticeable at the village celebrations. He tried to preserve the old customs of the people, and though he could not stem the advancing tide of the tourists he has at least embodied in literature the fishermen's lives as he found them before the influx of city people. He was exceedingly beloved by his humble neighbors.

Drachmann visited America in 1897, but did not come farther west than Chicago. He lived for some time in the Adirondacks and wrote some of his best works there.

Drachmann's matrimonial career was most checkered. He was married three times. The real love of his life, however, was a former variety star, Amanda Nielsen, known to poetry as Edith. She refused to marry him, though they lived as man and wife for ten years and remained friends even after she was married to another. At the celebration given in Copenhagen last year in honor of his sixtieth birthday Drachmann publicly acknowledged the debt he owed to the inspiration she had given him—much to the chagrin of the respectable people that were assembled to do him honor.

Drachmann died in a hospital in Hornbeck January 13. His body was taken to Copenhagen to be cremated, and the ashes were brought back in a special vessel to be placed on one of the cliffs he loved so well.

HANNAH ASTRUP LARSEN.

Frank T. Bullen, who was a sailor long before he became a writer, says that most books about the sea are full of blunders, and even a landlubber may guess so much. Marryat and Michael Scott he indorses cordially, but they were mainly concerned with the navy. Of the landmen he gives first place to Stevenson for sailing craft and to Kipling for steam traffic. Of American writers, he names R. H. Dana, but he should have said something of the greatly gifted author of "Moby Dick."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Since the assassination of the King of Portugal, Señor Joao Franco, the dictator, who left the country immediately after the tragedy, has been wandering through the west of Europe in an effort to hide from the conspirators who are supposed to be thirsting for his life. To a representative of an Italian newspaper Señor Franco has given his own version of Portuguese affairs and the assurance that his plans in the immediate future will be directed toward the proper education of his only son.

Mr. Hall Caine has promised the editor of *M. A. P.* to write his autobiography for that journal. Mr. Hall Caine explains that he is going to write the book himself, as he knows "the time must come when the story of my life will be taken and dissected and analyzed by some one who will not know so much about it as I know myself." He is therefore going to do his own dissecting. In the course of the story we are promised a great deal about Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and we may expect, too, something about Mr. Hall Caine.

Dr. Stanton Coit, president of the Ethical Society of West London and formerly prominent in University Settlement work in New York, has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment for an assault upon an omnibus conductor. For many years Dr. Coit worked on the East Side of New York. He founded the Ethical Society there and he also inaugurated the Neighborhood Guild, which developed into the University Settlement Movement, of which he became head worker. In 1898 he married Miss Adela Wetzlar in Kensington Town Hall. It was called an "ethical marriage." The ceremony was conducted by Frederic Harrison of the London Society for Ethical Culture.

The marriage contract of the reigning Chinese Emperor Kwang-Hsue has been discovered in a village of southern Germany in the possession of a tavern-keeper who had no idea of its value. The contract, which was stolen from the palace during the visit of the allied armies to Peking in 1900, consists of a gorgeous piece of silk, some four feet in length and a foot wide, which folds up in a curious manner until it assumes the form of a fancy wallet. It is richly emblazoned with dragons and other artistic emblems of the Chinese dynasty, and recites the solemn conditions of the sacred pact in Oriental terms. Ever since the disappearance of the document Chinese diplomatic representatives in all parts of the world have conducted an exhaustive search for its whereabouts.

Prince and Princess Bernadotte of Sweden have attracted some attention by their religious enthusiasms. On their last visit to England they both addressed public church meetings and they are now again on their way to London to study the general religious and social situation of the English metropolis. The princess was one of the Queen of Sweden's maids of honor, Miss Ebba Munck, and attracted Prince Oscar from the moment she set foot in the palace. When the late king heard of his son's infatuation he decided to send him away. Prince Oscar refused to go unless Miss Munck went with him, and in spite of his father's opposition the prince and Miss Munck were betrothed. When Queen Sophia was about to undergo a severe operation she sent for the king just before taking the anæsthetic and begged his consent to the marriage and his forgiveness for Prince Oscar. Under these dramatic circumstances the king relented. The queen was operated on, recovered, and the prince and Miss Munck were married at Bournemouth.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, one of the most carefully edited papers in Germany, classes Mrs. Nicholas Longworth with the "royalties who typewrite their own letters." Other "royalties" who use the typewriter, according to the *Zeitung*, are: Queen Alexandra of England and her daughters, the Duchess of Fife, Queen Maud of Norway, and Princess Victoria. The *Zeitung* adds that the Czarina, Princess Ludwig of Bavaria, and Queen Amalie of Portugal are also typists. Of late the Empress of Japan has taken to the machine, after she discovered a typewriter in her husband's library. The strange little machine interested the majesty and she had it explained to her. She soon began to finger it herself, and now she does much of her correspondence upon it. However, these royal ladies together probably use the typewriter less than Carmen Sylva, the Queen of Roumania, who rattles off her novels, poems, and essays on the machine. The click of her typewriter is heard in the palace from six to seven hours every day and often at night.

The French Academy has elected three members to fill the seats rendered vacant by the deaths of MM. Berthelot, André Theuriet, and Sully Prudhomme. The choice fell upon MM. Francis Charnes, Jean Richepin, and Henri Poincaré. M. Francis Charnes, director of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* since the death of M. Brunetiere, one of the best-known French journalists of his generation, has had a characteristic career, in which brilliant political work on the press has alternated with historical and literary studies and with the diplomatic and parliamentary services which he has rendered to his country, under different ministries as well as in the legislature. The life of the neo-romantic poet and dramatist, M. Jean Richepin, who has in turn been "professor libre," sailor, porter, docker, and actor, is as richly colored and full of adventure as are his exuberant prose and defiantly realistic verse. The election of the great mathematician M. Henri Poincaré emphasizes the recognition by cultured Frenchmen of the high literary quality of the works in which he gives expression to views of a singular boldness and subtlety.

THE SPANIARDS IN LOUISIANA.

An Incident of the Insurrection Is the Basis for a Fine Romance of Effort and Adventure.

When the Frenchmen of Louisiana, stirred by the contempt of their king who had spurned their protests against the Spanish cession, rose in revolt against Spain, their complete triumph lulled them into a false and fatal security, so that when Don Alexandro O'Reilly with twenty-four vessels arrived at New Orleans there was no effective resistance and Spain once more made good her authority over her new province. Of those responsible for the previous outbreak the greater number were punished by imprisonment and confiscation, while five of the leaders were sentenced to be shot on the Spanish flagship *Santa Maria* at break of day. But there were only four to face the firing squad. The Chevalier Charles de Noyan had escaped, and although a boat was fired upon in the blackness of the night and a dark figure was seen to fall into the water, his actual fate has remained unknown. According to the Spanish records he was "shot at sunrise" with the others, but Mr. Randall Parrish has ingeniously used the incident as a basis for a story of unusual interest and vigor. The narrator is Geoffrey Benteen, who is summoned by De Noyan's wife on the eve of the execution to use his courage and his strategy for her husband's liberation. Geoffrey had been Mme. de Noyan's lover before the misunderstanding that separated them, and called now to the aid of his successful rival, the chivalry of his nature, unspoiled by the civilization of cities, urges him to energetic compliance.

The escape is ingeniously devised. In the dead of night and so dressed as to personate a drunken priest whom he knows to be on board the *Santa Maria*, Geoffrey throws his lariat from the roof of a cotton warehouse and at the second attempt succeeds in roping one of the tall masts that show their shadowy outline above the stream. He is aided by the French priest who has been in attendance upon Mme. de Noyan:

We rested there motionless, with no attempt at speech, for fully twenty minutes before I ventured to haul in the line which dangled downward from my hand. Everything remained quiet below, and, coiling it carefully over my arm, I noiselessly arose to my feet once more, poising myself to essay a second cast. As straight this time as an arrow from the taut string of a bow the noose sped silently into the darkness. I felt a thrill of delight tingle through me as the end settled softly over the end of the vague, distant spar. I drew the cord taut and firm, not a sound breaking the intense stillness closing us in like a wall. A heavy wooden post, with a pulley attachment, stood behind where we rested, probably fitted there for hauling up heavy hales of cotton. Creeping back, I wound the slack of the rope about its base, drawing it as tight as possible, and then placed the end in the hands of the observant and wondering priest, who continued to creep after me like a shadow.

"Now all I expect of you is to hold hard on this rope until I get across on to the spar," I whispered. "When I give three distinct jerks on the cord, then let loose of your end; but drop it slowly, mind you, *père*, so I can draw it in without noise. You had better creep on the edge of the roof with it before you release your hold. Do you understand?"

He nodded silently, his eyes gazing unwaveringly into mine. I held forth my hand to him, moved by the sudden impulse of such a movement. As he gave me his own in response it felt as cold as ice, yet I marked his grip was strong.

"As soon as I coil in the rope you had better creep down and go home," I explained, speaking slowly, for somehow I felt it strangely hard to part with this last tie between the present and the uncertain future. "You can be no further use to me; madame will be anxious to hear your report, while it might prove exceedingly awkward for one of your cloth to be trapped here after this night's work is discovered by the Dons. So now good-bye; you are a man of nerve, even if you are a priest, and I am glad to have been comrade with you."

I heard him answer something as I slowly crept down to the edge, testing again the feel of the rope before venturing to swing off upon it. I was not unaccustomed to those adventures incident to rough life on the frontier; my nerves were not easily jarred by rough experiences, yet I hold it no pleasant sensation to swing out on a thirty-foot line at that height, amid utter darkness, especially when you feel uncertain as to its secure fastening at the further end. Moreover, the priest's rope hampered my movements sadly, while, being no lightweight, the strands of the small cord cut my hands. I durst not hurry, but took the passage inch by inch, gritting my teeth as I hung suspended above the abyss lest I might emit a cry. In truth, I thought my arms would pull out of the sockets before I finally came alongside the spar. Yet, thanks be to God, the rope held nobly, though it required every pound of remaining strength to haul my dangling body up, that I could rest across the wood before I felt after the standing rope beneath. I clung there weak as a child, trembling like a frightened woman, the cold perspiration standing in drops upon my face.

On reaching the deck Geoffrey discovers the drunken priest and gags him. In the dim cabin light he is able to gain admission to the room in which De Noyan is confined, and after explaining his project for escape he conceals the prisoner in a great sea-chest that he fortunately finds within the cabin and arranges a dummy form upon the bed to satisfy prying eyes:

Pulling the hood across my face, I partially opened the door, glancing out upon the curious sentry. To my relief he was alone.

"I suppose the commandant told you to give me a lift out with this box?" I asked in Spanish.

"No, *señor padre*."

The man was exceedingly good natured, evidently one who had profound respect for the cloth.

"*Caramba*!" I growled angrily, using the Spanish tongue so he might not miss my meaning. "He promised it only a moment ago, when he looked in. He must have forgotten. There is no sense in having such a great chest lumbering up the entire room. Know you how it ever came there?"

"It was the *señor* lieutenant's stateroom, *padre*, before the prisoners were brought aboard. I think it might be his sea-chest."

"Well, the commandant said it might be removed, so out it goes. It leaves no space for us to kneel in prayer."

I bent down as I spoke, exerting all my strength, and succeeded in dragging the heavy, iron-bound chest forward, across the threshold. My heart beat fiercely in misgiving lest the guard might feel moved to interfere, but he never stirred; merely gazed at my movements in stolid wonder. Concealing

from him all the interior possible with my body, I spoke a brief word of farewell to the prisoner, supposed to be safely within, then closed and locked the door.

"Here," I said authoritatively, my cheeks flushed with delight at so successful an issue, "lay hold on one end of this, and give me a lift."

Obligingly, and apparently without a moment's reflection as to his duty, the soldier, young in years and doubtless a new recruit, leaned his gun against the mast, hending down with hand upon the rope handle.

"Where to, *señor padre*?"

"The commandant said it might be placed in the storeroom. 'Twill stow away safely enough there, and bother nobody. Know you where that is?"

"Ay, only a step this way."

To lower a line from the deck above into the store room, to draw up the prisoner, and silently to drop into the water occupy a moment only, and a boat in concealment at an obscure wharf does the rest. Then Geoffrey finds that Mme. de Noyan herself has taken the place of one of the negroes who were to have been on hand and that the vicissitudes of a long and dangerous river voyage are to be shared by a woman. There is a fusillade from the bank and the remaining negro falls back into the water and disappears. It was the negro who was shot and not De Noyan as the Spanish report somewhat precipitately concludes.

Then begins the long and dangerous passage of the river in the effort to escape from Spanish territory. The fugitives are pursued, and everywhere there are the Spanish military posts on the *qui vive* for a prisoner of such importance. Once they are nearly caught by a Spanish officer who shows embarrassing curiosity as to the camp which he can discern at a distance and wherein his keen eyes have detected the presence of a woman. He is foiled by Geoffrey, who simulates indignation at interference with his free passage to the Ohio:

"Señor," I said, in studied courtesy, stopping suddenly and confronting him, "I have hunted across this wilderness more than one season, and dislike being stopped now by Spanish decree. Nor do I comprehend your right in this matter. Have you warrant for opposing our peaceful passage to the Ohio?"

He stared at me in undisguised amazement at my boldness, a grim smile on his hard, set face.



Maurice Hewlett, Author of "The Spanish Jade."

"Ay, I have, fellow," he finally retorted angrily, tapping his hilt. "'Tis in this scabbard at my side."

"Then draw it, *señor*," I exclaimed, throwing forward my long rifle menacingly. "And may God stand with the better man."

I have a conception that at the moment he believed he was being fronted by a crazed man, yet there was in my face an expression quickly teaching him otherwise, and, with a swift twist, he flashed his sword forth into the sunlight, standing on guard.

"*Por Baco*!" he growled savagely, "you must be little better than a fool to hoist that club. It will give me pleasure to teach you better manners toward a grandee of Spain."

"Grandee or not," I retorted, angered at his implied contempt, "I may teach you a trick, *señor*, with that same club, never learned in your Spanish fencing clubs."

It was swift, intense fighting from the word, he proving past-master of his weapon, yet my stiff rifle harrel was no mean defense against his lighter blade, with a reach preventing his point from touching my body, and sufficient weight to bear down the thin, murderous steel whenever the two came into contact. It had been long practice with me, having picked up the pretty trick from a French zouave when I was a boy, so I swung the iron as if it were a single stick; and, in truth, I know of no better fence against the stroke of a straight sword, although fencing masters, I have heard, make light of it. Nevertheless it was new experience to this Spaniard, and it did me good to note how it angered the fellow to be held back by such a weapon. He made such stress to press in behind my guard that he began to pant like a man running a hard race. Nor did I venture to strike a blow in return, for, in simple truth, this soldier kept me busier with parry and feint than any swordsman before, while he tried every trick of his trade, not a few of them strange to me. So I bided my time, confident he must make an opening for fit return if he kept up such furious attack, and thus, with retreat and advance, hack and guard, thrust and parry, we tramped up a wide hit of ground, while there was no sound of the struggle, except our hard breathing, with now and then a fierce curse from him as his flashing steel nicked on my gun harrel, or flew off into thin air just as he thought to send its deadly point home.

Such fighting is wearing even to seasoned nerves, and the dazzle of the sun bothered my eyes, yet he had pressed me back scarcely more than a couple of yards when his dancing blade slipped stealthily up my brown barrel, suddenly nipping the loose sleeve of my doublet. As it picked into the cloth, scraping the skin of my forearm, I let the fellow have the end of the muzzle full in the side. It was not the best spot for such a thrust, nor could I give it proper force, yet I think it cracked a rib, from the way the Spaniard drew back, and the sudden pallor of his face; indeed, so ghostly white he got, I thought him done for, and lowered my harrel carelessly. He was more of a man than I had reckoned on, or else his pride made him averse to accepting defeat, for, with one quick

spring, like a wounded tiger, he was inside my guard, his ugly point rasping into me just beneath the shoulder. Saint Andrew! it was an awkward touch, especially as the tough steel held, the punctured flesh burning like fire; but fortunately the fellow was in too great pain himself to press his advantage, and, as we clinched and went down together, I chanced to be on the top, throttling him with right good will.

That which followed was but a small matter, yet I left him there, waiting the discovery of his comrades, in as comfortable a posture as possible, confident he could give no alarm. That Spaniard was a brave man, and I have ever had respect for such.

But the Spaniards were by no means the only enemies of the wilderness. We are introduced to a strange race of Indians of the Natchez tribe, five worshippers and mound builders, the only remaining band of a people once opulent and powerful but now close to their extinction through simple racial exhaustion. After a hard fight, the refugees are captured, condemned to death by torture, respited by the influence of the queen, who, herself a French woman, has secured a position of great influence over the savages. De Noyan proves more susceptible to the wild beauty of the queen than a married man should be, and especially one who is in the company of his own charming wife, and when Geoffrey presently escapes, leaving De Noyan and his wife in the hands of their captors, it is with feelings of fierce resentment against a man who could witness the danger to his wife with unconcern while lending ready ear to the beguilements of her jailer. On his way through the rock-hewn passages of the Natchez village Geoffrey finds a Jesuit priest who has been in captivity for two months, and although our glimpse of him is a brief one it is one of the most successful parts of the story:

There was no mistaking the truth this time—a strange voice was speaking broken English almost at our very feet. Cairnes clattered to the floor with a rough exclamation of surprise, while I stared vainly at the idol, from which the sound apparently came.

"In Heaven's name, who are you?" I asked earnestly, "and where are you who make appeal to us?"

"I am Andre Lafossier, native of France, for two months past a prisoner to these savages. If you are Christian men I beseech assistance."

"Nor do you ask vainly. Are you behind the wooden image?"

"Ay, in a small room hollowed out from the rock."

"Except for that are you free to aid us in your escape?"

"No, monsieur; I am lamed in limb, and fastened to the stone by a metal hand."

"Are you suffering?" I asked, greatly moved by the expression of agony imprinted on his pallid face.

"It will pass, monsieur," he answered bravely, trying to smile at me. "Tis strange the spirit of man is so enslaved to the flesh that one can not wholly master a bit of physical pain. No doubt I am somewhat cramped from my long imprisonment, and, perchance, my wounds have not rightly healed."

"Are you wounded? I beg you permit me to attend to that. I possess some small skill in the bandaging and dressing of cuts."

His eyes rested upon me with all the tenderness of a woman.

"I truly thank you, monsieur, but it is beyond your skill to aid me, even were you of the school of Paris. They be of a savage nature which God alone may beautify."

He slightly lifted his long black robe as he spoke, and may the merciful Father forgive the oath which sprang to my lips as I gazed in horror at the disfigurement—two fleshless limbs, one without even the semblance of a foot, merely a blackened, charred stump rested on the rock floor.

"Mother of God!" I sobbed, "it has been burned off."

"Ay," he returned, in all gentleness, covering the awful sight. "Yet were they gladly given for Christ's sake."

The spectacle of the heroic priest, rescued, but refusing all further protection and limping painfully and alone to the next Indian village in furtherance of his mission, is not one soon to be forgotten. Of the dénouement of this strange story, and of the final catastrophe through which liberation came to Mme. de Noyan and happiness to Geoffrey Benteen, the story may well be allowed to speak for itself. It is a successful and fascinating romance and one that is worthy of its author.

"Prisoners of Chance: The Story of What Befell Geoffrey Benteen, Borderman, Through His Love for a Lady of France," by Randall Parrish. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.50.

Dowager Queen Maria Christina of Spain recently gave testimony before the judges of the Spanish Supreme Court regarding the claims of Fernand and Henri Sanz. These two young men, living in Paris, are sons of the late King Alfonso XII, they declare, and so are half-brothers to the present king, to whom they bear a striking resemblance. They are the sons of the late Elena Sanz, a beautiful Bohemian opera singer, with whom Alfonso XII was deeply in love up to the very day of his death. The queen dowager testified that a few days after the death of her husband, Alfonso XII, Señor Salmeron went to Señor Abella, who was then master of the household, and told him that Elena Sanz had certain letters from the late king, the publication of which would cause a great scandal, but she would give them up for \$15,000. In addition Salmeron claimed \$1000 for his services. Trusting to the integrity of Salmeron, the queen said she paid \$16,000, and Salmeron assured her that all the letters had been destroyed. The present suit of the Sanz heirs, however, is based on letters identical with those which the queen paid to have burned. Signora Sanz bore four children to the late King of Spain, her sons claim. After Alfonso XII's death the mother and children were expelled from Spain and went to Paris, where two of the children died of diphtheria. Soon after their mother died. Fernand and Henri, the surviving sons, were taken care of by a kind-hearted woman who made her living by mending rare laces.

FEMININE VERDICTS ON HICHENS.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"Fini!" said Zylpha. She closed the book—Hichen's "Barbary Sheep"—with a sounding thwack and sent it flying across the veranda.

"What's the matter with the poor thing? Didn't it let them live happily ever afterwards?" queried Kit, with an air of mock concern.

"The hero's a pig!" replied Zylpha concisely. Zylpha is soulful, and takes her heroes—and heroines—hard.

"The hero! You call that Arabian pickpocket the hero?" exclaimed Cecilia, with some heat. "Why, the husband's the hero. The clean-minded, unsuspecting Saxon, whose native grit and honor and trustfulness are shown up in white relief against the filthy, sneaking indecencies of the Oriental creature!"

"Goodness, Cecilia," said Ursula, dropping her embroidery. "You fairly make me jump with your adjectives. They go off like rockets."

"I don't like that Hichens, anyway," said Kit, positively. "He has no sense of humor. There's not a laugh in any one of his books, and he gets off such a lot of rhodomontades in 'The Garden of Allah' that I had to skip miles and miles in order to find out what Domini and her young man were up to. That's all I wanted to know."

"Kit!" cried Wanda, in genuine reprobation. "You don't mean to tell me you skipped all those beautiful descriptive passages about the desert?"

"Yes, I did!" said Kit defiantly. "And I don't care who knows it. What the dickens did the woman mean, anyway, by the desert calling her? What wretched taste, when she might have gone to Paris, and bought herself some presentable clothes? And why under the canopy did she fall in love with a man who didn't know how to dress, to eat, to ride, to talk, to sit in a lady's parlor, and who lost his addled head the minute he saw the Oriental beauties spread out on show?"

"Why, it was a sort of bond of the soul between them, wasn't it?" said Wanda, sitting up in her hammock as she knitted her brows meditatively. "They were natural affinities, and felt the strength of the bond as soon as they met."

"Natural fiddlesticks!" said Mattie, briskly, as she dextrously took infinitesimal stitches in the napkins she was hemming. "The whole thing is in a nutshell. They were both ripe for a love-affair. Mr. What's-his-name broke loose from his monkey and wanted a girl, straight. Domini was the first one handy, and he up and married her. Domini had been swearing off from sweethearting for awhile, so Mr. Thingummy, being badly in love, filled the vacancy. Any other girl would have done for Thingummy, and any other man would have done for Mrs. Affinity, always provided they were both ready to be equally intense." And Mattie folded her completed napkin with a conclusive air and started deftly to hemming a fresh one.

"Mattie," said Wanda, "don't you think you are leaving out of the question the element of imagination, of psychology, of—er—why, the influence of the desert, and so forth?" she concluded rather lamely.

"Perhaps," said Mattie, with her brisk, competent air, that seemed to relegate imagination and psychology to the chilly precincts where dwell people not in one's set. "Perhaps; I don't know much about psychology, and I've never seen a desert. All the same, though, it wouldn't take a desert to bring those two together. A mountain, a plain, or a valley would do the job just as completely, provided there were not too many people about to spoil the loneliness of the *mise-en-scene*."

"But, Mattie," said Wanda, again, clutching a second hold of her idea. "It meant—Hichens meant—that they were naturally children of the desert. The desert called them when they were far away, in different parts of the earth. They obeyed the call, and fate threw them into each other's arms."

"And how about tearing them apart again?" said Mattie. "What was fate up to, then?"

"That wasn't fate at all," interposed Zylpha. "That was that pig-headed Hichens. He wanted to show off how pious his heroine was, so, after revealing to the poor fellow the inner courts of heaven, what does she do but pack him off to the monastery again, to spend his life in purgatory, expiating a sin that was no sin—"

"Zylpha, dear!" exclaimed Ursula, shocked. Ursula is a Roman Catholic.

"Well, Ursula," said Zylpha, impenitently, "even you, *dévôte* though you be, must admit that nature and God designed men and women to live a life of double blessedness, and never

For aye to be in shady cloister mewed.

Of course, I admit that to you, you dear saint,

Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood.

But to me, and to every one who is clear-sighted enough to be antagonized by the selfish salvation-seeking of monks and nuns, Domini, who drove her poor man from his earlier happiness back to his monastery, was a narrow-minded, cold-hearted, cruel, intolerant bigot who put the maintenance of the supremacy of a cold creed before the happiness and the heart-health of the man she loved."

"As why should she not?" said Ursula, coldly. "As it happens, however, you are quite wrong about the happiness. Domini and her husband were both Catholics, and after the first ecstasy of their love was over, it would have been impossible for them to remain together, with the sacrilege of the broken vows of a Trappist monk to separate them."

"Perhaps so," said Zylpha, stubbornly, "if they had been one kind of lover. But not the kind that Hichens shows us. With them it was a case of

All for love, and the world well lost."

"The world, yes," said Ursula, "but not heaven."

"I shall certainly have to read that book," said Cecilia, interestedly. "I've been warned off by one or two who thought it dull and too much padded, but a book that people argue about and wrangle over must have something to it, after all. It is worth while, isn't it?"

"Too guide-booky," said Kit, flatly.

"It is a beautiful story, and full of fine description," said Ursula.

"It has many fine qualities, and the romance is certainly interesting and unusual," said Zylpha, "but it is unreal, for the solution is an offense to real love."



Marquis Ito. From "In Korea with Marquis Ito." Charles Scribner's Sons.

"It is unreal only if poetry is unreal," amended Ursula.

"What surprises me, Ursula," said Mattie, looking up from her hemming, "is that you, with your strong sense of propriety, should approve of a novel in which the characters are so frankly animal."

"Animal!" cried Cecilia, even more interestedly than before. "That certainly sounds Hichensy. How are they animal? In the same old familiar way?"

"We won't go into all the ins and outs of the thing," said Mattie, "since you are going to read it, but that escaped Trappist is a hummer. Why, he avows his love for Domini by kneeling before her, clasping his arms around her knees, and cooling his burning face on her belt buckle. What do you think of that for a man who has passed his life in the cloister?"

Cecilia actually turned an indignant pink. "I'd slap his face!" she cried.

A little wrinkle of pain was showing on Ursula's



From "The Heart of the Red Firs," by Ada Woodruff Anderson. Little, Brown & Co.

high white brow. "This unreality that you complain of, Zylpha," she said, "does not exist, unless life itself is unreal. The story of the outcome of Domini's and the Trappist's love has its parallel in life; in this very city in fact. You may, perhaps, never have heard of X—, a very ascetic and devotional Episcopalian clergyman. He married, and some years after was converted to Catholicism. Shortly after, he felt the call to the cloister. He struggled against it for his wife's sake, but in vain. He loved her truly and deeply, but the call of his religion was more imperative than the cry of his heart. He took the vows, and entered a monastery. His broken-hearted wife followed his example. She, too, became a Catholic, and is now a nun."

All were silent for a moment.

"I am amazed," said Zylpha at last, "and convinced, after all, that there are more things than are dreamt of in my philosophy. All the same, though," she added

tenaciously, "I think he was a glacial fanatic, too unfit for love or matrimony to be worth his wife's sacrifice of her own life. She *could* love, poor thing, while he had a natural disability."

"The call of the cloister reminds me of 'The Call of the Blood,' that other book by Robert Hichens," said Wanda. "Have any of you read it?"

"No more Hichens in mine, thank you," said Kit.

"I have," said Zylpha. "But I think it inferior to both the others. Did you like it, Ursula?"

"No," replied Ursula, "I didn't care for it particularly."

"Wasn't there any religion in it?" asked Kit, with childlike directness.

"No," again replied Ursula, briefly.

"Do you remember that it was once said of Flaubert's 'Salammbô' that the pedestal was too large for the statue?" said Zylpha. "Well, that's the case, only a great deal more so, with 'The Call of the Blood.' All Sicily is the pedestal, and a good-looking, no-account, faithless Sicilian is the statue. He marries a London woman of unusual charm, but no beauty, who, in spite of being his senior, succumbs to his Sicilian *beaux yeux*. She takes him on a holiday trip to Sicily, which is a novelty to him because he was reared elsewhere. Of course, the inevitable happens. Married to a plain woman older than himself, he feels 'the call of the blood' and has a *liaison* with a velvety-eyed peasant girl. The outcome is as common as the daily paper, and the death of the creature—he is murdered by a rival—isn't worth a tear from his wife. She ought to have known better than to marry a Sicilian faun, 'a goat-eared image,' anyway, and I'm not a bit sorry for her."

"But, good heavens, these novelists have got to have plots," said Mattie, practically.

"Of course," conceded Zylpha, "but I'm telling what I like. I want a few scraps of idealism."

"Idealism!" interrupted Ursula, quickly. "And what of the wedded lovers in 'The Garden of Allah,' who renounced their happiness because of their religious ideals?"

"It's just a difference in ideals," responded Zylpha. "I prefer people with a less primitive, cowardly type of religion and more of an intellectual grasp."

"You'd better read Henry James, then," said Kit.

"I do. I am," replied Zylpha. "I am reading 'The Golden Bowl,' and I'm having the time of my life."

Kit stared at her, open-mouthed. "You don't mean to tell me you *understand him*!" she cried, in awe.

"I admit I have to hold on tight to the clew to the maze," replied Zylpha, "but if you don't lose the thread, you come out all right, and aside from the pleasure of the thought, which, I assure you, is well worth while, feel a mental exhilaration over the victory. Sometimes it's like reading an essay on metaphysics. But it's all true. Life and human intercourse among the most highly sophisticated types is full of just such fine-drawn subtleties."

"But—but—James is so dry—so—so unimaginative," said Wanda.

"Dry! Unimaginative!" cried Zylpha. "Just listen to this!" She pulled out the book, which, temporarily supplanted by 'Barbary Sheep,' had burrowed under her hammock pillows, and read aloud that striking simile in which the presence of the resplendent Roman prince in the lives of Maggie and her father is compared to a great Palladian church with a grand architectural front, dropped down into an open, pleasant piazza; another one, also, had pleased her similarly by its esthetic beauty, as well as by the graphic clearness of the image evoked: that of the tall ivory tower, with apertures and outlooks, but no ingress, which stood for the place occupied by her fascinatingly inscrutable prince in Maggie's domestic life."

Kit felt uneasy when Zylpha wandered off to the worship of such strange gods. Kit must either remain silent, exhibit her limitations, go away, or change the subject. She did the last.

"How about this 'Barbary Sheep'?" she asked, picking up the volume. "Hadh't I better read it, after all?"

"Ah, 'Barbary Sheep' is just the thing for you, Mrs. Kit!" asserted Cecilia. "Charming young matrons who are given to making eyes at fascinating strangers whom they meet on summer outings may

Take a lesson from this tale
Of the spider and the fly."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Kit, with unashamed interest, and promptly appropriating the book with an air of finality. "Are there any animals in it?"

"Didn't you hear Zylpha say the hero is a pig?" Cecilia responded.

"I should have said a jackal, a hyena!" cried Zylpha, viciously.

"What about the heroine?" asked Kit, looking obliquely at the others.

"Nothing, thank heaven, like you, Kit dear; or rather, thank heaven, you're not like her. She's the type of European married flirt. In comparison to her, you are as a Sunday-school to a saloon."

"Me a Sunday-school! Well, that's a good one!" said Kit, amused. "But tell me, is the book worth while reading? Will it keep me awake?"

"No danger on that score, my child," said Mattie; "you'll certainly sit up and take notice."

"I think it records rather a plausible incident," said Cecilia, thoughtfully, "and contains a little exposition of human character which is of value, even although it does leave rather a bad taste in the mouth. I would recommend it to all ladies of youth and attractiveness, whether married or unmarried, who intend traveling in

northern Africa, and who are likely to be seized with admiration of the native types."

"There's something sickening about the main incident," said Zylpha. "It has a dreadful air of plausibility like that of the fall of the innocent wife in that horrible novel, 'Baccarat.' I suppose such things might be when a man, even if he is a good fellow, like Sir George, neglects his wife for Barbary sheep."

"Neglects her!" cried Cecilia, surprised. "You surely don't call it neglect when he was only off hunting?"

"Well," replied Zylpha, "he certainly took chances when he left her alone at a strange place, day in and day out, because he was infatuated with hunting Barbary sheep. When a man acts like that, it looks to me as if he had grown indifferent to his wife."

"Not a bit of it!" protested Cecilia. "No more than a stockbroker has when he goes to his daily business. A man of leisure has got to have some occupation, and a woman who can't exist without daily incense isn't worth while. Sir George is all right. I like him immensely. With all his limitations and his undemonstrativeness he makes that loathsomely handsome Arab look like a greasy copper cent. I couldn't help thinking how he cut out the rest of the male creatures all given over to imagination and moonshine, in Hichens's other stories."

"But I thought—why, don't you feel that all that imagination, and that—that romance, and that depth," said Wanda, suddenly feeling reassured by the familiar shibboleth, "is just perfectly beautiful?"

"I think Hichens takes a lot of people in with his pretended depth," responded Cecilia, crisply. "He pretends to open large vistas, but he leads you to a horrible *cul de sac* that stifles you. In his 'Bye-ways'

SOME BOOKS FROM PARIS.

French Men of Letters Sustain Their Reputation Over a Wide Field.

Those who still speak of French literature as though the term itself conveyed some presumption of moral censure would do well to spend a few minutes in glancing over the shelves of any of the more reputable book shops to be found within a few minutes' walk of the Place de l'Opéra. They will, of course, lament the usual deluge of inanity and even of worse, but then where shall we find any country exempt from a flood that is surely universal and not particular? Perhaps the literary folly of France is sometimes a little more naked and a little more unashamed than that of her neighbors, but then the Recording Angel will certainly write down to her credit a certain counterbalancing candor which, as a national virtue, is rare enough to be distinctive.

The student who takes himself seriously will not easily keep abreast of the French literature that deserves to be read. We may assume, too, that it is read, and by a sufficiently large number of persons to repay the cost of publication. Putting cant upon one side, if only for a moment, let us admit that a weighty book on history, philosophy, or science is just as likely to appear in France and will find as many readers in France as in any other country of the world, and if we further take into account the number of serious books written in French and judged worthy of immediate translation into English we shall see that the reading population of France must be a considerable one and that its value is in no way to be appraised by the average novel of the book stall with its impudent improprieties.

Take, for example, "La Vie de Jeanne d'Arc," by Anatole France. Jeanne d'Arc, it is true, was a great French heroine and it is but natural that such a work should receive an impressive reception. But its reception has not been national only. It is international, and its publication is one of the events of civilization. No sooner does it appear in Paris than English and German newspapers hasten to its review, while the work of its translation is already in progress. And of what strange ironies of history is it the occasion, for we actually find that the French biographer of the French heroine speaks slightly of her supernatural powers, while it is the English reviewers who rush to her defense. M. France seems indeed to come perilously close to a vicious circle in his argument. Every one, he appears to hold, who claims superhuman powers must be self-deceived or fraudulent. Jeanne d'Arc claimed superhuman powers. Therefore, Jeanne d'Arc was self-deceived. Indeed, he somewhat more than hints at fraud, although it may be said that over-much contemplation of the Holy Maid has reduced the worthy author to a condition wherein he does not quite know what he believes. He is in a state of enchantment, of somnambulism. He says, "I have raised no doubts about the sincerity of Jeanne. She can not be suspected of falsehood," etc. And then, as materialistic "common sense" gets the upper hand, we are told that the maid specially tried to influence the king, as well as Dunois and the warriors by a sort of play upon their superstitious instincts, and that she even indulged in some of the practices of the modern cabinet medium. We read about a "sham ecstasy" and we have a speculation that "most frequently her perpetual hallucinations made it impossible to distinguish between the true and the false." And all this runs side by side with reiterated assurances of her "heroic sincerity," and of her "limpid clarity." Evidently M. France is under the dual spells of prejudice against the superhuman and a fine admiration for a national saint, but it is a pity that he allows them to mix with such antagonism.

The perplexity of the author is indeed a mar to his work. Defending the maid against her enemy Morosini, he says that the Italian chronicle "contains not a single fact that is presented in its true character." Further on he says that all the actions attributed to the maid by Morosini are false, and yet when it comes to the maid's predictions he finds the evidence of Morosini quite good enough to show that those predictions were falsified. Now, those predictions that are cut deep in the marble of the national memory are three in number. The maid said that she would raise the siege of Orleans; that she would be wounded by an arrow, but not mortally; and that the Dauphin should be crowned at Rheims. Every school-boy knows that these predictions were fulfilled, and Morosini's attempts to manufacture other predictions that were not fulfilled is unworthy of M. France's attention. He seems, indeed, to be ridden by the nightmare of incredulity regarding all superhuman phenomena, and inasmuch as the history of the Maid of Orleans and her own good faith rest very largely upon her superhuman powers of prediction and of receiving celestial guidance, we can only wonder that M. France should have chosen a task that must lead him inevitably into logical dangers. We are not yet prepared to believe that the Maid of Orleans was simply an ignorant and superstitious masochist, imposed by political cunning upon an equally ignorant and superstitious soldiery. Such is the main attitude of M. France, and we can hardly feel that he has accomplished a great historical service by his presentation.

Among new publications the "Vie de Jeanne d'Arc" takes, of course, the first rank, but there are many other ranks of notable books with long and busy lives before them. Still historical, but in lighter vein, is E. de Goncourt's "The Confidantes of a King." This,

too, has been translated into English and is likely to remain as a book of reference, perhaps indeed as the last word to be spoken on the ladies, so fair and so numerous, who were honored by the domestic and midnight confidences of Louis XV. Those, indeed, were the days of female suffrage, and it was the men who might justly have complained of an entire political impotence against the will of a haughty court beauty. Mme. de Pompadour in her will ordered that a substantial sum of money be left to Mme. Lebon "for having predicted to her, when nine years old, that she would one day become the mistress of Louis XV," but the secret of her success over an indolent and worthless king might, perhaps, be studied with some advantage by those of today who deplore a waning power over their more legitimate partners. The sketch of the Pompadour is a fine and a penetrating one. For nineteen years she was supreme, but at a cost to poor France of some thirty-six millions of livres. But Du Barry, who came after her, knew nothing of such moderation. She cost her country one hundred and eighty millions, and this no doubt was remembered against her, quenching whatever fire of pity there may have been for the wretched beauty who on the steps of the scaffold was "lost and desperate, mad with anguish and terror, struggling, imploring, begging for mercy, crying 'Help, help!' like a woman being assassinated by robbers." But of the identity of the real robber there need not be much doubt.

Another imposing historical work is "Le Chateau Historique de Vincennes à travers les Ages," by F. de Fossa. A history of Vincennes is, of course, a history of France from the twelfth to the end of the nineteenth centuries. The author believes that Vincennes owes its origin to the hunting-box erected by Philip Augustus somewhere about the year 1200, and if it has survived a popular fury that levelled the Bastille, it is because it was never used as a prison, nor accumulated the grim records of misrule that are associated with the Bastille. The history as sketched by Captain de Fossa is an extraordinary one, far more extraordinary than is usually supposed even by the well-informed tourist. And it is all set forth with the skill of the true historian and with delightful wealth of detail and an admirable ability. The work will certainly take its place among French histories.

Still another valuable contribution to history is the "Mémoires du Baron Faen." The baron was the great emperor's private secretary, and he was therefore in a position to record much of the history that his admired master was so instrumental in making. Here we find the true story of the building of the Arc de Triomphe and the Place de l'Etoile. Other historical volumes of value are the new volume of the Collection historique illustrée devoted to Fougère, with interesting notes of the Duchesse de La Vallière, Henrietta of England, and others; "Les Amoureux de la Reine Marie-Antoinette," by Henri d'Abmèras; and "Louis Napoleon Bonaparte et la Revolution de 1848," by André Lebey. The historical harvest is indeed unusually rich, and almost without exception it is marked by extensive and original research. The history of France, extensively as it has been worked, must still contain immense treasures as private diaries and the records of aristocratic families slowly surrender their secrets. However much has already been told, there must be infinitely more to tell.

In the religious and philosophic world there is nothing of startling import, unless we except "Les Evangiles synoptiques" and "Similes réflexions," by the Abbé Loisy. The worthy abbé would have a greater popular influence if he were to cultivate a somewhat more abbreviated and direct style, with a finer eye for popular needs. We can hardly wonder at the disfavor into which the abbé has fallen with his church, nor perhaps can we readily see the injustice under which the abbé is supposed to be laboring. The church is founded upon superhumanism and the abbé rejects it in toto and from the ground upward. His books will find as little favor from other Christian churches as from the Catholic, however much they may commend him to those who have altogether parted company with religious creed. These will of course applaud, but it is hard to believe that he can persuade any one into change or convert those who are still unconvinced. He epitomizes his position in the words, "History shows Jesus only as a man, without consciousness of divinity." The attribution of divinity came after his death and arose from the national expectations of the day and from the hallucinations of a few disciples. Jesus, we are told, was the son of Mary, who had four other sons and two daughters, but "no member of this family seems to have accepted the Gospel until after the death of Jesus." So far as M. Loisy's position is a destructive one, it must be confessed that he is ineffective, and when he tries to be constructive by platitudes about virtue, love, and charity, we feel that we have heard it all so often before and that we now hear it again with our usual dissatisfaction. If the abbé has been expelled from the church—and he has not been allowed to say mass for over a year—he is only in a situation that should have been self sought as soon as his religious convictions became hopelessly estranged. His new books certainly do not convince us that he is the victim of any substantial injustice.

There are, of course, a great many other volumes that it would be pleasant to include in even the shortest survey of current French literature. Certainly France has no reason to be ashamed of a literary energy that systematically covers the whole field of human thought and knowledge and that forces itself so easily upon the attention of an admiring world.

ST. MARTIN.

PARIS, April 2, 1908.



Luther Burbank

there is an unpleasant short story of a woman, a world-famous European actress, who succumbed to the fascination of a Mohammedan snake charmer, a ragged savage who probably carried around with him the smell of uncleanness and poverty. I remember how this—to me—unpleasant, snaky woman, although she was supposed to be beautiful and charming, when she felt the call of her black savage's music, dilated upon the preponderance of the animal in us all, hidden, she said, by nature, the artful dodger of creation, 'until the right tune was played to summon it from its slumber in the nest of the human body.' The germ of the story, as you can see, is identical with that of 'Barbary Sheep.' But there is Hichens's creed and cult. While we are trying to reach away from the earthly to the spiritual, he as good as says it's no use. And he tries to make his propaganda alluring by embellishing it with the glow of atmosphere, colors of the imagination, strange effects of music, and numerous appeals to the senses that make people think he is deep. So I say that he is something of a charlatan, and, if you'll excuse my candor, Ursula, I think you are another one of the good people that are taken in by him."

Ursula smiled, not at all doubtfully. "You don't understand him," she said gently.

Kitty's eyes had brightened with anticipation, as she listened to all this, and she hugged "Barbary Sheep" closer, saying, "My, what a good time I'm going to have!"

"All right, Kit, but do keep out of Hichens's Egypt." "The funny thing is, I'm sure to get there next winter," said Kit, confidently. "I'm laying the wires now, so I'd better start right in on my education. Say, girls, I just love these literary talks. Do you know, I think our crowd ought to start a Browning club or a Shakespeare class, or something of the kind that's deep and intellectual."

And the group, laughing at the idea of Mrs. Kit grappling with intellectual subtleties, broke up, each one carrying to her room the inevitable novel.

SIR LAUNCELOT'S ADVENTURES.

An Old Romance Appears Again in a New and Attractive Dress.

Unto few stories has come the gift of perpetual youth, of a freshness and a glamor wholly untarnished by the breath of time. The story of King Arthur and of his Round Table is one of these and that of the Scandinavian heroes is another. In their presence we are all of us like the children around the fireside who wait only for the very last word to say "tell it again." Here, at least, there comes no staleness by repetition, and if time can change us at all toward these magical romances, it is only by a sort of added wistfulness as though of a dim light in the caverns of memory reminding us of the contrast between the unlovely present and a heroic past that was once ours. Perhaps it is only the art of the story-teller with its dainty emphasis upon the things that do not die, the immortality of valor and of love. Certainly Howard Pyle can strike this string if any one can. He has the trick of a stately diction that exactly matches great deeds and a simple-minded heroism. In the first two books of his series he has told us of Sir Launcelot, of how he dwelt within the magic lake, of how he learned chivalry from Sir Pelleas, and of how he became the chief knight of the Round Table. Now we have a further story of the hero, of how he slew the Giant Worm, and of the madness that fell upon him, and of how Lady Elaine nursed him and brought him once more unto his own. And he tells us how Sir Launcelot was wedded to "that fair and gentle dame," and then, alas! of Queen Guinevere, and of the temptation of Sir Launcelot, and of how the Lady Elaine left him to his sorrow and his shame, knowing well of the things that must befall him and all of them. It is a splendid book that the author has given us, a book that tells the "old, old story" with a chaste magnificence of language, a dignity and a pathos that rise level with the theme. And of this the following extracts, selected as chance would have it, may speak for themselves.

It will be remembered that Queen Guinevere with her unarmed knights was basely taken as a hostage by Sir Mellegrans and confined in that malefactor's castle until King Arthur should be softened to compliance with treasonable demands. The fight between Sir Launcelot and Sir Mellegrans liberates the captive queen and places her under a perpetual debt to her deliverer:

Then they two came slowly together, and when they were pretty nigh to one another Sir Launcelot offered his left side so as to allow Sir Mellegrans to strike at him. And when Sir Mellegrans perceived this chance, he straightway lashed a great blow at Sir Launcelot's unarmed side with all his might and main, and with full intent to put an end to the battle with that one blow.

But Sir Launcelot was well prepared for that stroke, wherefore he very dextrously and quickly turned himself to one side so that he received the blow upon the side which was armed, and at the same time he put aside a part of the blow with his sword. So that blow came to naught.

But so violent was the stroke that Sir Mellegrans had lashed that he overreached himself, and ere he could recover himself, Sir Launcelot lashed at him a great buffet that struck him fairly upon the helm. And then again he lashed at him ere he fell and both this stroke of the sword and the other cut deep through his helm and into the brain pan of Sir Mellegrans, so that he fell down upon the ground and lay there without motion of any sort. Then Sir Launcelot stood over him, and called to those who were near to come and look to their lord, and thereat there came several running. These lifted Sir Mellegrans up and removed his helmet so as to give him air to breathe. And they looked upon his face, and lo, even then the spirit was passing from him, for he never opened his eyes to look upon the splendor of the sun again.

Then we have a story of Gareth and of how he championed the cause of the damsel Lynette and was knighted for his valor by Sir Launcelot and continued on his way with Lynette to do still other doughty deeds for that lady. He won the pass of the river against the "two strong and powerful knights" who guarded it and who were accustomed to slay or to rob all who passed that way. But Sir Gareth made light of them both, meeting them one at a time:

So they met in the midst of the river and the knight of the ford lashed at Sir Gareth a most terrible and vehement blow, which stroke Sir Gareth put aside with great skill so that it harmed him not. Then Sir Gareth upon his part lifted himself on high and lashed at the knight so woful and terrible a blow that his horse tottered under the stroke and the knight himself caught at the pommel of his saddle to save himself from falling. Then Sir Gareth lashed at him another stroke and with that the knight swooned away into darkness and fell out of his saddle and into the water. And the river where he fell was very deep, so that when he sank beneath the water he did not rise again, although Sir Gareth waited some while for him to do so.

Then Sir Gareth, perceiving how he had finished this enemy, drove his horse very violently across the ford, and to the farther bank, and the knight who was there upon that side of the river drove down against Sir Gareth with his spear in rest with intent to thrust him through the body. But Sir Gareth was aware of his coming and so when the knight of the river was immediately upon him, he put aside the point of the spear with his shield with great skill and address. Then he rode up the length of the spear and when he had come nigh enough he rose up in his stirrup and lashed at the knight of the river so dreadfully deadly a stroke that no shield nor helm could withstand that stroke. For the sword of Sir Gareth clave through the shield of the knight, and it clave through the helm and deep into his brain pan. And with that the knight of the river fell headlong from his saddle and lay upon the ground without life or motion wherewith to rise again. Then Sir Gareth leapt very nimbly out of his saddle and ran to him to finish the work that he had begun. And Sir Gareth plucked away the helm of the knight and looked into his face and therewith perceived that his work was very well done, for already that fallen knight was in the act of yielding up the ghost.

But to return to Sir Launcelot and of how he slew the Great Worm of Corbin. The Worm was the creation of no less a personage than Queen Morgana her-

self, and every child knows of the wondrous things performed by that malicious enchantress. The Worm lay under a huge stone that none could move nor take away because of the magical sigils engraved upon it. And once in a while the Worm would sally forth to seize and devour a beautiful virgin, but none could kill him because of his size and the scaly armor that he wore. But Sir Launcelot had a magic ring that overcame all other enchantments, and by its aid the raised the stone and the Worm came forth:

But Sir Launcelot, beholding the Worm in all its terror, leaped to where was his sword and he seized his sword in both hands and he ran at the Worm and lashed at it a blow so mighty that it might easily have split an oak tree. But the scales of the worm were like adamant for hardness, wherefore the stroke of the sword pierced them not, but glanced aside without harming the creature.

Then when the Worm felt itself thus smitten, it hissed again in a manner very terrible and loud, and it reached out toward Sir Launcelot and strove to catch him into the embrace of a hundred of its sharp claws. But Sir Launcelot sprang aside from the embraces of the Worm and he smote it again and again, yet could not in any wise cut through the scales that covered its body. And at every blow the Worm hissed more terribly and sought to catch Sir Launcelot into its embraces.

Thus for a long time Sir Launcelot avoided the Worm, but, by and by, it came to pass that he began to wax faint and weary with leaping from side to side, weighed down as he was with his armor. So, at last, it befell that the Worm caught Sir Launcelot in the hook of one of its claws, and thereupon they who looked on at the battle beheld how in a moment it had embraced Sir Launcelot in several hundred of its claws so that his body was well nigh hidden in that embrace. And the Worm, when it so held Sir Launcelot in its embrace, tore at him with its claws and strove to bite him with its shining teeth. And anon it caught his claws in the armor of Sir Launcelot and it tore away the epaulier upon the left side of Sir Launcelot's shoulder, and it tore away the iron hoot that covered his left thigh, and it cut with its claws through the flesh of the left shoulder of Sir Launcelot and through the flesh of his thigh to the very bone, so that the blood gushed out in a crimson stream and ran down over his armor and over the claws of the Worm.

Then Sir Launcelot, finding himself as it were thus in the very embrace of death, put forth all his strength and tore away free from the clutches of the Worm ere it was able to



Comtesse de Boigne, from "Memoirs of Comtesse de Boigne," Charles Scribner's Sons.

do him further harm. And seeing how that the case was now so ill with him, he caught the haft of his sword in both of his hands, and he rushed at the creature and he stabbed with his sword into the gaping mouth of the creature and down into its gullet so that the cross-piece of the sword smote against the teeth of the creature's mouth.

Then when the Worm felt that dreadful terrible stroke driven thus into its very vitals, it roared like a hull in its torments, and it straightway rolled over upon the ground writhing and lashing the entire length of its body, hellowing so that those who heard it felt the marrow in their bones melt for terror.

Sir Launcelot was taken to the palace of King Pelles to be nursed of his wounds and there he met the king's daughter, the Lady Elaine, and "he was amazed at her surpassing beauty, and at the tender grace of her virgin youth."

And then follows a succession of the well-known adventures, the tournament at Astolat, wherein Sir Launcelot was wounded again, and his return to the court of King Arthur. He saves the life of Sir Blyant and slays the great wild boar of Lystenesse, returns to Corbin and is again nursed by the Lady Elaine, and when he is altogether healed of his sickness "they two were married."

Then comes the further history of how his brother knights found Sir Launcelot where he was dwelling very peacefully and happily "albeit not with perfect content," and of the affair at arms between Sir Launcelot and Sir Percival and how Sir Launcelot went back to King Arthur and to Guinevere. And Guinevere separated Sir Launcelot from Elaine, "though why she should do it she could not rightly tell even to her own heart." And so to the end, where Elaine finds her knight with the queen:

Now as Sir Launcelot said those words he became of a sudden aware that some one was in that room. So he looked up and behold, not far away from them there stood the Lady Elaine, and she was regarding them both and her face was as white as death, for she had entered that place without their knowing and she had heard much of that which had passed.

Then Sir Launcelot was aware that she had overheard his words to the queen and with that he was overwhelmed with confusion and with pity. So he arose from his knees, though not quickly, and stood there before the Lady Elaine with folded arms and with his gaze downcast upon the floor. Then the queen also looked up and likewise beheld the Lady Elaine

where she stood, and therewith her face flamed all red like to fire.

Then the queen arose very haughtily and she said: "Lady, this is well met, for I was about to send for you. Now tell me, was it by your will that this knight came last night to this part of the castle?" and the Lady Elaine said: "Yea, lady, it was by my will he came, for I was sad, and no one but he could comfort me."

Then the queen's eyes sparkled with anger and she said: "Then you have broken an ordinance of the king's court, for well you know that such a thing as that is not permitted. For this I might punish you even unto death as I chose to do so. Yet I will not so punish you, but will have mercy upon you and will spare you. Nevertheless I command you that you quit this place with all expedition that is possible."

So spake the angry queen. But ever the Lady Elaine looked very proudly upon her. And when the queen had ended that speech she said: "Lady, it shall be as you ordain, and tomorrow I shall be glad to depart from this place, for it is a place of great unhappiness to me. But tell me this, lady, ere I go: What would you say of one who took from another who harmed her not, all the happiness and joy that that other had in her life? And what would you say if that one who would so rob the other had for herself a lord who was the most noble and the most worthy knight of any in all of the world?"

At this speech the eyes of the queen shone very wild, like to the eyes of a hawk. And first she strove to speak and could not, and then she did speak, yet it was as though the words strangled her. And she said, "Go. Leave me. You know not what you say," and other than that she could not say, but only strove to speak without any sound issuing out from her throat.

Then the Lady Elaine turned with great dignity and went away, leaving those two alone together, and she neither turned her head nor paused at any time in her going.

And the Lady Elaine when this blow fell upon her was "in exceeding tender health," and yet she was "very calm and steadfast and without any mark of passion." Nor would she allow that anything be said against Sir Launcelot, not even by her brother Sir Lavaine:

For once, when Sir Lavaine spoke with great anger and indignation, she chid him for his heat, saying: "My brother, let he. What matters it? Could you but see into the future as I gaze thereinto, you would know that it mattereth not very little indeed that such things as this befall a poor wayfarer in this brief valley of tears."

And at another time she said: "My poor lord, Sir Launcelot. Him do I pity indeed, for God is like to chasten him before long, and to bend him and to bruise him as though he were a reed that is bent and bruised so that it may never be able to stand fully erect again. Yet even this mattereth but little; for the span of life is but very short, and all is in the hands of God."

So spake the Lady Elaine, very calmly and without passion or sorrow of any sort. For, as aforesaid, I believe that even at that time her eyes penetrated into the future and that she beheld therein what was to befall all of them.

Then at the last comes Merlin to announce the approaching birth of the child who shall be greater than them all. "Yea, the time draweth nigh and now is when he who shall achieve the Quest of that Holy Chalice is about to be born into the world." But we must wait for another book to be told how Sir Galahad came, who was to achieve the Quest of the Grail and to be remembered amongst men forevermore as the most famous knight that ever lived in the world.

"The Story of Sir Launcelot and His Companions," by Howard Pyle. Published with illustrations by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$2.50 net.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce the forthcoming incorporation of their firm under the laws of Massachusetts and under the name of Houghton Mifflin Company for the continuation of the business of manufacturing and publishing books, founded by Henry Oscar Houghton more than fifty years ago. This will involve no change in the management or conduct of the business, the present partners retaining their full interest and active participation. Mr. James Duncan Phillips, Mr. Stephen B. Davol, Mr. Roger L. Scaife, Mr. Edward R. Houghton, and Mr. George Harrison Mifflin, Jr., who have been actively associated with the business for several years, will be members of the new corporation. *The Atlantic Monthly*, which has been published by the house since 1873, will hereafter, beginning with the August number, be published by *The Atlantic Monthly Company*, of which Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, Mr. Waldo E. Forbes, Mr. MacGregor Jenkins, and Mr. Roger Pierce will be members, Houghton Mifflin Company retaining an important interest. No change in the character or general conduct of the magazine is contemplated. Mr. Bliss Perry continues as editor, and the magazine will still be printed at the Riverside Press, and issued from 4 Park Street, Boston.

Ruskin, it is said, has written more sentences of inordinate length than any other classic writer of modern English prose. Frederic Harrison some years ago counted the words in a number of typical sentences, finding that in the earlier books it was no uncommon thing for Ruskin to run beyond the page before permitting himself and his readers the relief of a full stop. But in every case the sense is clear as day. Wordsworth's poem on the "Character of the Happy Warrior" is a notable example of sustained connections. Apart from the opening and closing couplets, the poem consists of two very long compound sentences almost entirely comprised of adjectival clauses. The longer of the two sentences contains fifty-seven decasyllabic lines. This is probably a record in English verse.

J. M. Barrie recently headed a deputation representing a large majority of the dramatic authors of England, who petitioned the British home secretary for the abolition of the dramatic censor. In introducing the deputation Mr. Barrie said it represented every movement for the better that there had been in the English drama for the last fifty years. Whether dead or alive, great or humble, English men of letters had been united as an almost solid body in passionate protest for nearly two hundred years against the humiliation of the censorship.

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

The year 1916 will witness the tercentenary of the death of Shakespeare. Whether from some peculiar virtue inherent in the number three or whether from a sudden realization of a neglected duty it would be hard to say, but it seems to have occurred to quite a number of persons that the occasion would be a fitting one for the erection of a monument to the world's greatest poet. The exact origin of the scheme is a little obscure, but it may be noted that there is never any lack of those willing to bestir themselves in movements of this nature. Without doubt their motives are disinterested, while the consequent demands upon their time and energies must be considerable. There may perhaps be some counterbalancing advantage in the opportunity to occupy steadily a position in the exact focus of the public eye; to sign innumerable circulars of suggestion, of advice, and of appeal; to approach all and sundry, high and low, rich and poor, by the sanction of a lofty purpose; to appear as those peculiarly fitted to bear laurels to the illustrious dead. All these things have their due and understood weight and we need not look so far forward as to anticipate the bestowal of public honors upon chairmen and secretaries of commissions with words of approbation from the highest source. After all, what are these things in comparison with the self-sacrifice demanded and the inroads upon leisure and means?

Whenever and however the scheme was originated, its promoters took time by the forelock. Indeed, they began to bestir themselves early in 1905 and a preliminary meeting was held at the Mansion House. No one took very much notice of the meeting, as eleven years seemed rather a long time as things go nowadays and meetings at the Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor, do not always impress themselves upon the public attention to the extent that they may deserve. But the meeting was duly held and a committee of 250 persons was formed "for the purpose of organizing the movement and determining the form of the memorial." The committee got to work soon after, held some meetings on its own account and eventually appointed a special advisory committee to consider the scheme and to report as to the nature of the commemoration and the design that should be followed.

A decision was quickly reached and the committee began, no doubt, to congratulate itself upon the ease of its progress and upon the acquiescent confidence of the public. It was determined to erect an architectural memorial, in other words, a statue or group of figures, but when the "three tailors of Tooley Street" proceeded to choose a site they found that they were in a difficulty. Some one suggested Crosby Hall in Bishopsgate Street as a suitable location, but unfortunately Crosby Hall, one of the great historical landmarks of London and a building that Shakespeare must often have looked upon, has lately been pulled down, not for any particular reason, but from the spirit of unresisted vandalism that is a mark of modern life. Then again there is Bear Garden in Southwark, one of the last remaining bits of Shakespeare's London, but then Southwark is on the unfashionable side of the Thames. No one who is any one can be expected to know just where Southwark is, and so, of course, Bear Garden would not do at all. Then some one suggested Westminster Bridge. Others followed suit by recommending Constitution Hill, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Green Park. The county council offered to give a site near the County Hill, and in fact there were nearly as many suggestions as there were members on the committee. Then there came the inevitable compromise, which offends no one and pleases no one. A site on Portland Place was agreed upon and those who know London will agree that a more preposterous choice could not have been made. Those who do not know London can hardly picture the dreary and shabby grandeur of Portland Place. Everything now seemed ready for the public appeal for funds that should safely float the ship upon her way.

But the public awoke in good time. Perhaps the public was awake all the while and only watching for the psychological moment to intervene. However that may be, a perfect cyclone of protest, indignation and ridicule broke over the heads of the luckless committee. They were denounced as being unrepresentative of any but themselves, and their project of a statue and their choice of a place to erect it were alike held up to the laughter of the public. They had, of course, some defenders, but very few. We need not consider Anthony Hope, as he was a member of the committee, and naturally thought that the scheme was the best practicable "under the circumstances." Henry Arthur Jones referred scoffingly to the "abstract and useless piece of masonry" as being a "ridiculous and heart-breaking way of wasting \$1,000,000." A. W. Pinero joined the chorus with a protest against "dumping down a heap of statuary" in Portland Place. Mr. Pinero would have a national theatre instead, on the ground that such a theatre is needed "whether as a memorial to Shakespeare or Smith." Walter Crane, on the other hand, approves of the monument, but as the design would be open to competition he can not "becomingly make suggestions now." Bernard Shaw writes a long letter in his own peculiar language. He is naturally interested in the commemoration of great men, and with a delicate eye to the future and its eventualities, he would be disinclined to see an unlucky precedent. Mr. Shaw votes for the theatre, and he votes early and often. Parenthetically he remarks that there is only one man living who could be trusted to make a suitable

statue and that man is the Frenchman Rodin, who has just been commissioned to produce a statue in London of "an American painter"—Whistler, in fact. Why Mr. Shaw drags in Whistler so unceremoniously is a little uncertain, but he does. He goes on to say that we have always been unlucky in our effigies of Shakespeare, from the present day back to the one authentic Shakespeare portrait, of which William Morris said truly that "we know it is not like Shakespeare because it is not like a man." Then follows an ingenious suggestion that the nation should assert its property rights in Shakespeare's plays, levy royalties on their performance and apply the revenue to a national theatre, and in fact several national theatres. There are, he says, a dozen ways of commemorating Shakespeare properly "instead of making his reputation the means of working a commission for a sculptor, a job for a contractor, an introduction to the king for a committee, and a knighthood for a chairman." Thus does Mr. Bernard Shaw pour oil upon the troubled waters and smooth away dissension by delicate and tactful suggestion.

Then comes Alfred Austin, the poet laureate. Mr. Austin resorts to the tools of his trade and bursts suddenly into verse. He writes:

Why should we lodge in marble or in bronze
Spirits more vast than earth, or sea or sky?
Wiser the silent worshiper that cons
Their page for wisdom that will never die.
Unto the favorite of the passing hour
Erect the statue and parade the bust
Whereon decisive Time will slowly shower
Oblivion's refuse and disdainful dust.
The Monarchs of the Mind, self-sceptred Kings,
Need no memento to transmit their name;
Throned on their thoughts and high imaginings,
They are the Lords, not sycophants of Fame.
Raise pedestals to perishable stuff:
Gods for themselves are monuments enough.

It is a pity that Mr. Austin should feel thus under compulsion to write verse. The above effusion bears no marks of the midnight oil, but surely it would be easier to write in prose—both for him and for the public.

Ellen Terry feels that "a subsidized theatre is the only fitting memorial for Shakespeare." William



Dr. David Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford Junior University.

Archer, like the poet laureate, finds that prose is too cabined and confined for his sentiments and therefore deviates into verse. But he means well when he writes

What needs my Shakespeare? Nothing!
What need we?
A playhouse worthy his supremacy.
O hathos!
To the voice of all our race,
We pile dumb carven stones—in Portland Place.

Fred. Terry thinks that we have monument enough in Shakespeare's works, Alfred Sutro votes for the theatre, while Beerbohm Tree inclines toward the statue on the ground that other nations would hardly contribute toward a theatre that would be out of their reach. Why, then, should they be willing to pay for a statue which they could not look at even if they wanted to, and of course they would not want to.

Sir Theodore Martin is for a statue in Portland Place. He says that no other site will do and that as for theatres there are enough already with mediocre actors to play in them. Arthur Symonds, on the other hand, says that a statue would be a "public desecration." Sir John Hare agrees with him and says that a statue would be "inadequate, undignified, and absurd." Mr. Zangwill says the same thing, and so does Sir F. C. Burnand.

There is no need to quote further opinions. There seems to be no one left in Great Britain with an open mind upon the subject and very few who are able to express themselves temperately. It may be said, however, that out of fifty-four letters from eminent men and women, only ten are in favor of the statue, and that of these ten no less than four are members of the committee, while four others prefer some alternative but are willing to sink their preferences for the sake of peace. Peace, however, seems to be about the last thing in sight.

Something, of course, has to be done. The devil has been raised, he can not be exorcised, and the only thing is to make him work. Just in the nick of time comes a letter from the lessees of the Lyceum Theatre offering the use of the theatre for a public meeting. Messrs. Smith and Carpenter point out that the agitation has had the effect of showing the powerful hold exercised by Shakespeare on the public mind and the fitness of some sort of memorial. But the opinion of the theatrical profession should first be clearly ascertained in order that it may receive due weight. This could be done at an afternoon meeting in the Lyceum Theatre at which all adequate views could be presented. It is needless to say that the offer was accepted, and we may hope that some way will now be found to do the thing as it ought to be done or refrain from doing it at all.

Another satisfactory feature is the formation of a new provisional committee. Already some eighty distinguished men and women have consented to serve. There is, in fact, hardly a single member who does not carry weight and inspire confidence. Among them may be mentioned Mr. Quiller Couch, Mr. Martin Harvey, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. J. Huntley McCarthy, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. Max Pemberton, Mr. A. W. Pinero, Mr. George R. Sims, and Miss Marie Corelli.

It is hard to resist the wish that this misguided project had never been mentioned. It is not within the power of the human race to do any artificial honor to the memory of Shakespeare, and when we remember the fatal limitations by which such plans are always surrounded, and especially in England, we may well despair of a result that is even tolerable. With the bulk of the money subscribed in England—and it is hardly likely that very much would come from a distance—and with public opinion so dominant as it is there, it is not likely that the commission would be placed outside the country, and as there are no great sculptors in England the work would inevitably fall into the hands of some "eminently respectable firm of stone-masons," as one correspondent expresses it. A commission more or less self-appointed always seeks safety from disagreement in the fatal compromise so dear to the Anglo-Saxon mind, and the result is something that pleases no one and that is apt to be ridiculous, as in the Portland Place site. Moreover, the opposition to a statue of any kind appears to be overwhelming. Indeed, even its defenders have little more to say for it than that nothing better can be done "under the circumstances."

The project of a national theatre is but little more hopeful. The ideal is of course magnificent, and it may be that every country and every considerable city will one day possess a theatre where art is performed for the sake of art and wherein no sordid restriction of money or ambition will find a place. But that day is not yet. It has been tried in America after a fashion again and again and it has lamentably failed. It is true that such a theatre has had some measure of external success in Paris, but even there the dissensions have been interminable and the benefits problematical. The subsidized theatre is to be found today in some parts of Germany, but it is made possible by the German temperament which does not exist elsewhere. The English committee proposes to raise the sum of \$1,000,000, which would of course be amply sufficient for a statue, but which would be pitifully inadequate for a theatre. One competent correspondent estimates that the proper equipment and endowment of a theatre would cost \$5,000,000 and such a sum seems to be out of the question. And who would control such a theatre? The government that proposed to do it would cease to exist in twenty-four hours. Would it be managed by a committee? If so, who would appoint that committee and of whom would it consist. Imagine a committee of literary men, sitting perpetually, and with the detail management of a great theatre upon its hands, with the choice of plays, the engagement of casts, and the thousand and one harassing details of cost and administration. Either the highest salaries must be paid in order to secure the best services or the theatre would lose every performer just as soon as that performer made his or her particular mark. A theatre can not be governed upon democratic principles, nor indeed can anything else except nations. It must be governed by a despotism like all other successful undertakings and a scheme nationally promoted can not be handed over to a despotism.

And the benefits are more than problematical. Theoretically it would be an advantage to place a Shakespearean performance within the continual reach of every Shakespeare lover, but inasmuch as a theatre can not be moved about from place to place, the number so benefited would be pitifully small compared with the total. And is it not already true that the lovers of Shakespeare can see his plays almost continually? It is certainly true in London and it is true of most of the great English-speaking cities of the world. We know that in San Francisco no one need go hungry for Shakespeare for very long. If he will wait awhile Shakespeare will come his way. And as for the resulting education of the public taste we have here one of the phrases that sound well but that mean very little. The public dramatic taste is not to be educated in such a way, but rather by the gradual increase of culture that finds its origin in a hundred sources. It may be that London will presently find a happy issue from its predicament, but it will do so the most readily by a strict attention to facts and to figures, a clear discrimination between sentiments and utilities, and a recognition that the fame of Shakespeare is far beyond the reach of our monuments and memorials.

THE DEAD MAN'S BOOTS.

By Holger Drachmann—Translated from the Danish by Hanna Astrup Larsen.

"It was just this way—have you any tobacco with you?—it was just the way I am telling you. I don't know if he was a German or an Englishman, or he may have been Dutch, for he couldn't talk, at least not that I know of."

As usual there were several people talking at once in the little fisherman's cabin, but when Ole Yvensen began, the others stopped to listen. One of them shoved himself along the bench, saying, "What is it, Ole?"

"You might have listened, and you would have known," said Ole, "but have you any tobacco?"

He had. Ole got his tobacco and filled his pipe. Then he began at the beginning again.

"It was the dead man that washed ashore here, what we call a beach-washer. It is a long time ago, thirty years I should say, and at that time there was codfish right outside here. I was out in the boat with Jens Split and a fellow called Hans, who went to America and was drowned there afterwards. Jens and I were standing aft and hauling at the nets, and Hans was rowing. All at once the lines tightened.

"Now haul away," I said.

"She's heavy," said Jens. "What the deuce is it?"

"Haul away," I said, "and you'll find out."

"He pulled, and I got the trough ready, for I thought it was a very large fish.

"Look at him," said Jens, who was pulling with all his might. I turned my head, and there was first the crook of an arm with a hand rising out of the water, then the breast and a bit of the chin with a beard under it. Then the chin and the breast went down again, for there was another hook that had caught the breeches, and then a pair of boots knocked against the side of the boat.

"What became of him?" said Jens, who had loosed the lines.

"I told him to pull in again, but carefully. Then the thing came up for the second time, stiff and long, standing almost straight up and down in the water.

"Let him go," cried Hans from his place.

"Shall we let him go?" asked Jens, who was still holding the line.

"I looked at him and then I looked at the boat, and I said: 'After all, he is a human being.'

"Well, we got him to the edge of the boat and pulled him in. A great deal of water ran from him, and he was a little hard to handle, rather flabby in the back like a dead fish, but we managed to prop him up in the fore part of the boat with his face turned to us.

"There he sat. The sun was low, and it shone right into his face. While we were pulling at the lines and every once in awhile took a fish from the hook, we could not help turning our heads to look at him, sitting there with his face turned on us.

"Hans, who was rowing, got a queer itching feeling in the back of his head. He shoved himself back and forth and every little while he looked forward over his shoulder.

"What are you looking at, Hans?" I asked.

"Hans did not answer, but began to whistle.

"A fisherman doesn't whistle in his boat," I said.

"Jens said: 'It seems to me the fellow over there is staring at us.'

"Nonsense," I said; 'how can a dead man stare?'

"A little later Jens again said that the dead man was staring at us, and Hans began to shuffle again. Then, just as we had pulled in the last part of the lines, Hans bent down and grabbed a large starfish from the bottom of the boat, turned and slapped it right in the face of the beach-washer.

"You shouldn't have done that, Hans," I said.

"Perhaps not," he said, "but you hadn't needed to take him on board. Every time I have looked over my shoulder I have seen him staring at me, and it isn't a pleasant sensation at all, especially not when you feel it in the back of your head."

"Well, at sunset we got in to the landing-place, and there were people standing there, and they cried to us: 'What kind of a fellow have you got there?'

"We didn't answer before we had turned the boat. Then we jumped out and pulled it in, and the others lent a hand, for we always help each other where there is no harbor. When we had the keel upon the sand I said to those who were standing around: 'Now you can see for yourselves.'

"They all wanted to know, and old Niel's cook asked if he had a watch or anything like that.

"We never thought of that," I said, and tried to unbutton his jacket, but the pilot-master told me that I must not do that before the police or anyway the customs controller had been there.

"I didn't suppose there was any duty on such a one," said Hans, lifting him a little. People began to laugh and that made Hans so frisky that he began to do all kinds of monkey tricks with him.

"I don't like to see you do that, and I think you will be sorry for it," I said.

"Then Hans left him alone. The controller of customs came steaming like a horse with the coat of his uniform buttoned awry over his stomach, he was in such a hurry. It was not often that there was anything for him to stick his nose in.

"What merchandise have you got on board?" he cried.

"You can see for yourself, sir," I said. But Jens had thrown a tarpaulin over the man in the boat when the pilot-master said that we didn't dare touch him.

The controller of customs came right up to the boat, snorting like a whale, sneezing and spitting and wiping his face with the stiff red handkerchief that was always hanging out behind his uniform.

"Well, my men, what kind of pickings have you got today?" he said quite pleasantly.

"It is not exactly pickings, sir," I said.

"Nonsense, Ole. I suppose you have been smuggling a little, but when the king gets what is coming to him and you show the proper respect for the law, there is no harm in that."

"Nor was there. So the controller of customs pulled away the tarpaulin, and there he stood with it in his hand looking at the stranger in the boat. The beach-washer didn't say a word. He had a good excuse. The man of law didn't say anything either; he was rather surprised.

"The devil! He stinks." He kicked the tarpaulin over him again. That was not particularly polite, I thought, for he was a human being, after all, even if he was dead.

"The controller of customs said we must put a watch over him and send for the police or the town judge or the district judge or the magistrate or the clerk or the deuce knows whom else to see that the man was quite dead and everything else as it should be, that he did not bring the cholera, and if he had love-letters or mortgages by which we could tell who he was.

"So we kept watch over him with two muskets and a sword in a sheath. As evening came people disappeared from the beach. About half-past 9 the controller of customs came along to inspect us before he went to bed. I was the oldest, so I had the sword and made the other two stand at attention with the muskets when he hove in sight, and that pleased him. I asked him if I might send Hans to the inn for something in a bottle.

"In a bottle—on the watch? Are you crazy?" he cried.

"Well, all right," I said quietly. "Then we won't, but the night is long and chilly at this time of the year."

"When you are on watch you don't feel the cold," he said.

"The minute he was out of the way Jens and Hans stuck their muskets down in the boat where the beach-washer was sitting and got ready to go.

"Where are you off to?" I said holding out my sword in front of them.

"Take away that butter-spoon," said Hans. "You might know I am going for something to keep us awake."

"When he came back we divided up so that the two of us had watch below, while the third walked up and down with the sword. I took first watch, and the other two snuggled on the lee side of a sand dune and covered up with a piece of a sail. It would have been more comfortable in the boat under the tarpaulin, but somehow they did not feel like it on account of the stranger fellow there.

"The moon rose and shone on the water and on the beach and on the tarpaulin that covered the beach-washer. I walked up and down with the sword under my arm and my hands in my pockets. I looked out to sea and wondered about what kind of a wind we would get in the morning, and then I looked at the boat and the fellow under the tarpaulin and I thought of the troubles of this life, especially for the sailor, who is never sure of the end when he is at the beginning. The more I thought of it, the more my task seemed to weigh on me, and I was glad Hans had got the bottle filled so I could get something to hearten me up. I went over to him and pulled the bottle out of his coat pocket. I took a swallow and was going to return it, when Hans opened his eyes and said:

"Help yourself; don't be bashful."

"I thought you slept, Hans," I said. "It's a cold night. How do you like your bed?"

"It's confounded uncomfortable," said Hans, "and it's all on account of that beach-washer. Why didn't you let him go as I told you to?"

"But Lord bless you, Hans, I've got human feelings."

"If he could only do us some good," said Hans, and then he sat straight up, and we looked at each other. "Do you know what I have been lying here and thinking of?" said Hans.

"May be I can guess. Do you know what I am thinking of, Hans?"

"Not his boots, is it?" said Hans. He got up and began to slap his arms together.

"We went over to the boat, and Hans lifted the tarpaulin. 'They are good boots,' he said.

"Don't," I said.

"I would take my oath that no one has noticed whether he had boots or not," said Hans.

"I went over to Jens to see if he was still sleeping, and when I came back to the boat and saw the boots wet and shiny in the moonlight, I don't deny that I thought they were good boots.

"No, it won't work," I said. "He is a human being even if he is dead, and his clothes are his own, and when we take them we are stealing."

"Is he a human being?" cried Hans. "No, a human being is one that is alive like you and me. When you're dead you're nothing—dust and clay as the minister says, and nothing can't possibly own anything."

"I stood and pondered over this for a few moments, but I couldn't get my bearings.

"See here," said Hans. "If we took his watch or his papers—if he has any—that would be stealing. Those things belong to the big-bugs that are coming

tomorrow to poke their noses into all that. But a beach-washer must be buried in the clothes he is wearing. If you don't know that much, I do, and why should we let the worms eat those good new boots?"

"I rubbed the back of my head, and then I said: 'But who should have the boots, you or I? It wouldn't do any good to divide them surely.'

"Hans looked at me. 'We might raffle them.' He picked up a handful of pebbles. 'Odd or even?'

"No, I don't want to," I said, and left him.

"Then I want to," said Hans.

"Give me your bottle, Hans."

"I took a good swallow, and then we went over to the boat and tackled him. Hans took off the tarpaulin, and I grabbed his leg.

"Do you suppose we can get it off?" I whispered to Hans.

"What the devil are you doing?" said Jens behind us.

"We both jumped up and looked at Jens, who was sitting up on the sand. 'It won't do,' I whispered to Hans. 'Jens is as leaky as a new tub.'

"We are looking at the beach-washer," I said.

"I went over to Hans, but he was just as scared as I was. He lay down by the side of Jens without saying anything. When I went to put the tarpaulin over the beach-washer again, the moon was shining right into his face just as the sun had done before, and it seemed to me as if he was looking at me and saying, 'You thief, you thief.' It made me feel very queer, for I had never in my life before thought of robbing any one of what belonged to him, nor have I done it since, but this seemed a peculiar case, for, after all, he had no use for the boots. Anyway I bent over him and I said:

"I am sorry, shipmate, for what I meant to do. You keep your boots, and good-night to you. If the codfishing is tolerable this year I guess I will make enough to get a pair of new boots without stealing from a dead comrade."

"Then I put back the tarpaulin, and I felt somehow as if he must be resting better, now that he was sure of keeping what belonged to him.

"When my watch was over I waked Hans. 'What about the boots?' he said.

"What God has united let no man put asunder," said I. And I believe that made an impression on him, for there were no boots lost that night. When the controller of customs came in the morning, we stood at attention in the bright sunlight.

"Anything happened on the watch?" he asked.

"Nothing worth mentioning," I answered, and Hans and I looked at each other with our tongue in our cheek and one eye pinched together.

"At noon the magistrate came in a carriage with a clerk and some gentlemen with him. The magistrate pointed to us and explained that we were fishermen, and one of the gentlemen took a watch glass from his pocket and stuck it in his eye and stared at us. The magistrate asked questions and explained to the gentlemen, who seemed very fine gentlemen indeed. I thought they must be foreigners, since they had to have everything explained, but they spoke Danish just like the rest of us, so I suppose they had never seen fishermen before. One of them wrote something in a book, so I suppose he had a poor memory.

"We turned all his pockets, but found nothing but a leather purse so wet that it was falling to pieces. The magistrate put gloves on and turned it over. There was a German banknote worth about seven Danish dollars, a piece of an English letter which the magistrate said there was no sense in and some Dutch copper coins.

"That wasn't much," said the magistrate, and it wasn't. Then he gave orders about the funeral and drove away.

"In the afternoon the beach-washer was buried on the beach. The curate threw three shovelfuls of dirt at him, and we fishermen took our caps off and looked down and said nothing. I remember feeling glad that he had his boots, though perhaps they wouldn't do him much good in the place where he was going to. Then the curate went away, but it seemed to me a pity that a poor shipwrecked sailor should be sent away without a word. Jens was pulling at his breeches and looking around, and I could see that he was thinking of the same thing, so I said: 'Lift your rudder.'

"So Jens stepped forward with his cap in his hand and said: 'Listen to me, boys. I may get in trouble for this, but I am going to say it anyway that I think he who is anchored here ought to take with him a good word from those who towed him into harbor and from those who saw him made fast to the wharf. A farmer has the bed where he is to give up his breath right before his eyes all his life, but a sailor or a fisherman never knows where he will lie. And he who is moored here we don't know where he came from, but we can give him a kind thought and maybe a little wooden cross and a fence around his grave if we each do our part. And when I or Hans or Ole or Per get into trouble and are drifted on a strange shore we hope that other sailors or fishermen will do the same to us as we are doing to him—though we don't know who he is and may never get thanks for it; for that is the way it ought to be between fishermen. And now may God rest his soul.'

"Amen," said the pilot-master, and we all repeated 'Amen.'

"So he was buried. And Jens always got along very well, and the year after Hans was drowned off the American coast. And I have been dragging along with my rheumatism ever since. But I have often thought of the beach-washer and his boots."

SIR WILLIAM GILBERT.

By George L. Shoals.

In the Stars of the Stage series of biographical studies published by John Lane Company, a recent volume, written by Edith A. Browne, is devoted to W. S. Gilbert, and though it tells much that is of real value about the veteran dramatist and the Savoy Opera, and more than enough to justify its making, it is still singularly incomplete and seemingly unappreciative. It may be that the author was too near her subject to get a perfect view, or that her horizon rims a little circle that barely includes a part of London and its suburbs.

Sir William Schwenck Gilbert is not merely a "humorist, social satirist, fascinating rhymist, mirth-provoking magician," and author. He is the greatest dramatic force of his day and generation. He created a new and thoroughly admirable form of dramatic entertainment. He has given to the stage and to its literature at least a half-dozen characters that will live while English-speaking people love humor and genial satire. His work was the first attraction and inspiration of hundreds of actors who are distinguished examples in their profession. And as he has furnished vocation and employment to thousands, he has given through them to unnumbered millions hours of enjoyment as pure and refreshing as the crystal flow of a mountain stream.

It is probable that Gilbert is more generally known and appreciated in America than in England, and this for a reason that holds for his admirers something more than a shadow of regret. With the success of his second opera, "H. M. S. Pinafore," at the Opéra Comique in London in 1878, came the first attention of the American public, but the early, inadequate, and imperfectly understood productions of that masterpiece of fun and satire carried his fame across the continent in a few months. There was never such a success in the theatrical world before or since. Dramatic critics who had set opinions and no grace of lightmindedness dismissed it with a grudging paragraph, but the audiences grew from night to night. But a little more than a year after its first appearance in San Francisco it was being given by three different companies at as many different theatres in this city. It has been played by more companies, more times, and to more people than any other dramatic composition but one—and that one is neither an opera nor a play. Yet, with all this popular appreciation, its author received no pecuniary benefit from America. We took his work and put it in the highest place, but we forgot to ask if it had been paid for. Fortunately, he is far above any need of recompense, but it is not too late to acknowledge our debt to him.

It may be aside from the real interest of my subject, but it seems a not altogether inappropriate place to set down here the names of a few of those who made their first appearance on the American stage in "Pinafore." There can be no complete list, but of the well-known dramatic artists there are more than even old-time play-goers are likely to recall easily. William Collier, Julia Marlowe, Annie Russell, Grace Filkins, Harry Woodruff, Maude Osborne, Arthur and Jennie Dunn, Daisy Murdoch, Frankie Bishop, Zoe Tuttle, Eva French, Willie Newman, Alfred Klein, Sally and Fanny Cohen, Gus Collins, and Newton Fox, are names more or less familiar that will be suggested. Richard Mansfield first appeared as a professional in "The Sorcerer," Gilbert and Sullivan's work which antedated "Pinafore." H. C. Barnabee was a concert singer and popular entertainer until the Gilbert and Sullivan opera gave him a better opportunity. Jessie Bartlett Davis first sang over the footlights with the Haverly Chicago Church Choir Opera Company in "Pinafore," though it was before marriage had added Davis to her name. Now, after thirty years, it is doubtful if any opera house would hold a complete reunion of "H. M. S. Pinafore" beginners who are still interested in dramatic affairs. This parenthetical paragraph is not merely of interest in the way of reminiscence; it should emphasize one of the notable effects of W. S. Gilbert's influence in a distant but not a foreign country.

It is not my purpose to glorify the librettist at the expense of his colleague. The composer, Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, who wedded Gilbert's humor, satire, and romance to music so peculiarly and charmingly fitting, yet ever of musically and often of classic character, was more than an aid to the author. He was the melodious soul of a personality which the keen, sane, yet fantastic mind actuated. Had there been no lyric verses there might have been no delightful, haunting melodies. It is one of the strange, impressive conjunctions of two master spirits, that so rarely illuminate the long road of history.

Gilbert studied law and was called to the bar, but his creative instinct would not permit him to be idle while he waited for clients who never came. He began to write again, as he had written in his school days for *King's College Magazine*, and his first effort was "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell," which was accepted and printed in *Fun* after having been declined by *Punch* on account of its "cannibalistic flavor." That first effort was signed "Bab," and the signature was seen for a long time in the pages of *Fun*, attached to verse of humorous or satirical cast, and usually illustrated by grotesque drawings by the author. These contributions established the reputation of Gilbert as a jester and rhymist, but it is only fair to say that as printed in the collection of "Bab Ballads" they do not show the promise of such accomplishments as came with later years. There is now really but little of value in most of the

yarns in rhyme, if one chooses to ignore the conceits and perversions of conventional attitudes which were afterward amplified and adorned for the operas. Captain Reece of the *Mantelpiece* and Little Buttercup were transferred with all their peculiarities to the stage, and there are other living suggestions of later plans and purposes in "The Rival Curates" and "The Baby's Vengeance." The whimsical, topsy-turvy view of life and its varied interests that persisted is shown throughout this early, careless work.

In 1866, when Mr. Gilbert was in his thirtieth year, he was asked to write a play, and in eight days turned out the burlesque, "Dulcamara, or the Little Duck and the Great Quack." There are but two remarkable things connected with this venture into a new field. The play ran for five months, and Gilbert sold it for £30, setting the price himself. He recalls the transaction now in genial moments as a bad bargain, but it is probable that he profited by the experience after all. In the twelve years following he wrote no less than thirty-nine pieces including farces, burlesques, tom-romances, comedies, and operettas, but of them all only a half-dozen made more than a fleeting impression. "The Palace of Truth," "Pygmalion and Galatea," "Dan'l Druce," "Sweethearts," and "Engaged" belong to that period, and had he done nothing more he might still have had his place in the line of distinguished English playwrights, but the auspicious mating with Sullivan had occurred, and works of greater significance resulted.

"Trial by Jury" had been published in an abbreviated form by *Fun*, and a little later, in 1875, Gilbert took his rhymes and elaborated them with the intention of furnishing the piece as a musical farce for the Parepa-Rosa Opera Company. Carl Rosa was the first composer to attempt the musical setting, but as illness prevented its accomplishment Gilbert was obliged to turn elsewhere. Sullivan heard the author read the work and was taken with the idea. He immediately busied himself with the music for it and the first joint effort of the famous pair was produced at the Soho Theatre, afterward the Royalty, with great success. It ran from March to June and then from October to the winter holidays. Gilbert then wrote four other pieces before he took advantage of the find upon which he had hit by accident. In 1877 he finished "The Sorcerer," one of the most charming of his many mediæval reversions with modern characters and settings, and Sullivan fitted it musically with the same artistic comprehension, sympathy, and spirit. It ran for 175 nights, and during this time the author and composer deliberately formed an ideal for their future work. They determined to produce comic opera that should be free from the offenses to good taste seemingly inseparable from the French opera-bouffe. They resolved that their plots, "however ridiculous, should be coherent"; that their dialogue should be clean; that, "on artistic principles, no man should play a woman's part, and no woman a man's." Finally, they "agreed that no lady of the company should be required to wear a dress that she could not wear with absolute propriety at a private fancy ball." And in describing all this afterward, in defining their resolution to prove that England need not depend on translations and adaptations, on coarseness and smirched satire, Gilbert declared quietly, "I believe I may say we proved our case."

When "The Sorcerer" reached the end of its run, May 22, 1878, "H. M. S. Pinafore" was ready, and on May 25, at the Opéra Comique, the greatest English comic opera was first given to the public. It ran 700 nights, and before the end of that term it had been played and sung in every English-speaking city in the world. "The Pirates of Penzance" followed and ran exactly a year. Then came "Patience," a satire on the rage for æstheticism, and this, in spite of its grotesque reflections of a passing fad, ran from April, 1881, to November, 1882. During this long run, D'Oyly Carte, who had produced its three successful predecessors, transferred his company and opera to the new theatre, the Savoy, built under his direction, as a home for the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

From the beginning Gilbert directed the staging and rehearsals of the operas. He is gifted with the faculties required for successful stage management, not merely in producing well-balanced, harmonious stage pictures, and graceful, artistic movements and groupings, but as well in imparting original ideas to the actors and in securing enthusiastic coöperation. That this talent is something closely approaching genius is demonstrated in the careers of other eminent playwrights, whose successes have been notable because of strength in presentation as much as because of novelty of plot and situation and felicity of lines. Only stage managers fully realize how essential their art is to the dramatist.

The history of the Savoy Opera is a record of uninterrupted success for years. "Iolanthe" followed "Patience," and then came "Princess Ida," "The Mikado," "Ruddigore," "The Yeomen of the Guard," and "The Gondoliers," in the order named. In 1891, at the end of the run of the last-named opera, it was made known that a misunderstanding had broken the bond uniting Gilbert and Sullivan, and the affair caused regret and sympathy on both sides of the Atlantic. Gilbert's next opera, "The Mountebanks," received its musical setting at the hands of Alfred Cellier, and it showed the absence of the magic touch. A reconciliation of the ideal partners, Gilbert and Sullivan, came a year later, and "Utopia, Limited," was the result of their reunited efforts. "The Grand Duke" followed, and it was the last of the great procession, as Sir Arthur Sullivan died in 1900. Since that time Gilbert has written the

comedy, "The Fortune Hunter," and an extravaganza, "Harlequin and the Fairy's Dilemma." The revival of the operas at the Savoy Theatre during the past year is a matter of too recent record for renewed discussion here. It is sufficient to say that a new generation finds them still unique and delightful. From the opening of the Savoy Theatre, October 10, 1881, to the end of the run of the first revival of "Patience," April 20, 1901—a little less than twenty years—there had been 5079 performances of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. To this record must be added the figures from the Opéra Comique, 1678 performances in three and one-half years, making a grand total of 6757 performances of the works of one author and one composer working together. Of the long runs these are the ones most remarkable: "Pinafore," 700 nights; "Pirates," 633 nights; "The Mikado," 672 nights; "Patience," 578 nights.

In all Sir William Gilbert has produced sixty-three works for the stage. It is a proud and inspiring record. The readers of his biography will discover that to his genius, his wit, his fancy, his facility, has been added a steady industry. He has never tired, never dropped, never retrograded. A few have approached him in his favor, but none has been more than a distant, faint, and unimpressive teacher, an example of high achievement in a purpose. He has kept the theatre as a place of unshaken confidence in the old, the new, the beautiful and the classic of the stage, and the public have justified that confidence.

Were it necessary to illustrate the unlimited humor and fancy upon which he has drawn for nearly forty years, it would be easy to multiply quotations from his comedies and operas. And in addition to these qualities and supplementing them with grace, one could show the tenderness of sentiment, the deepest of reverence for the real sanctities. I have room for but a few characteristic excerpts.

This is from his comic drama, "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern":

"I hold that there is no such antick fellow as your bombastical hero who doth so earnestly spout forth his folly as to make his hearers believe that he is unconscious of all incongruity; whereas, he who doth so mark, label and underscore his antick speeches as to show that he is alive to their absurdity seemeth to utter them under protest, and to take part with his audience against himself. [Turning to players.] For which reason, I pray you, let there be no huge red noses, no extravagant monstrous wigs, nor coarse men garbed as women, in this comic-tragedy; for such things are as much as to say 'I am a comick fellow—I pray you laugh at me, and hold what I say to be cleverly ridiculous.' Such labeling of humor is an impertinence to your audience, for it seemeth to imply that they are unable to recognize a joke unless it be pointed out to them. I pray you avoid it."

Dr. Daly, the vicar, in "The Sorcerer," has this humorous and satirical ballad:

Time was when Love and I were well acquainted,
Time was when we walked ever hand in hand,
A saintly youth, with worldly thought untainted—
None better loved than I in all the land!
Time was when maidens of the noblest station,
Forsaking even military men,
Would gaze upon me, rapt in adoration.
Ah me! I was a fair young curate then!

Had I a headache? sighed the maids assembled;
Had I a cold? welled forth the silent tear;
Did I look pale? then half a parish trembled;
And when I coughed all thought the end was near.
I had no care—no jealous doubts hung o'er me;
For I was loved beyond all other men.
Fled gilded dukes and belted earls before me.
Ah me! I was a pale young curate then!

This is from Marco's song in "The Gondoliers":

Take a pair of sparkling eyes,
Hidden, ever and anon,
In a merciful eclipse—
Do not heed their mild surprise—
Having passed the Rubicon.
Take a pair of rosy lips;
Take a figure primly planned—
Such as admiration whets
(Be particular in this);
Take a tender little hand,
Fringed with dainty fingerettes,
Press it—in parenthesis;—
Take all these, you lucky man—
Take and keep them, if you can!

Take a pretty little cot—
Quite a miniature affair—
Hung about with trellised vine,
Furnish it upon the spot
With the treasures rich and rare
I've endeavored to define.
Live to love and love to live—
You will ripen at your ease,
Growing on the sunny side—
Fate has nothing more to give.
If you're a dainty man to please
If you are not satisfied,
Take my counsel, happy man;
Act upon it, if you can!

When America or England discovers another Gilbert there may be found a composer who can measure up to his needs. We have been more fortunate in composers here than in authors. But comic opera is not dead. The nearest approaches to it are most in favor with patrons of so-called musical comedy. It will come into its own when author and composer are in sympathy, with the same ideal in purpose and in art. Gilbert and Sullivan realized that ideal.

"The Servant in the House," the drama in which the Henry Miller Associate Players are now appearing at the Savoy Theatre, New York, and which is as remarkable for its literary as for its dramatic value, will be published in book form. Harper & Brothers have secured the reprint rights of the play for America from the author, Charles Rann Kennedy, and expect to have the volume on the market by May 1.

NEW AND NOTABLE NOVELS.

Reviews by Sidney G. P. Coryn.

The City of Delight, by Elizabeth Miller. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

The historical romance awakes interest either from its history or from its romance—rarely from both. In this instance we have a fine account of the siege of Jerusalem and of the general condition of the land across which the Roman legions marched to the ill-fated city. The picture of Philadelphus Maccabaeus is deftly drawn, with his mighty ideals of liberation and leadership combatting the inertia and cynicism natural to a strong man amongst pygmies. The author has an enviable facility for sketching character with the fewest possible pen strokes. We seem to look right into the heart of Titus when he gives up the captured sheep at the solicitation of the Christian shepherd boy, and we understand at a glance the hatred of the Jews for Josephus as the great historian is seen with



Miss Elizabeth Miller, Author of "The City of Delight." Bobbs-Merrill Company.

the Roman standards. The turmoil in the beleaguered city, the panic of fanaticism, the war of selfish ambitions, the mingled manias of lust and cruelty and superstition pass simply across the pages with an almost perplexing concentration, and the tragedy is no less real because suggestion is allowed to take some of the horror from an undesired realism.

The romance of the story is a little less attractive because it is not quite so convincing. The heroine, Laodice, is the wife of Maccabaeus, married to him as a child and at once restored to her father's house. Upon the resolve of her husband to save Jerusalem she sets forth to join him in the sacred city, is robbed of her dowry on the way by an adventuress who personates her in Jerusalem while Laodice herself is quarantined on the road by the plague that attacks her party. Maccabaeus, himself is deceived, and when his wife actually arrives she finds herself dispossessed, a fugitive, and unprotected amid the ferocious and desperate depravity of the doomed city. How she is rescued by Maccabaeus, how he learns of her identity, and how through the benevolence of Titus he escapes with his wife into security are graphically told. The whole story marches forward with unflagging energy, and if the romantic side appeals less strongly than the historical it hardly less the force of an unusual hook and one that shows a power of imagination equalled only by its erudition and accuracy.

The Iron Heel, by Jack London. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

As a teller of ingenious and unbelievable dog stories Mr. London attracted a certain amount of attention wholly incommensurate with his literary ability. His autobiography aroused a languid interest that rapidly changed to disgust, and now he dons the mantle of the prophet and under a thin veil of weak romance he predicts a class struggle that is to last for some three hundred years and in which blood is to flow like water. It is just such a hook as the perpetrator of the autobiography would be likely to write, and if we knew of any form of censure stronger than this it would be cheerfully applied.

With a daring originality the story is introduced as a manuscript that has been hidden in an oak tree for seven centuries. If the author fails to use the other accessories of a sliding panel and a midnight ghost he has no doubt reserved them for future occasions. The manuscript is supposed to tell the story of the years 1912 and 1913. It is written by the wife of a Socialist leader, Ernest Everhard, who is eventually executed after an outbreak of what is practically civil war with the attendant horrors of general massacres and a reign of terror. Everhard is, of course, the hero, and if the ravings of this intolerable maniac represent any volume of sentiment now existing it is surely to be found only in the per centenary. Here is a specimen of the

hydrophobia that seems to be his chief natural endowment. He says: "Such an army of revolution twenty-five millions strong is a thing to make rulers and ruling classes pause and consider. The cry of this army is 'No quarter! We want all that you possess. We will be content with nothing less than all that you possess. We want in our hands the reins of power and the destiny of mankind,' etc., and then we are told that he extended his arms and his hands "were clutching the air like eagle's talons." It was a very appropriate gesture, but the author makes Everhard talk a great deal too much. A more tiresome windbag never existed, but perhaps Mr. London is only adding another chapter to his autobiography.

We need not fear the result of "The Iron Heel." If the "myrmidons of capital" knew their business they would subsidize Mr. London in the comfortable assurance that he could anesthetize the average anarchist in half an hour.

The Barrier, by Rex Beach. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

The fictional literature of Alaska is increasing, but there can hardly be too many of such stories as "The Barrier." Necia believes that she is the daughter of Old Man Gale, who keeps the store at Flambeau, and of his Indian "wife." Young and beautiful, she is courted by well-nigh every man within range of her charms and to whom her half-breed blood would be no drawback. But when Lieutenant Burrell of Kentucky comes to take charge of the new military post there enters a new and strange element into her life. He falls in love with her at once, and she with him, and he has to fight a great battle with himself when he discovers the supposed taint of Indian heritage. It is not quite sure that he would have won the battle but for the opportune discovery that Gale is not her father, nor his squaw her mother, and that she was horn in lawful wedlock. We should like to have seen the discovery come a little later, so that the lieutenant's testing might have been more thorough, but no doubt it would have been all right.

One of the best hits of work in the book is the creation of Poleon, the simple, heroic French-Canadian, who has laid his whole life at Necia's feet and who sees her snatched from him by a stranger. Poleon goes away into solitude and hides his grief where brave men keep such things, but he is likely to be remembered as long as the exquisite Necia herself.

"The Barrier" is a fine story, strong, pathetic, and true, and as a picture of the prospector's life in Alaska it has few equals. The making of the new claims, the hardships of the trail, the elemental passions and crimes and revenges of the camp have never been better described or in fewer or more forceful words. By "The Barrier" the author has made an enviable addition to his reputation.

Priest and Pagan, by Herbert M. Hopkins. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

This is a story of three characters. We have Berwyn, a young literary man who has selfishly allowed his friends to think that he has been drowned. There is a clergyman named Cresson, and there is Josephine, who is engaged to Cresson and who gives surreptitious performances at a vaudeville show unknown to any one except her rather progressive and invalid mother. Berwyn and Cresson are thrown much together through an accidental meeting, and when Josephine finds that she can no longer get on with her clerical lover she discards him and marries Berwyn. The marriage is not a happy one. Berwyn is a cynic and distinctly selfish. In the search for new sensations he gambles on the stock exchange, is ruined, shoots himself, and so gives Cresson his chance for a second inning. Berwyn is, of course, the villain, but a very likable villain. Cresson is the hero, but a hero who has those fatal mental defects that seem necessarily associated with the clergyman in fiction. How is it possible to give whole-hearted admiration to a man whose highest idea of human service, whose loftiest conception of a supposedly needful expedition, is to undertake a mission to convert the Jews? We recognize Cresson's devotion, his essential manliness and his fortitude, but we should like to examine his phrenological development, while the fact that his mother was a Jewess and that he once behaved basely toward another Jew are hardly extenuating circumstances. The author has written a sincere and an engrossing hook, but we wish he had chosen for his hero a more respectable and one showing a better conception of human needs.

The Silver Blade, by Charles Edmonds Walk. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.50.

J. Howard Lyndon, a young cotton broker in a Southern city, enters the office of his friend, Dr. Mohley Westbrook, and finds the body of Alberto de Sanchez stretched upon the floor dead with a dagger wound in his throat, while over him stands Dr. Westbrook with a blood-stained dagger in his hand. While mounting the stairs, Lyndon had seen the victim but a few steps ahead of him, so that the crime must have been committed almost at the very moment.

An interesting situation is naturally opened,

and it takes all the skill of Detective Converse to unravel a mystery to which the clues are very few and far between. It takes nearly four hundred pages to tell us how he did it, and even then we can only marvel at his success. But "The Silver Blade" is not a detective story only. It is also a romance, with all the old features that are welcomed just as much today as ever they were. It is a strongly written and ingenious hook.

Janet of the Dunes, by Harriet T. Comstock. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

It is a very simple and charming picture that the author draws of life on the dunes of Long Island. Janet is the illegitimate daughter of Cap'n Billy's dead wife, a little seashore waif who has inherited much refinement from her wayward mother and has added to it by diligent and surreptitious reading. When the summer boarders begin to invade the neighboring town Janet earns a little money by posing for an artist, who falls in love with her as she does with him. The interest of the story is not so much in its incident, good as that is, as in its fine local coloring and the deftness of its character portrayal. It is in every way worth reading, delicate, vivid, and wholesome.

The Wife of Narcissus, by Antulet Andrews. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

The story that is told in the form of a diary does not find universal favor, but it may be doubted if a better form could be found for this particular romance. Sophie Van Cort is "almost an orphan," because her father is dead and her mother is an actress. Left in charge of a housekeeper, she falls under the spell of Narcissus, who is a poet by profession and a selfish and dissolute rascal by inclination. They are married and then comes the rapid disillusionment. Sophie has to support them both and to accept poetic rhapsodies instead of conjugal fidelity. It is a very pathetic and charming story and with an ending that bids fair to make amends.

A Gentleman of Fortune, by H. C. Bailey. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The war between Spain and the Netherlands, the intolerable persecution of the Dutch Protestants, and the succession of heroisms that distinguished the struggle, make the finest possible material for the historical novelist, and it is surprising that it has not been more extensively used. The author has given us a good story of adventure, alive with the spirit of the day and maintaining all the way



Allan Harker, Author of "His First Leave." Charles Scribner's Sons.

through a high level of accuracy and vigor. Indeed, it might have been longer without fear of exceeding its welcome.

Gunhild, by Dorothy Canfield. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

This is a story of a party of American tourists who are side-tracked by illness in a lonely Norwegian village. Gunhild is a delightful Norwegian girl who has lived in America and who comes to the linguistic rescue of the travelers with inflammable results upon the heart of one of the party. The character of Gunhild is so striking a success that there should have been a more artistic dénouement, but this hardly diminishes the merit of a good hit of fiction.

Day: Her Year in New York, by Anna Chapin Ray. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

This is the third volume of the Sidney Books for girls and is practically a continuation of the first two. Miss Ray's style loses none of its vivacity or interest, and her power of character delineation is as marked as ever.

The Four-Pools Mystery. Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.50.

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ESSAYS ON THE DRAMA.

Elizabethan Drama, by Felix E. Schelling. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; 2 vols., \$7.50 net.

The Elizabethan drama is so overshadowed by the genius of Shakespeare that we are apt to overlook the extraordinary fertility of the literary soil from which he grew and the varied richness of poetic and dramatic production that surrounded him. Shakespeare was the tree in a garden of lesser magnificences, a garden that burst into splendid luxuriance with the wakening of religious liberty and national sentiment. But it was indeed a garden and not a desert in which he grew. The soil made arid by the light of the church sprung suddenly into a gorgeous and many-colored literary verdure, and if Shakespeare was the expression of it all, he was not all of its expression. Between the accession of Queen Elizabeth and the closing of the theatres during the Puritan régime the



Frontispiece from Elizabeth Robins's "Come and Find Me." The Century Company.

number of new plays was over fifteen hundred. They were of every variety of expression and of every grade of ability; they ranged from folly to sublimity, and from gross huffoonery to moral grandeur; they were the pent-up waters of the dramatic art that covered the whole land.

Professor Schelling has brought an unusual and discriminating ability to a formidable task. He introduces us to this prodigious mass of material without falling into the monotony of a catalogue or of a biography of playwrights. His method is more philosophical. He shows us how the main stem of the drama divided itself into limbs and branches and how the various plays of the day may be most properly apportioned. He shows us the appearance, the duration and the termination of the various species, why they originated and how they were superseded. While avoiding the commonplaces of history and of biography, they are necessarily introduced when demanded by the scope of the work, but they are always unobtrusive and always with a new illumination.

These impressive volumes are not too large nor are they overweighted. The so-called Sacred Drama has its proper and curtailed space. The New Romantic Drama, the National Historical Drama, and the Domestic Drama are amply treated. So, too, are the Masque, the Pastoral Drama, the Comedy of Manners, and Decadent Romance. The author is always felicitous, and particularly so in his summaries. He tells us, for instance, that the Elizabethan Drama is still potent because it presents life to us hopefully, not cynically nor pessimistically, because it shows us not only the world as it is, but also the world as it shall be when the poets shall be known also as prophets.

Ploys of Our Forefathers, by Charles Mills Gayley, professor of the English language and literature in the University of California. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$3.50.

A work of such learning and involving such research must necessarily command our admiration. A study of the early religious drama is an essential preliminary to a comprehension of the Shakespearean and later dramatic epochs, and Professor Gayley has done his work with a thoroughness and with a literary ability wholly commendable. With extraordinary wealth of knowledge he traces the revival of the drama from the time of its suppression under the flood of barbaric invasion to the great change that awaited it in the Elizabethan days when it received its franchise at the hands of a liberated conscience. He tells his story with a breadth of historical view and yet with a continuity that must make it of unusual value to the student and to the scholar.

A knowledge of the early religious drama is doubtless necessary, but from the human

standpoint most of it is intensely uninteresting. It is wholly saturated with crude and cruel and hateful dogma which does not so much represent a general phase of human thought as the domination of a priestly tyranny. The stage then was not the expression of the human mind, but rather an implement of the church for the direction and subjection of the human mind, and its operation was often through terror. An examination of the medieval religious drama fails to show more than a trace of the real dramatic spirit that was to spring into such triumphant life as soon as the fear of the religious censor was removed, and while it has a certain importance on the shelves of the historical museum, its effect upon the healthy mind must be largely one of pity and repulsion.

Occasional Papers, Dramatic and Historical, by H. B. Irving. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

Perhaps the best of these delightful essays is the first of the series. In "The Stage in the Eighteenth Century," Mr. Irving shows us how the theatre has been invaded by the stressful conditions of the outside world and how the resulting strain has been inimical to art. In the eighteenth century the actor never played his part more than three or four times a week, while the absence of accessories such as costumes and scenery urged him to supply the counterbalance of personal ability. It is hard to realize that not until the end of the century was there any serious attempt to dress the actor in a costume appropriate to his part.

Another admirable essay is on "The Art and Status of the Actor." The author urges the actor to take himself seriously and to regard his profession as one demanding the highest attributes of mind and heart. Perhaps his advice is not quite consonant with the modern disease of the drama that requires a sensational tenderloin record from its star performers, but let us hope that this particular malady will be shortlived. He says he finds four prime fallacies current among intelligent people regarding the work of the actor. They are:

Firstly, that he is surrounded in the theatre by a large staff of intelligent and willing attendants, whose nightly duty it is to dress him and make up his face for him; secondly, that in his performance he speaks the author's words or not, as his fancy dictates; thirdly, that during the run of a piece he can accept an invitation to dinner by merely mentioning to his manager his intention of absenting himself on that particular evening, when his understudy will, as a matter of course, take his place; and, fourthly, that the evening's entertainment invariably terminates with a delightful supper served in the green room, to which all the actors and actresses concerned in the piece are bidden.

The book is to be warmly commended to those who wish to know of the drama as it actually is and to study it in the light of its history and of its present opportunities.

The Genesis of Hamlet, by Charlton M. Lewis. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.25.

The general attempt to read the riddle of Hamlet's personality receives welcome reinforcement from the careful analysis of Pro-



"Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

fessor Lewis. His plan is clearly to discriminate between Shakespeare's original contributions to the story and the legendary materials that he inherited, and it may be said that he is strikingly successful in following the clues that have been hitherto neglected or insufficiently traced. The author critically examines Coleridge's theory and Werder's theory, while his speculations on the pre-Shakespearean Hamlet and the German Hamlet are valuable contributions to the discussion. He finds that Kyd's Hamlet and Shakespeare's Hamlet, taken separately, are comparatively simple persons. The complexity arises in their combination. Kyd's Hamlet is the actor and Shakespeare's Hamlet is the thinker. Kyd supplies the plot and Shakespeare the characterization. "Thus the Kyd-Shakespeare composite hero follows up one man's thoughts with another man's deeds, and confronts with Shakespeare's soul a situation of Kyd's devising." The author is to be congratulated upon a fascinating piece of argument.



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LITERARY NOTES.

Professor Borden P. Bowne has been somewhat startled to find that because of his idealistic metaphysics he has been claimed by the Christian Scientists as holding a philosophy which supports their views. He says that it makes no difference what a man's philosophy is; it is his experience that must guide his conduct. His latest book, "Personalism," is just published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Judge Lindsey, who has done more than any one man living to make the cause of the children's courts popular, contributes an appreciative introduction to "The Young Malefactor," by Thomas Travis, Ph. D., in which he says: "The growth of the juvenile or children's courts in the last seven years not only emphasizes the importance of the subject of juvenile delinquency, but the necessity for a better understanding concerning it. . . . It



Judge Ben B. Lindsey. From "The Young Malefactor," by Thomas Travis, Ph. D.

was therefore with the greatest interest that I read the manuscript for the present book. In it Dr. Travis has shown exceptional qualifications to deal with the subject. . . . An admirable work which I rejoice to welcome with enthusiasm." The volume is brought out by Thomas A. Crowell & Co.

A new Vernon Lee book has been brought out by John Lane Company, New York, comprising the essay on "Limbo," and other essays, to which is now added "Ariadne In Mantua," a prose drama in five acts. The author brings a curious charge of plagiarism towards herself in her preface to this play, and readers of her "Genius Loci" will certainly recall the image of the Palace of Mantua and its lakes. The author found her fancy haunted with a peculiar insistency by this scene, and as she expresses it, "looking into my mind one day, I found that a certain song of the early seventeenth century had entered that palace of Mantua, and was in some manner not easy to define the musical shape of what must have happened there. And that, translated back into human personages, was the drama of contending forces of impulse and discipline. A uniform edition of Vernon Lee's works is in preparation for early publication by the same publishers.

Martin Luther is revealed not only as the great leader of the Reformation, but also as one of the most human and lovable of men, in a volume of his letters, selected and translated by Margaret C. Currie, and just pub-



Lionel Josephore, Author of "The Sovereign of the Street." A. M. Robertson.

lished by the Macmillan Company. Strangely enough, there has hitherto been no collection of his letters in English or even in modern German, although it is a hundred years since Coleridge wrote: "I can scarcely conceive of a more delightful volume than might be made up from Luther's letters, especially those from the Wartburg, if translated in the simple, idiomatic, hearty, mother-tongue of the original." Miss Currie has translated the letters direct from the Latin and from the Old German which Luther wrote, and has been remarkably successful in preserving the simple, racy flavor of the originals.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson at the age of eighty-four is actively interested in the world's work; his spirit is buoyant and opti-

mistic and he has just finished a little book full of helpful wisdom for young and old. He calls it "Things Worth While," and it will be published this spring by B. W. Huebsch, New York, in "The Art of Life Series," of which Edward Howard Griggs is the editor.

In "My Day and Generation," the distinguished author of "The Illini" and "Lincoln at Gettysburg" presents some of the pivotal experiences in his long career of public usefulness. Colonel Clarke E. Carr has known personally and intimately probably as many of the great men and women of this country as any other man now living, and his recollections cover our history from the period of the anti-slavery agitation down to the present time. His book is not a formal autobiography, but presents in essay form incidents in his life that are fraught with meaning for all who would understand how this country has come to be what it is. Colonel Carr's public career has identified him with the Republican party since its inception, throwing him into contact with Lincoln, Douglas, Grant, Sherman, Logan, and the great ones of the Civil War, and has included his service for four years as minister from this country to the court of Denmark. His facility of narration and his powers of philosophical analysis of men and events are extraordinary, and these characteristics will be found in his new book in the same marked degree as in "The Illini" and "Lincoln at Gettysburg." The volume contains over sixty illustrations, and is produced in the good style usual with its publishers, A. C. McClurg & Co.

Henry Holt & Co. have just issued the fifth volume in their American Nature Series, being "American Insects," by Professor Vernon L. Kellogg. This book is a revision (with a brief additional chapter on Reflexes, Instincts, and Intelligence) of one of the same name which heretofore has been issued outside of this series. It covers the entire American insect world, including moths, butterflies, and beetles, to which separate volumes are sometimes devoted, and is written in the singularly interesting style that has



Paul Bourget, Author of "The Weight of the Name." Little, Brown & Co.

made the author's "Darwinism Today" (despite its subject) one of the non-fiction books most in demand in the New York public libraries.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce for publication early in May an interesting book, "On the Passing of Morocco," by Frederick Moore, author of "The Balkan Trail." Mr. Moore's home is in New Orleans, but he has spent the last six or seven years in travel. He served as correspondent of the London Times during the recent outbreak in the Balkan peninsula, and last August went to Morocco as special correspondent of the London Westminster Gazette. His new book will be illustrated from photographs, and will be issued simultaneously in England and America.

Vernon Lee is described by a literary friend, Mme. Duclaux, in writing of their first meeting in 1880 as follows: "She had soft blonde hair, benignant gray-green eyes, which gleamed through a pair of huge, round, eighteenth-century goggles; I can see the long column of her throat, the humorous, delicate, irregular features which made up such an eloquent and eager face; and especially I see the slender hands, with their fragile *retroussé* fingers issuing from the starched cuffs of her tailor gown. She looked at once audacious, refined, argumentative, and shy. This young lady was Miss Paget (Vernon Lee); she was then publishing the first of those brilliant essays and inquiries in which she loves to track, through all their devious currents and sudden disappearance underground, the secret fountains and unsuspected sources of esthetic pleasure. I had never met any one so eloquent. . . . We were always writing in corners, Violet and I. She at a carved table on large vellum-like sheets; I huddled in a shawl on the chimney step, my inkpot neighboring the fire-dogs, a blotting pad on my knee. I can not say we wrote in solemn silence. Impressions, forecasts, reminiscences, quotations from Michelet or Matarazzo, subjects for ballads, problems for essays, esthetic debates, and moral discussions would burst forth in the midst of occupations, from the writing table, or (much more rarely) from the warm seclusion of the chimney-step."

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The Struggle for a Royal Child, by Ida Kremer. Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York; \$1.50.

The royal child is Anna Monica Pia, Duchess of Saxony, whose mother is the Countess Montignoso, the divorced wife of the King of Saxony and now the wife of the musician Toselli. The author was governess in the house of the Countess Montignoso during 1906, and perhaps we need hardly consider the ethical proprieties involved in the publication of a record that belongs to a domain usually considered as confidential.

The author was appointed by the government of Saxony as governess to the child born after the mother was in exile. Her mission was first of all educational and she was also expected to use her influence to bring back with her to Germany the little princess, but in this, of course, she failed. The Countess Montignoso agreed to the appointment, but only on condition that Frau Kremer should visit her in Florence for a month in order that she might judge for herself as to her fitness for the task. Some of the most interesting portions of the book are devoted to this probationary month, which was naturally looked forward to by the author as an ordeal, but which none the less passed pleasantly. On the whole the picture of the countess is an agreeable one. It is that of a woman of much kindness who might have been good and even great but for the paralysis of court restraints. The book will certainly be read throughout a wide circle of those for whom the personality of a princess has always a fascination quite apart from its actual importance.

Turkey and the Turks, by W. S. Moore. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

This book comes opportunely at a time when Turkey threatens to assert herself more



From "Fiji, and Its Possibilities," by Beatrice Grimshaw.

aggressively in European affairs, and to resent the interference necessitated by chaotic misgovernment. The real nature of the problem created by the Turkish empire, by the Asiatic wedge driven into the side of Europe, is well presented. We see the hopeless animosity of nationalities, the racial and religious antagonisms, the mutual hatreds and oppressions, the inertias and superstitions and cruelties of Oriental life, a medley of opposing forces and passions that constitutes the perpetual cloud menacing the peace of the world. Mr. Monroe's book should be read carefully by those who want to know something of a storm centre from which disastrous explosions must come sooner or later.

Through Italy with the Poets, compiled by Robert Haven Schaffer. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$2.

In this book the editor has gathered together all the best poems on Italy and arranged them in the order of a natural tour from Verona and Milan to the Riviera, down through Florence, Rome, and Naples to Reggio, and up the eastern side, through Taranto, Ancona, and Venice to Asolo.

Juan Ponce de Leon, by Frederick A. Ober. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.


Ponce de Leon ought to be a familiar figure in American history. His quest for the fountain of youth is well known, but his many other exploits are not so well known, and the author has set them forth with much skill and vigor.

Adventures with Indians, by W. O. Stoddard, Philip Verrill Mighels, Major G. B. Davis, Frances McElrath, and others. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; 60 cents.

While this book is mainly fiction, the authorship is a guarantee of an underlying stratum of fact and entire historical accuracy.

Henry Holt & Co., New York, have published "The Vicar of Sesenheim," extracts from Books IX-XII of Goethe's "Dichtung und Wahrheit," with introduction, appendix, notes, and vocabulary by A. B. Nichols.

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SOME SERIOUS STUDIES.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

The Philosophy of Nietzsche, by Henry L. Mencken. Published by Luce & Co., Boston.

The enthusiasm for Nietzsche, like the enthusiasm for Ibsen, is among the saddening signs of the day. Nor can it be attributed any longer to a metaphysical obscurity that always excites the noisy admiration of certain lowly orders of mind. Mr. Mencken has made it all so plain for us that "the wayfaring



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Thomas Alva Edison. From "Sixty Years of an Inventor's Life," by Francis Arthur Jones.

man though a fool" can understand this new frenzy of philosophical wickedness and abhor it in proportion to his moral evolution. There may be those who find some personal comfort in a stately negation of virtue and the Ten Commandments, and their applause is likely to be louder than the disgusted dissent of the decent majority. That, however, is the way of the modern world.

With Nietzsche's views upon Christianity we have no quarrel. They do not attain the plane where a quarrel is possible. Christianity, we are told, was the outcome of a slave morality which crucified Christ "and the result was that the outside world, which despised the Jews, accepted Christ as a prophet and martyr." Mr. Mencken says that the idea is "sheer lunacy," but why does Mr. Mencken discriminate against this one portion when there is such an overwhelming quantity of the same brand? Nietzsche not only hates Christianity, which he could easily do without disclosing his mania, but he seems to hate virtue whether it take the form of sublime self-sacrifice for the redemption of a world or the casual and careless charities and courtesies which lubricate life. For him "charity is a man-made idea with which the gods have nothing to do." Its result upon the race is "retrogression." Nietzsche's superman, which gibbers and mouths at us in the distance like a hateful Frankenstein monster, will argue "that he has been put into the world without his consent, that he must live in the world,



F. J. Stimson, Author of "The American Constitution," Charles Scribner's Sons.

that he owes nothing to the other people there. Therefore it will be his effort to attain the highest possible measure of satisfaction for the only unmistakable and genuinely healthy instinct within him; the yearning to live—to attain power—to meet and overcome the influences which would weaken or destroy him." But all this is no new philosophy. Its adherents are numerous. Sometimes they get into prison and sometimes they are hanged.

Zarathustra was a philosopher after Nietzsche's own heart and he quotes him constantly with approval. "Disregard your neighbors! Man is something to be surpassed. Surpass yourself at the expense of your neighbor. What you can not seize let no man give you." And so on *ad nauseam*. "This new table, O my brethren, I put over you: Be hard!"

Hating virtue, Nietzsche hated also the virtuous. He crowds his pillory with the great men of all ages and invites us to revile, even as he does. Plato, Schiller, Dante, Carlyle, Hugo, they are all there, all who have ever dared to speak of self-sacrifice, of honor, of gentleness, and of love. He gives us a new commandment, that we banish from life everything that makes it bearable, every last remnant of the old virtues that stand alone between civilization and the abyss, and that in their place we enthrone a gigantic and satanic selfishness. It is perhaps as well that the combined infamies of modern life should find a spokesman and a defender, that they should

be welded into a philosophic system. If the result is actually consonant with the spirit of the age, if these indeed be our gods, it is just as well that we should know it while regretting that there are no mental gloves with which such garbage can be handled.

New Worlds for Old, by H. G. Wells. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

The book impresses us less as a defense of socialism than as a work of art. In a literary sense, Mr. Wells has never done anything better. He is gracious and persuasive, tolerant and sympathetic by turns. He easily convinces us of the many unbearable features of modern civilization, especially in Europe, and if he is less successful in persuading us that socialism is indeed the *Lapis Philosophorum* that turns all dross into gold, he at least persuades us to look at the bogey man of the "new worlds" and to discover for ourselves that, like the other devil, he is not so black as he is painted.

Mr. Wells covers up the iron tyranny of socialism with a veneer of sweet reasonableness. But then the varieties of socialism are as numerous as its defenders. Their only unanimity is one of destruction, and Mr. Wells repudiates Karl Marx with the suave finality that Karl Marx would use toward Mr. Blatchford.

Mr. Wells is not afraid of basic principles, but he would have us believe that their application would not be so intrusive into private life, so irritating, so subversive to habit and



Sheldon Leavitt, M. D., Author of "Psycho-Therapy."

tradition, as we have feared. The life of the multitude would go on pretty much as it always has, and the only change would be a gradual increase of comfort and the larger existence that must follow the removal of the grosser material anxieties. When he says that "the community as a whole should be responsible, and every individual in the community, married or single, parent or childless, should be responsible for the welfare and upbringing of every child born into that community," he enunciates a principle with which we are all in accord and which we try to carry out, although haltingly and lamely. But the real issue is joined when he goes on to say "that the community as a whole should be inalienably the owner and administrator of the land, of all raw materials, of all values and resources accumulated from the past, and that all private property must be of a terminable nature, reverting to the community and subject to the general welfare." This is the question that we must keep steadily in mind, and mere descriptions of squalor and sympathy-compelling pictures of destitution must not interfere with a judicious economic attitude. Something must be done, but is it socialism? Whatever our personal attitude may be it is certain that Mr. Wells's book will have a wide influence.

Thinking, Feeling, Doing, by E. W. Scripture, Ph. D., M. D. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Those who are acquainted with Dr. Scripture's earlier work will be pleased to receive this second and enlarged edition. Dr. Scripture is the pioneer of what he calls the new



John M. Thomas, President of Middlebury College. Author of "The Christian Faith and the Old Testament."

psychology, the psychology founded upon experiment and precise observation, although it is a moot point whether this science deserves the name of psychology at all, seeing that it deals rather with the avenues to the mind than with the mind itself. But if the author has a scanty regard for speculations upon mental life which are beyond the reach of the laboratory with its implements of precision, we may at least be grateful for his

condemnation of a folly that identifies mind with brain or seeks to trace the origin of thought as it would the origin of bile.

Dr. Scripture's book is the record of a remarkable series of experiments on thought and action, the effects of color, the phenomena of binocular vision, with practical instructions for training attention and improving memory. Altogether there is hardly a more readable book of its kind.

The Church and Modern Life, by Washington Gladden. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; \$1.25.

If Dr. Gladden's gentle admonitions can be called a criticism it is one that comes from within the walls of the church and not from outside. He believes that the church needs only to free herself from her entanglements to become the light of the world, and he points out those entanglements with a sweet reasonableness that should be the best of all stimulants to effort.

If the book has a weakness it is in its comparisons between Christianity and other religions. If references to other faiths such as Buddhism are at all germane they should at least be adequate and accurate. The author introduces Mohammedanism, for example, for purposes of comparison and dismisses it in nine lines, a treatment that may commend itself to the religious groundings, but that is irritating to those who recognize its gross, though unintentional injustice.

The Short Story, edited with introduction and notes by Brander Matthews, LL. D. Published by the American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago; \$1.

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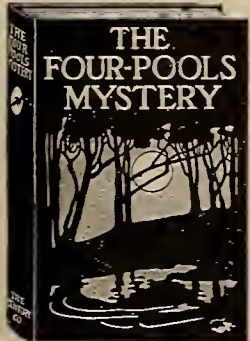
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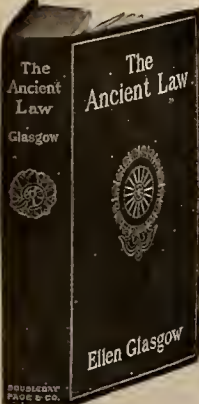
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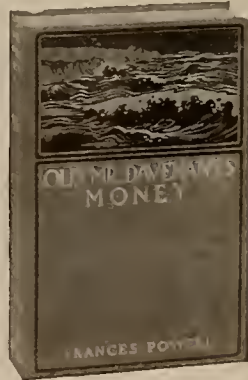
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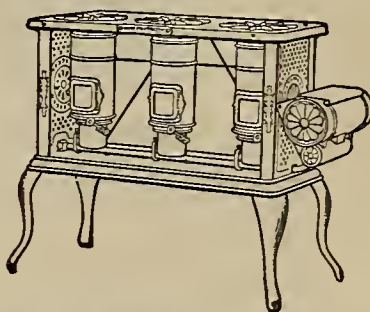
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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Hubert Bland differentiates the Ihsen people from the Bernard Shaw people in "The Happy Moralist" as follows: "Now, Ihsen's people do things, unconventional things, things which society holds to be immoral even, and to the doing of which it attaches social penalties. Mr. Shaw's people talk about them—and stop short at talking."

A work that promises to be of more than ordinary general interest in spite of the word "scientific" in its title, is about to be published by A. M. Robertson. It is "The Scientific Aspects of Luther Burbank's Work," written by Dr. David Starr Jordan and Professor Vernon L. Kellogg. The collaborating authors will give an authoritative summary of the results achieved by California's great naturalist and plant-breeder, and show his aims and hopes in the light of understanding. Sensational newspaper and magazine specialists have befogged the situation with articles which have been not merely hazy, but actually misleading. The descriptive analysis of the new work is entertaining as well as thoroughly reliable. Mr. Robertson is giving this volume the closest attention,

of Buddha." The "Sayings" are believed to have been written by Buddha or his disciples in the fifth century B. C. The only translation known was one made into Chinese in the seventh century A. D. Mr. Moore has been at work on his translation for more than two years and several East Indians and Persians studying at the university have given him valuable assistance. The book is written in prose but there is also considerable verse.

George Sterling's much-discussed poem, "The Wine of Wizardry," is being brought out in book form by A. M. Robertson. The volume will contain a number of new poems also. Letters received by Mr. Robertson from Eastern booksellers show a remarkable demand for Sterling's first book, "The Testimony of the Suns." It is an encouraging indication in this day of utilitarian tendencies.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will preside at the eighteenth Readers' dinner to be held in London in May. The Readers' pensions committee has been able to found four pensions at a cost of a little more than £2000 and it is hoped that the forthcoming dinner will be devoted to establishing a fifth.

E. W. Howe of Kansas, whose new book "Daily Notes of a Trip Around the World,"



Cecilia Rhoda, who will reappear at the Princess Theatre Monday Night, April 27, and support Edwin Stevens in the comic opera "Wang."

being determined to have its appearance in harmony with its character. It will be thoroughly and characteristically Californian—subject, authorship, treatment, and manufacture. In type, illustrations, paper, and binding, the best effects will be attained.

A life of Edward MacDowell is being prepared by Mr. Lawrence Gilman for publication in the autumn, and the author is desirous of securing the use of available letters, memorabilia, and other relevant matter of interest. He would greatly appreciate the loan of any such material as may be in the possession of friends and pupils of the composer, and he assures them of its careful preservation and prompt return. The matter may be directed to Mr. Gilman, at No. 227 East Seventy-Second Street, New York City.

"The Duke of Gandia," Swinburne's new dramatic poem, is concerned with the Cesare Borgias. According to Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, the work represents the culmination of the poet's dramatic art, both in progress of action and in verse writing. Mr. Swinburne's personal attention is being given to the publication of this poem, which has just come from the publishers.

Justin H. Moore, a student in the department of Oriental languages at Columbia, has completed what is said to be the first English translation of the "Iti-Vuttaka," or "Sayings

has recently appeared, wrote "The Story of a Country Town" many years ago. He could not find a publisher for his book. The country fair had not then arisen. But he set it up himself by hand from the "case" in a country newspaper office in Kansas and it first appeared in the form judged artistic by the country publisher. The book has since been republished by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and has its place among collections of representative fiction, because it is a genuine truthful book, telling the facts about the early period in the West when romance had gone out and prosperity had not yet come in.

"Landscape Gardening in California," by John McLaren, superintendent of Golden Gate Park, to be brought out soon by A. M. Robertson, will be not only an important treatise on a popular subject, but an impressive and beautiful specimen of book-making, with its hundreds of fine engravings and plans.

"Dr. Ellen" is Juliet Wilhor Tompkins's first novel, but it possesses such exceptional qualities that the *North American Review* says in part: "The situations are well invented and strongly and dramatically announced. These excellent qualities impart continued interest to the story." The Baker & Taylor Company is bringing out the fourth edition and it has been taken by Canadian and Australian publishers for their market.

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TWO MUSICAL FARCES.

By George L. Shoals.

Of course it is something in the nature of a confession, but it must be admitted that the play-going public finds a very attractive bill of fare at the Princess Theatre this week. There is nothing educational, or symbolical, or psychologically precious about it, but it is bright and clever and tuneful and clean. If one can be for two and one-half hours not a critic with a destructive or constructive mission but merely an amusement-seeker without prejudice, that one will have brief space for mental agitation or apprehension but a fairly well packed evening of enjoyment.

"Little Christopher" begins with promise but slumps in the second act. It introduces an alleged mysterious cabin-boy, played by Helen Bertram in costumes seemingly identical with those worn by her as a pirate chieftain in "The Viceroy," and certainly with the same monotonous, inflection-lacking tone that made her speech in that offering little less than distressful. Her singing preserves its charm, but some other desirable accessories might be considered by the prima donna.

There is also an alleged detective, with at least a dozen more or less clever disguises, played by Oscar Apfel with a fair show of appreciation. Mr. Apfel has a distinct leaning toward German dialect comedy, and is notably successful in it. His English air is less happily assumed, and his Irish is verbally atrocious. However, he deserves credit for lighting-change work such as has won reputations in vaudeville houses and in the homes of melodrama.

Laura Oakley, a fashionable widow, Sarah Edwards as her daughter Guinevere, and Zoe Barnett as the Spanish dancing-girl Pepita, are pleasing characterizations in every way. Arthur Cunningham as Captain Patrick Slammer is heartily at home. Harold Crane is a dashing Juan, and George B. Field has his first opportunity to show his own handsome face as the Vizier. None of these has much to do in "Little Christopher" until the aforementioned second act, when nearly all have an interpolated song. The interpolations cover a wide range, from an imported exotic offered by Miss Bertram to the music-hall delight, "Honey-Boy," sung somewhat apologetically by Zoe Barnett. Cunningham, as ever, wins the house and all the applause he will permit with tuneful praise of "The Glorious High-Ball," and Sarah Edwards has a really good selection in "Sing Me to Sleep."

But "Little Christopher," in spite of the *ad lib.* trimmings, would be an attenuated masque without the chorus. Everybody noticed the chorus—the airy, airily clad sailor-boy girls; the girls of Cadiz, the Turkish-trousered hours of the Bey of Barataria, and other dear gazelles of unidentified nationality. Trust Stage Manager George Lask for successful choosing, costuming, grouping, and maneuvering, in this important department. New additions are made with each production, and his eye and his discipline are continually in evidence.

Of "The Song-Birds" it is easy to write with more enthusiasm. Originally prepared by George V. Hohart and Victor Herbert to serve as entertainment at a Lambs' Club gambol in New York, it was vitalized by the metropolitan interest in the grand opera competition between Conried and Hammerstein. Introducing both of these world-famous impresarios, it seemed to depend upon quick recognition of the faithful portrayal of the eccentricities of these two central figures, but the author and composer builded more substantially than they knew. The piece in good hands will go anywhere, for it has significance and humor that bear very well their distance from Broadway.

No little of the credit for its success belongs to William Burress, a comedian of intelligence and finish, who impersonates Manager Hammershine. He is the seriously enthusiastic yet severely practical manager in every movement, pose, and gesture, and even his fluent speech with its unconscious delights of reversed English may be accepted as true to nature. There is the ease of long acquaintance in his work, for he has been the prominent figure of the piece for months in New York, but it is not one of the parts that "play themselves."

Oscar Apfel is the Conried of the travesty, and in this rôle is a worthy second to Mr. Burress. From his first appearance on the stage of Hammershine's new theatre, entering cautiously to examine what he immediately pronounced "not a opera house but a skating rink," he is the ambitious manager

who sees his reputation in danger through the ambition of a rival who knows no such word as defeat.

The competing impresarios proudly call out their leading singers, "the most expensive bunch of notes in existence," and if Hammershine's "queen of cadenzas," Madame Tattletalezini, somewhat outshines Conried's Emma Screams, the Peter Pantson of the Metropolitan forces easily drowns the baser bass of the Manhattan Eddie De Rest-Cure. The culminating strength and glory of the travesty is in the "Battle of B Flat," which

Germans who have not lived among them. It is a tongue peculiar to these people, neither German nor Russian nor Polish, yet taking its idioms from all three, most from the first mentioned. Their plays are the products of Yiddish writers, and in some respects they differ from those of other languages. All have musical interludes, solos or choruses, suggestive of the songs and chants of the synagogues. But they are intensely emotional, and rise above the fictions of melodrama to the borders of tragedy.

Last Saturday night the bill was "The

ence, and a grace of movement that is not so feminine that it is unfitted to the rôle. Above all, in her most exacting passages she is never at fault in lack or excess of passion, in skillful and effective modulations of her tone. She was the brave, tender, thoughtful student, surprised and shocked on her home arrival to learn of her father's death and her mother's marriage. Slowly this Jewish Hamlet awakens to a full sense of his wrongs, his father's murder, his mother's falseness. Yet, even in an unknown language, the actress made all this plain; more, for the power of her art was felt so strongly that the strangeness of her speech was forgotten. The scene between Avigder and his mother is nearly that of Shakespeare's tragedy, and in this Mme. Reinhart-Brown's play of varying emotions was most admirable. It could be compared without disadvantage to the efforts of many more ambitious and better-known Hamlets on the American stage.

Though Mme. Reinhart-Brown seems the bright particular star of the organization, her companions should not be passed without more than a word of commendation. Miss Ida Blum as Esther, the counterpart of the English Ophelia, was hardly less effective than the Avigder. The parting scene was given with an effect of repressed power which is so often beyond the art of the player. Mr. White, the manager of the company, was Todres, the false-hearted second husband, and excellent in the characterization. Mr. German, as Bezalel, an assistant plotter, suggested instantly the shifty nature of the character, though with smiling face and plausible manners. In Sam Morris, the comedian, the company has one of its most valuable members. His versatility was apparent, his comedy powers unmistakable. And in his speech before the curtain, announcing coming attractions and pleading for consideration for his fellow-players, his wit and persuasiveness could not be disguised even by his untranslated phrases. Mr. Spivack, the comedy old man, in this play, as in the other "Hamlet," a gravedigger, was inimitable, even though he chose to tickle the groundlings with a too-frequent application to his comforting pocket-flask.

The play was much more intelligible than an opera in a foreign tongue, as its action was life, not a travesty upon it, and there were never actors in opera who could compare in dramatic art with these Yiddish players.

The company will play an extended engagement here, and if its efforts have the reward that they merit the little out-of-the-way theatre will see many crowded houses.

The heirs of Donizetti have won their suits for royalties against the Opéra and the Opéra Comique in Paris. The ground of their claim was the exclusive right of the owners of a musical property for thirty years after the death of the librettist. The works have been produced without compensation to the heirs on the ground that the composer had died more than thirty years ago and the copyright had therefore ceased to have any value. The courts have upheld the contention that the librettist is as much a creator of the opera as the composer, and as the author of the texts of "Don Pasquale," "La Fille du Regiment," "Lucia," and "La Favorita" has not been dead for thirty years, the theatres have no right to use them without paying royalties.

Among recent departures for Europe from New York on the *Carmania* were Miss Stella Patrick Campbell and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Grismer (the latter better known as Phoebe Davies). The three will soon be playing in London, where "Way Down East" is to be produced. Miss Campbell will appear in a Pinero play, "The Thunderbolt."



Arthur Cunningham, the favorite baritone at the Princess Theatre.

comes at the end. Facing each other on the stage the forces of the rival companies are marshaled, and between them Conried directs his principals and chorus in a passage from Wagner while Hammershine no less masterfully leads his singers in a Verdi selection. It is an excellent example of tonal construction, and there has never been a more effective ensemble at the Princess.

Throughout the evening Mr. James and his orchestra are fully equal to the demands made upon them. The leader inspires his players with never-flagging enthusiasm, and the results he obtains are worthy of his efforts.

The Yiddish Players.

Down at the Sixteenth-Street Theatre the seeker for new dramatic experiences may find something worthy of his attention. There is a company there of Yiddish players from New York, that came with no fanfare of trumpets, and no twelve-sheet stands of pictorial billboard thrillers, but they are actors, notwithstanding, and with not only enthusiasm for their art, but thorough knowledge and practiced technique.

It is not so remarkable after all. The Eastern metropolis awakens now and then to the fact that visiting Russian, or German, or Italian players, are not only appearing at some little-known theatre, but that their performances are really worthy of consideration. From such discoveries have come a young Salvini, a Nazimova, and a Kalich. One need not be surprised to find tragedians and comedians, too, who speak the language of what has been named the Ghetto. The Jewish people have given to dramatic art not merely some of its greatest plays but some of its greatest players.

So much as a sop to the conventionality of the critic. Now of the plays and the players who are visiting San Francisco with the laudable ambition of building up a Jewish theatre. It may be premised that their language is beyond the powers of understanding even of

Jewish Hamlet.' The play resembles the Shakespearean drama in its story, in its tragic conclusion, but it has songs of sorrow, of mourning, of family assembling, and of cheer. The hero, Avigder, was played by Mme. Reinhart Brown, "the Yiddish Bernhardt." The distinction is not unmerited. The actress is gifted with a deep and mellow contralto voice, almost a baritone; she has a dignity of pres-

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Francis Wilson returns to San Francisco after an absence of a dozen years or more, coming next week to the Van Ness Theatre for an engagement of two weeks. Charles Frohman has chosen for the erstwhile comic-opera star, who has deserted the musical field, a comedy by Charles Marlowe entitled "When Knights Were Bold," and the play is spoken of in the East as one of the most notable laughing-successes of the year. It gives Mr. Wilson unlimited opportunity for both quiet and active fun-making, yet carries a love-story through interesting complications to a happy conclusion. The re-animated twelfth-century knights and retainers who surround the hero through several scenes are excellent foils for his humor, and when he adopts their manners and methods he proves a redoubtable champion. Mr. Wilson's supporting company numbers forty odd people. The principal members of the cast are Mary Boland, Margaret Gordon, Ruth Barry, Edna Bruns, Clarence Handysides, Joseph C. Allen, Campbell Gollan, Victor Benoit, Augustin Duncan, and George Irving. The opening is Monday night, and there will be a matinee each Saturday.

Martin V. Merle's play, "The Light Eternal," which was seen two years ago at the Majestic Theatre and afterwards was produced in New York and on tour by James Neill and Elythe Chapman, will be presented next week at the New Alcazar Theatre. It is a drama of Rome in the days of the persecution of the early Christians and it has many effective scenes and situations. The cast includes the full strength of the New Alcazar company, and in addition an army of supernumeraries has been drilled for the scenes showing the excited and turbulent populace. The first performance will be next Monday evening, "In Mizzoura," which has been a popular success, is now in its last nights.

Musical farce and travesty will hold the stage at the Princess Theatre for another week. "Little Christopher" and "The Song Birds," the successful spectacular and humorous offerings, are reviewed in another column. Following these, on Monday night, April 27, there will be a revival of "Wang," that genuine comic-opera success. This, of itself, is sufficient to stir the interest of play-goers, but in addition two notable events are announced. One is the appearance of Edwin Stevens, the comedian, who is near the head of the list of popular favorites in San Francisco. His long record of eminently artistic service at the old Tivoli Opera House is one of the happy memories of musical enthusiasts. The second and equally happy event is the re-appearance of the prima donna Cecilia Rhoda, who will return after a month's well-earned vacation.

The Orpheum programme for the coming week, beginning Sunday afternoon, changes from good to better. Leading in the list of attractions is the appearance of the comedienne "Flo Irwin." This genial and deservedly popular actress will be seen in a skit by George Ade, entitled "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse." It tells the story of an elderly reformer who unknowingly takes a stimulant as a restorative and becomes humorously absurd in consequence. Miss Irwin will have the support of that sterling actor, Jacques Kruger, and an excellent company. Cliff Gordon, one of the best monologists on the vaudeville stage will be in evidence with new witticisms. Cole and Rags, two comedians, will present an act in which clever juggling plays an important part. Marie Florence, a soprano whom the Eastern critics style the American Sembrich, will be heard in popular and operatic numbers. The Banks-Breazeale Duo are two handsome girls who introduce a musical act of novelty and variety. They perform on different kinds of brass and stringed instruments and a feature of their entertainment is a minuet which they dance in a graceful and fascinating manner. It will be the last week of Orth and Fern, the Three Leightons, and the Empire City Quartet. The latter have made one of the greatest hits in the history of the theatre.

The Novelty Theatre reopens Sunday night, April 26, with Clyde Fitch's play, "The Truth," which will be presented by a company headed by Katherine Grey. The American rights for this comedy, which is already an international success, have been secured by Managers Loverich and Luhelski from Martin Beck, the well-known manager. The company engaged for the Novelty has been made up with especial care, and after the run of "The Truth" it will be seen in several equally attractive plays. Katherine Grey, who will make her appearance as Becky Warder in the Clyde Fitch comedy, has proved her ability in leading rôles. The prospect is a bright one for the immediate future of the theatre.

Mary Boland, Francis Wilson's leading woman, is generally considered as one of the cleverest and prettiest of the younger generation of actresses.

Miss Billie Burke, who is a great success as John Drew's leading woman this season in "My Wife," is to be starred next season in a

new play called "Love Matches." The play has reached over one hundred performances at the Comedie Française, Paris. Miss Burke will go to London this summer to confer with Charles Frohman and see a production of the play in Paris.

A feature of Francis Wilson's production, "When Knights Were Bold," is the singing of a twelfth-century welcome song by the large chorus with the company.

McIntyre and Heath will say farewell at the Van Ness Theatre on Sunday night in the production of "The Ham Tree," as it will

Ibsen's "Love's Comedy."

Ibsen's "Love's Comedy," which was written seventeen years before "A Doll's House," nineteen before "Ghosts," and twenty-eight before "Hedda Gabler," had its first performance in English recently in New York at the Hudson Theatre. Of the performance the critic of the New York *Evening Post* says: "With all respect to the motives behind the production, it must be said that no further explanation is needed for its neglect during a period when Ibsen's other works have received so much attention on the English stage. While an Ibsen drama which ends with most of the characters 'kissing in



Flo Irwin, who will appear next week at the Orpheum in "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse."

be the final season of the stars in this merry musical work.

John Drew and his entire New York company in the comedy "My Wife" will be the attraction to succeed Francis Wilson at the Van Ness Theatre. Mr. Drew has not appeared in San Francisco in four seasons. "My Wife" is credited with unusually good qualities.

William Collier in his newest success, "Caught in the Rain," will be an early attraction at the Van Ness Theatre.

Henry Miller is to play an engagement at the Van Ness Theatre this summer.

It is a pretty poor corner of life that will yield no drama (observes Walter P. Eaton, dramatic critic of the New York *Sun*). But that drama is not to be had for the asking. The seeing eye must discover it, the faithful hand transcribe it. It must be observed first for its own sake, loved for its own sake. And that is only possible when the playwright has almost the painter's childish delight in the form and color and movement of the universe and the healthy man's warm-hearted interest in the doings of his fellows. Mr. Barrie could not have created Nana if he didn't like dogs, nor Crichton if he lacked a fraternal interest in butlers! George Ade could never have written "The College Widow" if he had gone through college with his nose in a book. Academic courses in the technique of the drama, patient study of Euripides and Shakespeare, Molière, and Congreve, are all very well. But the young loafer who lounges around the poolroom in his club and smokes too plenteous pipes of good fellowship in unscholastic chat with his kind may be closer to the right track, after all—which is a dangerous doctrine for undergraduates!

There is a constantly growing demand that other people be good.—*Atchison Globe*.

couple" may be something of a curiosity on that account alone, this play lacks entirely the crispness of dialogue and expertness of construction which belong to the later pieces. The translation, written in rhymed verse, added confusion to the lines which in the original adorn a modern dialogue with much figurative language."

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He—It was the last straw. She—And then, I suppose, you had to drink out of the glass.—*Torn Topics*.

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VANITY FAIR.

Mrs. Anna G. Noyes has a word to say to women on the subject of dress. She says it in the *Independent*, and it may be there are some women who will listen and amend their ways, but we doubt it. The practical common sense of Mrs. Noyes will appeal to those who already have the same commodity and who, consequently, are not in need of reform. The majority will go their unheeding way on the search for new and untried ways of making themselves ugly.

Mrs. Noyes opens the combat by asserting that "the coat or dress is set aside, not that the owner may adopt a style that is primarily better, but only one that is different. The change is not made with the idea of putting on the market dresses improving each year in convenience, in line, in harmonious and appropriate color schemes, but only dresses of a new pattern, which the simple-minded public has been educated at its own expense to desire."

That is precisely what we have been saying all along, and even our defenseless sex has not protected us from contumely. Women have no aim in dress, no motive, no aspiration, except to be different.

Mrs. Noyes has laid down certain rules for herself and she hopes they will be imitated. She must be very optimistic indeed. It is touching to find such faith still in the world. But it shall never be said that we failed in offering encouragement even to the most dreary of good causes, so the rules are reproduced, as follows:

To design a convenient method of putting my dress on and off, so that I should not have to depend upon my husband even for that.

To decide upon a "respectable" length for a skirt, and to adhere to it until skirts were no longer.

To choose a pattern for a skirt that was full enough for comfort in walking or running, and one so cut as to hold its shape, and one that I considered becoming to me.

To provide pockets, enough of them so that I should not have to hook on a bag or carry one in my hand. Men don't.

To select the coloring textiles that tone with my own color.

To buy what was in the long run the least expensive material.

To find gloves warm enough for my hands in winter, so that I should not have to be bothered with carrying a muff.

To find a hat that was becoming to me, and that fitted my head, and then to wear it as long as there was any wear in the hat.

We feel that these rules are good, but at the same time we should like to see Mrs. Noyes for ourselves with them all on. Theory is one thing, but practice is quite another, and it would be interesting to know whether Mrs. Noyes's natural loveliness is at all obscured by this rigid sartorial diet. A respected friend assures us that he once experimented practically with a view to a solution of the great pocket problem. He used the limited amount of material allowed him by a monogramic and oppressive law, and while he found many suitable sites for the pockets of other women there was none that he could recommend to his own wife. It is true that "men don't" hook on a bag, but then it must be confessed that the really well-dressed man carries a multiplicity of pockets only on condition that he puts nothing into them. The King of England is said to carry nothing in his pockets except a handkerchief, a tiny purse for gold and a case holding two cigars.

But what a note of independence there is in the first of these rules and what a ray of light it throws upon the use and abuse of the husband. Mrs. Noyes will not depend upon her husband even for "putting my dress on and off." We should like to know more about this. Either too much has been said or not enough. Are we to understand that husbands in general are required to accept among their duties the task of putting on and taking off their wives' dresses? We were aware that garments that "button up behind," we refer, of course, to externals only—do sometimes present difficulties for which male aid must be invoked, but we were unaware that the husband had to do the whole thing, so to speak. There must surely be some mistake here. Some women have no husbands to put on and take off their dresses for them, and it is not noticeable that their architecture differs radically from that of their married sisters. It would be interesting to get male testimony upon this point, but then married men can never be relied upon to tell the truth about the details of their enslavement. But if it could be done, if a sufficient number of men could but be persuaded to tell us of their lady's maid duties, what reading it would make. And yet it is hard to believe that in these days of feminine independence there can be any considerable number of women who really rely upon such things as husbands for the due and proper completion of their toilettes.

And talking of feminine independence, it is surely a sign of the times when the staid and sober Springfield *Republican* devotes a column to "Suffrage Notes." Has it, then, actually come to stay in spite of rebuffs and discouragements? It would really seem so. Mrs. Margaret Deland thinks the subject important enough to devote some attention to it in her speech before the New York League for Political Education. Mrs. Deland does not quite like it, and Mrs. Deland's views upon other

questions with which women are concerned are sometimes of a nature to make the hair rise. She says, for instance, that a righteous individualism is at the base of our loose divorce laws. "It is leaning chastely, under the guide of a high perception of affinities, toward free love." Evidently Mrs. Deland's social philosophy is not of the Puritan order, and for this very reason, perhaps, the cold water that she threw upon female suffrage was received without any very visible shudder. She explained that she was not opposed to suffrage as such, but only in its application to women as a whole. She would at once concede that the educated and intelligent woman has as good a right to vote as her choreman, "but shall suffrage therefore be given to her cook?" That no test of education or intelligence is applied to men is no argument whatever. "We have suffered many things at the hands of Patrick; the new woman would add Bridget too." If she objects to giving a vote to an ignorant negro, how much more should she object to give it to "his silly sister."

There is an object lesson in feminine influence in political affairs to which sufficient attention has never been drawn. A few years ago, during the lifetime of Queen Victoria, it might have been said with truth that an immense majority of the human race was ruled despotically by two women. Queen Victoria and the Empress of China shared between them the absolutely sovereignty of over eight hundred millions of people, and yet we are told today with some appearance of gravity that women's capacity for government has never been tried and that it is an unknown quantity. If undisputed government over half the human race does not satisfy them, what will? Is it the other half that they want?

The Duke and Duchess de Chaulnes had a great reception in Paris. It was unpremeditated, unorganized, and spontaneous. It was simply the result of the same idea simultaneously striking a number of minds and they acted in uncollusive and undesigned concert. It was, in other words, a reception by the creditors of the duke, and as it was therefore a business function, there were no superfluous brass bands or illuminations. The creditors simply heard that the duke was coming with his beautiful bride, and so they hastened to bring their congratulations and their bills.

There were tailors, bootmakers, shirtmakers, and money-lenders. The florist was there, and so was the jeweler. The whole commercial world of Paris was represented in its many departments, and they all had hopes that the duke was at last in a position to liquidate their claims with the money that had once belonged to Mr. Theodore Perry Shonts, who would have dug the Panama Canal if the undertaking had only been worthy of him. Last but not least there was the undertaker. He was there, too, not so much with a lively sense of favors to come as with a faint and forlorn hope that the duke would be willing to pay the bill for the last sad duties rendered to a former sweetheart, who, for causes over which she had no control, was unable to present herself, at least in the flesh. It was not exactly a festive occasion. The Parisians to whom the duke owed nothing, who had resisted the temptation to advance his matrimonial ambitions, were conspicuous by their absence. They had no curiosity to see one of their own dukes. They know too much about them to be interested, and so they left the public reception in the hands of his creditors, and they made a very good showing, both in the way of numbers and of eager enthusiasm.

It is said that one of the best-known Parisian actresses, upon whom time was beginning to lay her ill-natured hand, has mortified her "friends" by making her reappearance after a vacation without a wrinkle or a line and also without the faintest indication of the methods by which the magic had been done. Every one said: "How wonderfully young she looks." "How charming." "How does she do it?" We all know the beneficent smile with which women say these things about each other and how much more of another kind is left unsaid but with a vivid implication so much more eloquent than words.

Of course, the secret came out. The actress told her bosom friend exactly how the marvel was wrought and the bosom friend told her bosom friend, and now even the new-born babies of the French capital know all about the newest device for removing the superfluity of skin that goes to the formation of wrinkles and lines. It was done in an English provincial town and by a beauty specialist who thought it all out for himself and is likely to reap a rich harvest from the *passées* of two capitals. The treatment consists of stretching the skin of the face up under the roots of the hair, taking in the slack, to use a nautical phrase, and concealing the "reefs" under the coiffure. The operation cost \$1000, but what is \$1000 compared with an added juvenility of ten years? Who would not pay \$100 a year for youth renewed?

The organizer of women's clubs on the Isthmus of Panama tells us that it is simply impossible for a woman to remain single in that otherwise unfavored spot. One of the hospitals lost seventeen nurses by marriage between April and June of last year and the management was so disturbed by such an extraordinary mortality that requisitions home

for more nurse contained the stipulation that only the homeliest and plainest of damsels should be sent. It made not a particle of difference. Love is notoriously blind, and the unattractive nurses went off with the same rapidity as the pretty ones. In many cases the nurses became engaged while on the steamer and the hospitals never saw them at all. In others they had hardly learned the bare routine of their duties before some admiring swain was on hand to teach them other duties and more alluring ones. Of course, it is to be remembered that Panama is a very advantageous place for married life. The government smiles benignly upon housekeeping couples, providing special quarters and creature comforts. Then the pay is good and there are small facilities for spending money. The bargain counter is unknown and it is far easier to save than to spend. Here, then, is a golden chance for those who are in danger of being overlooked at home, and after all Panama is not such a bad place to live in when the compensations are sufficient.

How enviable is the facility with which the European correspondents of American newspapers are able to penetrate into the domestic secrets of royalty. A "special cable" to New York "by leased wire" sets our minds at rest as to the proposed marriage between King Manuel of Portugal and Princess Victoria, daughter of the German emperor. We are told that there is no foundation whatever for the story, and as the contradiction comes "on excellent authority" we may accept it as gospel truth. The Kaiserin, it seems, does not approve of early marriages, and such a marriage would indeed be very early, seeing that the King of Portugal is little more than a child. Moreover, she would not give her consent to the marriage of her daughter to the king of a country which may be a republic any day and where her life would be insecure. There is much more of the same kind of nonsense, all of it "on excellent authority," which is either the writer's own imagination or the gossip that has filtered down through a chambermaid.

Every unmarried princeling is, of course, a subject of speculation by weak-minded busybodies who have nothing better to do, and naturally King Manuel and his matri-

monial future have been talked about *ad nauseam* ever since the death of his father. But as for a serious proposal to marry him to the German princess there has been no hint of such a thing. And as for the personal danger of such an arrangement, it is all moonshine, and no one knows this better than the German empress. In spite of the recent tragedy in Portugal, King Manuel and his prospective bride would be in no greater danger than the royal family of Italy or Russia, than the President of the French Republic, or, indeed, than the German royal family. The attempt on the King of Portugal happened to be successful, while the innumerable attempts elsewhere, and especially in Germany, have been unsuccessful. That is the only difference. It is always safe to disbelieve, all reports that are "on excellent authority."

The sale of bogus antiques goes forward merrily. It is of no value to warn those who wish to be deceived and who would rather have an imitation curiosity than none at all. But surely a disclosure just made by an English newspaper ought to prove to the collector of antique furniture that unless he is a really and truly expert he does not stand a ghost of a chance in competition with dealers who have made a life study of their fraudulent profession. The newspaper in question represents a Manchester dealer as confessing that he has on his books nearly a hundred farm houses where manufactured antiques are regularly left in the expectation that they will attract the attention of some roving collector who will be quite satisfied because he found his treasure in a farm house and not in a store. The people living in the houses are willing enough to play their part. They get a commission on the sales, they have the free use of the furniture, and it is quickly replaced as soon as it is sold. The manufacturers are just as clever in imitation as the Chinese. Wormholes are, of course, easily simulated, and as soon as the wary collector began to probe the holes for dust it was quite an easy thing to supply the dust as well as the holes. The trade goes on briskly all over Europe and in every variety of antique, and it will go on so long as there are collectors wise in their own conceit and insatiable in their appetite for the relics of other days.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Rogers once said to Sheridan, the renowned wit, "Your admiration of Mrs. Siddons is so high that I wonder you never made open love to her." "To her!" said Sheridan; "to that magnificent and appalling creature? I should as soon think of making love to the Archbishop of Canterbury."

At a certain court function, Lady Harrington was hedizened with diamonds and jewels, and looked like a stage queen of indifferent character, and she bitterly complained to George Selwyn that she was to walk with Lady Portsmouth, who would have a wig and a stick. "Never mind," he said, "you will only look as if you were taken up by the constable." This she repeated everywhere, under the impression the reflection was on Lady Portsmouth.

Robert Louis Stevenson once took an eccentric acquaintance of his to hear Sir Charles Halle play the piano at St. James Hall, London. Sir Charles was a musician of the most correct and severe British type, though a German by birth. After the concert was over they walked as far as the Marble Arch—neither having spoken. Arrived there, the friend stopped and delivered himself thus: "The manner of the elderly statesman at the piano was somewhat austere and chilling." And then they walked on.

Attending one of President Roosevelt's luncheons, a guest sought to entertain the company with this anecdote: "When the Emperor of Germany first got a graphophone he marveled at it, and at once wanted to see how it worked. He took it apart, and then put it together again, perfectly readjusting from

time of the court and jury in proving that," said the other; "I admit it." Mr. O'Connor then called his next witness, and the same question and answer were repeated. "I admit it," said Mr. Gerard; "don't let us waste time." Another witness began, and Mr. Gerard interrupted: "I admit all you say you are going to prove. Let us hurry along." With a rapidity which almost took O'Connor's breath away, all the facts which he had accumulated were accepted wholesale. There he rested his case, and Gerard, for the defense, called no witnesses, but at once began his address to the jury. "Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "some of you know me personally. I have no doubt those of you who are not personally acquainted with me know me by reputation. Now, gentlemen, you know that if my client had been guilty of any fraud, I should be the last man on earth to admit it. I should hide it from you, I should cover it up. I should fight, fight—and I know how to fight—against the proof of its getting in evidence. If my client had been guilty of fraud, do you think I would admit it? No! no! Never! never! never!" Here he looked at his watch. "Gentlemen, excuse my brevity. I have an engagement to dine today, and my time is almost up; I will detain you no longer." He won his case.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Why Joseph Was Accepted.

Young Joseph Green was fain to wed
"Artistic" Minnie Brown,
But when he wooed she tossed her head
And wore an awful frown.

"No, sir," she said, "the man I wed
(I don't desire a saint)
Must have enough brains in his head
To learn to draw and paint."

Joe went away, with heart quite faint;
"I fear she'll ne'er be mine,"



Francis Wilson in "When Knights Were Bold," at the Van Ness Theatre. Scene from Act II.

memory every piece of minute mechanism." Mr. Roosevelt was interested—till the speaker added: "The Kaiser's friend, Poultney Bigelow, tells the story." At that Mr. Roosevelt drew in his breath and rejoined through set teeth: "I wish somebody would take Poultney Bigelow apart and forget how to put him together again!"

A strange story comes from one of the Balkan States, where commercial morality is still in its infancy. At a recent banquet given at the house of the prime minister a distinguished diplomat complained to his host that the minister of justice, next to whom he was sitting, had taken his watch. The prime minister said: "Ah, he shouldn't have done that. I will get it back for you." Sure enough, towards the end of the evening the watch was returned to its owner. "And what did he say?" asked the guest. "Sh-h! He does not know I have got it back," said the prime minister.

At a certain high school it is the custom (says the Chicago Tribune) to discuss briefly the morning's news before taking up the regular work of the day. One morning, not long ago, paper in hand, the teacher ascended to her desk. Before her were the bright young faces of those intrusted to her care. She spread the paper upon the desk, and glanced over the first page. "First of all," she said, "I see this heading: 'Pool-Room Raided.' She raised her head, and a note of deep feeling came into her voice. "Boys," she continued, "never touch a cue." There was not a dry eye in the house.

Charles O'Connor and James W. Gerard were once opposed to each other in an important trial. When Mr. O'Connor produced his first witness, Mr. Gerard rose and said: "Mr. O'Connor, what do you propose to show by this witness?" Mr. O'Connor told what he wished to prove. "It is useless to waste the

He sighed, "I can not learn to paint,
"Twould take me all my time."

He sat him down once more to think
How he had best begin;
Oh, happy thought! "With pen and ink
I'll gratify her whim."

On wings of love he quickly flew,
And gained his Minnie's side;
"My darling! will this drawing do?"
"Oh, yes," she quick replied.

Within his saelt'ring arms she flew,
Put hers around his neck.
What, think you, was it that he drew?
Not landscape, but—a check.
—London Tit-Bits.

A "Far-Fetched" Joke.

I told my dachshund such a joke!
I thought he did not see,
But ere five minutes had elapsed
He wagged his tail in glee!
—Mark Fenderson, in St. Nicholas.

Advice for a Salesman.

He who has wares to sell
And goes and whispers down a well,
Is not as apt to get the dollars
As the one who gets up in the tree and hollers.
—American Grocer.

"I saw the fool killer ringing your door-
hell last night." "Yes, he called to ask your
address."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The aroma from Blaskower's new high
grade pipe mixture is delightful. The mildest,
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age 25c. 4-ounce package 50c. Bush and
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Per Annum

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was paid on Deposits for Six Months
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Established 1850 OF HARTFORD

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Surplus to Policy-Holders..... 2,118,394

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Holy Week has brought an absolute cessation of all social activities and the past seven days have been quite devoid of any entertaining. For the coming weeks there are many events scheduled, however, and several weddings of importance are to take place during Easter week.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edythe Sonntag, daughter of Mr. Henry P. Sonntag, to Mr. Harry Parker of New York City. No date is announced for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Besie Rosenbaum, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Rosenbaum of Stockton, to Mr. Jerome Frank of New York. Miss Rosenbaum, who has been visiting in Gotham since her return from Europe, returned to her home recently. Mr. Frank is a graduate of Columbia College. The wedding will take place early in June.

The wedding of Miss Marguerite Sophie Tourny, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Tourny, to Edgar Nicholas Van Bergen, will take place on Wednesday evening next at Grace Church at half-past 8 o'clock.

The wedding of Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, daughter of Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, to Captain Carroll D. Buck, U. S. A., was celebrated on Friday, April 10, at the home of the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Captain John A. Murtagh, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murtagh, at Fort McKinley, Manila, P. I. Captain and Mrs. Buck have gone to Japan for their wedding journey and will then return to Captain Buck's station in the islands.

Mr. W. O. Inglis entertained Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, Miss Calhoun, Mr. C. H. Black, and Mr. Thornwell Mullally at dinner in the Hotel St. Francis a few evenings ago.

Mr. W. G. Irwin was host at a dinner given at the St. Francis last Wednesday. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. J. D. Crockett, Mr. Hopkins, and Mrs. Robert Oxnard.

Mr. Arthur Shuman and his daughter, Mrs. Shuman-Dreyfus, of Boston, entertained at dinner last Saturday at the Hotel St. Francis. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. John Rothchild, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Neustader, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michaels, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Raiss, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland, Mrs. Schwabacher, and Mr. and Mrs. Wangerheim.

Mrs. John B. Casserly, who is making her home at the Peninsula, gave a dinner Saturday to Mr. and Mrs. John Johns of San Mateo.

The officers of the cruiser *Charleston* entertained at an informal reception on board on Friday afternoon of last week.

Miss Florence Breckenridge was the hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week at the Hotel Fairmont at which she entertained twenty-two guests.

Miss Vera de Sabla was the hostess at an informal tea on Thursday afternoon of last week at her home on Octavia Street.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Richard H. Sprague and her family sailed last week from New York for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun and Miss Martha Calhoun will go to Santa Barbara at the end of next week to be present during the festivities planned in the Southern city in honor of the naval fleet.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance I. Scott, who have been in town for the winter, will return to their Burlingame home on May 1.

Mr. Wharton Thurston, who has been a patient at a sanitarium here for several weeks, returned this week to his home in Ross Valley.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson has returned from a visit to Mrs. Henry T. Scott at Burlingame.

Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin Brodie, the latter of whom was formerly Mrs. Anne Tallant Tubbs, left on Sunday last for Santa Barbara, where they are spending a week, en route to their home in Detroit.

Mrs. Seward McNear will spend several months this summer in the East as the guest of relatives.

Mrs. John Dahlgren will return to Cali-

fornia shortly from the East and will go to her country place at Santa Cruz for the summer.

Miss Hazel King has been visiting recently in Stockton as the guest of Mrs. Frank West.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman of Burlingame have gone to Del Monte for a stay of several months' duration.

Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick and Miss Susanne Kirkpatrick left on Wednesday for New York and will sail immediately from there for Europe to remain until the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs will spend the summer months at Del Monte.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett will spend most of the summer at Burlingame.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her son, Mr. J. W. Byrne, sailed last week from New York for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Princess Andre Poniatowski and her little sons went recently from Paris to Biarritz for a stay.

Miss Cadwalader, who has recently returned from the East, is the guest of Mrs. William Mayo Newhall.

Baroness von Schroeder, Miss Jeannette von Schroeder, and Miss Edith von Schroeder, who have spent the winter at their ranch in San Luis Obispo County, arrived in town last week and took apartments at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale and Miss Bertha Sidney Smith will leave town next week for their country home in San Rafael, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Bruguere and Mr. Louis Bruguere have gone recently from Paris to Italy for a motor trip.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Bliss (formerly Miss Anne Buckbee) have returned from their wedding journey to Southern California and are in town for a stay before going to Tahoe for the summer.

Miss Mary Keeney has returned to town, after a brief visit to Mrs. Augustus Taylor at Menlo Park.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury is at a sanitarium in this city, where she has recently undergone an operation.

Miss Marjorie Josselyn was the guest of Mrs. Fred Kohl at San Mateo last week.

Mrs. Charles Miller of New York, who has been visiting here as the guest of Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, returned this week to her home in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Murphy sailed from New York last week for Europe, where they have gone for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Monteagle will go shortly to Ross Valley, where they will spend the summer months.

Miss Elizabeth Livermore has recently been the guest of Miss Genevieve Harvey at Galt.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin has returned to town, after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Myers and Mr. and Mrs. Philip Ansperger are at The Peninsula for the summer.

Miss Flora Low came up last week from Del Monte and was the guest of Miss Ella Morgan.

Miss Helen Jones has been visiting in San Rafael as the guest of Miss Martha Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright, Miss Jeannette Wright and Miss Marian Wright are spending six weeks in Sausalito.

Mrs. M. H. Harrington and her sister, Mrs. deach, have returned to town, after a visit to friends at the Navy Yard, Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland have closed their house for the summer and gone to The Peninsula at San Mateo for the summer months.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Victoria were Mr. N. E. DeVoe of Modesto, Mr. J. L. Bryson of Sonora, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Newell of Salt Lake, Mr. W. C. Tighe of Madera, Mr. and Mrs. Breuss Brizard of Arcata.

Among the representatives of the United States naval and military service at the Fairmont the past week were Mr. F. P. Williams, U. S. N.; Lieutenant E. H. Pierce, U. S. A.; Lieutenant C. H. Allen, U. S. A.; Captain Ward Jackson, U. S. A.; Captain William Hopkins, U. S. M. C.

Among recent arrivals at the Fairmont were: Dr. Holt C. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson of Portland, accompanied by Mrs. H. L. Mather and Miss Martha Hoyt of the same city; Mr. D. S. Fotheringham of Seattle, Mr. S. M. Mears of Portland, Mr. S. L. Selling of Oregon City, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Briggs of Portland, Mr. Roy Hall of Tacoma.

Among recent arrivals at The Peninsula, San Mateo, were: Mr. and Mrs. John T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Whitney, Miss Anita Whitney, Mr. George L. Payne and family, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Holmes, Mr. Charles C. Bull, Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Older, Mrs. H. N. Haviland, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Folis, Mr. Ralph G. Folis, Miss Ethel Tompkins, Dr. A. L. Sobey, Mr. James J. Fagan, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Plant, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. De Van, Mrs. W. P. Plummer, Miss G. A. Vincent, Miss G. W. Knowlton, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Kent, Dr. George K. Frink and family, Mr. A. J. Burton, Mr. W. B. Sharp, Mr. H. W. Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Z. W. Reynolds, U. S. N.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were: Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Keane, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Amory, Miss Mabel Pierce, Miss Helen Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Flower, Mr. and

Mrs. W. H. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay T. Woodcock, Mr. and Mrs. A. Champlin, Miss J. G. Champlin, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Worthington, Mr. George O'Connor, Mr. H. D. Tichener, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Heller, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Shont, Colonel and Mrs. Edward B. Moseley, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Hazeltine, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Lake, Mr. and Mrs. A. Humburg, Mr. C. E. Culberson, Mr. and Mrs. Bush Finnell, Mrs. M. P. Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Metcalf, Miss Jessie Wright, Mr. P. P. Paschel, Mrs. Louise Wormser, Miss Sussman, Mr. R. S. Hopkins, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Philip, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Brown, Mr. W. L. Meigs, Mr. R. L. Meigs, Mr. Cuyler Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Ross R. West, Mrs. H. McCarthy, Mr. Charles McCord, Mr. Samuel Jones, Mr. and Mrs. D. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. H. Fuller, Mr. Charles Rosier, Mr. H. H. Sherwood, Mr. James King Steel, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Allen, Mr. C. J. Stephens, Mr. J. M. Stephens, Miss Florence Lundborg, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Piazzoni, Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin, Miss Julie Heyneman, Dr. Arnold Genthe, and Mr. A. D. Shepard, of San Francisco.

Some Extravagances in Dress.

It is not only the women of America who spend prodigal sums on their dress and especially on their wedding dress. Princess Marie Bonaparte is said to have received from her father, Prince Roland Bonaparte, the respectable sum of \$300,000 upon the occasion of her wedding, and the report says that the princess bought so many gowns that she lost all count of them. The order given to one firm alone is for \$100,000.

One evening dress, made of very fine voile de soie in a soft shade of electric blue, is especially striking. Like a number of the gowns, it is in empire style. A long tunic or overdress, finished with a deep border of embroidery carried out in cut beads of dark blue and gold, falls from a high waistband. The small empire corsage above consists mostly of handsome Venetian point lace and ends in points on either side of the bust, showing the high-draped empire sash in two tones of soft blue satin. A small posy of roses is tucked in the sash. There is a plain sleeve to the elbow, and beneath the tunic, which falls almost to the feet, is the full, wide, long underdress of the same material over soft satin in the same tone.

The gentlewoman says that millinery prices in Paris are going up steadily. There was a time when the highest price for a hat was \$40, but now it is by no means unusual to ask \$240. But that is mainly because the lace must now be real and it will cost four-fifths of the total.

But extravagance is not confined entirely to women, although they have greater opportunities than men. The London *Pall Mall Magazine* recently printed some specimen bills incurred by men who were by no means dandies. There were tailors' bills for \$2164; hats, \$161; underwear, gloves, etc., \$3843; boots, \$549; sticks and umbrellas, \$242; corsets, \$750; jewelry, \$500; a motor outfit, \$1717, and so on, and so on. No wonder some of these men find that marriage is impossible on an income of only \$25,000 a year. That is marriages without endowments.

"Open Sesame." Booklet showing electric mind powers serving mankind. Paul Elder & Co. and Robertson's. Price, 35 cents.

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"No, they are Pears'," she replied.

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SUN IN EVERY ROOM
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Unexcelled cuisine.
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modern conveniences.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army
and navy people who are or have been
stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., commanding general, Department of California, went for the week-end to Paso Robles to visit Admiral Robley D. Evans, U. S. N. General Funston was accompanied by Colonel George H. Torney, U. S. A., commanding officer, Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco.

Colonel Charles L. Heizmann, assistant surgeon-general, U. S. A., is ordered retired from active service upon his own application, after more than forty years of active service.

Colonel David S. Brainard, U. S. A., chief commissary, Department of California, went last week to the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for a slight operation.

Major William Lassiter, Third Field Artillery, U. S. A., is ordered to repair to Washington, D. C., as soon as practicable after April 1, and to report in person to the inspector-general of the army for temporary duty in his office.

Chaplain Patrick J. Hart, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., retired, has gone recently to St. Paul, Minnesota, where he is undergoing treatment by an oculist.

Captain J. F. Parker, U. S. N., retired, is ordered to duty as commandant of the Naval Station, Tutuila, Samoa, and to additional duty in command of the *Annapolis*, sailing from Vancouver, B. C., about April 24, for Suva, Fiji Islands.

Captain David L. Stone, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., is detailed for service and to fill a vacancy in the Quartermaster's Department.

Captain William H. Wassell, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, died last week at Fort Bayard, New Mexico, where he was ordered recently for treatment.

Captain Jesse R. Harris, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., is relieved from treatment at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, and will return to his proper station.

Commander A. Gleaves, U. S. N., was detached from duty as inspector of ordnance in charge of the Naval Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I., on April 10, and ordered to command the *St. Louis*.

Lieutenant-Commander J. R. Brady, U. S. N., is detached from the *Pennsylvania* and ordered to the Bureau of Ordnance, Navy Department.

Lieutenant U. S. Macy, U. S. N., is detached from the *St. Louis* and ordered home to await orders.

Lieutenant G. S. Lincoln, U. S. N., is detached from the *California* and ordered to the *Pennsylvania* as senior engineer officer.

Lieutenant F. B. Fenner, U. S. N., is detached from the *Milwaukee* and ordered to the *Wisconsin*.

Lieutenant D. T. Ghent, U. S. N., is detached from the *Milwaukee* and ordered to duty in connection with fitting out the *Goldborough* and to command that vessel when commissioned.

Lieutenant C. H. Brillhart, U. S. N., is detached from the *Maryland* and ordered to duty in connection with fitting out the *Roswin*, and to command that vessel when commissioned.

Lieutenant James J. O'Hara, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., who has recently been East on a short leave, has rejoined his troop at Fort Snelling, Minnesota.

Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., is relieved from duty under the immediate orders of Major William V. Jason, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., and will proceed to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and report in person to the commanding officer of that post for assignment to duty with the Third Battalion of Engineers.

Lieutenant George F. N. Dailey, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has had the ten days' leave of absence recently granted him extended five days.

Lieutenant William J. McCaughey, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, is designated for detail in connection with the Progressive Military Map of the United States and will report by letter at once and in person not later than May 1 to the chief engineer officer of the department.

Lieutenant Maynard A. Wells, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., is relieved from further treatment at the General Hospital, Fort Bayard, New Mexico, and upon the expiration of his present sick leave of absence will proceed to join his proper station.

Lieutenant H. C. Pratt, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., has returned to his station at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, after a brief leave of absence.

Lieutenant Lewis C. Rockwell, Third Infantry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Paul H. Clark, Third Infantry, U. S. A., were selected

for instruction in the School of Musketry, Presidio of Monterey, and proceeded from their respective stations to the Presidio of Monterey before April 1 for duty accordingly.

Ensign M. Milne, U. S. N., is detached from the *Perry* and ordered to the *New Hampshire*.

Ensign Nelson H. Goss, U. S. N., is detached from the *Charleston* and ordered to the *Perry*.

Contract Surgeon Ernest K. Johnstone, U. S. A., is ordered to report to Major Harry C. Benson, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco for duty with troops in the Yosemite National Park, at such time as Major Benson may designate.

Mrs. Christine T. Patten, wife of Colonel William S. Patten, assistant quartermaster-general, U. S. A.; mother of Captain W. T. Patten, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A.; Captain Hudson T. Patten, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Mrs. Eastman, whose husband is Captain W. R. Eastman, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., and Miss Christine Patten, died on March 30 in New York.

Miss Heath's Concert.

Miss Helen Colburn Heath, the well-known lyric soprano, will give a concert at Century Club Hall, Tuesday evening, April 28, when she will be heard in a programme of peculiar interest, her numbers including selections from such classic composers as Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, and Spohr, with a group of French songs which contains the polonaise from "Mignon." She will also sing a song by Harvey Worthington Loomis, and as it requires the assistance of a reader and a violinist, Mrs. Louise Humphrey-Smith, the well-known reader, will serve in the former capacity and Miss Claire Ferrin in the latter. Miss Edna Wilcox will act as accompanist. Miss Heath is very popular in musical, society, and club circles, and is assured an appreciative audience. Seats will be ready at Kohler & Chase's next Thursday morning.

Spring Art Exhibit.

A spring exhibition of painting and sculpture will be open to the public afternoons from April 20 to May 2 at the Studio Building, 147 Presidio Avenue. The contributors include Miss June Heyneman, Mr. Emil Carlsson, Mr. W. L. Carrigan, Mr. Maurice Del Mue, Mr. G. F. P. Piazzoni, Mr. Bruce Porter, Mr. Arthur Putnam.

A sailor on the *Elcano*, one of our little gunboats on duty in the Philippines, will have to be retired from the service as a result of a curious accident. As a small boat belonging to the *Elcano* was being rowed out to the ship in Manila harbor the plug in the bottom of the boat came out. To prevent the boat from being swamped a sailor put his finger through the hole and the finger was immediately bitten off by a shark as cleanly as if amputated by a surgeon. As it was the sailor's forefinger, which he needs to pull the trigger of his rifle, he will have to be retired because unable to perform his duties.

Ruhinstein disapproved of marriage for musicians. Just before his death he spoke sadly of his Russian lady pupils. "What have I wasted all my time on them for?" he asked irritably. "Every one married! It's too provoking! Here they are, spoiled forever for art life. What did they study for?" The *London Musical World* remarks that "those who ask why we have no great lady composers may be left to think on these things."

Bessie—Oh, say, mamma, why don't you play being nurse, and let papa kiss you?—Life.

Blaskower has just introduced a new high grade smoking mixture for the pipe. It is mild and sweet. Does not sting the tongue and has a delightful aroma. Try it, free. Bush and Montgomery Sts., or 1117 Van Ness Ave.

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A San Franciscan, Harvard, 1908, desires position as tutor or companion to boy going abroad for the summer. At liberty after June 25. References exchanged. Address M. B. W., 9 Holworthy Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Sir, I am looking for a little succor." "Do I look like one?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"I understand the new magazine has a high standard." "Indeed it has. It went up yesterday."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Redd—What kind of a machine have you got now? Greene—A runabout; it will run about a block, and then stop.—*Yankers Statesman*.

Authoress—I'm very happy in my married life. I find my husband such a help. Friend—Indeed! Does he cook, or write?—*Fliegende Blätter*.

He—Are you putting away something for a rainy day? She—Oh, I hope not! I'm saving up for an Easter bonnet, you know!—*Yankers Statesman*.

The Patient—But look here! How do I know all the times I'm getting absent treatment? The Healer—Don't worry. I'll send you an itemized bill.—*Life*.

"Maude was afraid the girls wouldn't notice her engagement ring." "Did they?" "Did they! Six of them recognized it at once."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"I bear yer frien' Tamson's marriet again." "Aye, so he is. He's been a dear frien' tae me. He's cost me three waddin' presents an' twa wreaths."—*London Tit-Bits*.

Mr. Newlywed—But, my love, why are you weeping? Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, Jonn. John! I just peeped into the kitchen and saw that cook has on her traveling gown.—*Harper's Weekly*.

He—If you refuse me I shall go out and hang myself to the lamp-post in front of your house. She—Now, George, you know father said be wouldn't have you hanging around here.—*Life*.

First Gentleman (entering the apartment of second gentleman)—About a year ago you challenged me to a fight a duel. Second Gentleman (sternly)—I did, sir. First Gentleman—And I told you that I had just got married, and I did not care to risk my life at any hazard. Second Gentleman (haughtily)—

I remember, sir. First Gentleman (bitterly)—Well, my feelings have changed; any time you want to fight, let me know.—*Human Life*.

Languid Lammigan—After all is said, pal, money aint everything. Dry Deegan—I knows it frum experience—I wunst found a \$5 bill near de centre uv a prohibition State.—*Puck*.

"Is your husband voracious in his appetite, madam?" "I can't say as he is, doctor. He'll eat anything and everything as long as there's anything to eat."—*Baltimore American*.

Hi Tragerdy—Yes, we opened in Oshkosb. Lowe Comerdy—And what did your audience think of your "Hamlet"? Hi Tragerdy—Why—er—be went out before I had a chance to ask him.—*Philadelphia Press*.

"Cheer up, old man," said the consoling friend. "You know love laughs at locksmiths." "Yes, I know," replied the dejected lover. "But her father aint a locksmith; he's a hoilermaker."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Gaussip—There's a new baby at Mugley's house and it takes after the mother—Knox—Ab! lucky child! Gaussip—Er—apparently you've never seen Mrs. Mugley. Knox—No; but I've seen Mugley.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Mr. Tell-it—My wife says ber shopping at the bargain counter today reminded ber of the last ballet she had seen. Mr. Hear-it—How was that? Mr. Tell-it—Well, because almost everything was 50 per cent off!—*The Floorwalker*.

"What you want is a stenographer who is rapid and absolutely accurate." "Well," answered Mr. Bliggins, "rapidity is all right, but as to accuracy—well, I don't want to be beld down strictly to my own ideas of grammar."—*Washington Star*.

Miss Cutting—I see by the paper that all the swell set was at the Assembly ball last night. Miss McBluff—Yes; I expected to be there, but was prevented—Miss Cutting—The idea! I hope the doorkeeper wasn't rough with you, dear.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

See Salada Beach. Write 1803 Fillmore.

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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Government and Primary Rights.

The latest story of labor union outrage comes from Chester, Pennsylvania, and closely parallels conditions as we saw them in San Francisco a little less than a year ago. There are differences between the street-car owners of Chester and the car-workers. The latter have quit their work. The former have brought in non-union men to operate the cars. Four days ago a thousand strikers and their sympathizers stormed a car manned by non-union men, killing both the gripman and the conductor and smashing the car into pieces.

This is an old and familiar story and it calls for a re-statement of old, familiar and eternal principles. The car-owners had a perfect right in law and in morals to establish the conditions of employment on their lines. The carmen likewise had a perfect right to decline to work under these conditions. The non-union car operators had the same right as the union men to work upon their own contract and at their own pleasure or to quit work. The police, and the police failing, the military forces of the State and of the country must come to the support of the car-owners and of the non-union workmen, because they are contending for rights clearly within the law. The car-owners have the right

to demand protection for their property; the non-union workmen have the right to demand protection in their right to work. It is a case where the whole force of society, if necessary, must be exerted to sustain rights guaranteed by the laws and without which society could not exist in organized form.

Organized labor should see that its own rights are involved in the protection of the rights of the non-unionists. If non-union men may be interfered with in their rights to work, then the same thing may be done in relation to union men by any force strong enough to use violence. The non-union man's right to work rests upon precisely the same principle as the union man's right to work. The principle, we repeat, is precisely the same and it is a principle essential to the integrity of civilization itself. How, let us ask, would unionism itself regard a government unwilling or incapable to sustain its own right to work upon its own contract? The question answers itself.

It is a favorite plaint of the unionist striker, restrained by the policeman or the soldier from wreaking his cruel will against the non-union man who has taken up the work he has laid down, that government is on the side of his enemies. In his passionate blindness he fails to see that government is on the side of those who oppose him only when by his own aggressive acts he has put his cause outside the law. Government must be on the side of him who stands upon rights which the law prescribes, against him who would deny those rights. A government which would not stand for the law and sustain him who appeals fairly under the law could not exist because it would not be worthy to exist.

New Battleships.

The House of Representatives took upon itself a large responsibility when it resisted the President's proposal for four new battleships. If we may judge from the composition of the vote it would seem that the decision of the House was due more to party feeling and even to political animus than to a critical survey of the facts of national defense. These facts, in their broad and general aspect, as re-arranged and accentuated by recent foreign developments, are before the country and the country has been sufficiently moved by them to endorse the recommendation of the President. There are of course other facts connected with the diplomatic departments of the government that are necessarily of great weight and that are unknown to both the country and to the House of Representatives. But they are known to the President, and we may justly assume that they were present to his mind when he prepared the naval programme that has been so airily dismissed. Ignorance and prejudice make light of responsibilities that experience and discretion would shrink from.

Those who oppose the building of the four new battleships base most of their arguments upon the President's supposed inconsistency. They think they have won an easy victory if they can but show that something now said or done by him is in disaccord with something else said or done by him at some other time. It is a cheap form of argument and as old as the hills, efficacious no doubt with the wooden order of mind that mistakes a rigid immobility for strength, but sadly out of place at a time when quick moving events demand alert and plastic policies. Thus we are reminded solemnly that three years ago Mr. Roosevelt did not deem it necessary to increase the navy "beyond the present number of units." The precise application of an opinion three years old to a situation of today is not apparent, but that does not matter to the critic. Then again Mr. Roosevelt said at the same time that the navy could be kept in good condition by "adding a single battleship to our navy each year." Twelve months later he spoke of the "well-settled programme of providing for the building each year of at least one first-class battleship." It seems that the Secretary of the Navy also said, presumably under presidential inspiration, that such a programme was sufficient "for any

contingencies within the limit of probabilities." All these things are served up with a great show of sagacity and as though they proved something. They prove nothing at all except that circumstances alter cases, which needed no proof, and also perhaps that fluent critics have tenacious memories for the political utterances of years ago and none at all for the world events and national revolutions that have intervened.

Any one who talks of a fixed national policy with regard to the navy, of a definite future programme irrespective of eventualities, ought to be disqualified for further mental efforts. The size of our navy is a matter depending quite as much upon other countries as upon our own. We can not regulate the weather by selling our umbrellas. The world today is a very different world from that of three years ago. The Russo-Japanese war has been bearing unexpected and disappointing fruit since then, China has approached measurably nearer to her inevitable crisis, and a new centre of overwhelming gravity has developed upon the Pacific Coast. The unexpected has happened not in one, but in several different places, and to talk gravely of inconsistencies between naval policies of three years ago and those of today is not only an irrelevance, it is a stupidity. Since these declarations were made in the then-existing light well nigh the whole fleet has been moved into the Pacific, not because the needs of the Atlantic were any less, but because those of the Pacific were immeasurably more. Such a vast manoeuvre was not at all within the "limit of probabilities." The things that happen seldom are, it may be noticed. There is no need to refer to other things that have occurred, to the wild and whirling talk of irresponsibles whose dangerous mission in life it is to make our flesh creep, or to the real and pregnant questions that are gradually creeping into prominence. Three years ago they were all outside the "limit of probabilities" and in no way threatening to interfere with naval plans that were then right and proper. But today we are dealing with conditions and not with inherited policies.

To argue that four new ships imply a policy of aggression and are therefore reprehensible, while two only would be defensive and are therefore laudable seems like a last resort for those who have really nothing to say at all. In what part of the world is an American policy of aggression conceivable or thinkable? Where upon the whole globe is there a point of land upon which we can imagine ourselves as using coercion? The mental quiver is ill-stocked that can produce no better shaft than this. It remains a regrettable feature of political divisions that in such a matter as this, depending so largely as it does upon exclusive diplomatic knowledge, a mere party vote should override the deliberate and informed advice of the President.

Open Shop in Alameda.

It is distinctly encouraging to notice that the Master Builders' Association of Alameda County has taken the open-shop principle under consideration and that the mill owners and lumber dealers have hastened to follow a praiseworthy example. If these two organizations should succeed in coming to some kind of an agreement for the liberation of their respective trades it would give heart of grace to many other industries and it would probably put an impetus into the open-shop movement in general that would soon become irresistible. They ought to have the hearty applause of every one with courage enough to recognize and to assail a monstrous and a crippling evil.

The task of enforcing the open shop is not nearly so formidable as it seems. The number of men in the building trades, and especially of carpenters, who are now out of work is very large and there must be a great volume of discontent with a pernicious system that makes capital very wary of dependence upon the tyrannical whims of a few individuals. It is easy to cloud the issue with vague talk about financial stress and periodic bad times, but it is the obvious fact that

a large amount of new building would be undertaken in San Francisco and around the bay if there were any reasonable certainty of being able to carry it through under equitable conditions and with a fair expectation of profit. If there is an unwillingness to float new building ventures that would give employment to the idle it is because there is no stability in the labor market and no guarantee of fair play or good faith. There could be no better time for a declaration of independence such as this, and the sooner it is made the better. The unemployed have no cause for gratitude to a closed-shop principle that has left them out in the cold and that has divided the body of workmen into two parts, one of them grossly overpaid, while the other gets no pay at all. If there are bad times in the building trades of Alameda and Oakland they are due first and foremost to the closed shop which frightens capital into non-productive idleness.

Even though the present conferences shall have no immediate result, an end of the tyranny can not be far off. The hysterical screams of Mr. Gompers for special and peculiar legislation in favor of the relatively small number of men who acknowledge his leadership show that the "last ditch" stage is not very far off and that the chosen people theory as applied to union affiliations has been tried in the balances and found wanting. The power of unionism to coerce and to bludgeon is not nearly so great as it was. The blacklist published by most unionist newspapers grows longer and longer and a good many eminently successful firms are placidly content to occupy a permanent place in it. No doubt they find it a good advertisement and that it attracts more customers than it repels. The boycotted shop is usually full of business and the poor wretch who walks up and down the footpath outside with the denunciatory placard upon his silly back is a useful signpost to an intelligent business independence.

It needs of course no gift of prophecy to predict the downfall of a system that threatens a workman with starvation unless he belongs to a particular organization. If such a system should actually prevail it would mean the negation of civil government, not to speak of the Ten Commandments. The building trades of Alameda and Oakland have chosen an auspicious time to throw off the yoke and they will have the good will of all the good old-fashioned Americanism that is still in our midst.

Critical Pittsburg.

It is a far cry from Pittsburg to San Francisco, but we are made uneasily aware that the editorial eye of the East is upon us and that for the moment it is a censorious eye. Whether from a lack of other editorial topics or from a missionary zeal to reform the spendthrift West we can not say, but the *Pittsburg Gazette* is gravely exercised in its mind by the discovery that San Francisco intends to give a banquet to welcome the fleet and that the cost has been fixed at "twenty dollars a plate." Such prodigality seems very dreadful at the best of times, but when we remember that only a short while ago San Francisco was "clamorous for charity" her present extravagance is peculiarly shocking. A humble and contrite spirit would be so much more edifying, while a confection of tea and buns, with lemonade for the more festive among our guests, would show that we were mindful of our chastening and determined that others should be mindful of it also.

But, after all, things are not quite so bad as they seem. There are circumstances overlooked by the *Pittsburg Gazette* in the suddenness of its admonitory spasm and they may count in mitigation. We are a little unwilling to discuss the expenses of our hospitality in the presence, as it were, of our guests. In California these matters are attended to in private and the good will of welcome is not exactly measured by the caterer's bill. It may be different in Pittsburg and we are glad to learn. But we might point out that the twenty dollars is paid only by the hosts, some two hundred citizens who have undertaken this particular pleasure, while the four hundred guests pay nothing at all for their dinner—strange as it may seem. We really blush at these details, but they are forced from us, and in our embarrassment we will leave it to the *Pittsburg Gazette* to make the precise calculation as to the cost of each plate. We are not informed as to cloak-room charges, tips, and incidentals, but no doubt all these matters will be arranged inconspicuously and in such a way that our guests shall feel at home. We will ask our critic to make allowance for a California custom that keeps these monetary considerations, so far as possible, out of sight. Of course we can not all live in Pittsburg.

And if we may be further allowed a word of personal explanation, we would point out that San Francisco was never "clamorous for charity," neither from Pittsburg nor from anywhere else. San Francisco asked charity from no one, neither by word nor by implication. She accepted some of the aid that was offered lavishly by the whole world in mitigation of a calamity that no human power could foresee and that might equally well have been the fate of any city in the world. She was grateful for that aid and it helped her once more to build up the fortune and the prosperity that now enables her to welcome the American fleet with a hospitality that will be sincere and that will be in good taste. When the American fleet goes to Pittsburg we may better understand how these things should be done. In the meantime we must rely upon our own sentiments and traditions.

Two Reversals of Public Sentiment.

There is but one irresistible force among human agencies, and that is the force of public sentiment. No man who thinks can really doubt this. Often delayed, yet more often predicted falsely by shallow or corrupt advocates, the verdict of the people is always right when it comes and it settles the question beyond cavil. In the mass mankind is deliberate but just. It squares its monuments by eternal principles.

Two impressive manifestations of the power in popular judgments have been witnessed in San Francisco during the past year. The first was the destruction of one of the large and powerful organizations of workmen in the city. The carmen's union was strong not merely because it had many members, but because its members were brought into contact daily with workers of all classes and had the best of opportunities to win sympathy and friendship. In common with most labor unions it had a reason for existence and well defined rights and duties. It had accomplished much for the benefit of its members. But it grew arrogant, greedy, and dishonest. Allowing shortsighted and unprincipled agitators to assume its leadership it repudiated its agreements, broke fair contracts, and declared a strike. It threw upon a community already burdened with misfortune a load of new troubles. It put added care, effort, and expense upon the shoulders of all employees, it threatened ruin to all employers. For weeks it was sustained by other unions, not because its demands were recognized as just, but because the rank and file of union workmen are loyal to their oath of brotherhood. The strikers, mistaking this endorsement, abandoned peaceful, legitimate courses and adopted every mode of terrorism that ruffians could suggest. Law-abiding citizens attempting to go to and from their business were obstructed, reviled, and assaulted. Union workmen hurled deadly missiles into cars filled with women and children. Human life was sacrificed. Painful, crippling injuries were inflicted. It was not war between opposing factions but a rage of extermination vented by angry, brutalized, and thwarted conspirators. Public sentiment at last revolted at these horrors. Officials in high places, wealthy political intriguers, a viciously directed police force, and the venal press, still supported the strikers, but without effect. The people had weighed the evidence and its verdict was against dishonesty, greed, and brutality. The strike was lost, and, more than this, the carmen's union as an active force was wiped out of existence. Its abandonment of all decencies had made it a blot on civilization. Even San Francisco, one of the strongholds of labor unionism, could not tolerate such a criminal travesty on workingmen's rights.

Yet as has been said and may well be repeated there were good principles and purposes in the foundation of the carmen's union. Fraternal sympathy and aid, counsel and instruction in matters of practical experience, good example in discipline, concerted action on lines of equity—these were some of the objects of the organization as it was rightly planned and created. So long as these aims were in view there were few critics and no opponents of the union. There could be none. It was when unscrupulous demands and unlawful methods diverted the beneficent force that it met with defeat and disaster. The American people will not long tolerate organized ruffianism and thuggery. This was the first of the lessons.

The second lesson is no less impressive. When the so-called anti-graft prosecution began its work there was practically unanimous support of its announced purpose. It was accepted as an honest effort to search out criminals and criminal methods in the city government, to hunt down and punish those who had made the municipal departments burrows of felony and cor-

ruption. That the inception of the movement was anomalous and without precedent as a public undertaking was not enough to raise in the first days of its activity any doubt of its real character. Its declared individuality, source of maintenance, and reputed aims, were attractive features in the regard of a suffering community. With so fair a cause, so pronounced a public sympathy and endorsement, there seemed no possibility of failure; but when methods and results began to appear for consideration, taking the place of assertions and promises, the enthusiasm of a most favorably disposed public was checked. One circumstance after another seemed to indicate that other objects beside the conviction of criminals and the restoration of the city's affairs to clean hands were in view.

To put it in a sentence, the street-car systems of San Francisco, their ownership and management, took on an importance that overshadowed all other considerations. The head of the greatest system of street-car lines had been charged with bribery of the city officials. It was on his lines that the strike described in a preceding paragraph occurred. When the reign of terror was at its height, the reputed head of the anti-graft prosecution and its alleged sole financial supporter, published a statement commending the acts and methods of the traffic-impeding, property-destroying, murderous strikers. His sympathy and aid were extended to organized thuggery.

The supervisors, a set of muddy-witted scoundrels, had entangled themselves in their multifarious activities of corrupt profit so that they were easily entrapped, forced to confess, and offer their resignations to the prosecution. The criminal officials were not prosecuted; they were not even removed for weeks, but continued to perform their duties under the protection of the prosecution until an ordinance could be prepared and adopted taking over for municipal use another of the street-car systems, and appropriating from a depleted and distressed city treasury \$720,000 for new equipment for the road. The criminal supervisors who performed these acts under the defensive and offensive guard of the prosecution are free today, and seem in no danger of punishment or conviction even for their self-confessed felonies.

In the meanwhile the labor-union mayor of the city, and the political boss and go-between who had been concerned with him in unnumbered villainies, were prosecuted on minor charges and convicted, as it was supposed. It was rumored that the really important one of this precious pair had made his confession in court on a promise of immunity. The prosecution denied this explicitly, emphatically, and many times. There was, nevertheless, a contract of immunity, signed and witnessed, for it was afterward published in *fac simile*. That it was verbally agreed to by a compliant judge is testified to by two clergymen, and denied by the judge. For months after his confession and supposed conviction the chief corruptionist in this record was kept in luxurious private chambers under guard of a practiced detective and third-degree persuader. It was predicated that he would be brought to give evidence that might convict of bribery the head of the big street-car system. He failed to deliver and was at last taken to the county jail. Then it transpired that his conviction and that of the mayor were void through peculiar work by the legal agent of the prosecution. It would not be just to accuse the legal assistant with ignorance in the matter. Had his work and its results been fully understood from the beginning by his employer, himself, and his supposititious victims, it could not have turned out better for the four, so far as readiness for future uses is concerned.

This, a brief summary of the achievements of the prosecution after nearly a year and a half of effort, tells the story of its failure to redeem its promises to the public. This account does not give all the details—it merely shows that with all the enthusiasm, ability, and money expended, the actual result is the conviction of one briber of the municipal board. But there have been important and significant developments on collateral lines. It is admitted now that the reputed head of the prosecution has not been alone in furnishing suggestions and funds for the crusade. He has been aided by a former influential politician who is his partner in a projected street-railway enterprise which was about to be launched at the time of the great fire. The money and the inspiration for the so-called anti-graft prosecution has come wholly or mainly from two men who are most to be benefited should the management of the big street-car system of the city be forced into bankruptcy or seriously embarrassed. The legal head of their activities has spent more time attacking in vio-

lent harangues upon public platforms the head of the street-car system and critics of the prosecution than he has in the actual performance of his duties in connection with the graft cases. The developments in the cases that have dragged slowly through the courts have shown a determination to pursue but one line of probable guilt, and this the alleged bribery connected with a franchise granted to the big street-car system. With the confessions of the arch-conspirator and extortioner and of fourteen supervisors as a basis in its search for other criminals, the prosecution is still unable to move quickly and surely to a consummation which the public have long awaited and for a time confidently expected. In its efforts to secure juries for two cases now in court it has been forced to excuse more than a majority of those summoned for jury service because of admitted prejudice against the methods and aims of the prosecutors. A general condemnation of the hidden motives of personal advantage, of promised immunity by wholesale to secure a single conviction is apparent. There is a reversal of the sentiment that once upheld the movement. The American people will not long tolerate any extra-legal plan of prosecution, which looks only to the ends of private profit or personal malice, and brings to its aid all the methods of the offenders it affects to pursue. There could be no more convincing exposition of the popular mind concerning the prosecution than the general laughter and applause given to the series of cartoons appearing daily in one of the morning papers, which ridicules every member of the little coterie from the gum-shoe detective to the now unwilling paymasters. Every idea shown in the pictures is suggested by actualities of the situation. The depths into which has fallen the prosecution that began with loudly acclaimed moral purpose are fully recognized by the public.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SANTA BARBARA, April 20, 1908.

References to the "tourist trade" in my letter of last week by no means exhausted the subject. Regarded solely as a productive resource, the "tourist" is the second if not the first interest of the southern country. In earlier years health and pleasure seekers came only in the winter months. In more recent times the "crop" has become semi-annual, for curiously enough the southern region has come to be a summer as well as a winter resort. The two groups of seasonal visitors are wholly different in type. The winter "tourist" comes from the East or Middle West, whereas the summer visitor comes from the elevated and relatively hot regions of Arizona, Utah, and Colorado. To be sure, Southern California has not an ideal summer climate, but conditions here, especially in localities near the sea, are vastly better than in the Rocky Mountain region, while the presence everywhere of first-class hotels and of a thousand-and-one arrangements which go to the entertainment of visitors makes the whole southern region infinitely attractive. There are many places in central and northern California to be preferred during the summer months on the simple score of climate, but whoever seeks them out finds it difficult or impossible to get the sort of entertainment which an idler wants. Most "tourists" want to fish or ride or drive or hunt or swim or do one or all of many other things which kill time pleasantly. Facilities for doing all these things are available in the southern counties, but not in the north. I can not now think of a place anywhere in the northern region—unless it be at Lake Tahoe—where a visitor fond of horseback riding can be sure of finding a good mount. At Santa Cruz, where all the conditions for riding are perfect, it is impossible to get a satisfactory saddle horse for love or money. This is only one illustration out of many going to show why the southern region is preferred to the northern. I have myself gone to Santa Barbara for a vacation season because one may always depend upon getting saddle horses and of finding beautiful trails over which to ride; and I know scores of people who go each year to Santa Barbara on this account and so throughout the South. The "tourist" is attracted there by the fact that arrangements are made systematically for his entertainment.

Why the "tourist" flocks in thousands to Southern California and why he rarely goes anywhere in the central and northern parts of the States excepting San Francisco, Del Monte, and Lake Tahoe, is a common subject of speculation. The explanation is simple and it lies in the general facts above set forth. In Marin, Sonoma, Napa, and Lake Counties, in Santa Clara and Santa Cruz, in the upper Sacramento country, and in the western slopes of the Sierras, we have regions equal certainly in natural charm to anything to be found south of Tehachapi; and these regions will attract visitors by thousands both in winter and summer when they shall be provided with artificial arrangements which the pleasure-loving vacationist demands. We can have the "tourist" in northern and central California whenever we shall take the pains to make the arrangements essential to his entertainment. The modern pleasure-seeker wants the best of everything; he will not put up with the old bar-room type of country hotel; he will not stay where he can not have a bath in connection with his bedroom; he will not

be content with any place in which the facilities for out-of-doors life may not be found in conjunction with indoor luxury. The mere possession of undeveloped natural advantages will not count.

Los Angeles has in her Chamber of Commerce an institution of extraordinary effectiveness in its relationship to the general welfare of the community. It came into existence twenty years ago and from the beginning has been a vital force, at all times commanding the public respect and holding in its hand the very remarkable power to consolidate public opinion with respect to any important matter. It has twenty-four hundred members representative of everything worth while in the business life of Los Angeles. The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, representing a community double in point of numbers and many times richer, has only six hundred members. It is a common presumption at San Francisco that the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce monopolizes the public spirit of the community, but upon investigation I find that this is not the fact. In Los Angeles as in San Francisco there are many other organizations of business men, the difference between the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and our own being that it is intensely alive and that it has a history of splendid achievement. It has made its own broad field of community responsibility unprovided for in the State and municipal schemes. It assumes the important function of advertising the country abroad. It has organized and engineered the movements which in recent years have brought so many popular conventions to Los Angeles. It has made its own the project of a Los Angeles port and has been vastly instrumental in securing government aid for San Pedro. It took up the movement many years ago for tariff protection of citrus fruits and carried it to a successful issue. From the start the Chamber of Commerce has been in the hands of the most progressive element of Los Angeles and today it commands their absolute adhesion and support. It combines intense energy with a discretion which has avoided the pitfalls which commonly prove fatal to popular associations. Perhaps if the whole truth were told the merit of this continued success lies with the very unusual man who under the title of Secretary has been the leading spirit of the chamber for fifteen years or more.

Observing the respect in which the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce stands and the many avenues through which it reaches out to sustain and enlarge the interest of the community, many have wondered if it would be possible to create such an association in San Francisco. While in Los Angeles last week I sought an answer to this question by looking rather carefully into the constitution and the methods of the chamber; and my conclusion was that such an association is possible only in connection with the kind of local enthusiasm which not uncommonly exists in new communities, but which is rarely found in an old one. Los Angeles, while a real city and a very important one, is hardly a city in the sense that San Francisco is. Los Angeles is still in that stage of development when the interest of every man in business is largely that of community growth. Business in Los Angeles is still to a very considerable extent a speculation—that is to say, a speculative element enters into everything, and speculation looks to expansion. Now in San Francisco nobody except stock gamblers and the owners of realty is figuring much in the field of speculation. Our merchants are not discounting the future; our banks have no side-door relations to the real estate market. With us business and commerce are on an established basis. Partly because of the conditions I have described and partly on account of our history and inheritance, there has grown up in San Francisco a spirit as different as could possibly be conceived from that which prevails at Los Angeles. And I am frank to say that in spite of certain deficiencies due to lack of coöperation, I like the San Francisco spirit better. I think on the whole that it produces stronger individual figures and perhaps makes a stronger though much less pliable community life. There are many things in Los Angeles which San Francisco would be the better for; but I don't believe that anybody familiar with the San Francisco spirit in all its conditions and tendencies would be willing to exchange it for a spirit which, however effective at many points, is nevertheless in its essential character that of a new and relatively speculative community. There is a point where the "pull-together" spirit, admirable though it is upon many considerations, becomes the mark of conditions and tendencies which do not make either for wisdom or for dignity. The spirit of San Francisco to a degree approximates that of New York, of Boston, and in some sense that of the leading Old World cities. The spirit of Los Angeles is identical with that of Chicago. It has accomplished tremendous things, but I doubt if it has made a city which if stricken as San Francisco was two years ago, and tried as San Francisco has been during the past two troubled years, could rise above losses and griefs and stand relatively firm as San Francisco stands today. None the less it would be exceedingly gratifying if the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce might take note of some things done by the Los Angeles chamber and shape its policies by the light of Los Angeles experience.

Bankers as a class are notoriously wise and self-sufficient. And yet there comes now and again a reminder that bankers are not infallible. In my judgment, certain savings banks of San Francisco are making a serious mistake from the standpoint of com-

munity interest in their dealings with Los Angeles borrowers. Los Angeles owes to the savings banks of San Francisco, so I am told, approximately \$18,000,000. And I am further told that the disposition seems general to call in these loans as they fall due. Los Angeles borrowers, to meet demands upon them from San Francisco, are seeking to raise funds elsewhere, and in spite of the general tightness of the money market are succeeding fairly well in doing it. Now the significance of this is plain enough; it means that San Francisco through the policy of her banks is to some extent sacrificing her relations with Los Angeles. It means, too, that Los Angeles in her efforts to get capital at the East to pay her San Francisco obligations is to an extent establishing connections elsewhere. Now, a great commercial and capitalistic centre like San Francisco may suffer great losses, even such as San Francisco has suffered, and still survive provided she maintains her general financial and business connections. To lose accumulated capital is less serious than to lose the connections which lead to the creation of capital. All this is very elementary, and yet it seems necessary that the lesson should be enforced upon certain San Francisco bankers who through their lack of resource or in their timidity, or both, are terminating relationships which ought to be maintained and strengthened. In spite of her losses, San Francisco is still a city of great wealth. She has gained this wealth primarily through her connection with the productive empire of California, including Southern California. By all means it should be the policy of San Francisco to hold fast to every influence which binds her to the other communities of California, above all to Los Angeles. Only under circumstances of positive necessity ought the savings banks of San Francisco to call in their Los Angeles loans. It would be far better to maintain the relationships of which these obligations are the visible sign, even if it should be necessary to go far afield in search for money. In financial situations like that which now prevails it is the natural inclination of every banker to "sit snug," but it is possible to sit so snug as to break down connections of utmost value. Let San Francisco have a care to hold the relationships out of which her commercial and financial fortunes originally were built.

A fact which meets the observer at every turn in Southern California is this, namely, that pretty much everybody has come from somewhere. In the course of a week at Los Angeles I met only one mature person native born, a young woman who told me that she first saw the light in East Los Angeles at a time when the larger part of the community lived on the "far side of the Los Angeles River." Broadly speaking, all are newcomers, and by far the greater number from the Middle West. It is very largely a population American born and with American antecedents. The social type is distinctly Western, and by Western I mean Middle Western. It has energy, ambition, self-confidence in plenty. The average Los Angeles man has not gotten so far away from the traditions, sentiments, and faiths which controlled American life half a century ago as the average man of San Francisco. One has only to walk through the streets on Sunday to discover that church life is at Los Angeles a rather more vital thing than with us. Everybody goes to church and—mostly to the evangelical churches. With us the church-goers are mostly Catholics. The Congregationalists, the Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Baptists, have enormous edifices and demand for their service first-class pulpit talent, with this difference, that the demand for "power" is stronger than the demand for dignity. A preacher who with us would be thought a little too noisy to accord with the spirit of reverence perfectly fills the ideal of Los Angeles. It is the Western spirit, virulent, energetic, capable, and thoroughgoing, but not too sensitive on the side of the conventions. Let me say frankly that I think the moral quality of Los Angeles is better than that of San Francisco. I think there is more respect for sacred and serious things; at the same time I think there is less sensibility of a certain advanced kind than with us. I tried to imagine the San Francisco bohemian element as it existed before the fire domesticated at Los Angeles, but without being able even to conceive the picture. In truth, such an element would be as completely misplaced at Los Angeles and as incapable of finding a living as at Keokuk, Iowa, or Evansville, Indiana. The genius of Los Angeles is Western, material, moral—it has much to commend it in comparison with the genius of San Francisco—but it is a whole generation behind in some aspects of social development. The moral spirit of the community with its sturdy American independence and sense of justice is what most interests me because I see in it extraordinary potentialities. I like the spirit which frowns upon a licentious press, which will not bend the knee to labor unionism, which openly condemns the grosser aspects of the liquor traffic. I have hopes that these people, guided by a deep-seated sense of Americanism, will escape some of the pitfalls into which San Francisco has stumbled at various stages of her career. And when Los Angeles shall have taken on the things which come with years and with the loss of that Western self-consciousness now so marked, I believe that the general standards of community life will be higher than with us. I believe that a city built on a foundation of American character, holding fast to American standards, will ultimately come to better things in a moral sense than one whose formative period suffered the shocks which came to San Francisco in the flush days of her lusty youth.

A. H.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

This is a part of the editorial comment by the *Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican* on a recent Washington incident of political significance:

We may well suppose that Mr. Foraker's speech in the Senate was impressive alike to those upon the floor of the chamber and to those who crowded its galleries. His cause is one which appeals mightily to the higher sentiments of the human heart—a cause of dealing justly with an oppressed and despised race. He has from the beginning given close attention to the case of the President's discharge without honor of the battalion of negro soldiers for alleged complicity in the shooting up of the town of Brownsville, Texas. He is fortified by the fact that a rigid and repeated investigation of the affair has failed to produce a single bit of evidence conclusive against any of the negro soldiers; and by the further fact that extended probing has so far tended to raise a strong presumption of innocence on behalf of the accused. He battles, moreover, against an unreasoning and merciless prejudice which would put down these soldiers and keep them down simply by virtue of their race and color.

But more ominous than the inherent power of Mr. Foraker's speech for the President or for Secretary Taft as a candidate in the approaching political canvass are the surrounding manifestations attending its delivery. The Washington reports say that not since the last presidential inauguration has such a throng of people been seen in and about the capitol building. Hours before the Senate session they began to arrive and after all had been admitted that the galleries would hold 2000 or more were turned away. The floor of the Senate chamber was also full of members, ex-members, and representatives from the House—and it may readily be believed that this show of eager interest was decidedly something more than in compliment to the Ohio senator as a public speaker. Rather is reflected the strong hold which the Brownsville affair has taken upon the popular attention. There evidently prevails a widespread conviction that grave injustice has been done, and it may possibly be as true now of our northern people as it was fifty years ago that wrong and injustice shall not the more but rather the less be excused or condoned because inflicted upon a weak and defenseless race.

Judge George Gray of Delaware has been indorsed by the Democrats of his State for the presidential nomination in spite of his written protest. At the Delaware Democratic Convention at Dover a letter written by Judge Gray to Thomas F. Bayard, chairman of the State committee, was shown the leaders, in which the judge requested emphatically that the convention refrain from indorsing him for the presidential nomination. The letter in part is as follows:

It would indeed be a proud distinction to be the standard-bearer of the Democratic party at this time and for such a cause. There are many reasons, however, why such a distinction is outside the range of my ambition, and these reasons compel me to say that I am unwilling that the delegates from this State to the Denver convention be instructed for me, as I can not, under any circumstances, consent thereto. You will therefore please convey my wishes in this respect to the convention which is to assemble at Dover April 14, and express to it my most positive and emphatic request that delegates to be elected shall not be instructed to present my name to the Denver convention.

Mr. Bayard read the Gray letter to the delegates, and the convention thereupon adopted a resolution instructing delegates to the convention at Denver to vote as a unit on all matters. This means that in accordance with the indorsement of Judge Gray in the platform, the delegates will vote for him at Denver.

The New York *Globe* is visibly heartened by the Chicago municipal election returns:

No signs of the predicted Republican reaction is discernible in the Chicago election. The Republicans won a sweeping victory, electing twenty-three of the thirty-five councilmen elected.

Chicago is more disposed to follow national party lines in municipal elections than is New York. The result of the spring municipal election usually forecasts the result in November. Particularly is this the case in presidential years.

Many Republicans have been gravely concerned as to the effect of the business depression on party affiliations. They have feared an unreasoning attitude of voters in the urban centres where many are out of work. The Republican victory in Chicago, the country's second city, is thus greatly reassuring. It indicates that the industrial masses have not lost their heads now any more than they did in 1896—that they do not see how they can ameliorate hard times by intensifying conditions that make for hard times. The Chicago result, of course, is by no means decisive, but it plainly indicates that the much advertised revolt against the Republican party has not yet begun.

Secretary of War William H. Taft recently made a trip through Nebraska and delivered a speech at the Auditorium in Omaha, where he was the honored guest at a banquet given by the McKinley Club. The Secretary took occasion to place before the people the issues of the coming campaign as he views them, and incidentally to reply to the recent utterances of William J. Bryan when the Democratic leader criticised the action of the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations for their policy in the Philippines. The Secretary said that Mr. Bryan was not consistent in his utterances, because he had been the means in a large degree of bringing about the signing of the treaty of Paris, whereby the Philippines came under the control of the United States, and he is now criticising the action of the administration because of its efforts to teach the Filipinos the art of self-government. Mr. Taft also took up and dealt at length with the question of railroad legislation and individual combinations.

If there be any who doubt the political sagacity of that favorite son of Illinois who is looking wistfully at the nomination prize, the New York *Evening Post* is not of them. Witness this from that observant paper:

Speaker Cannon, like another "Joe," is "devilish sly." His resolutions the other day calling upon the administration to explain why it has not prosecuted the Paper Trust cut both ways. They are the reply of Mr. Cannon to the wicked charge that the tariff ever raises prices to the consumer; and, at the same time, look rather hard in the direction of the great enforcer of the anti-trust act—except when he chooses not to enforce it, in the case of labor unions and other good friends. The Speaker remains of his old innocent opinion that the tariff can harm nobody—except, possibly, by not making "the duties high enough; but a monopoly may be oppressive, he admits, and so he wants to know what action, "if any" (note the malice of that qualification), the Department of Justice has taken against the particular trust that grinds the faces of the poor newspapers. If there are stand-patters in the matter of prosecutions of corporate criminals, Speaker Cannon is evidently willing to compel them to stand up and be compared with tariff stand-patters. But we imagine that,

while the two sets are angrily glaring at each other, nothing whatever will be done.

Among the New York papers there is none more openly hostile to Mr. Roosevelt and his alleged desire to control the selection of his successor than the New York *Sun*. This will explain its setting forth of some remarkable occurrences:

The Taft boom, old Republican campaigners say, is one of the most peculiar in the annals of the Republican national party, for the reason that in every State where it has been precipitated it has provoked the most virulent of factional quarrels. These veterans go on to say that if the President had started out scientifically to incite political differences he could not have accomplished his purpose with greater certainty than by precipitating Taft upon the various State organizations. It has set brother against brother and father against son, and raised the howlingest shindies all over the land. Wherever it has been successful, these experienced Republicans say, it has been made so by main strength, the freest use of Federal patronage, and methods which have not been practiced since the Harrison re-nomination campaign in 1892.

May 10 is said to be the date fixed by the leaders for the adjournment of Congress. Republicans who are anxious about conditions at home are anxious to get away, and if it is possible to do so an early adjournment will be brought about. The routine business of Congress is well advanced, the majority in the House has determined to prevent any further filibustering on the part of the Democrats, and the leaders see no reason why adjournment should not be taken early in May. As the plans are now being perfected they expect to be able to finish up about May 10.

Chicago is now a Republican city. A sweeping Republican victory on April 7 gave Mayor Busse's administration complete and undisputed possession of the City Hall. The day's victories converted a Democratic majority of two in the city council, which is the board of aldermen, into a Republican majority of eighteen. This was sad news for Roger C. Sullivan, Democratic national committeeman for Illinois. Commenting on this matter, experienced politicians pointed out that powerful local leaders like Cox of Cincinnati, Sullivan of Chicago, and Murphy of New York, care very little who is President of the United States, or who is governor of their State, so long as they can retain control of the vast patronage which goes with their municipalities. John Kelly and Richard Croker used to say that they cared not a whit who was President, so long as Tammany was in control of New York City. These local leaders, it was furthermore stated, like to have the strongest candidate named for the presidency and for governor in order that their local tickets may have the benefit, but their chief interest is in their local candidates. Cox last fall spoke up for Taft and Cox's Republican ticket in Cincinnati was successful, and 3000 Democratic officeholders in Hamilton County, which is Cincinnati, are now biting the dust. Roger Sullivan in Chicago has been speaking up for Bryan, not that he cares a tinker's dam about Bryan, but he didn't want any disturbance created over his fight to retain control of the board of aldermen of Chicago. As a consequence Sullivan is down and out in the most vital part of his political existence.

Frederick Trevor Hill tells the story of the origin of Wall Street in the current *Harper's Magazine*. On the morning of March 21, 1644, Cornelis Van Tienhoven, secretary of the council at New Amsterdam, posted a bulletin warning all interested persons to appear on "next Monday, the 4th of April, at 7 o'clock," to erect a barrier at the north of the settlement sufficiently strong to prevent the straying of cattle and to give protection from the Indians. During the administration of Van Twiller almost all the cattle of the colony had mysteriously disappeared, and as the ex-governor's recently acquired "bouwerie" was found surprisingly well supplied with live stock, the present governor, Kieft, thought he had good grounds for suspecting some of the missing herds might have strayed in his predecessor's direction. There is no authoritative information as to how the wall was constructed, adds Mr. Hill, but he says there is evidence that it consisted mainly of untrimmed trees felled at the edge of the adjoining forest and piled together to form a sort of barricade, "and that its northern line, running certainly from the present William Street to what is now Broadway, and possibly from shore to shore, marked the farthest limits of New Amsterdam, as it then existed, and practically determined the location of Wall Street."

The publishers of *Putnam's* and the *Reader* have arranged for the publication of a number of contributions which will be of special interest to its subscribers in California. Before the two magazines were combined, with the March number, the *Reader* had begun the San Francisco serial "The Coast of Chance," by Esther and Lucia Chamberlain; and *Putnam's*, in which that story is now running, had engaged Henry Holt's travel serial, "A Foreign Tour at Home," the April, May, and June installments of which deal exclusively with Southern California, the two universities, San Francisco, and the Yosemite. A paper entitled "California Paradoxes," by F. A. Doughty; "San Francisco's Poet-Mayor, Edward Robeson Taylor," by Mabel Craft Deering; and a fully illustrated paper by Miss Harriet Monroe, the Chicago poet and essayist, on the Valley of the Yosemite will also appear in early numbers.

One does not always remember (remarks Dr. Hiram Bingham of Yale) that the first Spanish settlements in South America antedated the first English settlements in North America by nearly a hundred years and that when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth there were already cities in South America that could boast of a longer history than Chicago can today. When Harvard, our oldest university, was only an idea in the minds of a few English colonists, the University of San Marcos in Peru was a well established institution already older than Cornell is today. When Cornell celebrates her hundredth anniversary, the University of San Marco, still flourishing, will be getting ready to celebrate her four hundredth. When Yale was founded this ancient university of Lima was already 131 years old, or about the same age that Columbia is today.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 20, 1908.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—In view of public interest in the laughing success of the hour, would it not be well to add a department to your selections of verse—merely to balance your "Old Favorites" with some "New Favorites"? The accompanying song will illustrate my idea. Yours in the faith. S. T. W.

Serenade by the Pickles-Phelim Duo.

(Who should apologize to the author of "Honey Boy.")

Must you really have the dough, my Beany Boy?
Must we pay
All the way?
With your efforts scattered so, my Beany Boy,
Is it due my Beany Boy to you?
You're the dearest of them all, my Beany Boy.
You come high
And we sigh.
When you're frying other fish
Must we still fill up your dish?
It is much against our wish, Beany Boy.

CHORUS:

Beany Boy, we hate to do the paying,
Beany Boy, so long you are delaying—
Our hopes are sinking, sinking in the bay, Beany Boy,
Beany Boy.
You have taken many kinds of notions,
With all sorts of funny legal notions,
Beany dear
And we fear
All this paying, paying, paying for you, Beany Boy.

We'd be glad to send you home, my Beany Boy.

You can guess
We'd say yes!

It has been a crooked lane, my Beany Boy,
And no gain, my Beany Boy, from you.
We have tried to settle up, my Beany Boy,
For you're dear,
Without cheer.

With Tabasco far away,
And our clearance from the fray,
We'd be glad to say Good Day, Beany Boy.

Chorus repeated.

Ghouls, Neither Beast nor Human.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 19, 1908.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—It is probable that there is no effective way to check the inclinations of the responsible people on one of our morning dailies, but it is certain that their worse than disgraceful methods should be denounced. On the front page of the *Call* of recent date, under heavy black headlines, is a column story endeavoring to fasten upon a young girl who is achieving fame as an artist in Europe the stigma of having had a murderer for a brother. It seems not to matter that the murderer was executed and for a decade has been lying in his grave. It seems not to affect these newspaper ghouls that the girl was in no way connected with the crimes which the murderer expiated, and that it is merely a bit of gossip that she is related to his family. It is enough that she is a defenseless woman, bravely struggling to earn a living and if possible a place among artists to which her gifts entitle her. These news bloodhounds—no, not that, "they are neither beast nor human"—must go out of their way to point to her as the sister of a criminal, must blacken her new name, and if possible crush her heart and aspirations. I can find no language that will express my contempt and loathing for such methods and for such a paper.

A few weeks ago the same publication gave a half-column complimentary notice to the author of an unspeakably vile and obscene work and indirectly advertised the book. It was to have been expected.

Is San Francisco always to be cursed by this kind of daily papers? The toy of a rich man, left at the will of creatures without decency, except when it is needed to advertise personal political and business interests! JAMES M. CURTIS.

New Zealand Education.

HAVELOCK, MARLBOROUGH, NEW ZEALAND, Feb. 18, 1908.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—I have been intensely interested in an article copied from your paper and dealing with the problem of over-education. The case of Leona la Mar is cited, and a philippic recorded against the "frills" of our education system. All your charges, and more, are as true of our New Zealand system as they apparently are of the system in America.

T. D. TAYLOR.

An unexpected application of wireless telegraphy was proposed at the last meeting of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, by Mr. Bouquet de la Grye, who suggested that the Eiffel Tower installation should send the exact time once every twenty-four hours to all ships it could reach. The Eiffel Tower can transmit messages to a distance of 1250 miles, so that all the Mediterranean and a large portion of the Atlantic is within its zone. But Mr. Bouquet de la Grye is not satisfied with such a limit. He proposes that instead of using the Eiffel Tower, which is only 900 feet high, a wireless post should be erected on the Peak of Teneriffe, whose height of 11,000 feet would permit radiographic communication with all points of the globe. The academy appointed a special committee, composed of Messrs. Bacquerel, Bouquet de la Grye, and Poincaré, to examine the possibility of carrying out the proposal. Should they report favorably the various governments will be invited to come to an international agreement as to its execution.

So strong is the spirit of gayety this season in St. Petersburg that there is much talk of reviving that dream of sumptuous glory, the boyard fête of 1903, declared to be the most magnificent court spectacle of modern times. The boyards were the old Russian nobles of the time of Ivan the Terrible, and for the fête of 1903 costumes and jewels were worn that were worth millions. A dozen women spent a fortnight in sewing jewels on the costume of the Czarina, who represented the first wife of Czar Alexis Michaelovitch. The dress weighed over sixty pounds, and has never been worn since.

The monument erected by the State of Minnesota in the National Park at Shiloh, Tennessee, to the memory of the Minnesota soldiers who fell on that battlefield, was dedicated April 10. Governor Johnson and his staff, accompanied by a party of fifty prominent men of Minnesota, were present and participated.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

The Last Representative of Aristocratic Government
Passes from the Political Stage.

The death of the Duke of Devonshire gives England an opportunity to measure her movements during the last decade or so. In the old régime of government by great families, when a man's name was everything and his capacity was nothing, it would have been impossible to imagine a Liberal ministry without the Duke of Devonshire. He was one of the permanent fixtures of Liberal administration; he "went with the estate," but those were in the halcyon days when reform was largely a matter of tradition, when caste and the vested interests were equally secure from both the great political parties. Today it would be almost impossible to imagine a comfortable position for such a man as the Duke of Devonshire in any practical government, Liberal or Tory, that could meet the exigencies of the age. Until the week of his death it was still customary to quote the opinion of the Duke of Devonshire upon this question or upon that, but no one actually cared what his opinion was. Nor indeed was it at all in doubt. The Duke of Devonshire's opinions were inherited and they never moved.

His career began in 1863. The Marquis of Hartington, as he then was, had never shown any particular ability when he was appointed by Lord Palmerston to be under-secretary for war. But he belonged to the great Cavendish family and it was a part of British tradition to be governed by Cavendishes. Lord Palmerston naturally selected a great historic name, and the Marquis of Hartington being already a member of Parliament, elected on the same general and family principle, was admirably available for the position. True, he had already attracted attention. He had stopped in the midst of his maiden speech to yawn, and he may be said without impropriety to have been yawning ever since. He became secretary for war, postmaster-general, chief secretary for Ireland, and Liberal leader in the House of Commons. He filled all these positions with an admirable adherence to routine and tradition and without any recorded deviation into vivacity or innovation. His air of unsufferable boredom never forsook him. He said himself that he could not decide "which is the more tiresome, private business or public business." The cartoonists always represented him on the treasury bench of the House of Commons with his hat tilted low over his eyes and wrapped in the profoundest slumber. The cartoonists were not far wrong. Lord Hartington stuck manfully to the post of legislative duty, but his devotion was tempered by a drowsiness that seemed to be his normal condition. Lord Hartington did not sometimes go to sleep. He sometimes woke up. In those days Lord Hartington usually sat between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain. He was as typical a figure of indolence as Mr. Gladstone was of electric energy and tireless movement. He may have felt some sluggish resentment at the personal proximity of Mr. Chamberlain, but then politics makes strange bedfellows and the haven of somnolence was always within reach. A wicked cartoon of the day described the familiar trio as Babbie, Birth, and Brummagem.

It is not easy properly to estimate the stolidity of the Duke of Devonshire. Did it indicate the profundity of his mind or hide its deficiencies? At least it was not acquired nor was it an affectation. It was a part of the nature with which he was born, and as distinct a family trait as could well be found. It is related of two previous Cavendishes that, arriving at a crowded country inn, they were told that they would have to share their room with a third guest who was a knight and who hated to be disturbed in any way. But both the Cavendishes peeped through the curtains of the third bed, said nothing and retired to their own slumbers. Next day, after they had traveled several miles, one of them gravely inquired, "Brother, did you see what lay on the bed?" "Yes, brother," was the answer. There was no further conversation, but what they had seen was a corpse, duly laid out for burial.

The rupture between the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Gladstone was, of course, in connection with the Home Rule proposals of the elder statesman. But it may be doubted if the duke's opposition was at all based upon reasoned conviction. He did not understand nor had he any sympathy with a departure from long-sustained policies or precedents. He instinctively dreaded any change that was not upon an accepted programme and a resolute effort to meet a situation from the roots upward found no favor in his eyes. Religious equality was an old Whig axiom and he approved of the disestablishment of the Irish and English churches, but a fundamental alteration of the positions of England and Ireland was unorthodox. It was not traditional and he revolted. Like most silent men his words had unusual weight. Those who speak little are supposed to think much, but the credit is sometimes undeserved. The Duke of Devonshire was vastly conscientious. No man ever desired more sincerely to do the right thing or was better aware of his responsibilities. His measure of sound common sense was unusual, but he had not a spark of genius or of enthusiasm nor does his record show that he had any of that alert mental ability that was not really essential to the statecraft of twenty years ago, but that is a *sine qua non* of today. If the Duke of Devonshire had been an unknown commoner he would never have been heard of in English politics.

The duke was, of course, enormously wealthy. Devonshire House is one of the finest residences in Lon-

don. It was built in 1737 on the site of Berkeley House, where Queen Anne lived. But Devonshire House is only one of seven similar houses owned by the late duke. Chatsworth is known all over the world and in the same county there is Hardwick Hall. In Westmoreland there is Holker Hall, in Yorkshire Bolton Abbey, and on the south coast there is Compton Place. The duke owned nothing in Scotland, but in Ireland he had Lismore Castle, overlooking the Blackwater. Lismore Castle saw little of the duke in late years. The fate of his younger brother, Lord Frederick Cavendish, and the dire tragedy of the Phoenix Park in Dublin did not endear Ireland to him, but the earlier dukes lived much in that country.

It may be said of the Duke of Devonshire that he never made a personal enemy, and if he leaves no great deeds behind him upon the English record, his name will never be connected with anything small or mean either in his public or his private life.

LONDON, April 9, 1908.

PICCADILLY.

OLD FAVORITES.

Kallundborg Church.

"Tie stille, barn min!
Imorgen kommer Fin,
Fader din,

Og gi'er dig Esbern Snares öine og hjerte at lege med!"
—Zeeland Rhyme.

"Build at Kallundborg hy the sea
A church as stately as church may be,
And there shalt thou wed my daughter fair,"
Said the Lord of Nesvek to Esbern Snare.

And the Baron laughed. But Esbern said,
"Though I lose my soul, I will Helva wed!"
And off he strode, in his pride of will,
To the Troll who dwelt in Ulshoi hill.

"Build, O Troll, a church for me
At Kallundborg by the mighty sea;
Build it stately, and build it fair,
Build it quickly," said Esbern Snare.

But the sly Dwarf said, "No work is wrought
By Trolls of the Hills, O man, for naught.
What wilt thou give for thy church so fair?"
"Set thy own price," quoth Esbern Snare.

"When Kallundborg church is builded well,
Thou must the name of its builder tell,
Or thy heart and thy eyes must he my moon."
"Build," said Esbern, "and build it soon."

By night and by day the Troll wrought on;
He hewed the timbers, he piled the stone;
But day by day, as the walls rose fair,
Darker and sadder grew Esbern Snare.

He listened by night, he watched by day,
He sought and thought, but he dared not pray;
In vain he called on the Elle-maids shy,
And the Neck and the Nis gave no reply.

Of his evil hargain far and wide
A rumor ran through the country-side;
And Helva of Nesvek, young and fair,
Prayed for the soul of Esbern Snare.

And now the church was wellnigh done;
One pillar it lacked, and one alone;
And the grim Troll muttered, "Fool thou art!
Tomorrow gives me thy eyes and heart!"

By Kallundborg in black despair,
Through wood and meadow, walked Esbern Snare,
Till, worn and weary, the strong man sank
Under the hitches on Ulshoi hank.

At his last day's work he heard the Troll
Hammer and delve in the quarry's hole;
Before him the church stood large and fair;
"I have builded my tomb," said Esbern Snare.

And he closed his eyes the sight to hide,
When he heard a light step at his side;
"O Esbern Snare!" a sweet voice said,
"Would I might die now in thy stead!"

With a grasp by love and by fear made strong,
He held her fast, and he held her long;
With the heating heart of a hild afraid,
She hid her face in his flame-red beard.

"O love!" he cried, "let me look today
In thine eyes ere mine are plucked away;
Let me hold thee close, let me feel thy heart
Ere mine by the Troll is torn apart!"

"I sinned, O Helva, for love of thee!
Pray that the Lord Christ pardon me!"
But fast as she prayed, and faster still,
Hammered the Troll in Ulshoi hill.

He knew, as he wrought, that a loving heart
Was somehow haffing his evil art;
For more than spell of El or Lovel
Is a maiden's prayer for her lover's soul.

And Esbern listened, and caught the sound
Of a Troll-wife singing underground;
"Tomorrow comes Fine, fath' thine;
Lie still and hush thee, baby mine!"

"Lie still, my darling! next sunrise
Thou'lt play with Esbern Snare's heart and eyes!"
"Ho! ho!" quoth Esbern, "is that your game?
Thanks to the Troll-wife, I know his name!"

The Troll he heard him, and hurried on
To Kallundborg church with the lacking stone.
"To late, Gaffer Fine!" cried Esbern Snare;
And Troll and pillar vanished in air!

That night the harvesters heard the sound
Of a woman sobbing under ground,
And the voice of the Hill-Troll loud with blame
Of the careless singer who told his name.

Of the Troll of the Church they sing the rune
By the Northern Sea in the harvest moon;
And the fishers of Zealand hear him still
Scolding his wife in Ulshoi hill.

And seaward over its groves of hirsch
Still looks the tower of Kallundborg church,
Where, first at its altar, a wedded pair,
Stood Helva of Nesvek and Esbern Snare!
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Elmer Dover, secretary of the Republican National Committee, and William L. Ward, Republican national committeeman for New York, went over several evenings ago every possible delegate that Secretary Taft could get in the Chicago National Convention, and said they could not figure out a majority of the delegates for him on the first ballot.

M. Briand, minister of public instruction of France, has had passed by the Senate and Chamber of Deputies a bill providing that church property be transferred to charitable institutions. The amendment provides that money left for masses shall be handed over to societies for the assistance of aged priests, who will say the necessary masses. It remains to be seen whether the Pope will permit the formation of these societies, which do not yet exist. Hitherto the Vatican has opposed the formation of any society which the government could possibly treat as an association cultuelle.

The death of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, until a few days ago the British premier, occurred April 21. The recent tribute of William Redmond, the noted Irish leader, is notable in that he recognized in the former premier the best and most powerful friend Ireland has had among the public men of Great Britain since Mr. Gladstone's retirement. It might be said that Bannerman had been no more consistent and devoted a home ruler than John Morley, yet it is true that he had borne heavier responsibilities of leadership than Mr. Morley, and had never yielded in the least his conviction that home rule, as Mr. Gladstone projected it, was the only possible solution of the Irish question.

A new Cabinet has been formed by President Zelaya of Nicaragua, his first Cabinet since the Peace Conference held in Washington last December to settle the differences between Nicaragua and Honduras. President Zelaya's appointments are as follows: Secretary of state, Señor Jose D. Gamez de Rivas; secretary of the treasury, Señor Ernesto Martinez of Granada; secretary of war, General Juan J. Estrada of Managua, and secretary of the interior, Dr. Federico Sacaza of Leon, son of the late President Sacaza. Martinez and Sacaza are important members of the Conservative party, and General Estrada and Gamez represent the Liberal party. The country is tranquil and enjoying peace.

Representative James Tighlman Lloyd of Missouri, chairman of the Democratic Congress Campaign Committee, has been in New York City looking for headquarters from which to conduct his campaign for a Democratic Congress next fall. Mr. Lloyd found most of the rich Democrats busy with their own affairs, especially when Mr. Lloyd after cross-examination said he believed that there was no way to prevent Bryan's third nomination for President. Mr. Lloyd had an idea that the vast majority of Democrats were not at heart for Bryan, but that the easiest way out of a bad mess was to let the situation drift toward Bryan. Where Mr. Lloyd is to get the funds for his campaign for a Democratic House remains to be seen.

The renomination of Thomas E. Watson for the presidency by the Populists may remind voters of the campaign for the same place that he made in 1904, when the conservative control of the Democratic party and the Parker candidacy furnished Mr. Watson's lively mind and pungent tongue with exceptionally rich material for campaign speeches. The election showed that Mr. Watson was an effective ally of Mr. Roosevelt, for he received only 113,259 votes himself, while the Republican plurality revealed a terrible decline in Democratic strength. Mr. Watson's speeches were, in some respects, the most brilliant of the year, and Mr. Roosevelt personally was delighted with them. What line Mr. Watson proposes to take against Mr. Bryan does not yet appear, but probably he will endeavor to be a thorn in the side of the Democracy just the same. The Populist platform adopted at St. Louis is very socialistic in its comprehensive government ownership proposals, and the query may be put why Mr. Hearst's party should not also nominate Tom Watson.

During a recent visit to the White House, Representative Hale of Tennessee made a sarcastic statement in regard to his colleague, Representative Brownlow. Both congressmen are Republicans, but they belong to warring factions. Mr. Brownlow has charged that the Federal officeholders in Tennessee who are identified with the Hale faction have been unduly active in the recent political conventions. This is the way Representative Hale hits back: "The last State convention had fewer Federal officeholders in it than has been known in the last twenty years. It is funny, too, for Mr. Brownlow and his people to be talking of officeholders, as a glance at the records will show. Mr. Brownlow, the head of this combination, draws \$7500 a year as a member of the House; as a member of the board of governors of the soldiers' homes of the United States and as secretary of the board he gets \$2000 a year. He is local manager of the Soldiers' Home at Johnson City, has been national committeeman for more than twelve years, has been local and State boss, chairman of the Republican State Executive Committee. One of his daughters gets \$500 a year in the Soldiers' Home at Johnson City, his son Henry gets \$2000 a year in the government service, his son Will gets \$1400 a year and per diem as postoffice inspector, his son-in-law Hacker gets \$1800 a year in the Census Bureau at Washington, and his son-in-law King gets \$1500 a year in a soldiers' home in South Dakota. He and his family draw annually \$16,700, holding ten positions at the same time and three of them Federal positions."

OLD MAMMY AND HER MISTRESS.

By Jerome A. Hart.

X.

In the finest suite of the Oriental Hotel, Miss Sophia Lucretia Leigh was seated at her dressing-table, while her brilliant blonde locks were being brushed by her colored maid. The lady was gazing with unconcealed admiration at the face reflected in her mirror. The face she so frankly admired was perhaps pretty, but it had weak points—points patent to a physiognomist or another woman. Miss Leigh was of the albino blonde type, with the light pigments in skin and hair which go with that peculiar type. There was a certain hardness in her cold blue eyes, a thin-lipped look about her rosy mouth, which would have made a mind-reader misdoubt shrewishness in the not distant future. Hers was the kind of face that grows fixed and hard with the advancing years—to which fretful lines come early—the kind of face which even in youth turns suddenly ugly when thwarted—the face from which all beauty disappears when anger comes, and to which anger comes often.

But just at present Sophia Lucretia's face was composed, and there was an agreeable smile around the lips and a pleased look in the eyes. For her occupation—that of gazing at her mirror—was congenial, and she was not alone in thinking the reflected face a handsome one. Many men thought so. And the mistress's admiration for the mirrored face was shared by her maid.

Sophia Lucretia's colored maid was a maid only by courtesy. In reality she was an old woman, and her mistress called her "Mammy." She had been her mistress's nurse when Sophia Lucretia was a child, and a strong attachment existed between mistress and maid. Some Southern women would have preferred a smart mulatto girl to this elderly, loquacious, and sometimes slow negress. Not so Sophia Lucretia. She made a confidante of her maid, and there was nothing about her affairs, either of heart or purse, that Mammy did not know. In return, not a little influence was exerted by the maid upon the mistress. This was not in speech alone. The curious caressing intonation which Southern negroes give to the English language seems to have affected the speech of their masters and mistresses. The harsh burring sound of the "r," so common in some States immediately to the north of Mason and Dixon's line, is unknown in the South. And while the soft sibilant speech of the negro is not exactly reproduced in the utterance of the white Southerners, there can be no doubt that it has affected the Southern speech.

So was it with Sophia Lucretia and her maid—there was yet an echo of the maid's soft consonants and sibilant vowels in the mistress's more refined speech. And there was more than an echo, in her perhaps no more refined mind, of the maid's wild superstitions.

For in the South in the old days, the close intercourse between master and man, between mistress and maid, had its effect in other ways than on the speech. The Southern negroes have always been saturated with superstition. The wild tribes of Africa who were the progenitors of our negro millions had many dark beliefs and bloody practices. Although most of the Southern negroes are ostensibly Christians, and many of them ardent Methodists or Baptists, millions of them are infected with the hideous voodoo superstitions. For that matter, there are many Southern men and women, of brilliant intellect and liberal education, who if they were frank would be forced to admit that they too have a tinge of African superstition.

If "ole mammy" shared her superstitions and her dialect with her mistress, it was evident from their talk that she also shared in an intimate knowledge of Sophia Lucretia's admirers. It was plain that she was not only familiar with them, but that she knew each man's standing in the lady's favor. Her mistress was cross-questioning her now.

"When was the general here, did you say, Mammy?"

"The general he was here just before you come in, miss, and he said to tell my mist'us he'd drop in when you come back from the opery and ask you how you liked the show."

General Salem had not been mentioned by Mrs. Lyndon when she enlightened Eugene Yarrow concerning the history of Sophia Lucretia; she went no further than the departure of that lady's uncle for St. Louis. It was reasonable to believe that Yarrow knew as much of Sophia Lucretia's career as Mrs. Lyndon knew—perhaps more. Therefore, in casting Sophia Lucretia's horoscope, Mrs. Lyndon did not mention the rise on her horizon of the multi-millionaire, General Salem.

It was to the hotel owned by General Salem that Sophia Lucretia's uncle had brought her when they first arrived. For an inn in a new city, the Oriental had been made a jewel among hostleries. In new cities—sometimes in old ones—the owner or landlord of a big hotel is a person of weight. General Salem's social prestige as an inn-keeper was increased by his great wealth. Miss Leigh's uncle realized the value of an acquaintance with the millionaire hotel owner, and he and General Salem were soon on the best of terms. Naturally the general was presented to the handsome niece, in whom from the first he took an elderly and paternal interest.

Mrs. Lyndon, in her narrative to Yarrow, had touched on earlier periods in Sophia Lucretia's career; she had, for example, told how the young lady's uncle,

when leaving for home, had pointed out to her that it was imprudent for her to reside in a hotel with no companion and that St. Louis society would blame her. Also, Mrs. Lyndon had been quite correct when she thus reported Sophia Lucretia's reply: "I am not in St. Louis now." When there was a certain gleam in Sophia Lucretia's eye, wise men temporized, capitulated, or fled. Her uncle was a wise man; he knew Sophia Lucretia well; he fled. He started back for St. Louis, and sent his good-byes and his blessings by mail.

Sophia Lucretia received from her uncle, before he left, a statement of her accounts, terminating his guardianship. After he had gone she kept no more accounts. Her estate had consisted entirely of stocks and bonds. As it made her head ache to calculate the interest and keep account of the intervals when the interest or the dividends came due, she had ordered a broker to turn the securities into cash, and to deposit the proceeds in her bank at St. Louis. That her fortune no longer drew any interest, and that thus she was living on the principal, did not agitate Sophia Lucretia. This to her, from a business point of view, was leading the simple life. She said nothing to her uncle about her methods of investment, and he, after the manner of American uncles, considered it indelicate to pry into his niece's affairs after his guardianship terminated. After he had gone, she drew a check on her St. Louis bank, and transferred all of her funds to her new bankers in the coast city. There they remained, and there she conducted her business by the simple method of drawing checks against her principal.

After her uncle's departure Sophia Lucretia led an existence which to many women would seem idyllic. She was financially independent. She was free from all control, parental or other. Also, she was flattered and adored. That the adoration and flattery came from men only, and that the women in the hotel avoided her, did not sadden Sophia Lucretia. For the women she cared not at all, while she did care for the men. And the men cared for her. They flocked around her, and their devotion, their gallantry, their attentions made life to her a perennial joy.

Among her men friends perhaps the most devoted, the most attentive, was General Salem. But he did not act like a lover. It was purely a paternal interest which, after her uncle's departure, he seemed to take in the youthful beauty. He did not thrust himself forward, although he visited her often. In his kindly, fatherly way, he often urged her to rely on him if he could be useful in any way. In her whirlwind existence, Sophia Lucretia at first paid little heed to the general, who was by no means young, and apparently far advanced in desecration. If she thought of him at all, it was sometimes to wonder why he encouraged her in the extravagant ways of living from which her uncle had always endeavored to dissuade her. For at last it was slowly but firmly being forced on Sophia Lucretia's attention that she did have extravagant ways.

In those golden days everybody had to have money. Seeming to have money would not do. Bills were sent in promptly. Everybody was supposed to pay them promptly. There was little credit, and what credit existed was short. All bills had to be settled on "Steamer Day" when the bi-monthly steamers sailed for the States. Thus there was a grand clearance every fourteen days. Sophia Lucretia, like the rest of her world, paid her bills promptly, and thought no more about them. That is, she thought no more about them when she had the wherewithal.

One rainy afternoon she had just begun opening some newly arrived letters when there came a modest tapping at the door. The tapper turned out to be her unobtrusive millionaire friend, General Salem. He had of late got into the fashion of "dropping in" without sending up his card; likewise of assuming the air of an elderly relative. When some of her younger adorers called and found him there, the general was wont to assume a neutral tint and fade away. This accentuated his paternal manner, for vanishing when a caller comes is the correct course for the American uncle or father. The general also had a fashion of patting her on the head, smoothing her hair, and generally manifesting a fatherly fondness for her. All this Sophia Lucretia had never resented. Why should she indeed? He was more than old enough to be her father.

When he entered, Sophia Lucretia, with knitted brows, was scrutinizing a letter written on a partly printed form.

"What have you there?" he asked. "You look perplexed."

"I am indeed. I never received a document like this before. I don't exactly understand it."

"May I look at it? Perhaps I can explain it," he volunteered. Putting on his gold-rimmed spectacles, he read aloud:

"MISS SOPHIA LUCRETIA LEIGH—Dear Madam: Your account appears to be overdrawn one hundred and fifty dollars and fifty cents (\$150.50). If such is the case, you will oblige us if you will kindly deposit funds sufficient to cover the overdraft.

Very respectfully yours,

"DESROCHES, BAYERN & Co."

"What does the note mean?" queried the young lady guilelessly.

Salem looked at her before replying, as if suspicious of her frank unconcern. "It means," said he, "that you have drawn checks which have exhausted the amount standing to your credit at the banker's. You must make a new deposit there, drawing from your funds elsewhere."

Through his narrowed eyelids he watched her closely, as he slowly uttered the words.

"My funds elsewhere?" she exclaimed, looking much disturbed. "But I have no funds elsewhere."

Even the subtle Salem seemed to be surprised. "Why, you do not mean that you have been living on your principal?" he ejaculated. "Everybody here believes you to be a lady of fortune, and possessed of a comfortable income."

Sophia Lucretia shook her blonde head distractedly, and the ready tears came to her eyes.

"I don't know what you call a fortune out here, but as for me, I thought I was comfortably off. When my father died I turned all he left me into money and put it in the bank. I've been living on it ever since, but now I am afraid it's all gone. And I don't know what I'm going to do." And here the distressed young woman broke down and began to weep bitterly.

Salem had a secret inclination to smile, but he saw that this was no time for smiling. "There, there," urged he, "don't cry. Things look pretty blue, but never mind. There's a silver lining to every cloud. Cheer up. We'll see what can be done. You must let me be your banker for the present, and I'll give you a check at once to cover the overdraft." And taking a check-book from his pocket, he drew a check for so substantial a sum that it made the young woman's eyes grow round with wonder.

When she looked up, smiling through her tears, and burst into thanks, the general quickly said: "No, no, little one—don't thank me; this is merely a temporary loan to tide you over. We'll see after a while what can be done. Perhaps I can put you in the way of some fortunate speculations in mining shares and the like, which will set you on your feet again financially."

As she sat there, gazing at herself, the face in the mirror said by its expression that the general had kept his promise. Just after that rainy afternoon, which to her seemed long ago, he had indeed done wonders for her financially. His advice concerning the coming value of shares in certain mines had proved prophetic. He had invested for her—"carried" her shares, as he called it—and rendered accounts to her as her shares climbed up in price. A few weeks after he had made the loan, he announced that she had made money enough to wipe out her indebtedness to him, and the balance sheet he gave her showed a credit of several thousands in her bank.

Here the pretty face in the mirror suddenly clouded, as Sophia Lucretia remembered that she had been unwise enough to invest these thousands for herself, and promptly lost them all.

It was odd, too—she had never been able to understand it, for she had the impression that she followed a "tip" given her by the general. But he stoutly maintained that she had misunderstood him. Well, perhaps she had. At all events, she had lost—lost all. Then the general very kindly helped her again, and again she had been out of debt. But she seemed unable to cope with the share market alone—with her, everything went awry—her "inside information" invariably turned out to be wrong. So at last she gave up the figment of having General Salem "carry shares" for her, and accepted his bounty without its being masked.

These were the recollections running through Sophia Lucretia's mind as she sat before her mirror while Mammy combed her hair. Some of the recollections were pleasant, some disagreeable. Their character was mirrored in the mobile face, itself set in a mirror. As she thought of the general's generosity, she caught her other self in the glass frowning slightly, and the pretty mouth growing hard. What was the matter? Did Sophia Lucretia doubt the genuineness of the general's generosity? Did she mistrust his motives? Was she fretting under the yoke of semi-financial friendship? Was she wearying of her aged adorer?

The watchful Mammy noted the changes flitting over the face in the mirror. She thought it time to engage her mistress in a chat.

"I tole you, honey, that Senator Burke he come yesterday afternoon, didn't I?"

"Yes, Mammy. What did you say was the message he left?"

"He said he was goin' to the opery tonight, and that he sure hoped you'd be there, and that he was goin' to see you in your box, miss."

A pause followed, while the brush was deftly applied to the long blonde locks. Then the mistress spoke again:

"Are Mrs. Lyndon and Diana going this evening, Mammy?"

"Yes, miss."

"What is Diana going to wear?"

Thereupon Mammy entered into a long and elaborate tale of what Diana was going to wear, of what Mrs. Lyndon was going to wear, and of what many other ladies were going to wear—information evidently derived from a mass-meeting of maids. To all of this Sophia Lucretia listened with ardent interest, interspersing the narrative with many comments. When these important questions of laces and ruffles, of flounces and chiffons, had all been threshed out to the uttermost bit of chaff, a less important question—that of marriage—arose.

"How are Diana and Mr. Yarrow getting on?" asked the mistress. "Have you heard anything more about them?"

"I heerd that Mr. Yarrow he proposed ag'in last Thursday afternoon, but Miss Diana she said no, and she said that she hope she allus be a sister to him."

Sophia Lucretia giggled.

"And what did he say?" she asked.

"Mr. Eugene he tuk it pretty hard. But then I think he had ought to be gittin' used to it by this time, don't you think so, miss?"

"Yes, he ought to, Mammy. They say that he proposes every other Thursday."

Here mistress and maid giggled together.

A sharp rap sounded at the door. When it opened, it revealed a very small bell-boy bearing a very large and prim bouquet of flowers.

"What beautiful roses!" exclaimed Sophia Lucretia, as Mammy held them up to her. "Where's the card?" "There it is, miss," replied Mammy, pointing to the envelope suspended from the flowers. "They've come from Senator Burke."

Although Mammy could not read, she could always recognize a handwriting, like a face, after she had become acquainted with it.

"How sweet of him!" cried her mistress. "Put them in that jardiniere on—"

Another knock sounded at the door—not a loud, sharp, bell-boy knock, but a soft, discreet, millionaire tapping.

Sophia Lucretia interrupted herself. "No, don't put them there; put them—"

"Never you mind, honey—I'll put them where he won't see them." And Mammy disappeared.

"Come in!" called Sophia Lucretia in a gentle voice.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The Bride's Welcome.

What, did you say, was my sister sayin'?

"No luck comes where the eyes are green."

Take that folly an' turn it stravin'.

Green is the luckiest color seen.

Isn't grass green for the eyes to rest in?

Aren't the trees of the same sweet hue?

Mind you this, when she starts her jestin'.

I'd love you less if your eyes were blue.

What was my little brother shoutin'?

"Hair that 'ud match our red cow's tail."

I'll be with him an' stop his floutin'.

With a kind little word from the tip of a flail,

You, with your hair where the sunshine ranges,

Like the autumn light on the beechen track.

Is it me would be wantin' changes?

I'd love you less if your hair was black.

What was my poor old mother croakin'?

"Never a cow and hens but few."

Widows, Cushman, is sore provokin'.

'Tis often all that they've left to do.

She, with her lame hack, there at her knittin'.

Angry with pain, and sad to be old—

Mind you this, when she starts her twittin'.

I'd love you less were you hung with gold.

—Alice Fleming, in *The Academy*.

The test in horsemanship ordered for officers of the army brings out a description of a famous horseback ride made by General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., just prior to his retirement in August, 1903, when he covered the ninety-mile stretch between Fort Sill, Indian Territory, and Fort Reno, Oklahoma, in just nine hours and ten minutes. The start was made from Fort Sill at 5 o'clock in the morning of July 14, 1903. General Miles was accompanied by Captain Farrand Sayre, Eighth Cavalry, and when they left the fort the weather was cool, but a few hours later it became intensely hot. Despite the heat, dust, and other discomforts of the trip, the general finished fresh as the proverbial daisy. The ride was made in ten-mile relays, soldiers stationed along the line furnishing fresh horses. Luncheon took twenty minutes, and it is estimated that fifty minutes were spent in changing mounts and other small delays. Thus the actual time the general was in the saddle amounted to eight hours. He showed no signs of weariness, however, although within a few days of the retiring age of sixty-four years, and forty minutes afterward he reviewed the troops stationed there.

Under a street lamp in South Eighteenth Street, Philadelphia, a group of men and boys stood talking and gesticulating excitedly. Two of the men were in uniform. Presently a third man in civilian's dress drew a knife from his pocket and began to execute savage thrusts about the neck and shoulders of one of the uniformed men. A woman sitting on a doorstep near by screamed in alarm. "What are they trying to do to that man?" she said. "Kill him?" "Not at all," laughed her companion. "They are simply exercising the right of all freeborn American citizens and are demanding his buttons as souvenirs. That fellow with the knife is saving them off. Every sailor and soldier who strikes this port ought to come provided with several gross of extra buttons, if he expects to keep his wardrobe in presentable condition. The collecting fever has now reached such a virulent stage that he is held up about every trip about town and robbed of one or more of those ornamental and useful accessories to the toilet."

"Railroad casualties receive such wide publicity," said an insurance man, "that there is a common belief on the part of the public that one is more liable to accidents while traveling than when living the simple life in the confines of his home. As a matter of cold fact, statistics show that accident insurance companies pay more losses to people who get injured in their own homes or on their premises than they do to people hurt in railway accidents. Insurance companies pay more money to people who get hurt hanging pictures or taking stoves apart than they do to the victims of head-on collisions. It sounds strange, but it's the truth."

AN ANGLER'S PARADISE.

Charles Frederick Holder Tell Us Something of the Sea Game of California.

Angling does not, of course, appeal to every one, nor is every one fitted to be an angler. Success with the rod depends upon certain high moral qualities not yet universal in the human race; it is the recreation of a high mental evolution to which we have not all of us attained. Fishermen, from the very nature of their craft, are honest and truthful men, modest and slow to self-appreciation. It is therefore all the more becoming that they should sometimes break through the veil of modest reticence that surrounds them and tell the world some of the things that have been done and that may yet be done by courage and enlightenment.

Charles Frederick Holder is well qualified to write about "Big Game at Sea." For many years and in many waters he has been doing deeds of prowess and emulating the feats of the hunters by land who never fail to advertise their deeds and probably to exaggerate them. Mr. Holder writes some three hundred and fifty pages of adventures, and although most of these are startling in the extreme they leave us with a yearning for those other stories that Mr. Holder could certainly tell if he only would. Most of his fishing was done in California waters. It was mainly at Santa Catalina that he encountered the ocean monsters that are to be captured not so much by hook and line as by pluck. Assuredly his book should be a trumpet call to the anglers of the world to come to California and do likewise.

Take for instance the story of the big shark. This particular fellow was caught by the author on the Florida coast, but the Avalon sharks are equally ready and willing. The great man-eater came up out of the deep and when he was hooked every other shark in the sea appear to be interested, "so that for a while our boat seemed to be the centre of a shark brigade." Nothing could check the furious pace and the combined efforts of the oars and a towing bucket had no appreciable effect:

We had been towed perhaps three miles against the obstacles, and finally saw a gleam of white and felt that the finish was near. Giving the word, we both hauled with all our strength, and were repaid by the clank of the chain against the keel—the game was ours. But not yet. The monster rolled over several times; then, feeling the bow against its nose, turned and seized the cutwater in its cavernous mouth and crunched it, driving the serrated teeth into the wood. Then, hanging on like a bulldog, it made a rush ahead, lifted the how out of water and almost capsize the boat. My companion very nearly lost his balance, and, thinking that we were going over, hailed a fishing boat about two hundred yards distant; but we righted, and grasping a heavy oak gaff, I thrust it into the maw of the shark and fought it off. I had the chain in a firm grasp with a turn, and the mouth of the man-eater was not more than three feet from my face, as terrible a living guillotine as could be imagined. Row after row of serrated teeth could be seen, one row erect, the others lying flat except when in use, and forming a veritable pavement.

All this time the line had not been lifted from the slot in the bow, and it was necessary to do this with dispatch and transfer it to the skull-hole in the stern without giving the shark any slack or opportunity to break away. The moment was selected after a paroxysm of whirling and rolling, which, thanks to the freedom given by the swivel hook, it could do. My companion placed the line in the stern, and at the word I released the chain, sprang to the stern, and hauled with him; but the shark, feeling itself apparently free, dived beneath the boat. It had perhaps eight feet of line, and jerked the stern down with so much force that the boat was again a third full before the line could be slackened away. We held on, and within fifty feet stopped the shark and held it until the boat was bailed out. Then again began the work of hauling in, this time up to the stern. When within ten feet of the latter the shark began to swim doggedly on, heading up the channel; and in this position we sat, holding the line while our huge steed towed us within half a mile of the point from which we had started, where, after having hauled us in all perhaps five miles, including rushes and circles, it gave signs of weakness; its struggles almost ceased except for an occasional lunge, and from here it was towed in; yet this occupied nearly two hours, owing to its repeated lapses from the quickest state.

Reaching the beach the line was tossed ashore, and two score men pulled the shark up on the sands, where it was found to measure between thirteen and fourteen feet in length; but it was the girth of the monster which made the greatest impression upon the average observer. It was impossible to weigh the huge creature, but few of those who saw it placed the weight at less than fifteen hundred pounds, and every ounce of it was game.

Then there is the unsuccessful attempt to catch the *Orca Gladiator*, the famous killer whale of Southern California, not inaptly called by the author a Tiger of the Sea. The orcas are very clever and intelligent, tormented by an unfading appetite and ready to fight for the fun of the thing:

The capture of so vigorous an animal as the orca or killer as a sport would hardly appeal to one familiar with its ways. Off the channel island of Southern California, where the maroon-saddled killer, as described, is common, it has never attacked any one, and except on very rare occasions displayed a disagreeable officiousness, demonstrated by following up boats, once chasing a small boat nearly on the rocks, doubtless in curiosity, possibly thinking it was some kind of a whale like itself. But the dignified procession of orcas on certain warm days was so attractive and inviting to certain landmen that they determined to take one, or at least to make the attempt. The party provided themselves with a heavy shark line five or six hundred feet long, a heavy hook constructed for the purpose, and to the extreme end of the line fastened an iron-bound box. The hook was baited with a thirty-pound amber fish and floated in the pathway of the killers, some ten miles out in the channel. After several days of waiting, a long line of killers came swimming along, and by rare good fortune ran foul of the amber fish and took it. The line was held until it came taut, then four of the fishermen pulled; and that they hooked the huge creature was evident, as it leaped into the air and swung itself so violently that it dropped partly on its side, lashing the water for a few seconds, then sounding. During this brief struggle, the remainder of the school appeared to be intensely excited, darting about as though in search of the cause of attack, then sounding. In a few seconds the line was jerked overboard and the launch

plunged ahead, her bow deep in the water, the men all afloat to lighten her. The killer towed them four or five miles, then finding it impossible to move the animal or haul it in, or the launch over it, they cast off the line and box. The killer had now reached the deep part of the channel, given by the fishermen as "no bottom," and apparently appreciating this fact, the killer sounded and carried the large white box out of sight. That it exploded under pressure was probable, as it did not come up, at least, was not found, and the big game anglers, who had hooked one of the largest of the sea animals capable of being hooked after the fashion of the fishes, returned to shore, convinced that a "killer" could not be stopped, at least in this manner.

The tuna fishing at Avalon arouses the author to a contagious enthusiasm. There is no better fishing to be found in any quarter of the world. The rods are often seven or eight feet long, the line not over twenty-four thread, and the tip of the rod not more than sixteen ounces. Fair play for all game is, of course, the motto for gentlemen anglers everywhere:

The anglers are lost in the beauty of the surroundings when z-e-e-l goes the reel, its high staccato notes rising so loudly that an angler in a boat near by shouts his congratulations. The fish are plungers. Down into the deep blue they go; z-e-e-l z-e-e-l rising on the soft tremulous air, the line humming its peculiar music. Now, started by the big multiplier, the fish comes up, breaking away with feet and inches to again plunge, circling the boat with savage onward rushes. Lines cross, but rods are passed under and over. Ten, twenty minutes have passed away, and as fast as the fish comes in, it breaks away again to the melody of the singing reel. Finally, deep in the blue water a dazzling spot appears; then another, and up they come, by a marvel not fouting. Now one circles the boat; away it goes at sight of the gaff, z-e-e-l to come in again! Five times it circles the boat, displaying its beauties to the anglers; a blaze of glory, canted upward, its silvery belly gleaming in the morning sun, its back an iridescent green, the fins, median line and tail yellow. The boatman is fingering his gaff. "Now then," whispers the angler. The tip of the rod goes forward, a quick movement, a blinding splash of water with the last compliments of the yellowtail, and the gaffer straightens up with the fish of fishes quivering, trembling, still fighting, to receive its quietus. "Thirty-two and a half pounds, sir," and glancing at his watch, "in twenty-two minutes."

The yellowtails, too, are a fish worth catching. They arrive in March and April and four rods have taken sixty of these fish, averaging thirty pounds, in the course of a day. But the bass is even better, and he is evidently of an admirable pugnacity, inasmuch as he drives the yellowtail away. A dense school of sardines makes its appearance packed so close as to seem solid, and a change of method becomes necessary:

The dead smelt is taken off and the bare hook cast into the affrighted throng. A slight jerk, and a sardine is impaled, rushing off, as lively a bait as could be imagined. Its erratic motions frighten the rest, which form a hollow down through which the blue water is seen, and into which the struggling bait sinks deeper and deeper, until it clears the school; then out of the unknown rises a mighty fish shaped like a salmon. The sardine disappears as though by magic. Z-e-e-e-l tse-e-e-l! The shriek of the reel, the burning hiss of the line as it cuts the water, the flying leather from the brake tell of game worth the having. The bass cuts a mighty swath in the sardine school, and is away on the surface—no sulker he. Fifty, one hundred, two, three hundred feet of the delicate nine-thread line are jerked off to the measure of the click—music indeed, vibrant, shrill and exciting; then the break stops the fish, and he is away. No, he is coming in, a living funny charger.

There may be multipliers quadrupled which can eat up three hundred feet of line while this magnificent fish is covering that distance at the top of his speed, but I have never seen one. On it comes, like the shadow of a cloud. The angler sees it as he reels and knows that it has fifty feet of line towing behind; then suddenly it turns, with a magnificent swirl of its powerful tail, and is away. It is a trick that fails. The thread of line, which would part at the slightest jerk, slips beneath the break as it comes taut, and the angler fortunately turns it, and the bass circles the boat fifty feet away, its high dorsal fin cutting the water like a scythe. Three times it goes completely round the boat, constantly increasing its pace, but always coming in. The dextrous gaffer begins to estimate the distance, and the angler is about to pass the fish to the position for gaffing, when it turns, and the reel again gives tongue. But this is the beginning of the end. For nearly thirty minutes the bass has played, and is tugging bravely, bearing off like a sturdy craft on a lee shore, its white belly lightly showing. A final turn, a heating of waves, a shower of spray, and the grand fish is held on the cruel barb, to beat the boat powerful blows, to plunge and carry the gaffer's elbow into the water in its last desperate rush. But the gaff is inexorable, and slowly the fish comes up, protesting every inch; and in the sun a thousand tints and scintillations seem to flash and play upon it. . . . Nearly five feet in length, and tipping the scales at fifty pounds, on a nine-ounce rod, No. 9 line, are incidents in the verdict.

Would that there were space for many more of these stories, but they are all in the book, with others of barracuda, dolphins, sheephead, and the octopus. It would be pleasant to relate the incident of Jim Gardner of Long Point, who was the author's boatman when he caught the great tuna. The boat was capsized after Gardner had gaffed the fish, but he swam for a quarter of a mile to the launch holding on to his prize and making periodic disappearances under the water as his captive remonstrated. The story should be read in its entirety and a hundred others that Mr. Holder has selected from the storehouse of his memory. He has certainly written a fine book and one that, combined with spring weather, makes us decidedly restive. The illustrations, too, are unusually good.

"Big Game at Sea," by Charles Frederick Holder. Published by the Outing Publishing Company, New York; \$2.

A little more than a year before Henry Hudson discovered the island of Manhattan, Samuel de Champlain founded the present city of Quebec. During the month of June Canada will celebrate the 300th anniversary of that particular incident in the voyages of Champlain. An evidence of Canadian sanity appears in the fact that the observance of this historic event will not take the form of either a world's fair or a national exposition. There will, however, be a large gathering and appropriate ceremonies, and it is further proposed to acquire and hold as a national memorial the famous Plains of Abraham.

A STUDY OF RENE BAZIN.

The French Novelist Whose Work Has a Distinctive Delicacy and Pathos.

An essay by Edith Lyttelton in the April number of the *Fortnightly Review* does not attempt to measure the exact altitude of René Bazin's talent, or to select the precise niche which he may occupy in the temple of French literature: nor does it make an elaborate comparison between his talent and that of other writers by analyzing his style, his method, and his French: its aim is merely to give such an account of his books as may tempt people who have not yet done so to read them.

René Bazin is the author of several novels, sketches, and short stories, all so delicate and subtle in touch, so made up of fine shades and fancies hardly to be expressed in language, that one can scarcely help wondering how it comes about that the big public—the public who make books pay—have not missed the significance of the beautiful work put before them. Bazin's novels, however, go through many editions; some of them have actually been translated into German and English, and the circle of his readers widens every year. A study of his later books gives the explanation, for in them he has treated big themes. He has faced reality and fact, and described the emotions, fears, and hopes of humanity, without losing in the faintest degree the purity of his talent, and the spiritual insight which illuminates all his writings. His appeal, therefore, is a wide one, for he has known how to combine the passionate insistence upon truth and probability, which our age demands, with the poetic idyllic quality often lacking in even the greatest realists. This combination is much less common than people generally imagine, for the exact temper of mind is rare. It is rare in idealists to shrink from no truth or pain—and in realists to pierce the obscure mass of facts and find some unifying experience or belief which can embrace them all.

After describing a number of Bazin's earlier works, the essayist gives this synopsis of one of the most characteristic of his stories:

"Le Guide de l'Empereur" has the background of patriotic emotion. In its way this story seems to me to be the best thing M. Bazin has ever done, and I can not refrain from trying to give some idea of it. An old French soldier, Captain Audouin, and his daughter Veronique live in the little town of Toul, close to what they are now obliged to call the German frontier. They live entirely on Veronique's earnings as a music mistress. She is ugly and tender, and is ready to devote her life to her father. He dreams always of his soldiering—of war—of the time to come when the Prussians will be driven back again. On a terrible night of storm a woman knocks at the door of their house. She says she is going to drown herself in the Moselle, but wants to leave her seven days' old baby behind her. Her husband has lost his work and has deserted her. Old Audouin and Veronique do all they can, and keep the woman and baby for the night. In the morning Marie Hüber says she must go; her husband may come back. Her thoughts are plainly with him, and not with the baby. She goes away and does not return.

Meanwhile, Audouin has discovered that Hüber, the father, is a German, and he will have none of the baby—it shall go to the police, to an orphanage, anywhere. But Veronique wins him by suggesting that he should bring up the child as a French soldier, and the idea of this revenge delights and decides him. Later, he finds the man was Alsatian, and he is more than consoled.

For fourteen years they love and cherish the foundling. Audouin imbues him with military ambition and with the dream of avenging France. But the terrible day comes when the German father sends an application to the *procureur* for his son, confided to the care of Captain Audouin. The old soldier can not give him up. Veronique knows that they must. The boy himself shall decide. Audouin appeals to him in the name of all the love and affection lavished upon him, and in the sacred name of France. Charles will decide nothing till he has seen his Marianne Veronique. In the morning he goes to her room—runs into her arms—asks her the fatal question, and in an hour or two is on his way to the unknown parents. He writes once every year—he always says he is her child and the captain's. Then he has to serve his turn in the army—the German army.

The scene shifts to Strasbourg. It is a cold, frosty morning, with a wind blowing from the north. Four officers arrive at the station just before noon and mount the splendid horses waiting for them in the charge of porters. Two are sent to sound the alarm; the other two start across the great, deserted square. Every one is indoors on this bitter morning. The leader has his eyes fixed upon the distant rosy spire of the cathedral, clean cut against the clear sky. As he rides out of the shadow, the sun shines upon the emperor and finishes the moving statue, putting a flame on the visor and an aigrette on the point of the helmet. The emperor passes the suburbs—improvements of the conquest—and rides into the old, beautiful town of Strasbourg. He does not know the way, and his *aide-de-camp* sees a soldier hurrying along. They

stop him—it is Charles Hüber. The emperor sees the blue eyes and sensitive lips trembling with the fear which seizes the soul; he knows in a moment that the man is French. He takes him for his own service, and tells him to lead him quickly to the ground—the emperor must be there first.

It is six years since Charles Hüber had seen old Captain Audouin, but he thinks of him at once. He gets red as he remembers how his godfather would suffer—would cry—to see him guide the German emperor in a Strasbourg street for a rehearsal of war. But Charles thinks, "He would certainly tell me to do my duty—assuredly he would."

Charles Hüber walks, head up, so quickly that the horses do not have to slacken pace a moment. He thinks he can hear Captain Audouin call out: "*Bien marché, petit.*" The emperor, when they arrive, dispenses him from the review, and tells him he may go back to the barracks or he may look on. Charles Hüber salutes the emperor. At the bottom of his soul there is something which is grateful—but, of course, he may not speak. He will remain, so as not to look as if he despised the offer of the chief, in spite of the icy cold which is beginning to penetrate him. He stays all through the bitter afternoon, meaning to rejoin his regiment, which was the first to arrive. But he is driven to hospital—he is ill—he has pneumonia. At the end he is to die, and he sends for his foster-parents. Only the captain comes, because of the expense. The little book must be read to get any idea of the exquisite pathos and beauty of their meeting, the old Frenchman's anger with the Germans, with the emperor, his despair at the defeat of his secret hopes, his muttered "I have wasted my life," heard by the doctor, and then the boy's answer, when he says quickly that he thought of his godfather as he guided the emperor, and that the emperor had been good to him.

Before he leaves, the old man turns to the doctor. "Sir," he says, "I said I had wasted my life, but I see now that I have not. Forgive me! You have heard his words." The German soldier bows his head. "He has just spoken of his chief as my father spoke of his emperor. It is the French manner, mine, sir, that I taught him. But I did not know if he had understood me. I did not know if he remembered."

One criticism upon our author is often made. He is said to be afraid of *les grandes passions*, and, in consequence, to provide us only with pale anæmic fare. Never was a more unjust verdict. It is quite true that he dabbles not at all in the terrors and delights of illicit love affairs. There are many other writers ready to do that, for the Parisian public has long been fed upon stories of the elegant, *détraqué*, irresistible hero, who, in his turn, never resists the enchantress with her scent from the Rue de la Paix. Pride in the conquest of women is one of the strangest pieces of human vanity, only less strange than pride in the conquest of man. It is surely rather *démodé*, and certainly vulgar, to lavish so much admiration on a very ordinary achievement. It reminds one of the worship of beer-drinking heroes in Germany, and prize-fighting roughs in England. In France the whole game of the pursuit of women has had a glamour thrown over it by consummate writers, but its charm and fascination as a subject for literature really date from what one might call the artificial ages of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

"I for one," concludes the essayist, "am tired of the strutting cocks in French literature, and the frail, insidious women. I believe the stories woven around these characters to be nowadays the refuge of weak and inept pens, for success is far easier to achieve when the appeal is made frankly to the senses of the readers. There are many. To quote Bazin's own remark, 'whom words corrupt as much as the passions themselves,' and a spurious vogue and fictitious popularity can be most easily attained in this way. But it may be conceded at once that because Bazin is innocent of the fierce delight in corruption of Flaubert or Guy de Maupassant, he is not on that account greater than they. Treatment, not subject, reveals the artist. It is only contended that inferior writers often attract readers by easy and meretricious methods, and that it takes a seer, a creator—in one word, an artist—to rouse in his readers a new insight and a new sympathy; to thrill them with pity or love for what they have never before noticed—to stir in them tender thoughts and hopes foreign to their ordinary lives."

The phonograph has recently been used by the Bureau of Ethnology to register the native songs of the Indians. Several hundred songs have thus been obtained and it is designed to secure the most complete record possible of the vanishing melodies. These Indian songs as transcribed from the phonograph records have elicited the interest not only of scientists, but of professional musicians as well. Credit for the records is due to Miss Alice Fletcher, an employee of the bureau, who for a number of years has interested herself in the subject of Indian music.

The balder a man is, the more successful he seems to be in British politics. Not a man with flowing locks is seen on either of the front benches, sacred to the great, wise, and eminent of the House of Commons.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Robert Koch, the great German pathologist, is in America for a brief visit. He was the discoverer of the tubercle bacillus.

Rear-Admiral Charles S. Sperry, whose connection with the American fleet is likely to be a notable one, is a native of Brooklyn, New York, and was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1866. He became a rear-admiral in 1906 and has been president of the Naval War College and a member of the general board.

The Reverend Paisios Ferentinos, priest in charge of the Greek Society of the Orthodox Church of Springfield, Massachusetts, was the first Greek priest to come to America. He was born on the Isle of Patmos in 1856 and eventually became professor of theology in the high school there. At the age of twenty-six he went to Alexandria in Egypt, remaining there for five years and then accepting an invitation to America.

Mrs. Humphry Ward, the novelist, who has lately been entertained in New York, has become the special aversion of the suffragettes both in England and America for her outspoken opinions on the vexed question. Her visit to New York was in connection with the Playground Association of America, a work in which she is actively interested and in which she has had the coöperation of the Duchess of Marlborough.

Miss Celeste J. Miller has probably traveled more extensively than any woman now living. She was the first woman to cross the trans-Siberian Railway alone and she was the first and only woman to explore the more remote parts of South America unattended by any guide or companion. Miss Miller has circled the globe five times, visiting every country and every capital. She has been presented to more than seventy-five rulers and has been interviewed by newspapers in nearly every important city of the world.

Dr. David Jayne Hill first engaged in diplomatic work in order to further a monumental literary work in which he was engaged, an entire history of the world's diplomacy from the earliest days. The work is now near its completion, but it will have to be held in abeyance for a time, as Dr. Hill's duties at Berlin will be more engrossing than were those either at The Hague or in Switzerland. It was Dr. Hill's high position in the world of literature that was one of his recommendations for the position at Berlin.

Henry Dorman of Liberal, Missouri, has the double distinction of being the oldest man in the State and the oldest survivor of the Civil War. He has just celebrated his one hundred and ninth birthday, Congress participating in the occasion by raising his pension to \$50 a month. Mr. Dorman is a native of New York State, but enlisted in the Union Army from Michigan in 1863, when he was sixty-four years old, an age at which most men are incapacitated for the duties of a soldier in the field. He rendered efficient service and took part in the battle of Gettysburg and other important engagements, in one of which he was wounded. Mr. Dorman has been a resident of Missouri for more than thirty years, and he is well known in G. A. R. circles throughout the State.

Miss Mary Garden believes that she has at last found the American girl whose voice is worthy of the highest possible European training. The fortunate girl is Miss Ella Johnson of Chicago, who came to New York in order that Miss Garden might have an opportunity to judge of her vocal capabilities. "Immediately I looked upon the half-frightened young thing," said the singer, "I saw 'possibilities.' I saw she was dramatic in temperament, despite her inexperience. I saw she had a pleasing personality with a charm greater than beauty. I became instantly interested, and when I heard her sing I gasped. There, indeed, is what De Rezke is looking for," I said. "Here is the perfect natural dramatic soprano." Miss Johnson has the most wonderful throat I have ever seen, and a voice that it seems impossible not to have heard of before." Miss Garden sailed for Europe on the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* Miss Johnson and her mother followed her a few days later.

Mr. Victor Cavendish, who succeeds to his uncle's title of Duke of Devonshire, was educated at Eton, where he passed the usual examinations without difficulty, but also without distinction. From Eton he went to Cambridge, going through the customary course and leaving a reputation for good fellowship and a love of creditable pleasures. In 1891 his father, the late duke's youngest brother, Lord Edward Cavendish, died, and Victor, then twenty-three years old, was invited to represent the parliamentary division of West Derbyshire. Since that time he has been immersed in politics, for which study he has given up most other occupations, except the breeding of Shire horses and shorthorns at Holker Hall, the country seat which he inherited from his grandfather, the seventh duke. It was to Mr. Cavendish's credit that although his lines were laid in such pleasant places he began to work from the day that he entered public life, and few men have a higher reputation in Parliament for sound judgment and straight dealing than has the new duke.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

The legal definition of a novel has just come up interestingly in a London law court. Mr. Fisher Unwin, the publisher, asked for damages against a certain firm for asserting that a book issued by Mr. Unwin was not a novel but a collection of short stories, thereby impairing the sale of the volume. It was pointed out that the characters did not marry each other nor even show a wish to do so. Therefore there was no love interest and an essential to a novel was missing. After consulting Johnson's dictionary, which says that a novel is a tale of love, the judge made a laudable effort at a definition by saying that so far as he could make out a novel must have "something about love in it," and, moreover, it must have 150,000 words. It must not only have love, but there must be enough of it.

The South Americans, by Albert Hale, A. B., M. D. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

The recent visit of Mr. Root and a general awakening of interest in the immense territories of South America are sufficient assurance that this book will receive a welcome as extensive as its value. Twenty-five years of intimate association with Latin America justify Dr. Hale in his task and he has given us just such a book as might be expected. He divides his work between Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil, and Venezuela, treating separately the history, the geography, and the government of each republic. A concluding chapter on the Monroe Doctrine contains weighty recommendations based upon sound experience and of a sagacity that adjusts itself to existing facts and the moral sentiments that ought to prevail between nations.

In many respects the book is a revelation. Dr. Hale treats his subject with the sane imagination that is prophetic. He shows us the enormous and latent wealth that must one day be forced into the servitude of the world, the vast and fertile areas awaiting cultivation, the fabulous mineral wealth that will be the reward of capital and energy. It is an extraordinary picture of opportunity, of the opportunity that already exists and of the greater opportunities that must come as soon as stable government and a national sense of responsibility assert their inevitable sway.

Into the Primitive, by Robert Ames Bennet. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.50.

Three persons reach the shore from a wreck on the African coast. First there is Miss Leslie, an American heiress who is not exactly beautiful but interesting, which is so much better; then there is Blake, a marine engineer; and finally there is Winthrop, an Englishman of doubtful antecedents who wishes it to be understood that he is on a secret diplomatic mission but who is actually a thieving valet. The vicissitudes of this very select party are set forth in a manner that reminds us of Robinson Crusoe, although in Robinson's case there was no lady to complicate matters or to interfere with his meditative solitude. There are wild beasts to be overcome with all the other dangers incidental to the African Coast, and when one of the party becomes insane we can hardly wonder at it. It is a capital story of adventure, so well told that we forgive the author for introducing a lady where no lady ought to be and we can only hope that the happy couple are still happy.

The Art of Landscape Gardening, by Humphry Repton. Edited by John Nolen, A. M. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; \$3.

Such a book is a welcome reminder that there is an art of landscape gardening, although perhaps it has not advanced so much as it should have done since Humphry Repton died in 1818. The American Society of Landscape Architects is doing a valuable work in encouraging the republication of such books and the list of new issues is already substantial. The present volume includes Repton's best writings and illustrations, showing in the most conclusive way that the adoption of fixed principles is not lost upon landscape gardening. Repton still holds the field in practice as well as in theory and his usefulness is undiminished after the lapse of a century.

The Riddle of Personality, by H. Addington Bruce. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Hypnotism and mental therapeutics, after a century of scientific derision, have at length stepped on to the laboratory stage newly labeled and guaranteed, like the serums and the anti-toxins, to cure well nigh all the ills natural to the flesh, together with a good many others of modern invention. The death rate is still of discouraging magnitude, jails and asylums are more crowded than ever, but the "new science" is full of confidence if only public credulity can be maintained.

The author tries to show us the more salient features of the work that has been done. He can, of course, do no more than outline its chief features, but although he is clear and logical, he can hardly hide the fact

that science has not yet raised the outer veil of the "riddle of personality," that it has indeed done no more than show us that somewhere in the human mind there is a vast *terra incognita* full of weird and awful forces of which we know nothing whatever. We can only wonder at the glib irresponsibility with which modern research experiments with the minds of its human victims and anticipate, although not hopefully, a general protest against hypnotic interference with mind or character. The object of the author is to show us how much we already know of abnormal states of consciousness, but our knowledge sinks into insignificance beside our ignorance, an ignorance that might make some of our expositors, and the author among them, a little more modest, a little more cautious, and a little more charitable.

The House of the Lost Court, by Dona Teresa de Savallo, Marquesa d'Alpens. Published by the McClure Company, New York; \$1.50.

The story is so clever that we forgive its improbability and even impossibility. Frances Eliot and her daughter Dolores come from America to take up their residence in England. They rent the old country house known as Queen's Quadrangles with pleasurable anticipations of society and rural amusements. Then they find that there is a mystery over the house, a shadow of some unexplained crime, and that they are shunned rather than welcomed by their neighbors. By an accident Dolores discovers that the house has a hidden court and that the hidden court has a secret occupant with whom there are midnight and romantic interviews. Then the story of Queen's Quadrangles comes slowly to light. There has been a murder and a conviction. The condemned man apparently dies on the eve of his execution, his body is removed from prison and he is resuscitated. The mystery of the lost court and of its occupant is revealed and the usual romance ends in the usual way.

The story is of course entirely impossible from the legal point of view and nearly so from the architectural. But Dolores is such a nice girl that unveracities are pardoned and she has our good wishes for her future happiness.

The Cry of the Children, by Mrs. John Van Vorst. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.25.

The Honorable Albert J. Beveridge in the course of an enthusiastic introduction to this volume says that "it is the glory of the American people and the safety of their future that they need only to know the truth about anything to do what is right concerning it." A more informed optimism might tell us that we have known the exact truth about child labor for a long time and that our interference is of the most tardy and reluctant kind. Mrs. Van Vorst has told this very story in the *Saturday Evening Post*, while references to this shameful evil are among the commonplaces of our literature, but human greed is too strongly entrenched to give up its prerogatives, while public opinion, such as it is, shrugs its shoulders with *non possumus*.

Mrs. Van Vorst divides her book into three sections—Alabama, Georgia, and The North. Her story is of course a repulsive one, harrowing and heartbreaking to the last degree. But there is no attempt at sensationalism, nor is there indeed the need of it. The unadorned facts are enough and they ought to be read in their native atrocity and especially by those who can bring to the question the realization that comes from parenthood. Mrs. Van Vorst has not only written a forceful narrative, but she has also rendered a patriotic service.

Harper's Indoor Book for Boys, by Joseph H. Adams. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.75.

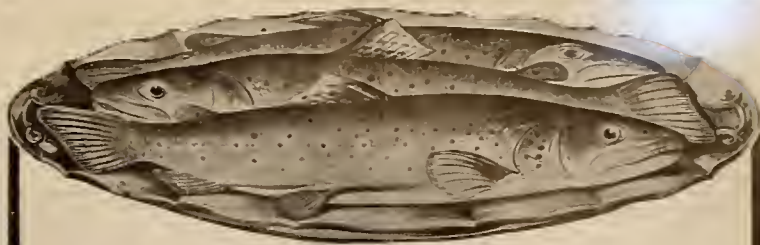
The boy of the present day is a pampered menial with a literature of his own and the ablest minds enslaved to his service. The Practical Books for Boys Series has now been enriched by a special volume for the rainy day and with adequate explanations for such fascinating pursuits as wood and metal working, book-binding, pyrography, modeling, painting, the gymnasium and a whole host of similar things. Fortunate indeed is the boy who gets such a volume.

Love and the Ironmonger, by F. J. Randall. Published by John Lane, New York.

A London merchant leaves a legacy to three of his employees on condition that they effect certain moral reforms in their characters. After the third fall from grace they will cease to benefit and the money will go elsewhere. A farcical situation is naturally developed, and although a somewhat humorous story is well told, the story is not one that will lead to an inflation of the domestic gas bill.

The History of Aythan Waring, by Violet Jacob. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$1.25.

This is a well told story of the Welsh borderland and of two boys brought up in the same household whose relationship turns gradually from affection to hatred. The characters are commonplace both in head and heart, but the story is told with a certain intensity and accuracy that justify its warm commendation.



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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

F. Marion Crawford's "The Primadonna," the expected sequel to "Fair Margaret," is to be published this month. "Fair Margaret" is probably the most popular story Mr. Crawford has written since the "Saracinesca" series, and the demand for a sequel is said to have been so insistent that the author could scarcely have resisted it, even had he wished to.

The opening article of the May Century, "Literary Rolls of Honor in France," was written by Th. Bentzon (Mme. Thérèse Blanc), whose interest in American literature and sympathetic regard for American ideals won her a wide and appreciative circle of friends and admirers in this country. She visited America several times, and among several volumes dealing with things and people in America was a volume on the progress of women in this country, a subject in which Mme. Blanc was specially interested. Mme. Blanc died in February, 1907, after a rarely active, full, and fruitful life. She was one of the few women admitted to the Légion d'Honneur.

The Reverend Sabine Baring-Gould has been engaged by the present Rajah of Sarawak to write his life, which leads the London Book Monthly to prophesy that before long American millionaires will be enjoying biographers as they do cooks and chauffeurs.

Mark Twain appears in the International Studio for May in a reproduction of a characteristic pen sketch by John W. Alexander. The article on Mr. Alexander's recent work is contributed by Arthur Hochoer and is illustrated with a number of hitherto unreproduced portraits, including that of "Mrs. R." and a study called "The Sisters." Three portraits by Mr. Alexander are reproduced in tinted inserts, one being the portrait of Walt Whitman owned by the Metropolitan Museum.

Edith MacVane, whose new novel, "The Duchess of Dreams," will be brought out by the J. B. Lippincott Company, is a daughter of Professor S. M. MacVane, economist and historian, of Harvard University. She is less than thirty and resides at Cambridge when she is not abroad with her sister, who is married and resides in France. Miss MacVane is soon to write a play, which is to be presented by Margaret Anglin. "The Duchess of Dreams" was written at Sorrento, although it is an American story. It is described as "a tale of social ambition, of startling adventure, and of passionate love, placed against a background of a Newport summer."

Gunter's Magazine has been bought by Street & Smith, who will take over the publication with the number for May.

Loie Fuller, the American dancer, known in Europe as "La Loie," has written an account of her experiences on the American and European stage, and is now making arrangements for its simultaneous publication in this country and England, and in Germany and France. It is said the book will contain many hitherto unpublished and striking revelations affecting personages conspicuous in the political, intellectual, and artistic life of London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Budapest, and Constantinople, as well as New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and other leading American cities.

New Publications.

The Macmillan Company, New York, has published a new edition of "The Californians," by Gertrude Atherton. Price, \$1.50.

Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, have published "Human, All Too Human," by Friedrich Nietzsche. It is significant, unpleasantly so, that such a book should be put forward as a part of Socialist propaganda. Price, 50 cents.

Duffield & Co., New York, have issued a handsome edition of the poems of Edgar Allan Poe, collected and edited with a critical introduction and notes by Edmund Clarence Stedman and George Edward Woodberry. Price, \$1.

Students of Spanish will welcome Schilling's "Don Basilio," a practical guide to Spanish conversation and correspondence. Translated and edited by Frederick Zagel and published by Henry Holt & Co., New York. Price, \$1.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, has issued a little volume containing thirteen of Grimm's Märchen, suitably retold and with vocabulary, by James R. Kern and Minna M. Kern. Price, 30 cents.

"Outlines of Music History," by Clarence G. Hamilton, A. M., published by the Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, is intended as a concise survey of the entire field of musical development from the earliest times until the present day. The work is well done and the very numerous illustrations are excellent. Price, \$1.50.

A. N. Marquis & Co., Chicago, have published "Who's who in America for 1908-1909," thoroughly revised and brought down to date. Brief, crisp, personal sketches of 16,395 of the most notable living Americans

in all parts of the world—the conspicuous men and women in every walk of life. Price, \$4.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, has published a "Reader of French Pronunciation," by Julius Tuckerman, head of the modern language department of the Central High School, Springfield, Massachusetts. Price, 50 cents.

The Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, has published "The Art of Vocalization: A Series of Graded Vocal Studies for All Voices," selected from the works of celebrated masters, and edited by Eduardo Marzo. In three volumes. Price, 75 cents each, postpaid.

Silver, Burdett & Co., New York, Boston, and Chicago, have published "Harmony and Ear Training," by W. A. White, professor of music of Syracuse University. The treatment from the standpoint of the student seems to be unusually complete. Price, \$1.50.

"An Introductory Course in Exposition," by Frances M. Perry of Wellesley College, and "Elementary Algebra," by Frederick H. Somerville of Penn Charter School, have been published by the American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. Price of each, \$1.

A little book of great value is a collection of "Aphorisms and Reflections from the Works of T. H. Huxley," selected by Henrietta A. Huxley. The selections are wisely chosen, while the volume is enriched by an admirable frontispiece photograph. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.

A Car Conductor's Passion.

Wallace Irwin's latest volume of verse is entitled "The Love Sonnets of a Car Conductor." It is a further development of the vein the rhyming humorist prospected in "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum," and some of the ore is high grade. Three of the sonnets from the book (which is published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco and New York) are subjoined:

X.

Three days with sad skidoo have come and went,
Yet Pansy cometh nix to ride with me.
I rubber vainly at the throng to see
Her golden locks—gee! such a discontent!
Perhaps she's heat it with some soapy gent—
Perhaps she's promised Gill the Grip to be
His No. 1 till Death tolls "23"!—
While I am Outsky in the supplement.

Now and anon some Lizzie flags the train
And I, poor dots, cry, "Rapture, it is her!"
Yet guess again—my hope is all in vain—
And Pansy girl refuses to finish.
If this keeps up I think I'll finish swell
Among the jabbers in a padded cell.

XI.

My trolley hikes to Harlem p. d. q.,
And picks up pikers all along the beat.
At six o'clock the aisles are full of feet,
The straps with fingers, and the entire zoo
Boils on the platform with a mad hurroo
Reckless as Bronx mosquitoes after meat.
The widow stands, the fat man gets the seat
And Satan smiles like Foxy M. Depew.

And as we hikes along I thinks, thinks I,
"The human race is like the ocean foam,
Roaring and discontented, peevish, fly—"
Say, why in hazes don't they stay to home?
This travel-sickness is a danger which
Keeps hohoes poor and corporations rich.

XII.

Today I piped my future Ma-in-law.
She got aboard my Pullman and she scared
Three babies into fits the way she glared.
Rattle my haggage if I ever saw
A cracker-hox to equal Mother's jaw,
A hardwood-finish face all nailed and squared.
She ossified the gripman when she stared—
And me? Well, I was overcome with awe.

But, being Pansy's Ma, 'twas up to me
To hand her something pit-a-pat and swell,
And so I says, "Hello, Queen Cherokee!"
What ho! for Pansy? hope she's feeling well."
And Ma responds, a trifle tart but game,
"She minds her bizness—hope you feel the same."

James Jeffrey Roche, poet and newspaper man, died recently at Berne, in Switzerland, where he was American consul. Roche was a happy, generous, and graceful person—graceful physically and mentally—and wrote some of the most elegant and charming *vers de société* of our day. His repete rests on his verses and his sometimes extremely clever prose skits, such as "The Sorrows of Sap'ed." Succeeding John Boyle O'Reilly as editor of the Boston Pilot, on O'Reilly's much-lamented death in 1890, he never reached the virile power and splendid assertion of that remarkable man; but he loved O'Reilly, as all his friends loved him, and endeavored to follow his leading. Roche was born at Mountmellick, Queens, Ireland, May 31, 1847, being thus nearly sixty-one years old, though those who knew him well rated him much younger than his real age.

An interesting cartoon showing a big California redwood tree and picturing from its roots to its topmost branch some of the important historical events and discoveries that have occurred during the growth of one of those forest antediluvians, recently appeared in Life. The picture was drawn by C. Broughton and is about to be published by one of the railroads as an advertisement of the wonders of California.

Miss Heath's Concert.

More than ordinary interest attaches to the concert to be given by Miss Helen Colburn Heath, the well-known lyric soprano, at Century Club Hall, next Tuesday evening, April 28. Miss Heath has a voice of unusual quality, range, sweetness, and cultivation, and is always warmly welcomed wherever she sings. Her numbers will include works of Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Spohr, Chaminade, Saint-Saëns, Leo Stern, Humperdinck, Henry Gilbert, Ethel Harraden, an old French composition, the "Polonaise" from "Mignon," and "In the Moon-Shower," by Henry Worthington Loomis, in which the services of that delightful reader, Mrs. Louise Humphrey-Smith, and the talented violinist, Miss Claire Ferrin, will be enlisted. Miss Edna M. Willcox will act as accompanist and will also play, as solos, Zarembski's Valse-Caprice, Op. 24, and Tchaikowsky's Scherzo Humoresque, Op. 19, No. 2. Seats are on sale at Kohler & Chase's music house. Reserved, \$1.50; general admission, \$1.

The Damrosch Orchestra will give the only orchestral events at the Greek Theatre of the State University this season. Mr. Damrosch is himself a Yale man and the invitation to appear at Berkeley was extended as soon as the faculty committee learned of his coming. Among the works to be played is the "Academic Festival Overture" by Brahms, dedicated to the University of Breslau, and which contains a number of old German college songs, including the universal one of "Gaudeamus Igitur."



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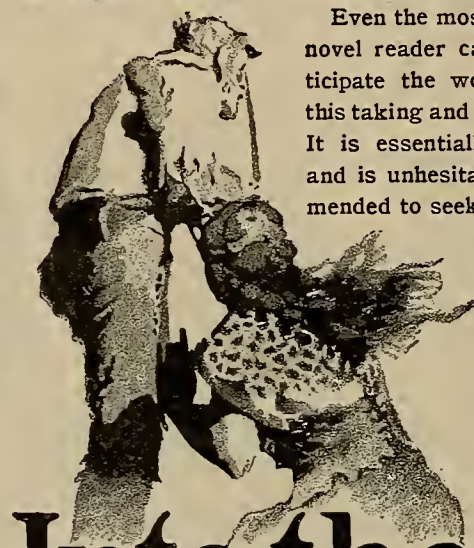
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Into the Primitive

By ROBERT AMES BENNET



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FRANCIS WILSON, THE COMEDIAN.

By George L. Shoals.

"When Knights Were Bold" is frankly catalogued as a farce by its author, Charles Marlowe, or its producing manager, Charles Frohman, and the confession might well avert serious treatment, but the piece may serve nevertheless as an instructive example of the advantage the story-teller has over the playwright. The idea around which the farce is constructed has been used often, and with more or less success by the novelists. Mark Twain was perhaps as near success with it in "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur" as any, and happier efforts have been put down to his credit. Yet the writer who presents his scenes and characters on the printed page has an easy task compared with that of the dramatist. In the hook the reader sees but one thing at a time. Every speaker has the centre of the stage and the limelight in turn. There are no points of divided interest, no distracting byplay, no creaking of machinery, no waving of painted walls that should seem solid stone. And the actors give and receive their cues with exactness and certainty, and without accidentally disturbing inflections and humorous interpolations that shatter the gravity of tense situations.

The intensely modern and practical owner of a castle that dates back to Richard the Lion-Hearted is surrounded by guests who adore for various reasons the legends and heirlooms of the chivalric past. Most pronounced of all in her devotion to knightly traditions is the girl whom the young haronet intends to win. She never tires of recalling the "days of old" and feverishly awaits some manifestation of ability for doughty deeds that shall tell her where her heart should go. There is little prospect that the prosaic lover will ever realize her ambition, but he wakes up in a dream that has taken him back seven hundred years and is forced into assuming an heroic attitude much against his will. Now this is easy, but to carry on the effect to the other people, who can hardly be supposed to have had the same dream, is another matter. The third act, however, finds the hero awake in earnest, and with enough newly kindled spirit remaining from the dreamland episode to satisfy the yearnings of the romantic young woman who had been in danger of accepting a homish rival.

It doesn't sound so unpromising as it is, or as it would be but for one happy circumstance—the presence of Mr. Francis Wilson in the part of the up-to-date haronet.

It is probable that those who could go back in memory to "The Lion Tamer" at the Baldwin Theatre some fifteen years ago retained some definite ideas as to the pleasing qualities of Mr. Wilson's ability as a comic-opera comedian. It is certain that the playgoers with gray hair who can hark back still another decade to "Erminie" have still more convincing memories. But it must be remembered that there were others present Monday evening at the Van Ness Theatre when the comedian made his reappearance in San Francisco, and those others were in doubt only one minute after that heart-warming reception which the generous audience offered.

There are only a few comedians, after all, you discover when you look over the dramatic field, though there are any number of amusing people on the stage. The real comedian is the one who shows you a well-rounded if eccentric figure in the character written down in the play. He is Caleh Plummer or Cyrano or Robert Macaire, and not the personality "presented" by the manager or starred with incandescents above the theatre entrance. If the part does not live as a distinct portrait after the plot of the play is forgotten it has not been played by a comedian. Thank the old traditions of the stage, and the powers that endowed Francis Wilson with quick intelligence and enduring enthusiasm for this opportunity to inspect the genuine article.

There is little cause to remark upon Mr. Wilson's abandonment of comic opera. There was not much to leave. He may find something much better than his present medium, but this is by no means a poor thing. It has many bright lines, by the author or the actor, and it leaves a well defined impression in the mind of the auditor. Its settings are not pretentious though there are some well studied effects.

In the final summing up one will realize that it is the comedian who makes it better than merely acceptable. The fun has the flavor of burlesque for only a few moments, in the combat scene, where the modern warrior "puts on the gloves" and hests his mailed

opponent with suspicious ease. For the most part there is an absence of even farcical methods. Mr. Wilson is airy and witty and consciously at ease through it all, and if the complications are a little unreal he never allows his audience to suspect that he has recognized their strained connections. He makes the character of Guy De Vere a winning one from the first.

Mary Boland, who is the romantic Lady Rowena, has claims to recognition and regard that are not likely to be ignored. She is tall and slender with a blonde beauty that well suits her statuesque poses. Her voice is sympathetic and altogether pleasing, even in the melodramatic passages of the second act. One could reasonably look to her for capable and effective work in a more exacting part.

George Irving played the rather unpleasant rôle of Isaacson in a key that makes its foreshadowing aspects least prominent. His occasional touches of dialect are more difficult to explain than to understand. Augustin Duncan's Honorable Charles Widdicombe is a particularly good hit, and his appearance as the jester is proof of his versatility and his agility as well. Campbell Gollan as Sir Brian Ballymote, the rival suitor, is not a good foil to the comedian. He is not a good figure of the Sir Lucius O'Trigger sort, but it may be conceded that his opportunities are few. It seemingly requires little courage or bluff to drive him from his vantage ground. The Dean, by Clarence Handysides, is the traditional English clergyman. Of the little given to his part, Joseph Allen, as Barker, makes a good deal, and the loyal servant of thirty years and the ancient seneschal are both convincing figures.

For one deft touch the playwright deserves especial commendation. The last act is brief and the end comes with little warning. Not more than half of the feminine headgear in the audience was raised into place when the curtain fell. The orchestra suggests the motive of the comedy with the opening bars of that old song, once so dear to the amateur haritone, which furnishes the title. As the audience moved up the aisles and out through the foyer more than one was recalling the melody audibly. And the comedian and the play are as charming as the song was in its most popular days.

Third Lyric Chamber Music Concert.

The third of the series of popular chamber concerts by the Lyric String Quartet at Lyric Hall will be given next Sunday afternoon, May 3, on which occasion Mrs. Marie Wilson Stoney, a pianiste who created a sensation here when quite a young girl by playing a concerto with Scheel's orchestra, will play Mendelssohn's Trio No. 1 with Messrs. Severi and Villalpando. Mrs. Stoney is the daughter of James K. Wilson, the hanker, who at one time was principal of Lincoln School. The other numbers will be a Beethoven string quartet and short numbers by Hasse, Chelini, and Boccherini. Seats are now sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Alameda Club in Drama.

The Shakespeare Club of Alameda, which last year successfully presented Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windemere's Fan," is arranging to produce next month a four-act comedy-drama written in collaboration by Mrs. Samuel Montgomery Haslett and George Austin Dennison. "The Californian" is the title of the play, the setting of which, however, is the English manor environment. Mrs. Haslett's talents have already won her distinction not only as an author, but in the histrionic art.

The old saw about the prophet and his native land may be applied to an exceedingly merry and equally popular widow, says the Trieste correspondent of a Berlin paper. Lehar's well-known opera, which was hissed at Agram and at Trieste by Montenegrins, who took offense at the misrepresentation of their people by the writer, met with the same treatment at Serajewo. The nearer she gets to her home the less sympathy the merry woman seems to find. At Serajewo a riot took place in front of the theatre, and the police had to drive away the people, who endeavored to drown the music by singing Serbian national songs.

The mansion house of Ahhotsford, world-famous as the home of Sir Walter Scott, is in want of a tenant. The famous library and collection of antiquities are held in trust by the dean of the faculty of advocates, Edinburgh, on condition that the heirs of the huilder of Ahhotsford find accommodation for them in five out of the forty rooms in the house.

John Drew will be the next attraction at the Van Ness Theatre, opening a two weeks' engagement on Monday night, May 4, with his latest success, called "My Wife." It is a comedy in four acts from the French of Messrs. Gavault and Charnay and was arranged for presentation in this country by the well-known writer, Michael Morton.

A special theatrical performance in aid of Bush-Street Temple and its school, consisting of a presentation of "The Triumph," a drama in three acts by Rahhi B. M. Kaplan, will be given at the Van Ness Theatre Sunday evening, May 3, under the direction of Mr. Fred Butler of the New Alcazar Theatre company.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The reopening of the Novelty Theatre next Monday evening, April 27, will be an event of importance in the history of that playhouse, as it marks the beginning of the engagement of Katherine Grey, a San Franciscan who has gained fame in the East and is still practically unknown to theatre-goers of her home city. Miss Grey will make her debut as a star here in Clyde Fitch's society comedy-drama, "The Truth." Marie Tempest presented the play for a year and a half in London with unbounded success, and Martin Beck, who has the American rights to the piece, has selected Miss Grey as being the best exponent of the character of Becky Warder obtainable. The supporting company is a notable one, including Robert Warwick, formerly leading man with Mary Manning, Virginia Harned, and Miss Grey; Harrison Hunter, well remembered here from his support of Sothorn and Marlowe and Maude Adams; Robert V. Ferguson, a well-known actor recently with Mrs. Fiske; Ira Hards, who originally played the "Little Minister" here; Miss Ida Hammer, long with Maude Adams, and Miss Katherine Emmett. "The Truth" will be carefully staged. It will be followed by several dramatic novelties. The prices during Miss Grey's engagement will range from 50 cents to \$1.50, except at the Saturday matinees, when seats will be 50 and 75 cents.

Next week at the Princess Theatre may be expected to break all records, and there have been some grand successes before this, but Edwin Stevens will appear in "Wang" Monday night, and that alone is an announcement that is sufficient to insure a rush for seats. Mr. Stevens won abundant laurels in other days at the old Tivoli Opera House in a long line of comic opera characterizations, all clear cut and distinctive, but there was none that exceeded in popularity his impersonation of the monarch with "an elephant on his hands." Since that time he has been a member of the best dramatic companies in the country, and always with notable success as a character actor and comedian. He will be welcomed heartily at the Princess. In addition to this new star in the opera house forces, Cecilia Rhoda, the prima donna who has won the admiration and regard of all who have seen her in one or all of her appearances during the past months at the Princess, will return after a four weeks' vacation. She will have the part of Marie in "Wang." Miss Tina Marshall, a newcomer, will appear as Gillette. Zoe Barnett will have the former Della Fox rôle of the Crown Prince, and will do it well. Sarah Edwards will suit herself to the part of the Widow Frimousse. Arthur Cunningham will be the Colonel Robert Facasse, and repeat his former success at the Tivoli Opera House. Harold Crane, Oscar Apfel, Ben Lodge, George B. Field, and others of the favorites are well cast. "Little Christopher" and "The Song Birds" will be given for the last times this Sunday matinee and night.

At the Van Ness Theatre next week Francis Wilson will continue in his laughing success, "When Knights Were Bold." The comedian and the play are noticed in another column.

"The Heir to the Hoorah" is announced for presentation at the New Alcazar Theatre next week. Miss Marion Barney, an Oakland girl who has achieved success as an actress in the East, has been specially engaged for the rôle of the widow in the play. The part was written for her by the author, Paul Armstrong, but Daniel Frohman refused to release her from an engagement to play the leading rôle in "The Embassy Ball," and the widow went to another artist. Miss Barney was resting at her Oakland home, after an arduous season, when the New Alcazar management induced her to play the character that was constructed with a view to fitting her best acting qualities. All the favorites of the company will be seen to advantage in the play. "The Light Eternal" is now in its last nights.

At the Orpheum next week the attractions are many and varied. May Boley, the gifted young comedienne and mimic, will introduce her inimitable impersonation of the Sales Lady. Miss Boley is not only an actress, but she is also a charming vocalist and an accomplished danseuse. Agnes Mahr, the American Tommy Atkins, will be a charming feature. Rosaire and Doretto, comedians, gymnasts, and tumblers, will present an act called "The Captain and the Sailor." It has been a great hit in the other theatres of the Orpheum circuit. The other new people will be Avery and Hart. Next week will be the last of Cliff Gordon, the German monologist, Marie Florence, the Banks-Breazeale Duo, and of Flo Irwin and company in George Ade's farcical satire, "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse."

The New York Yiddish Players are having a successful season at the Sixteenth-Street Theatre. It is not strange that good houses have been attracted by the remarkable ability of the members of this company, supporting Mme. Fanny Reinhart-Brown. On Friday evening, April 24, the hill is "The Hero of Yehuda." Saturday evening, "Shulamith." Sunday evening, "The Jewish Music Master."

AMUSEMENTS

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VANITY FAIR.

What becomes of the world's jewels? Where now are all those marvelous gems of which we read in ancient literature and which must have been equal in beauty and far more than equal in value to anything that we have at the present day? We may similarly ask what has become of the gold of antiquity, but then gold disappears under the friction of use. Even the most substantial wedding ring is worn to an exquisite tenuity before the approach of the golden wedding. But the jewels of antiquity? Where are they?

In some of his Indian stories Rudyard Kipling tells us marvelous things about buried treasure, buried so securely and so long ago that primeval jungle has asserted its sway where once were great cities and splendid temples. Was it not Lord Cromer who spoke almost with awe of the vast treasures known to exist in Indian hiding places and of the habits of boarding just as common now as they were a thousand years ago? Perhaps it will be left to some future age to make discoveries of forgotten treasure vast enough to stagger the imagination.

Oriental potentates still have their treasures and they are far greater than is usually known. The Shah of Persia has precious stones estimated to be worth \$85,000,000 and he in no way professes to be a collector. Quite recently some American travelers were overheard discussing the value of the pretty things said to be in the Shah's treasure chamber, and at once there was a suspicion that they intended to steal them. The old vaults were at once discarded and new ones built. The most modern electrical contrivances were installed and a guard of picked men were placed upon duty day and night. And the Persian soldier is a cheerful sort of barbarian who is ever hopeful that the stranger will give him some excuse to kill him.

It must be admitted that the Shah's jewel case is worth guarding. His greatest treasure is a sword with a hilt and scabbard so encrusted with diamonds as to be worth \$1,500,000. The imperial crown contains a ruby supposed to be the finest in the world and easily worth \$750,000. Then, too, there is the girdle of state, heavily inlaid with diamonds and emeralds, but the treasure of treasures is a cube of amber measuring four hundred cubic inches. This cube fell from heaven about 1500 years ago and it bears a strange inscription identified by experts as in the handwriting of the Angel Gabriel. There can be no doubt about the origin of this cube or of the nature of its inscription. Both are certified by the Persian authorities. These are but a few of the more notable objects in the Persian treasure chamber. A thing of unusual beauty is an immense silver vase thickly covered with pearls and turquoises, while no less remarkable is a terrestrial globe with the land worked in enamel and jewels, the rivers in diamonds, the lakes in turquoises, and the mountains in gold re-

lief. Such a mass of splendor is almost enough to provoke a European "protectorate."

There is a plausible theory that genius is not only never inherited, but that its appearance in a family is often at the expense of future generations. That is to say, the family that produces a genius will probably sink not only to the normal, but actually below the normal just as though the great man or woman had gathered up the potentialities of the future as well as of the past. This theory would seem to receive some confirmation from the career of Prince Helie de Sagan, who seems after all to have won the experienced affections of Mme. Gould. Prince Sagan's ancestor was no less a man than Prince Talleyrand, and Prince Talleyrand was the only possible competitor with Machiavelli in a sinister statecraft from which the world has suffered more or less ever since. But Machiavelli was a far better man than Talleyrand, who was never known to show any glimmering of moral sense and who was always at the service of the highest bidder. Prince de Sagan is, of course, a Frenchman, but as a prince he is a German. His title comes from an estate in Silesia, and it may be doubted if he has any right to the title at all, seeing that his father is still alive. It is said that the dutiful son allows him an income of about \$10 a week from the estate, of which he is the legal administrator, but then the whole duchy is worth only about \$4000 a year, and this does not leave a very substantial margin for dissipation in Paris or for the expenses attendant on the courtship of an American heiress. It is quite upon the cards that the German emperor may refuse to continue the title in direct succession. He has the legal power to do so, and his views upon domestic improprieties are not of the modern kind.

There was a time not long ago when public rumor used the name of the Prince de Sagan very freely in connection with some ugly forgery charges. The occasion was the mess into which Lebaudy got himself when he was persecuted by the money lenders for payment of promissory notes which bore his name, but which he repudiated as spurious. De Sagan was charged with forgery and he is said to have spent nearly a year in durance vile as a result.

His record as a duelist is no less remarkable. The French duel is not, of course, a very sanguinary affair, as is shown by the fact that the prince has been engaged in more than a hundred of them and still lives to tell the tale. As a physical exercise it is nearly equal to Diabolo, while it has the advantage of being taken before breakfast, which gives it a hygienic value not possessed by its competitor.

It seems that the most successful beauty doctor in Paris is an American woman and that to her skill is due the fact that Princess Marie Bonaparte, who really needed no attention of the kind, was able to appear at her

wedding absolutely without a spot or blemish so far as the eye was permitted to see. Incidentally, it may be as well to say that men do not greatly appreciate this flawless complexion that is so much coveted. The beauties of the last century who affixed to their faces tiny pieces of black plaster were wiser in their day and generation than the women who came after them. They knew the charm of an imperfection, and at the present time a freckle or a blemish may easily be the most adorable feature of a pretty woman's face. But then women are so silly about such things.

But to return to the American woman in Paris. Her name is Mme. Swift, and the New York *World* tells us something about her. Or rather she tells the New York *World* something about herself, which is very much the same thing. She says that the French are mere amateurs in the matter of beauty treatment. When they want the real thing they have to go to an American for it. The French doctors are trying hard to get into line, especially those who cultivate a fashionable business, because they know that the average woman will pay far more to be made beautiful than to have pain relieved or disease cured. But it is the American woman who really understands the beauty business and the care of the skin because she appreciates the value of water and, be it whispered, of soap. But when it comes to dress as an adjunct to beauty, and to the use of cosmetics, then the American woman is nowhere. She knows nothing about dress because she leaves out of her calculations such important factors as her own figure, age, and complexion, while in cosmetics she has had little or no experience:

"We think here in New York that the American woman is extravagant," continued Mme. Swift, "and that she spends too much on her looks. But take the high-class French woman and there is nothing she will not do, no money she will not spend, to prolong the time when she may be called young. Your French woman takes a specialist into her own home, if she can induce her to come, and is willing to suffer any social deprivation the treatment may entail upon her if only she can be made more beautiful.

"One of my clients showed me a small box of rouge, the ordinary powder rouge, made of good carmine chalk, zinc, and powder, exquisitely gotten up in a velvet and gold case, and told me that she had paid \$100 for it, and that she had been glad to get it at any price. It was the same sort of rouge that in an ordinary box costs a few cents, and if the ingredients were especially finely sifted they had no better effect upon the skin than the less expensive kind. The amount of lotions and powders and paint used by the middle classes, as well as the upper classes, is truly extraordinary. However, as almost all the faces one sees in Paris are covered with a veil of some sort of powder or paint, the eye soon becomes accustomed to it and a perfectly clean and naturally colored skin looks out of place and almost undressed.

"It is partly due to this habit of applying so many cosmetics to the skin that the French woman's cuticle shrivels earlier than does the American's. The French woman speaks so much with her expressive face that she soon gets wrinkles, especially crows' feet and the lines from nose to mouth. Yet very little is done to eradi-

cate these lines and the process of face-peeling is almost unknown.

"It is for that reason that the operations I performed in Paris roused the interest of the physicians there, who supervised and complimented me on my work, for they are willing to take under their protection the person who can beautify their patients, knowing that good looks are a mental stimulant to good health."

In our ignorance we had supposed that face peeling was a French invention, but it seems we were wrong. So we live and learn.

We are grateful to Miss Elena Petrouna Mizunin for throwing a new light upon the amenities of the metropolis. Miss Mizunin has been in New York for four days. She hails from the glittering civilization of Moscow and she has now returned to her home feeling that the Statue of Liberty has outlived its usefulness and that Moscow is, after all, the home of the social amenities. Miss Mizunin does not like New York.

Let us hasten to say that the lady has no ill feeling toward the American people. She will not take an unfair advantage of the absence of the navy or condemn a whole nation for the discourtesies of the few. She had been taught to believe that the Statue of Liberty was a sign of welcome, an open hand as it were, offered to all and sundry. But appearances are deceptive. She found no hospitality except—*mirabile dictu*—from policemen. All other classes fall under the ban of her displeasure, but the New York policeman will occupy a shrine in her heart forever. Who would have thought it?

Miss Mizunin did not like the immigration officials because they were too inquisitive. They wanted to know too much. She did not like the hotels because they contained no one who could speak Russian. She did not like the women because they "think too much about powder, furs, silk dresses, and diamonds." The American women, she says, don't hesitate to "wear a fine, expensive dress on a rainy day." Miss Mizunin believes that they are too extravagant. Lastly, she does not like the gentlemen either. Her experiences on Brooklyn Bridge were painful ones. She says:

"I reached a certain bridge, which my cousin says is the Brooklyn Bridge. There I was jostled and struck by men hurrying to the trains and cars. Not a man bowed or apologized when he struck me accidentally. I didn't find one polite man in New York, except the New York policemen. They are typical gentlemen. They are always ready to assist foreigners."

Staylate (11 p. m.)—Do you really believe that absence makes the heart grow fonder? Miss Cutting (strangling a yawn)—I'm sure I don't know—but it's up to you to give me a chance to find out.—*Chicago Daily News*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

News reaches London *Punch* from a private source of the wonderful and satisfactory effect the Highlanders are having on the Zakha Khels. No sooner do the wild triehs-men catch sight of the skirted warriors than with a cry of "Look out—here come the Suf-fraettes!" they disappear as hy magic.

The latest story of German "thrift" is told at the expense of the proprietor of a circulating library, who charged for the wear and tear suffered by his books at the hands of his patrons. One volume came back to his scrutiny. "See here," he exclaimed, "there is a hole on page nineteen of my beautiful book. And see here," he went on, turning over the leaf, "there is another on page twenty."

A traveler waited at a certain English provincial town in vain for the much over-due train on the branch line. Again he approached the solitary sleepy looking porter and inquired for the twentieth time, "Isn't that train coming soon?" At that moment a dog came trotting up the line, and a glad smile illuminated the official's face. "Ah, yes, sir," replied the porter. "It'll be getting near now. Here comes the engine-driver's dog."

An American actor was once seeing London from the top of a 'bus. As they swung down the Strand he asked the driver to point out the places of interest. "Right you are, sir!" agreed the driver, touching his hat. "There's Luggit 'ill, where they 'ang 'em." A little later: "There's parliament 'ouscs, where they make the laws wot does it, across the way. An' there's Westminster Hahhey, where they hurried the good 'uns wot didn't get 'anged!"

A Massachusetts congressman who was on board the train which was wrecked at Hyde Park, Massachusetts, says that when the shock came, one of the passengers was pitched over several seats just in time to receive the contents of the water-cooler, which tipped over and soaked his clothing with ice-water. A highly excited passenger rushed up to him and told him to keep cool. "Go away," said the wet man, "I am the coolest man in the car. I have just had two huckets of ice-water emptied down my back."

A merchant of a certain town in Illinois one day entered the office of the editor of the only newspaper in the place. He was in a state of mingled excitement and indignation. "I'll not a pay a cent for advertising this week!" he exclaimed. "You told me you would put the notice of my spring sale in with the reading matter." "And didn't I do it?" asked the editor, with reassuring suavity. "No, you didn't!" came from the irate merchant. "You put it in the column with a lot of poetry, that's where you put it!"

Congressman John Sharp Williams tells a "new" story. During the recent Mississippi gubernatorial campaign the Honorable Jeff Truly was one of the unsuccessful aspirants for the majority suffrage of his fellow-citizens. Prohibition doctrines figured in the struggle, and seemed very important to a Methodist minister. "Brother Truly," said the minister, "I want to ask you a question. Do you ever take a drink of whisky?" "Befo' I answer that," responded the wary Brother Truly, "I want to know whether it is an inquiry or an invitation."

An old story of Henry Miller, the actor-manager, has been revived. There was an almost empty house at one of his matinee performances in Brooklyn. A school-girl sat in an orchestra chair and there was a young man in the front row of the balcony. The scene is the deck of a yacht, and as Henry Miller emerged from the cabin and gazed into the empty gulf before him, he spoke his first line: "The sea is purple; have you too noticed it?" An instant later a voice came from the balcony: "Well, I don't know about the lady downstairs, but I can see it all right."

Thackeray got into trouble by copying some of his characters too closely from life, notably when he put his friend, Arthur Archdekne, into "Pendennis" as the ever delightful Harry Foker. Although Thackeray meant no unkindness, Archdekne never quite forgave him. One night, just after Thackeray had delivered his first lecture on "The English Humorists," Archdekne met him at the Cider-Cellar Cluh, surrounded by a coterie who were offering their congratulations. "How are you, Thack?" cried Archie; "I was at your show today at Willis's. What a lot of swells you had there—yes! But I thought it was dull—devilish dull! I will tell you what it is, Thack, you want a piano."

The ethics of the difference between the professional opinion of a paid advocate and the honest conviction of a learned man were set forth by a well-known English harrister who died recently. It was a case of murder, and the client and counsel were closeted together. "Smith," said the harrister, "of course I know you didn't murder the man, hut, as a matter of fact, did you do it with the hutt end of a revolver or with a stick?"

"Sir," said Smith, "I swear I am innocent." "I know that perfectly well, hut you must tell me. For if you did it with a revolver, I shall say to the prosecution, 'produce the stick!' and if you did it with a stick, I shall say, 'produce the revolver!'" The client paused and scratched his head meditatively. It was the hutt end of a revolver, sir." "That's right!" said the counsel; "I think I can get you off now."

Sir Edwin Landseer, the famous animal-painter, had an old servant—his hutler, valct, and faithful slave—named William, who was particularly assiduous in guarding the outer portal; no one could by any possibility gain direct access to Sir Edwin. The answer would invariably be, "Sir Hedwin is not at 'ome." The prince consort himself once received this answer when he called, amplified on that occasion by the assurance that "he had gone to a wedding," an entire fiction on William's part, as the prince found out, for on walking holdly in and round the garden, he noticed Sir Edward looking out of his studio window. This was the faithful attendant who, one day, when a lion had died at "the Zoo," and his corpse came up in a four-wheeled cah to be painted from, startled his master with the question, "Please, Sir Hedwin, did you horder a lion?"

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Bachelor's Soliloquy.

To wed or not to wed:
That is the question.
Whether 'tis better
To remain single
And disappoint a few women—
For a time;
Or marry
And disappoint one woman—
For life! —*Young's Magazine.*

An Artful Dodger.

To dodge his creditors required
Such vigilance and vim,
An auto car he went and hired,
And now they're dodging him.
—*Boston Transcript.*

Due Warning.

It's time to save the wherewith-
Al you didn't save last year:
So later you may therewith
Have some real vacation cheer.

This kind lurch should be heeded—
It's experience that speaks.
A heap of dough is needed
When it's got to last two weeks.

This tip we give you kindly,
And suggest to you you don't
Blow in your income blindly;
That you save some—hut you won't.
—*Indianapolis News.*

Looking Ahead.

One year more
Of Theodore! —*Unidentified.*

Then Captain Taft
Will sail the craft.

"Or Colonel Bryan
Die a-tryin'." —*Chicago Tribune.*

The New Learning.

They taught him now to hemstitch, and they taught
him how to sing,
And how to make a basket out of variegated string,
And how to fold a paper so he wouldn't hurt his
thumb—

They taught a lot to Bertie, hut he
couldn't
do a
sum.

They taught him how to mold the head of Her-
cules in clay,
And how to tell the difference 'twixt the bluebird
and the jay,
And how to sketch a horsie in a little picture-
frame—

But, strangely, they forgot to teach him
how to
spell his
name.

Now, Bertie's pa was crahhed, and he went, one
day to find
What 'twas they did to make his son so backward
in the mind.

"I don't want Bertie wrecked," he cried, in tem-
per far from cool,
"I want him educated!" So he
took him
out of
school.
—*From Jersey jingles, by Leonard H. Robins.*

A. Hirschman.

At the old location. Much enlarged. 1641
and 1643 Van Ness Avenue.

See Salada Beach. Write 1803 Fillmore.

S. F. and San Joaq. Valley Ry 5s
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The Easter season has opened with gayeties of the most brilliant type in prospect, although this week has been devoted principally to weddings, of which there have been an unusual number even for Easter week. Many society folk are following the fleet up the coast and are at one town or another for the many festivities given in honor of the officers. The week in May when the fleet will be in this harbor promises to be one of unprecedented gayety and magnificence of entertainment for San Francisco and the greatest enthusiasm marks the preparations for that time.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith, daughter of Mrs. Eleanor Hyde-Smith, to Mr. Baldwin Wood. No date is announced for their wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Brown, daughter of Colonel E. T. Brown, U. S. A., and Mrs. Brown, to Lieutenant George E. Turner, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A. Their wedding will take place on Monday, May 4, at the home of Colonel and Mrs. Lundeen, Presidio of San Francisco.

The engagement is announced of Miss Beatrice Fife, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Fife, to Captain Edmund Shortlidge, assistant surgeon, U. S. A. No date is announced for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hoopes of Philadelphia announce the engagement of their daughter Marion to Mr. Frederick Tomlinson Stevenson, United States Navy. Mr. Stevenson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Griffith Stevenson of Menlo Park. Miss Hoopes and her mother are visiting relatives near San Francisco and will be here until after the naval review.

The wedding of Miss Josephine Brown and Mr. Harry Stetson took place on Monday last at the home of the bride's cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Hayne, at San Mateo. The ceremony was performed at noon by Archbishop Riordan, assisted by the Rev. Father Charles Ramm. Mrs. Richardson (formerly Miss Gladys Postley of Santa Barbara) was the matron of honor, and Miss Annie Brewer and Miss Nora Brewer were the bridesmaids. Mr. Walter S. Hohart was the best man and the ushers were Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. William Page, Mrs. Harry Simpkins, and Mr. Alfred Wilcox of Los Angeles. Only the relatives and more intimate friends of the two families were present at the ceremony. After a brief wedding journey in this State, Mr. and Mrs. Stetson will leave for a European tour of some months' duration.

The wedding of Miss Georgia Spicker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Spicker, to Mr. John S. Drum took place on Wednesday at the home of the bride's parents in Ross Valley. The ceremony was performed at 1 o'clock by Archbishop Riordan, assisted by the Rev. Father Charles Ramm. There were no attendants of either bride or groom and only the members of the two families were present. Mr. and Mrs. Drum have gone East on their wedding journey and on their return will live in this city.

The wedding of Miss Genevieve Schultz, daughter of Mr. G. A. Schultz, to Mr. Harold Law took place on Monday evening at St. Luke's Church. The ceremony was performed at half-past 8 o'clock by the Rev. Edward Morgan, rector of St. Luke's. Miss Elise Schultz, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Clarisse Lyon, Miss Helen Gray, and Miss Ethel Jackson. Mr. Huert Law, the bridegroom's brother, was the best man, and the ushers were Mr. Allan Green, Mr. Grantland Voorhies, Mr. Harry Nichols, and Mr. William Michelbach. After the cere-

mony there was a small reception at the home of the bride on Walnut Street. Mr. and Mrs. Law have gone south on a motor trip and on their return will live in this city.

The wedding is announced of Miss Gertrude Wheeler, daughter of Mrs. Charles Carroll Wheeler and sister of Mr. Charles Stetson Wheeler, to Mr. John Woods Beckham, on Wednesday, March 18, at Princeton, New Jersey. Mr. and Mrs. Beckman will make their home in St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Fred Kohl will entertain at a dinner at the Hotel Fairmont on the evening of May 8, they and their guests going later to the Greenway hall in honor of the officers of the naval fleet.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall will entertain at a dinner on Friday evening, May 8, preceding the Greenway hall.

Miss Hilda Van Sicken will entertain at a luncheon at the Claremont Country Club on May 1.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon was the hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday last at the Fairmont Hotel, at which thirty guests were present.

Mr. William B. Bourn was the host at a dinner on Thursday of last week at the Fairmont in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon.

Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase was the hostess at a tea on Wednesday afternoon at her apartments at the St. Xavier in honor of Miss Florence Breckinridge.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis came up last week from their Bakersfield home for a stay at their apartment on Sacramento Street. They will go a little later in the season to their country place at Tahoe for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun and Miss Martha Calhoun motored to Del Monte to spend Easter, having as their guests Miss Emily Wilson and Miss Elizabeth Newhall.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander of New York and their daughters will spend the summer at Burlingame, where they have taken the J. D. Grant house for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Dibblee have been staying at the Dibblee ranch in Santa Barbara County for a week or two.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard will leave shortly for a tour of travel through the Western States, going later to Tahoe, where they will spend the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry M. Sherman left this week for the East, where they will spend the next six weeks.

Mrs. Arthur Page and Miss Leslie Page left this week for Santa Barbara, where they will spend a few days, going thence to the Grand Cañon and will return here in about a fortnight.

Mrs. William H. Taylor will leave shortly with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, for Europe.

Miss Linda Cadwalader has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Howard at San Mateo during the past week.

Mrs. L. L. Baker has gone to Santa Barbara to spend a fortnight with her daughter, Miss Dorothy Baker, who is a student at the Blanchard-Gamble school there.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger have closed their Pacific Avenue home and are at their country place at Woodside for the summer.

Mrs. James Robinson and Miss Elena Robinson have returned from a visit to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

Miss Hess Pringle is spending a week at Monterey as the guest of friends.

Miss Alice Hager has returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hicks of Los Angeles.

Mrs. E. F. Preston and Mrs. Worthington Ames left a few days since for Europe, where they will travel for the next six months.

Mrs. H. L. Roosevelt, wife of Captain Roosevelt (formerly Miss Eleanor Morrow), arrived on Friday evening from Cuba, where Captain Roosevelt has been stationed, to spend the summer with her mother and father, Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, at San Rafael.

Baron and Baroness von Schroeder, Miss Jeannette von Schroeder, and Miss Edith von Schroeder are at the Hotel Rafael for a stay.

Mrs. Davenport and Miss Eleanor Davenport have returned to town, after an absence of some months in the Southern States and in Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Shreve are at San Mateo for the season.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffatt have taken a place near Los Gatos for the summer and are already domiciled there.

Miss Anita Mailliard is spending a fortnight in Santa Barbara.

Miss Emily Carolan has returned from a brief visit to San Mateo.

Miss Helen Wheeler has been spending several days in town as the guest of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, who have recently returned from the East, spent the Easter season at Del Monte.

Mrs. Gove, wife of Captain Gove, U. S. N., has taken an apartment at the Lafayette on Sacramento Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman have gone to Ross Valley, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. John Sutton of Louisville, Kentucky,

is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Sherwood Hopkins, at Menlo Park.

Mr. William Carrigan is spending a few weeks at Bolinas.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson, who have been at their Steiner-Street home during the winter, have gone to Ross Valley to remain until the fall.

Mrs. S. L. Bee will leave shortly for the East to spend the summer. Mr. Everett Bee will spend the season in San Rafael.

Mr. Henry Nickel left last week for a trip to Panama.

Mr. and Mrs. Medill McCormick of Chicago were recent guests at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. William Casey and Miss Ruth Casey have gone East to spend the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Jules Brett have arrived recently at Lima, Peru.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Victoria were Mr. E. W. Effendahl of La Moine, Mr. O. Y. Woodward of Woodward Island, Mr. William Kettman and Mr. W. J. Moss-holder, of San Diego.

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Lally, Miss Lally, Mr. I. E. Kingman, Mr. Jay W. Adams, Mr. W. H. Scott, Mr. M. Pray, Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. Swezy, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at the Fairmont Hotel were Mr. F. C. Lusk of Chico, Mr. C. W. Tuttle of Colusa, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. de Latour of Rutherford, James M. Hogan, M. D., of Vallejo, Mr. Josiah W. Stanford of Warm Springs, Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Taylor of Livermore.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Normandie were Mrs. A. C. Sutton, Louisville, Kentucky; Colonel Frank Johnson and family, San Rafael; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Zemansky, Los Angeles; Mr. Fred B. Pierce, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. B. Guggenheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Davis, Mr. J. Lippman, and Mr. and Mrs. Percy L. Davis, San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Enrique Grau, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Fenwick, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Keith, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hammond, Miss M. A. Bradbury, Mr. William H. Crosby, Mrs. L. J. Holiday, Dr. W. Chamberlain, U. S. A., Miss Charlotte Chamberlain, Mr. L. H. Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Bruff, Mrs. W. T. Allen, Miss Ruth A. Allen, Mrs. M. B. Kerr, Mr. Ralph S. Kerr, Miss Shepard, Mr. R. D. Hageman, Mr. W. L. Scribner, Mr. J. E. Fickett, Mr. A. E. Prehle, Mrs. O. A. Hale, Miss Clarisse Hale, Miss Louise Field, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Chaddock, Mr. and Mrs. L. I. Cowgill, Mr. Glenn Cowgill, Mr. Charles A. Stewart, Mr. Rolla V. Watt, Mr. R. W. Osborne, Mr. James Wyrpe, Mr. W. H. Lowden, Mr. C. D. Haven, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Eustace, Mrs. C. B. Rust, Miss Rust, Mr. John Chetwood, Mr. B. McPherson, Mr. James King Steel, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Webster, Colonel W. R. Smedberg, U. S. A., of San Francisco.

"One dollar a bottle, sir." "But what will it cure?" "What have you got?"—Life.

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The handsomest five-color litho fleet poster ever issued. Size of poster, 19x27. Mailed for 30 cents in stamps. A. Lohe & Co., 565-6 Pacific Building, San Francisco.

See Salada Beach. Write 1803 Fillmore.

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"A cake of prevention is worth a box of cure."

Don't wait until the mischief's done before using Pears' Soap.

There's no preventive so good as Pears' Soap.

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So does France
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To protect yourself against alum, when ordering baking powder,

Say plainly—

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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Royal is the only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar. It adds to the digestibility and wholesomeness of the food.



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A Shilling in London
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The **Everlast** PATENTED
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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel George Andrews, adjutant-general, U. S. A., who is returning from Manila, where he has been stationed for the past two years, by way of the Suez Canal and Europe, has had the leave of absence granted him extended one month and six days. On arrival in this country Colonel Andrews will proceed to Denver, Colorado, for station.

Colonel J. Walker Benet, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., recently visited the works of the E. I. Du Pont Nemours Powder Company at Santa Cruz on official business pertaining to the inspection of material in process of manufacture for the Ordnance Department.

Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Corhusier, assistant surgeon-general, U. S. A., is announced as having been retired from active service, dating from April 10.

Major Lloyd Brett, First Cavalry, U. S. A., is relieved from duty as adjutant-general of the militia of the District of Columbia, to take effect May 1, and will then proceed to join his regiment in the Philippines. Upon his arrival in San Francisco, en route to join his regiment, Major Brett will report in person to the commanding general, Department of California, for duty pending the departure of the transport upon which he may secure transportation.

Major William Lassiter, Third Field Artillery, U. S. A., is ordered to proceed to Hot Springs, Arkansas, and report in person to the commanding officer, Army and Navy General Hospital at that place, for observation and treatment.

Assistant Naval Constructor Henry T. Wright, U. S. N., on duty at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, has recently undergone his examinations for promotion at Mare Island.

Captain Murray Baldwin, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Twenty-Sixth Infantry to the Eighth Infantry.

Captain F. H. Sargent, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., who has been granted leave of absence, arrived on the *Buford* early this week from Manila.

Captain Ferdinand Kohhe, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., has had the leave of absence granted him on a surgeon's certificate of disability extended one month on account of sickness.

Captain Frederick L. Dangler, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is detailed as an acting quartermaster for duty in the Army Transport Service, and will proceed to San Francisco and report to the general superintendent of the Army Transport Service for assignment.

Captain Frederick W. Cole, quartermaster, U. S. A., has had his resignation of his commission as an officer of the army accepted, having taken effect on April 6.

Captain David L. Stone, quartermaster, U. S. A., now at Fort McDowell, Angel Island, is ordered to proceed at once to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and assume charge under the instructions of the quartermaster-general of the army of construction work at the latter post.

Captain Albert E. Truhy, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to Colonel George H. Torney, deputy surgeon-general, U. S. A., president of an examining board at the Presidio of San Francisco, when ordered by the board, for examination to determine his fitness for promotion.

Captain Henry S. Greenleaf, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., arrived on the transport *Buford* on Sunday last from the Philippines and is spending some time in Berkeley with relatives, en route East.

Captain William R. Davis, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., Fort Mason, was ordered to report to the commanding officer, Headquarters, Band, and Company C, Second Infantry, for duty to accompany that command en route to Fort Thomas, Kentucky. Upon the expiration of the leave of absence for fifteen days granted Captain Davis, to take effect upon his arrival at Fort Thomas, he will rejoin his proper station. During the absence of Captain Davis, Contract Surgeon James R. Mount, U. S. A., now on leave of absence in this city, is assigned to duty as surgeon, Fort Mason, and attending surgeon, Headquarters, Department of California.

Lieutenant James E. Ahott, Signal Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from further duty at Benicia Barracks and ordered to proceed to San Francisco for the purpose of taking charge of the Signal Corps Supply Depot to be established at Fort Mason.

Lieutenant Francis W. Healy, Twenty-Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., who has been recently relieved from recruiting duty at Fort Slocum, New York, and is now on leave, has arrived here and is awaiting the sailing of the next transport, when he will leave to join his regiment in the Philippines.

Surgeon C. D. Langhorne, U. S. N., is detached from Washington, D. C., and ordered to duty at Honolulu, H. I.

Passed Assistant Surgeon C. G. Smith, U. S. N., is detached from the Naval Station at Honolulu and ordered home.

Dr. Rupert Blue, U. S. P. H. and M. H. C., and Dr. W. C. Rucker, U. S. P. H. and M. H. C., have spent the past week in San Diego in attendance on a medical convention.

Contract Surgeon Elsworth Wilson, U. S. A., is directed to report to the commanding officer, Department Rifle Range, Point Bonita, for duty and station.

The Shriners' Circus.

Islam Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S., will try to secure \$5000 for the Children's Hospital, through the merry medium of a circus to be held during the week commencing April 27. The Shriners have purchased outright for the week the entire Sells-Floto circus, now wintering in Venice, California. This professional aggregation will be enlarged through the personal participation of hundreds of Shriners, who will keep the real circus folk busy looking after their laurel wreaths. Shriners will be clowns and hareback riders, they will sell peanuts and he spellers for the side-shows, in fact, they will be found everywhere from the menagerie to the rings. In addition to all that, they will appear in each of the mammoth street parades that will take place at 10 a. m. on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, April 27 and 29, and May 2.

Navy League Open Meeting.

Next Monday evening, in California Club Hall, San Francisco Section, No. 15, of the Navy League of the United States will hold an open meeting for members and their friends. The arrangements for the reception to the fleet will be the subject of an address by a member of the fleet reception committee and a naval officer will talk on "The Navy," its organization, the different classes of vessels and their uses, and life and customs aboard a war vessel. The talk will be illustrated.

An exhibition of pictures by Theodore Wores, opened this week at the California Building, 1625 California Street, and will continue to May 9. This collection of pictures includes views of life scenes in Japan, ancient gardens of Granada and Seville, glimpses of nature life in the Hawaiian Islands, as well as some recently painted views of Mt. Tamalpais from Green Brae.

Francis McComas, the Australian artist in water colors who is well known in San Francisco, is now in London, where an exhibition of his works at the Carfax Gallery is attracting much attention. The *London Times* of March 30 gave the artist's work an extended and critical notice which contained some high praise.

A lecture on "The Jews in Roumania" will be delivered by the Reverend Doctor Jacob Voorsanger under the auspices of the Roumanian Hebrew Protective League, on Sunday evening, April 26, at Bush-Street Temple.

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THE CITIZENS' ALLIANCE is now located in the Merchants' Exchange Building. Members are invited to call and leave their new addresses. The Alliance has opened a free employment bureau at 4 Van Ness, near Market Street. Read *The Citizens' Magazine*. First number appeared March 1. Price per copy, 10 cents.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Aw, I suppose you don't keep puppy his-cuits in this henighted village?" "Oh, yes, sir. In a hag, or eat 'em 'ere, sir?"—*The Tatler*.

"What's the matter, Kasper?" "Herr lieutenant is wanted at home immediately; it was twins, already, when I left."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"If you were awakened by a fire in the middle of the night what would you think of saving first?" "My trousers."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Her Husband—Oh, I wish I had never learned to play poker. His Wife—You mean you wish you had learned, don't you?—*Chicago Daily News*.

"That new preacher you have is a pretty wideawake young man, isn't he?" "Yep. Keeps right on preachin' when everybody else is asleep."—*Cleveland Leader*.

"He gave his wife a toy terrier, didn't he?" "Yes, and she gave him an English bulldog." "So each of them has a dog, now?" "No—he has one."—*Pioneer-Press*.

"Why do they have consultations of physicians, pa?" "Sometimes one doctor can think of something to operate for that hasn't occurred to the other."—*The Smart Set*.

"Well," said the cannibal chief as his followers brought in the lean hut plucky explorer, "who in hlaizes ever said 'the harvest are the tenderest'?"—*Princeton Tiger*.

"Do you think the morals of the country are getting better?" "Of course they are. When a congressman wants to make money now he resigns."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

Tody—Jennie tells me young Woodhy proposed to her last night. Vialo—I don't think I know him. Is he well off? Tody—He certainly is. She refused him.—*London Tit-Bits*.

"How do you like living in a prohibition town?" "First rate," answered Colonel Stillwell. "I have several neighbors that I don't think much of, and I positively enjoy seeing them go thirsty."—*Washington Star*.

Visitor—And how is Pat this morning? Mrs. Patrick O'Grady—Sure, yer honor, it's still alive he is. Visitor—Did you give him the soup I sent? Mrs. Patrick O'Grady—Well, no, sir. Father Phelan said it would only be after delayin' him.—*London Sketch*.

Publican—And how do you like being married, John? John—Don't like it at all. Publican—Why, what's the matter wi' she, John? John—Well, first thing in the morning it's money; when I goes 'ome to my dinner it's money again; and at supper it's the same. Nothing hut money, money, money! Pub-

lican—Well, I never! What do she do wi' all that money? John—I dunno. I aint given her any yet.—*Punch*.

Stronger—This village boasts of a choral society, doesn't it? Resident—No; we just endure it with resignation.—*London Tit-Bits*.

Nell—A girl shouldn't marry a man till she knows all about him. Belle—Good gracious! If she knew all about him she wouldn't want to marry him.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Mrs. Gramercy—I hear the customs authorities seized all the finery you brought over from Paris. Will it be a total loss? Mrs. Park—Why, no, dear; I got my name in the papers.—*Puck*.

"Why did you shake your fist at the Speaker?" "Well," replied the congressman, "I didn't want the whole session to slip by without my having made a motion of some kind."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"I was awfully worried about Johnny when he had that last sick spell," said Mrs. Lap-sling, "and when the doctor told me he was going to get well I went fairly deleterious with joy."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Grouchy, "I don't like the looks of that man who called to see you last night." "Well, well," replied Bridget, "aint it funny, ma'am? He said the same about you."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"I never object to fair criticism," said the pompous young actor. "What you object to, I suppose," replied the critic, "is the understanding most people have of the meaning of the word 'fair.'"—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Some people," said the Rev. Mr. Goodman, "can never be made to appreciate the value of religion." "That's right," replied Main-chantz, the merchant, "they don't know how to catch the church trade at all."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Biggs—Do you believe that the use of to-hacco impairs the memory? Diggs—Not necessarily. I haven't been able to forget that cigar you gave me two weeks ago—but perhaps there was no tobacco in it.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"I haven't heard of you going out to Sub-buh's to dinner lately." "No; he says I can't do that any more." "Why, I thought you were his closest friend. What's the matter?" "He tells me their cook doesn't like me."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Tommy—Pop, what is the difference between a dialogue and a monologue? Tommy's Pop—When two women talk, my son, it's a dialogue, when a woman carries on a conversation with her husband, it's a monologue.—*Philadelphia Record*.

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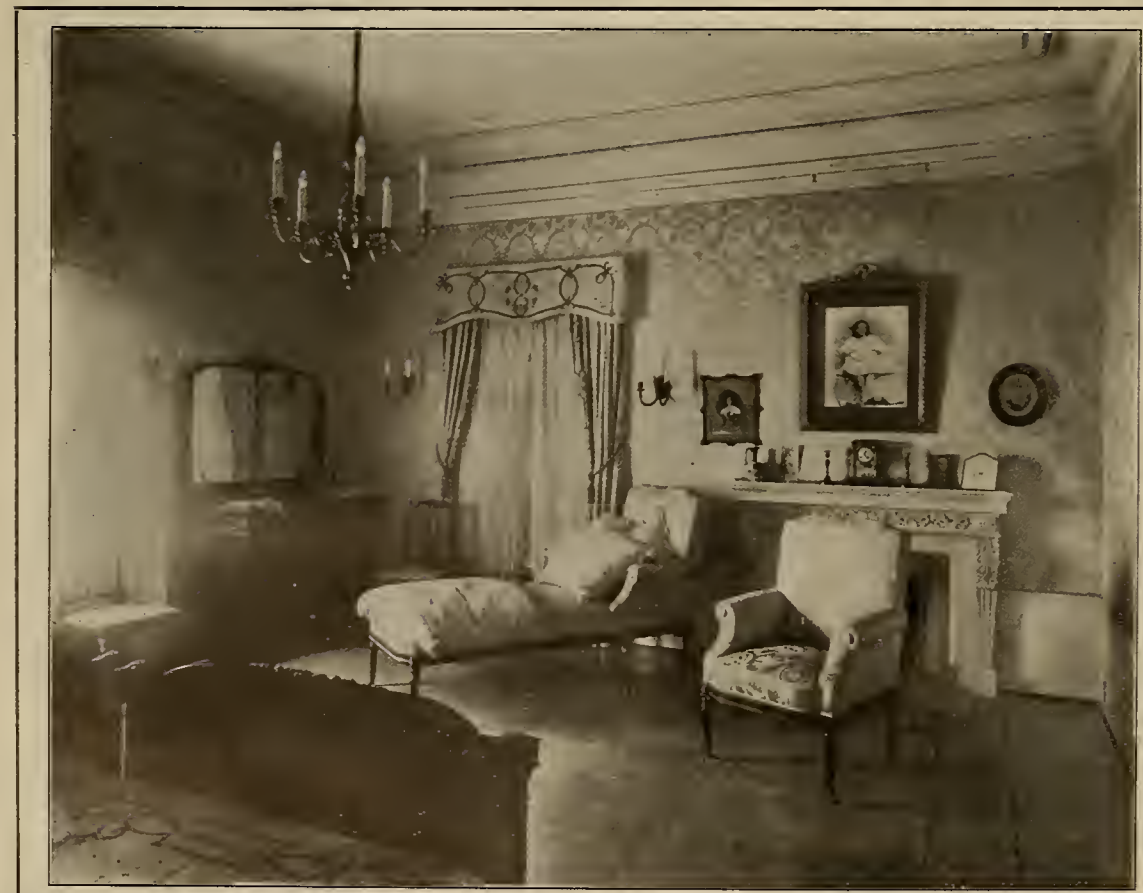
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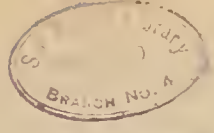
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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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An Insolent Demand.

A few weeks ago we saw Samuel Gompers, a foreign born and bred labor agitator, threatening a congressional committee with the vengeance of a private association of citizens if it should fail to approve certain demands presented in the interest of "labor." We see him again in a pose even more arrogant and treasonable, denouncing the Supreme Court of the United States as a corrupted and debauched body before a labor union mass meeting. These two incidents taken together afford a fresh illustration of the spirit of that little fraction of the labor of the United States which calls itself organized labor. If we may believe its leaders, in matters where its own interests are concerned, it has no respect for the principles of constitutional liberty, no consideration for the rights of anybody but itself, no tolerance for any legal or judicial agency which does not yield to its demands. Gompers, to be sure, is simply a professional agitator, but at the same time he represents a definite and an organized sentiment and one with which as a country we are called upon to deal. We are face to face with an insolent demand at

odds with every principle associated with American character and institutions. It makes the supreme issue of the time—an issue which we must meet. San Francisco, we regret to say, is not playing a fair or courageous part in relation to this issue. She ought to stand with Los Angeles and with other communities of strong American sentiment in opposition to Gompers and his demands, but she is not doing it.

Campbell-Bannerman, and After.

The life of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, British prime minister, went out on the ebbing tide of Liberal success. When his party was returned to almost unparalleled power at the last general election his triumph was due less to a wave of Liberal sentiment than to a feeling of disappointed disgust at the results of the Boer war. An unending vista of taxation and danger was opened to the sight of the voter, whose main intention was to condemn and oust the guilty administration rather than to commend their opponents. Campbell-Bannerman took office with a majority of almost unprecedented size, but it was a majority lacking the cohesion of discipline or mutual subordination. It was made up of faddists and theorists who were more concerned for their own particular schemes of reform than for the well-being of a united party. The tact and the rather humdrum common sense of the premier served, it is true, to prevent evident discord, but the result was the presentation of bills that wholly failed to appeal to the imagination of the country and that served to strengthen the position of the House of Lords when that body unceremoniously rejected them. No one cared in the least about the education bill, while the assault upon the liquor trade seemed like the confiscation of a form of property in which the rank and file of voters are personally and closely interested. Both measures were excellent from a certain narrow point of view, but they were presented in the wrong form, in the wrong way, and at the wrong time. In other words they were designed to placate certain small and persistent sections of the party rather than to provide a general reform, such as that of the land laws, that would appeal to the masses of the electorate. The people wanted a readjustment of fiscal burdens along the line of democratic equity. They were offered what may be called a Sunday-school programme that might be good for their morals, in which they were little interested, but that would leave their pockets, in which they were greatly interested, as empty as before.

The result has been a series of crushing defeats at by-elections. Constituencies that seemed to be permanently Liberal have returned Conservatives by immense majorities. Winston Churchill has lost his seat in a great manufacturing centre, and if a political figure so brilliant and fascinating is rejected in a Liberal stronghold and in favor of an entirely uninspiring opponent it speaks volumes for the discontent of the people. There could be no such presage of overwhelming and general defeat when the opportunity shall come.

The effect of the by-elections is of course a moral one. More than two hundred seats must change sides before a Conservative government could take office and this could only happen at a general election. But no administration can do effective work with the knowledge that the country is watching for every chance vacancy in order to inflict a blow. There can be no vitality, initiative, or even dignity under such circumstances. Unless Mr. Asquith, the new premier, can stem the tide there is nothing ahead of him but political impotence to which the inevitable flood would be a relief. Liberals are not yet disposed to admit that the flood is in sight, but they can hardly deny that it is raining very hard.

But of course a change is not due entirely to disappointment. There is positive apprehension as well as negative distrust. At the last election the aid of the Socialists was willingly received by the Liberals, and while the Socialists seemed to be a negligible quan-

tity nobody thought much of it. But within the last year Socialism has suddenly become powerful and aggressive. It has become actually a threat, and the great numbers of voters who have been frightened by it are now looking somewhat closely at an unavowed alliance that seems to them of the most dangerous kind. Socialism has got upon their nerves, and the most obvious way to resist it is to throw every possible vote against those who, while not Socialists, are none the less on the slippery downward path that leads to revolutionary change. There can be no doubt that the Socialist terror has played havoc among Liberal adherents all over the country.

There are only two parties in England strong enough to hold office. If the Liberal government under Mr. Asquith can not stem the tide that is now running against them they must give place to a Conservative administration pledged to protection in some form or other. Even so sane a man as Lord Rosebery—who has always been able to get the ball at his feet, but who has never been able to kick it—even Lord Rosebery says that the choice of the people is between Socialism and Protection and that much as he abhors Protection he prefers it to Socialism. The Liberals under Campbell-Bannerman might have found a third choice in a comprehensive scheme to compel the landed aristocracy to pay their share of taxation. They preferred the politics of the conventicle, and it is probably too late to amend their ways. Of course the unexpected may happen, but at present there seems to be nothing for Mr. Asquith but a quick descent into undignified impotence and the coming of a government that will contain not a single strong man except Mr. Balfour, but that will be none the less pledged to a tariff struggle as great as any conflict that the House of Commons has ever known.

The Gallagher Explosion.

On Thursday evening of last week, April 22, there occurred in a dwelling house in Oakland occupied by "Big Jim" Gallagher and his family an explosion which partly wrecked it and inflicted slight injuries upon several of the inmates. The cause of the explosion and even the nature of it are matters of mystery. Whether it was from leaky gas pipes or from some disarrangement of electrical mechanisms, whether the explosive agent was powder, nitro-glycerine, or dynamite, or whether it came from within or without—these are matters concerning which we have as yet no definite assurances. Nor is there any certain evidence as to who is responsible for the explosion or as to what if anything was sought to be accomplished by it. The one fact thus far developed is that there was an explosion, but that the members of the household, not being in the direct line of its effects, escaped serious injury.

The dramatic and suggestive element in this mystery lies of course in the relationship of Gallagher to pending criminal procedures in this city. Gallagher was the president of the boodling board of supervisors and the agent of Abraham Ruef's financial dealings with the members of that body. It was Gallagher who from time to time distributed among the supervisors such small fractions of his "earnings" as Ruef chose to bestow in that quarter. Gallagher was not only a supervisor himself and a sharer in the spoils, but he was a special agent and whipper-in, for these special services drawing down an extra share of the graft. Gallagher was the man who, when the grand exposé came, met Rudolph Spreckels inside the Presidio gate and received from that gentleman in his extra-official character promise of immunity with leave to retain his "wad" if he would bring the other supervisors into line as witnesses for the prosecution and himself give such testimony as Mr. Spreckels's hired men needed for the "punishment" of Mr. Spreckels's business rivals and personal enemies. Gallagher is the man who a little later became the confidential friend and associate of Spreckels's hired agents of prosecu-

tion, mixing with them socially on cordial terms, going and coming as their policy required.

In each of the so-called graft cases thus far tried Gallagher has been the main witness for the prosecution. Under his bargain of immunity and reward made with Mr. Spreckels inside the Presidio gate, he has again and again recited the story of his crimes—how he himself was bribed repeatedly, how he assisted in the bribing of others. There have been no skips or breaks in Mr. Gallagher's testimony; it has not been necessary at any time this past year to "freshen up" his memory by dress rehearsals in Mr. Heney's office. It is believed that he could go through the story blindfolded either forward or backward, omitting nothing nor adding anything—unless indeed Mr. Heney should desire some change to be made. In that case of course Gallagher would know what to do. He has or had some weeks back some \$30,000 of boodled money in safe deposit and he wants of course to retain his liberty with leave to enjoy this snug little fortune. Therefore it is a matter of course that Mr. Gallagher should do whatever the prosecution wants him to do.

It is natural that an explosion occurring mysteriously in the house of so notable a man should interest the public, likewise that it should raise questions exceedingly difficult to answer. However, ready if not conclusive answers to these questions have not been lacking. Mr. Spreckels, who early in the graft game learned the folly of talking too much, has had little to say. But Mr. Heney, whose talking propensities have suffered no blight, was very certain that the explosion in Gallagher's house was the result of a criminal attempt to murder one of "his" witnesses. Vituperative phrases, of which Mr. Heney has always more than a plenty, came so thick and fast that one might believe if he wished that Mr. Calhoun himself had gone over to the Gallagher house and thrown a bomb into the front door. There is this unflinching satisfaction in Mr. Heney's public utterances—he infallibly knows everything and he unfailingly sets it forth with such verbal refinements as come easy to a man of Arizona training. Mr. Heney, being hired to talk, always tries to earn his money and to sustain his character as a professional blackguard. And so Mr. Heney in so far as it lay in him to do it "placed" the "crime" upon the "minions" of Calhoun. The other independent and all-seeing minds of the prosecution's staff fell in with this theory of the case. So far as the so-called graft prosecutors are concerned there is no mystery about the matter—the explosion in Gallagher's house was nothing less than an attempt to assassinate that eminent worthy for the sake of "getting him out of the way."

This theory has to face several embarrassing considerations. In the first place Gallagher's testimony has been given again and again and stands as an official record in a half dozen instances. Getting Gallagher out of the way would not therefore do away with his testimony. Furthermore, there are other witnesses competent to testify to every vital fact in the Gallagher story. So far as the immediate case is concerned, Gallagher had already given his testimony and the effect of "getting him out of the way" would be only to emphasize his statements. Furthermore, if there had been any wish to get Gallagher out of the way there has been plenty of chances to do it any time this year and a half past. If assassination had been part of the scheme of the defense there have been ten thousand opportunities since the striking of that famous bargain between Spreckels and Gallagher inside the Presidio gate. The thing might have been done, too, without hazarding the lives of half a dozen women and children.

And again, Gallagher might have been got out of the way by a far easier and cheaper process. By his own testimony, repeatedly given, he is a professional bribe-taker and bribe-giver. Likewise by his own testimony his price is known and it is not a great one. An official who will sell his vote for five hundred dollars and bribe seventeen other men for half as much more is not likely to be over-exacting when it comes to arranging a fee. The Calhoun "minions" might easily have gotten rid of Gallagher by the easy trick of buying him off, unless indeed association with the virtuous Mr. Heney has so reformed his character as to have established him upon a new and higher moral plane. We have, however, suggestions in certain reports of the convivial goings-on of Gallagher and Langdon in New York last fall that Mr. Heney's moral influence upon Gallagher has not covered all the phases of his character. But perhaps enough has been said upon this score, since above all things the *Argonaut* would avoid scandal.

But now we have a later theory about this explosion. It is nothing less than this, namely, that the job was gotten up by that brilliant genius Detective Burns for the purpose of "diverting" public attention and in some mysterious way giving a new lease of credit to the prosecution. It is argued that according to Burns's theory it was necessary to do something to discredit the defense. An explosion in Gallagher's house, Burns is said to have thought, would by the public be credited to the defense and therefore involve it in public obliquity. One A. Mutt has gone so far in this connection as to testify publicly that a curl-paper of a fashion used exclusively by Mr. Burns was found near the scene of the explosion. It is further pointed out as an extraordinary circumstance that whereas the explosion occurred in the front part of the house, its ten or twelve inmates by an interesting coincidence were all safely disposed in the rear apartments. And the story goes so far as to quote Mr. Gallagher himself as attempting to soothe his frightened wife with the reassuring statement that there were to be two "busts."

Seriously, the explosion in Gallagher's house is as yet a mystery upon which nobody has been able to throw any definite light. Probably the explosion was due to outside causes, but even this is not a demonstration. Probably it was the work of some murderous crank, possibly that of some one of the many enemies made by Gallagher in his confessedly criminal career. That it was instigated or connived at by anybody connected with the defense in the so-called graft cases, is a theory which nobody with a grain of common sense believes for one moment. Nor is it believable that the detectives employed by Spreckels had anything to do with it. There are suggestions to the effect that "bomb cranks" have tendered their services both to the prosecution and the defense in the extraordinary warfare of the past year, but that they were dismissed with contempt. Time, of course, will clear up this mystery; and it hardly needs to be said that when the culprits shall be discovered the extreme penalty of the law will be none too severe for them. In the meantime the detective forces both of Oakland and of San Francisco are actively engaged upon the case. They have discovered nothing definite thus far, but there are indications tending to sustain the theory that the dastardly work was that of a certain half-crazed creature wholly disconnected either with the prosecution or the defense of the so-called graft cases.

Editorial Notes.

It is exceedingly gratifying to know that Admiral Evans will be able to stand upon the bridge of the *Connecticut* and command the stately march that the battleship fleet will make as it passes through the Golden Gate. Evans has long been an extraordinary and charming figure in the public life of the country, commanding popular admiration and affection perhaps to a greater degree than any other man in our permanent official service. He has had a certain bluff and hearty way of saying and doing things that has gone straight to the national sensibilities—striking with equal force the head, the heart, and the funny-bone. Admiral Evans's illness has tended to emphasize public regard for him, to add a touch of pathos to the sentiments which cluster about his name and character. His spectacular entry into the Golden Gate will be his last professional service, for within a few weeks he will have attained the age of sixty-two, when retirement from the navy service is compulsory. The incident comes as a fitting climax to a most interesting career.

The determination of President Roosevelt upon second thought to grant to San Francisco certain privileges in Hetch-Hetchy does not materially alter the water situation. Hetch-Hetchy is only one of several possible Sierra projects. There has never been at any time any doubt that ultimately San Francisco must supply her water need by drawing upon Sierra sources. There is an active interest which insists upon the Hetch-Hetchy scheme and which further insists that now is the time to act. In the opinion of the *Argonaut* now is a good time to wait. We are fairly well supplied with water and whatever further supply may be needed, say within the next twenty years, may easily be provided for by our present arrangements. The existing system is a private enterprise and those who hold it will be glad to carry it upon reasonable terms. The situation is one in which we can get whatever we require by paying for it reasonably as a water consumer, leaving the investment to be privately sustained. To initiate a Sierra project now will involve San Francisco in a prodigious debt without really increasing her con-

veniences or her safety against fire. A municipal water system drawing its sources from the Sierras would undoubtedly be a fine thing, but it is not an immediate necessity. We have to do a multitude of other things which will not wait and for these things we must go heavily into debt. Therefore we think it is not a propitious time to take over responsibilities and obligations which may safely be postponed. The wisest policy for San Francisco, we think, is first to determine the value of the Spring Valley plant, or that part of it essential for the supply of San Francisco, then to determine precisely what facilities we want, then to allow the Spring Valley Company to charge water consumers rates sufficient to pay for the service. The Spring Valley Company will not be hard to deal with. It is in straits and will be glad to accept any fair arrangement, and anything less than a fair arrangement San Francisco ought not to be willing to make. This is the common sense of the situation and therefore it is not what either side wants. The active proposers of the Hetch-Hetchy scheme, animated by purposes both financial and political, don't want to make any deal with Spring Valley; the Spring Valley people, on the other hand, weary of conflict and injustice, would like to sell out at a round price. But it is not the interest of Mr. Phelan on the one hand or of the Spring Valley Water Company on the other that should be considered. Rather the matter should be adjusted upon an equitable basis in the public interest, and the public interest at this time does not call for a great municipal water project that would cost untold millions of dollars and that would add nothing to the immediate convenience, safety, or strength of the city.

There has long been, so it is intimated, an "understanding" among leading senators that the United States shall build two battleships each year until such time as our naval armament shall have attained a parity with that of other nations of our rank. This is given as an explanation of why the proposal to build four new battleships has been rejected. Fixed understandings made and adhered to without reference to changing times and conditions may be characterized as crystallized stupidity. Two battleships per year may have been an adequate provision when the "understanding" was reached half a dozen years ago. But if we are going to keep up with the struggle for naval power, much less meet our responsibilities in the Pacific Ocean, we must do vastly more than build two battleships a year. The policy of the government in the matter of the navy ought to follow no fixed rule. It should proceed upon consideration of conditions as they unfold themselves. A national policy relative to the navy or to anything else adjusted to fixed preconceptions, incapable of readjustment to new conditions and new demands, is a policy better in accord with the traditions of China than of the United States of America.

The case of J. Dalzell Brown illustrates one phase of the legal and moral degeneracy into which we have fallen through debauchery of the machinery of justice during the past year. Brown with others is notoriously guilty of an outrageous crime against thousands of bank depositors. He is a confidence operator, a swindler, and a thief without mitigation. The evidence against him is overwhelming. No capable lawyer has questioned the outcome either in the case of Brown or in those of his associates under regular and normal courses of procedure. But in his anxiety to get convictions easily, the prosecuting attorney has made a bargain with Brown by which he is to play the part of informer against his associates and himself escape with slight punishment. For his multifarious crimes he is to be punished only to the extent of eighteen months' imprisonment. Then he is to go free with leave to make such use as he will of stolen funds which he is presumed to have carefully laid away against a time of need. The chief actor in a grossly criminal game of public plunder is thus practically let off because the prosecuting office finds it easier to work through a course of bribery of witnesses than to proceed regularly and severely. The incident illustrates the many-times-expressed fears of the *Argonaut* as to what would come to us as an indirect effect of the reckless anti-graft procedure this past year. We have feared that irregular and lax methods of procedure would so vitiate legal sanctions and the credit of the law itself as to weaken the forces upon which social order depends. The outcome in the Brown case, we regret to say, does not tend to remove these fears.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PASO ROBLES, April 26, 1908.

Of the many and striking differences between Los Angeles and San Francisco the point which most interests me relates to labor. It is hardly necessary to tell readers of the *Argonaut* anything about labor conditions in San Francisco, since directly or through their effects they have formed the theme of pretty much everything that has been written in these columns in relation to San Francisco affairs during the past five or six years. If this remark seems too sweeping we beg the reader to remember that labor conditions lay back of the Ruef-Schmitz political organization and all that has flowed out of it. Let us pause for a moment to consider how deep-seated the trouble has been and is; how profoundly responsible the politico-labor régime is for what San Francisco has suffered during the past half dozen years: It was chiefly labor politics which, desperately assaulting our agency of water supply, first put it on the defensive and then so impoverished and weakened it that it could not adequately perform its functions. To put it directly, if labor politics had not so weakened the hands of the Spring Valley Water Company, long before April 18, 1906, it would have provided such facilities as not even the earthquake could have disturbed. It was because the Spring Valley Water Company was poor in the sense that it had small command of ready money that it had but a single line of supply for San Francisco on that fateful April day; and that it was thus poor and incapable was a direct result of labor politics. I have not by me as I write the official reports, but I am not mistaken in declaring that they will abundantly bear out the foregoing statement. The chief engineer of the Spring Valley Water Company perfectly understood the hazard involved in a single line of water supply; again and again, in public statements and before official audiences, he defined the necessities of the situation. Plea after plea was made for regulations, allowances, and provisions that would make San Francisco safe against conflagration. But these statements and pleas were wasted because our water supply system had become a football of politics and our politics had in turn become a football of conscienceless intrigue, with the organized labor vote as the chief pawn in the game.

In summing up the effects of labor conditions in San Francisco during recent years, let us recall that it was the labor vote that put Abraham Ruef and Eugene Schmitz into power and that it was the continuing approval and support of organized and subservient labor that sustained their shameless courses through three municipal administrations. And let us further recall that out of this wicked régime, founded upon organized labor and sustained by it, came that swarm of personal, social, and legal strifes which within the past eighteen months has been to San Francisco a thing far more calamitous than the material disaster which preceded it. And let us recall finally that to this same system of labor combined with politics we owe the strikes that have decimated our industries and paralyzed the spirit of enterprise, the prodigious and all-pervading system of over-charge which has ruled among us in recent years, tending to the confusion and discouragement of capital, to delay in reconstructive operations, and to social demoralization in a hundred pitiful forms. One who surveys the record, seeing the vast field of material and moral ruin wrought directly and indirectly by labor conditions in San Francisco during recent years, must seek in vain for phrases adequate to the characterization of consequences so colossal and so calamitous.

In Los Angeles, our nearest neighbor, we are able to see how a city fares under modern conditions and free from the grip of politico-laborism. Organized labor exists in Los Angeles, but it holds no such command over the life of the city as to dominate its politics or to stifle its enterprise. While San Francisco has been under the heel of a reckless and ruthless political system founded upon the subservience and the selfishness of organized labor, Los Angeles has had public spirit, capability, and decency in her municipal government. While San Francisco has wasted her vitality in dissensions and conflicts, Los Angeles has concentrated her forces and translated action into progress. While San Francisco has been blighted by a robber system of over-charge, Los Angeles has gone steadily about her business with the cheerfulness and the effectiveness which a system of fair dealing inevitably promotes. While San Francisco has sacrificed millions in wasteful strikes, Los Angeles has made every dollar of her resource count at the point of development.

Perhaps the most interesting fact in relation to this contrast is this, namely, that labor in Los Angeles is paid on a parity with labor in San Francisco, that it misses no point of advantage and that it is even more prosperous. What the average San Francisco workman wastes in strikes, the Los Angeles workman puts into the upbuilding of a home; what the San Franciscan throws away in union "dues," assessments, and fines, the Los Angeleno spends more profitably in the better housing, the better feeding, the better clothing, the better schooling of his children.

I was at pains last week while in Los Angeles to go over the districts where the mechanics and laboring classes have their homes and was struck by the contrast presented by thousands of tidy and home-like cottages, manifestly the homes of ambition, hope, and cheerfulness, with the dismal streets in which the politico-industrialist of San Francisco houses his family. Between the two there is no worthy comparison that is

not immensely to the advantage of Los Angeles; and the reasons are not far to seek. The average San Francisco workman spends a large share of his income and no small margin of his time in the malignant atmosphere of politico-unionism. The Los Angeles workman, free from the onerous exactions which politico-unionism puts upon money and time, protected against the loss and waste of strikes, has money and time for those things which add charm, dignity, and significance to life. The San Francisco workman sees his growing children falling into habits of idleness or vice because the shop door is closed against them by the sinister miscalculation of a selfish unionism. The Los Angeles workman sees his children growing up under the moral discipline which the open shop door affords to ambitious and industrious youth.

An incident which occurred last week within my observation curiously illustrated the different spirit dominating the industry of the two cities. A gentleman at whose house I was dining was putting up a building in Los Angeles and found it desirable for special reasons to expedite the work. Conferring with the contractor in charge of the work, he asked if it would be possible to substitute a ten-hour for an eight-hour day, paying of course for the extra two hours. "Oh, yes," answered the contractor, "there will be no difficulty at all about that; I will confer with the men tomorrow, state the case to them, and allow all who wish, and that I am sure will be all of them, to make it a ten-hour shift for a day and a quarter's pay." The conference was duly held; every man on the building willingly accepted the arrangement, and the work is now being rushed to an early completion to the advantage of everybody concerned. Talking myself with the contractor, I asked him how it would have come out if a similar proposal had been made at San Francisco. "Why," he replied, "it would have been no use to make such a proposition. The average San Francisco mechanic—and I know what I am talking about, for I do business in both places—doesn't want to work any more than he has to, and above all things he doesn't want to do a favor to his employer. To expedite a work in San Francisco as we are doing this would call first for a noisy and difficult negotiation, then for an arrangement of double-pay for hours of work in excess of regulation time. Then on top of all the men would feel themselves abused and so fall into practices so slack and ineffective as in a measure to neutralize the extra effort. In Los Angeles we can do anything in reason because the men are always willing to cooperate. In San Francisco we can do nothing in reason because in four cases out of five the workman regards himself an enemy of the man who employs him." I asked the contractor if in his judgment it were possible to establish in San Francisco conditions similar to those in Los Angeles. His reply was that it would not be possible excepting under the rule of the open shop and after a long period in which the men themselves would see its advantages. "And how are we to go about the open shop," I asked. His answer interested me. "It's easy enough," he said. "The Union Iron Works and the United Railroads Company have shown that it can be done. The men in San Francisco who are rebuilding the town can force the open shop to the advantage of every interest and every man, woman, and child in the city by agreeing to have their work done on the open-shop basis only. And then," he went on to say, "you must stop the mouths of your lying daily newspapers. Freedom in industry could never have been maintained in Los Angeles if our newspaper press had persistently and shamelessly catered to labor prejudice and passion and selfishness as your newspapers in San Francisco do."

I am not among those who berate the legitimate cause of organized labor. I have always been able to see that organization is as necessary to labor as to commerce. But I maintain that while labor may legitimately organize in behalf of its rights, it is both cowardly and criminal when it demands more than its rights. Labor has no more right to organize in promotion of selfish advantage without respect to the rights of others, than has any other element in the community. Organized labor has no rights which do not attach legitimately to labor unorganized; and the limit of effort under organization should be the line of right as distinct from the line of selfish aggression. And in all discussions of the labor question that have come to my knowledge no advocate of organized labor has ever been able to controvert this principle. I maintain that organized labor ought to be able to meet unorganized labor in the open market and prove its merits by maintaining its prosperity under conditions of open competition. And holding to this view, I was profoundly interested to see that under the rule of the open shop at Los Angeles organized labor is manifestly as prosperous as labor unorganized; in truth, that it is quite as prosperous as is organized labor in those communities where it holds a monopoly of industry. I find that union labor is preferred by many employers because it saves them a vast amount of trouble in hunting up and dealing with individual workmen. There are those who find it simpler and more satisfactory to make a contract for labor with a union under defined terms than to deal with individuals. I once made a contract of this kind myself with a printers' union and found that it worked admirably, the only drawback being that the union declined to match my responsibility by making itself equally responsible. Now in Los Angeles

there are many employers who prefer to buy their labor from the unions. And among workmen there are many who claim that the legitimate advantages of association in unionism are worth all they cost. At any rate, the labor unions of Los Angeles, even though they hold no monopoly over industry, are prosperous in every way. In proof of this fact I was interested to see among the new and fine structures of the city a "temple" built by organized labor and devoted to its uses, equal in magnificence to anything we have in San Francisco. An affiliation with the courage to conceive and the power to create so handsome a monument to its own prosperity and dignity as the new Los Angeles Temple of Labor can not be very seriously oppressed. If the proof of the pudding is the eating of it, then surely labor union in Los Angeles has no grievance against the rule of the open shop.

I have in former writings told the story of the long-sustained fight between organized labor and the Los Angeles *Times* newspaper. Something more than two years ago the unions abandoned this fight. After a struggle of seventeen years the *Times* had won at every point. But I am now informed that the contest is to be taken up again. Selfish exploiters of labor like Samuel Gompers resent labor conditions as they exist at Los Angeles because they tend to discredit the aggressive spirit of unionism elsewhere. Here is a city whose match on the score of prosperity and progress covering the full period of a decade can not be found the country over—and all this under the rule of the open shop. Here is a city in which a capable man willing to work may earn his living without paying tribute to a labor union or submitting as a slave to any walking delegate. Here is a city where the vote of the workman may not be sold by some boss labor politician. Here is a city where the son of a workman has leave unhampered to learn the craft which has won for his father an honorable livelihood. Here is a city where the standards of patriotic spirit as they have come down to us from our fathers find respect and enforcement. Here is a city where industry conspicuously prospers, where progress has beaten all records, where employer and employed live in peace and amity, where practically there are no strikes, where Americanism and not unionism make the rule of industry and of life. And all this under the rule of the open shop. Of course it shocks the labor leaders because it gives the lie to their pretensions. It embarrasses them beyond measure because it is a standing demonstration of their own lack alike of honesty and discretion.

The labor leaders—Gompers and his ilk—are agreed that the way to break down the open shop in Los Angeles is to break down the *Times* newspaper, which stands as a champion of the principle of freedom in the industries. And so a new fund is being provided as a means of "fighting the *Times*." Already I am told working plans are being arranged for a campaign to be supported by a special tax upon unionism the whole country over. The people of Los Angeles and thereabout will be asked not to receive or read the *Times*. Stores advertising in the *Times* will be boycotted by the unionists. Eastern advertisers using the columns of the *Times* will be made to feel the weight of unionist resentment. All of which, permit me to say, will be as futile in time to come as in time past. I know something of the spirit which animates the editors and publishers of the *Times*. I know something of their resources. And upon the basis of this knowledge I venture to say to the friends of industrial freedom at home and abroad that the *Times* will continue to stand where it has stood this twenty years past, fighting manfully and successfully for the principle of freedom in the industries—for a principle whose denial would mark the ruin of American civilization.

Nor need there be any fear that the commercial and other dominant interests of Los Angeles will yield a principle whose advantages have been demonstrated in practice and upon which not only their interest but their pride is fixed. The great interurban transportation system which, centering at Los Angeles, covers the region round about like a spider's web, has been built upon the open-shop basis. All the larger industries of the city, including the building industry, are on an open-shop basis and could not be induced to abandon a rule which has worked so beneficently not only for employer and employed, but for the general community welfare. The larger mercantile firms, like Hamburger & Co., have learned by experience that the labor union boycott is only a barking dog that never really bites. The biggest and most prosperous business houses in Los Angeles are those against which the malice of labor unionism worked in vain during the long period of union warfare against the *Times*. The people of Los Angeles, including the commercial interests, have come to understand first that the strength of their city lies largely in its industrial independence, and second that the threats of unionism represent no real force. And understanding these things, there is small chance that advantages of such tremendous import will be cast aside. Los Angeles will hold to the open-shop principle; and holding to this principle she will continue to have a tremendous advantage over any rival community which weakly yields, surrenders its birthright of independence, and submits to the material and social demoralizations which come inevitably with the closed shop.

A. H.

Senator Beveridge says that the war talk died out coincident with the arrival of the battleship fleet in Pacific waters.

AMBASSADOR REID ON SAN FRANCISCO.

The telegraphic dispatches brought us some two weeks or more ago a brief and somewhat mangled report of remarks made by the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, American ambassador to the court of St. James, at the annual dinner of the Lutton Chamber of Commerce, April 10. Lutton is a thrifty manufacturing town fifty miles from London. The mail brings us the speech in full, from which we excerpt that part—nearly the whole—relating to the reconstruction of San Francisco:

I've been wondering if you would not be interested in hearing about one particular piece of ours—a disaster so sudden and appalling that it chained the attention of the whole world, and a recovery so amazing as to deserve even greater attention. I returned a few weeks ago from San Francisco, having spent the time given me by my government for rest and recreation, American fashion, in a twelve-thousand-mile journey. I knew San Francisco well, but had not seen it since a year or two before the earthquake. You will recall the condition in which that frightful catastrophe left the fascinating city of near half a million souls at the entrance of the Golden Gate. Multitudes of its buildings were thrown down by successive shocks of the severest earthquake known on the coast. They shook all the lowland like a jelly, tore apart the strongest stone walls, twisted about the very tramways, split open the stone pavements and the earth below them, destroyed the water system, and turned the whole population into the streets. Then the houses the earthquake had spared turned down steadily through four awful days and nights, while the inhabitants looked on in almost dumb helplessness, having nothing left but fire with which to fight the fire. There were four and three-quarter square miles burned over—roughly speaking, a territory greater than the whole areas of the great fires in Chicago, Boston, and Baltimore combined. The mere insurance in the burnt district amounted to two hundred and thirty-five million dollars, say forty-seven million pounds; while of course many buildings were insured to only a tithe of their value, and others, including some of the largest and costliest, not at all.

Immense numbers of the people had to leave at once for lack of shelter and food—at first for lack even of water. Then came weary months of waiting to realize on securities, to collect insurance, negotiate loans, and persuade the outside world that the spot was not doomed, that San Francisco was not to be henceforth as dead as Nineveh and Tyre. After that came scarcity of building material, scarcity of labor, impossible prices, questions of public health, and all the other disadvantages you can readily imagine.

Well, twenty-two months had elapsed since that fatal morning when the inhabitants were roused from slumber to find their strongest buildings tumbling on their heads or swinging to and fro in the upper air like gigantic clock pendulums, turned upside down. The first impression, as I passed through the familiar streets, was that even then, in many quarters, they were just beginning to clear away the debris. At every turn were yawning cellars, filled with twisted iron beams, inextricably entangled with each other, and with masses of fallen masonry. But beside them would be fine brick or stone structures, already hoiling with business, and others at first glance looking ready for it, though little but the exterior shell was finished. Then everywhere loomed against the blue, steel-like brilliancy of the California sky the skeletons or buildings, huge frameworks of iron posts and girders bolted together, ten and twelve stories high, with marvelous and splendid human monkeys at the top, swinging more iron beams into place, and filling the upper air with the deafening clangor of hammered rivets and bolts. The pavements were blocked with building materials; the streets were jammed with struggling trucks; the very passengers in the tramways carried the tools of their trade and were covered with mortar. Everybody was in a rush. The town that had been growing feverishly enough through sixty years was being rebuilt in two. Ten thousand permanent buildings had either been completed or were well advanced in construction since the fire, at an outlay of about one hundred millions of dollars. One-third of the structures destroyed by the earthquake and fire had been replaced, and on a scale so much grander that the floor space in this third practically equals the whole floor space destroyed.

After this wholly inadequate description of the scene, you will not need to be told that your sister chamber of commerce out there reports that the people are doing business again! Sometimes they do it in shanties, while their new palaces are being finished; sometimes they do it on desks made of boards laid across the ends of cement barrels, in unfinished rooms where the carpenters are hanging doors and the painters are working on the windows—happy if only the plasterers have been ejected. But one way or another they are doing business—doing it to such an extent that in the December after the fire the San Francisco bank clearings were one hundred and ninety-six million dollars—over thirty millions more than in the December before the fire. Of course this amount was swelled by the insurance receipts, but a year later it had risen to one hundred and ninety-nine millions. By September, 1907, the savings banks deposits had grown to \$157,000,000, and the deposits in State and national banks to \$173,000,000 more.

But there is something more striking than either the earthquake or the fire, or this amazing recovery from both. It is the spirit in which those indomitable San Franciscans fronted the disaster and surmounted it. Every man who went through that awful fortnight will tell you that the stricken and desolate people met their calamity with courage and even with absolute gaiety. Men laughed when they told you that they hadn't a roof over their families or a change of clothing for themselves, and didn't know where the next meal was to come from. Not a man whimpered. Not a man spoke of anything but going to work to replace what was lost. The millionaire and the day laborer were on an absolute equality, and they took their hard lot with equal courage and cheerfulness.

There are many things in the history of his country of which an American is intensely proud. But I protest that among them all there has been nothing in the forty odd years since the greatest civil war of modern times ended without the sacrifice of a single human life in punishment, and since the victorious army of a million men and the depleted but still formidable defeated army melted alike into the peaceful community as quietly as an untimely sprinkling of snow on a spring morning—there has been nothing in all our history since those marvelous days of which we have more right to be proud than of San Francisco in the earthquake and San Francisco today.

Oh, one thing more. I have told what I myself recently saw and heard on the spot to this company of English merchants because I believed you would be pleased and proud

over it too! That is the nature of our common stock! God spare you the need of proving it; but if the necessity ever came, we all know that on this side the Atlantic that stock would hear itself with like courage and like hope.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

That the Catholic Church may be apprehensive lest the Catholic Philippines pass to the control of Japan was suggested to many naval officials and others who heard the speech of Bishop Thomas J. Conaty made at the banquet to the officers of the fleet in Los Angeles last week. The address was in favor of naval increase, better protection for the Pacific, and ship subsidy as an auxiliary to sea power. The most striking paragraph was this:

"Our island dependencies claim our responsibility and we must maintain guardianship over all interests of those people, at least until such time as they pass into an independence of their own or a dependence upon some other Christian nation."

The use of the word "Christian" attracted prompt attention. This speech, in length and character, was the chief event of the evening. Coming from a churchman, its aggressive quality commanded immediate attention, and about the tables occupied by the flag and commanding officers of the fleet it was recalled that a few weeks ago Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul appeared before the House Committee on Military Affairs and advocated expansion of military armament. Archbishop Ireland, whose political influence went far to elect McKinley in 1896 and 1900, has been in harmony with the Philippine policy of President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft.

Bishop Conaty was introduced as an eminent citizen of Los Angeles and had the position of honor among the speakers. His address was carefully prepared and hristled with evidence of careful analysis of the present posture of diplomatic affairs in the Pacific. He drew applause when he said: "The demonstration of our fleet upon the Pacific is not an invitation to quarrel, nor is it a vain exhibition of national pride."

President Roosevelt is accused of changing his position on the labor-union question by the New York Sun, which contrasts his late expressions with "the shining example of the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, who makes no special pretension to superior civic righteousness":

Like a rock he has withstood the efforts of Mr. Roosevelt and Samuel Gompers to weaken the power of the courts to protect property rights by modifying the writ of injunction. When Mr. Gompers, falsely claiming to own the labor vote, attempted to defeat the Speaker and his no less patriotic and courageous colleague, Mr. Littlefield of Maine, this was the answer he got: "But, speaking for myself, I had rather quit public life now, and at the age of seventy quit forever, true to the civilization we have developed, true to the distribution of powers to the legislative, the executive, and the judiciary, which are a check upon each other, than to retain public office at such a sacrifice to my own self-respect and such terrible cost to the country. While God gives me life to live I will not by my act take from any citizen, be he rich or poor, union man or non-union man, farmer or mechanic, shoemaker or papermaker, doctor or lawyer, any right which is given to another. I will not vote for any law which will make fair for one and foul for another." So spake Joseph G. Cannon on September 5, 1905, to Samuel Gompers and to Theodore Roosevelt.

The Philadelphia Record (Democrat) offers the following argument to prove that Judge Gray could be elected:

Tens of thousands of Republicans would welcome a chance to vote for Judge Gray. Roosevelt's popularity weighs heavily in applause—not in votes. Taft will inherit the opposition to Roosevelt of reflecting and conservative Republicans and victims of last fall's panic, and he has also invited the determined opposition of the colored and the labor-union vote. Judge Gray represents everything that the anti-Roosevelt Republicans most want, and he also represents preeminently the traditional policies of the Democratic party. The Democratic party has a landslide. There was never as much tariff reform sentiment in the country as there is now; never before were manufacturers themselves all over the country organizing to insist on revision and few of them expect to get it from the Republican party. A large part of them would be glad enough to vote for a thoroughly able and trustworthy man like George Gray of Delaware.

News dispatches from Washington convey the following important intimations:

Congress is preparing to go on record against the policy of drafting legislation through commissions authorized for that purpose. Three propositions for the establishment of important commissions have been suggested in the present session and may have to be disposed of before adjournment.

The principal one of these commissions is that proposed to investigate tariff conditions and plan the revision that will take place next year. Another commission now in prospect is that before the House in connection with financial legislation, and a third has been suggested by the National Civic Federation. The last named would provide for a general review of legislation affecting capital and labor, with the object of suggesting amendments to the Sherman anti-trust law after the manner provided by the Hepburn bill, which was advocated by the President in a special message to Congress. The leaders of the Senate and House have given commissions considerable thought recently and have reached the conclusion that any such bodies organized should be composed solely of members of Congress. So far as a currency commission is concerned, the members seem to prefer one of ten members—five from each body. If a tariff commission is to be authorized—which is not now thought probable—the number might be increased to twenty members, equally divided between the two houses. Leaders in Congress are opposed to any commission to suggest amendments to the Sherman anti-trust law. Commissions are expensive and little has been accomplished by the large number of commissions created to suggest legislation.

It may be that the New York Globe is so joyous a supporter of the candidacy of Secretary Taft that it is easily convinced, but it has a seemingly wise conclusion in this view:

The Taft headquarters at Washington last night gave out a statement to the effect that Secretary Taft is already sure of 500 delegates, more than enough to nominate at the Chicago convention. Contemporaneously the Bryan bureau at Lincoln announced its belief that Bryan would have three-fourths of the delegates at Denver, and would thus be nominated on the first ballot—perhaps by acclamation when it was seen that opposition was useless.

The public is disposed to accept both of these estimates as fairly accurate. The conviction is now established that the two conventions are already as well as held—that it is certain to be Bryan and Taft. Six months or a year ago, before opinion crystallized, it is not improbable that both Taft and Bryan could have been defeated for the nomination. But their opponents were guilty of the fatal blunder of delaying too long.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Lamentation of Don Roderick.

The hosts of Don Rodrigo were scatter'd in dismay,
When lost was the eighth battle, nor heart nor hope bad they;
He, when he saw that field was lost, and all his hope was flown,
He turn'd him from his flying host, and took his way alone.

His horse was bleeding, blind, and lame—he could no farther go;
Dismounted, without path or aim, the king stepp'd to and fro:
It was a sight of pity to look on Roderick,
For, sore athirst and hungry, he stagger'd faint and sick.

All stain'd and strew'd with dust and blood, like to some
smouldering brand
Pluck'd from the flame, Rodrigo show'd: his sword was in his
hand,

But it was hack'd into a saw of dark and purple tint;
His jewel'd mail had many a flaw, his helmet many a dint.

He climb'd unto a hill-top, the highest he could see—
Thence all about of that wide rout his last long look took he;
He saw his royal banners, where they lay drench'd and torn.
He heard the cry of victory, the Arah's shout of scorn.

He look'd for the brave captains that led the hosts of Spain,
But all were fled except the dead, and who could count the slain?
Where'er his eye could wander, all bloody was the plain,
And, while thus he said, the tears he shed ran down his cheeks
like rain:—

"Last night I was the King of Spain—today no king am I;
Last night fair castles held my train—tonight where shall I lie?
Last night a hundred pages did serve me on the knee,—
Tonight not one I call my own:—not one pertains to me.

"Oh, luckless, luckless was the hour, and curs'd was the day,
When I was born to have the power of this great seniority!
Unhappy me that I should see the sun go down tonight!
O Death, why now so slow art thou, why fearest thou to
smite?"

From the Spanish.

The L st Battle.

"Oh, Allah! who will give me hack my terrible array?
My emirs and my cavalry that shook the earth today;
My tent, my wide-extending camp, all dazzling to the sight,
Whose watch-fires, kindled numberless between the hrow of
night,

Seemed oft unto the sentinel that watched the midnight hours
As heaven along the sombre hill had rained its stars in
showers?

Where are my heys so gorgeous, in their light pelisses gay,
And where my fierce Timariot hands, so fearless in the fray;
My dauntless khans, my spahis brave, swift thunderbolts of war;
My sunburnt Bedouins, trooping from the pyramids afar,
Who laughed to see the laboring hind terrified at gaze,
And urged their desert horses on amid the ripening maize?
Those horses with their fiery eyes, their slight, untiring feet,
That flew along the fields of corn like grasshoppers so fleet—
What! to behold again no more, loud charging o'er the plain,
Their squadrons, in the hostile shot diminished all in vain,
Burst grandly on the heavy squares, like clouds that hear the
storms,

Enveloping in lightning fires the dark resisting forms!
Oh! they are dead! their housings bright are trailed amid
their gore;

Dark blood is on their manes and sides, all deeply clotted o'er;
All vainly now the spur would strike those cold and rounded
flanks,

To wake them to their wonted speed amid the rapid ranks:
Here the bold riders red and stark upon the sands lie down,
Who in their friendly shadows slept throughout the halt at noon.

Oh, Allah! who will give me hack my terrible array?
See where it straggles 'long the fields for leagues on leagues
away.

Like riches from a spendthrift's hand flung prodigal to earth.
Lo! steed and rider—Tartar chiefs or of Arabian hirth,
Their turhans and their cruel course, their banners and their
cries.

Seem now as if a troubled dream had passed before mine eyes—
My valiant warriors and their steeds, thus doomed to fall and
bleed!

Their voices rouse no echo now, their footsteps have no speed;
They sleep, and have forgot at last the sahr and the hit—
Yon vale, with all the corpses heaped, seems one wide channel-
pit.

Long shall the evil omen rest upon this plain of dread—
Tonight, the taint of solemn blood; tomorrow, of the dead.
Alas! 'tis but a shadow now, that noble armament!
How terribly they strove, and struck from morn to eve unspent,
Amid the fatal fiery ring, enamored of the fight!
Now o'er the dim horizon sinks the peaceful pall of night:
The brave have nobly done their work, and calmly sleep at last.
The crows begin, and o'er the dead are gathering dark and fast:
Already through their feathers black they pass their eager beaks:
Forth from the forest's distant depth, from hald and harren
peaks,

They congregate in hungry flocks and rend their gory prey.
Woe to that haunting army's pride, so vaunting yesterday!
That formidable host, alas! is coldly nervous now
To drive the vulture from his gorge or scare the carrion crow.

Were now that host again mine own, with hanner broad
unfurled

With it I would advance and win the empire of the world.
Monarchs to it should yield their realms and veil their haughty
hrows

My sister it should ever be, my lady and my spouse.
Oh! what will unrestoring Death, that jealous tyrant lord,
Do with the brave departed souls that can not swing a sword?
Why turned the halls aside from me? Why struck no hostile
hand

My head within its turban green upon the pasha sand?
I stood all potent yesterday; my harvest captains three,
All stillers in their tigered selle, magnificent to see.
Hailed as before my gilded tent rose flowing to the gales,
Shorn from the tameless desert steeds, three dark and tossing
tails.

But yesterday a hundred drums were heard when I went by;
Full forty agas turned their looks respectful on mine eye.
And trembled with contracted brows within their hall of state.
Instead of heavy catapults, of slow, unwieldy weight,
I had bright cannons rolling on oak wheels in threatening tiers,
And calm and steady by their sides marched English can-
noneers.

But yesterday, and I had towns, and castles strong and high.
And Greeks in thousands, for the hase and merciless to huy.
But yesterday, and arsenals and harems were my own;
While now, defeated and proscribed, I, deserted and alone,
I flee away, a fugitive, and of my former power,
Allah! I have not now at least one battlemented tower.
And must he fly—the grand vizier! the pasha of three tails!
O'er the horizon's bounding hills, where distant vision fails.
All stealthily, with eyes on earth, and shrinking from the sight,
As a nocturnal robber holds his dark and breathless flight,
And thinks he sees the gibet spread its arms in solemn wrath,
In every tree that dimly throws its shadow on his path!"

Thus, after his defeat, pale Reschid speaks.
Among the dead we mourned a thousand Greeks.
Lone from the field the pasha fled afar,
And, musing, wiped his reeking scimitar;
His two dead steeds upon the sands were flung,
And on their sides their empty stirrups hung.

—Victor Hugo.

MANHATTAN'S NEW RELIGIOUS PLAY.

Henry Miller's Associate Players Make a Success of "The Servant in the House."

For a month now a drama of especial importance has been running at the Savoy Theatre and gaining steadily in public appreciation and consideration, and this somewhat against the prejudices of a large part of the theatre-going public. I will be frank and say that my first impression of the piece was not favorable and that my impression was shared by only a small minority of the audience. A second visit has modified my decision, and, while I am not willing to swell a chorus of indiscriminating praise, it seems to me that some of the causes of its popular success may be pointed out with profit.

Charles Rann Kennedy, an English author, is responsible for the lines of this play, "The Servant in the House," and it was chosen as a fitting instrument for the introduction of Henry Miller's new stock company, styled The Associate Players. Mr. Miller, with good managerial judgment, has formed an organization of something more than merely capable players. Several of the members of the company, already known and enjoying well-earned favor, have demonstrated the possession of qualities remarkable if not eminent, and of particular value in the drama now engaging their attention. I write this prefatory note of the actors because I believe their intelligent, earnest, and practised efforts should have more than a grudging recognition in the commendation bestowed upon the production.

"The Servant in the House" is a play designed to teach, as the First Lord of the Admiralty might have observed, that the Golden Rule should not be forgotten, even by clergymen, and that its practical application will straighten out domestic tangles, subdue worldly ambition, and inculcate a practical philanthropy of inestimable benefit to all sorts and conditions of men. This of itself is an idea neither original nor startling in the theatrical world or in the publishing business, and a distinctive feature is needed to make the paying public sit up and take notice. This necessary feature Mr. Kennedy has introduced in the form of a character whose personal appearance, moral exhortations, and quiet yet commanding methods are patterned upon popular conceptions of the Saviour of Mankind. The plan and its working out are in a reverent spirit. There are no shocks to the most sensitive of the orthodox, yet the satire is searching, the lashing given to hypocrisy is unmerciful. It is not religion but the canting rogue who puts on its livery for selfish purposes that is shamed. From the counsel and example of the servant come the casting out of an unprincipled bishop, the reconciliation and reunion of two brothers and a father and daughter long separated, and the new devotion of cold and self-centred Christians to the creed of brotherly love.

The story of the play suggests its dramatic possibilities, even without the symbolic presentations and the mystic atmosphere intensified by careful attention to stage direction. Reverend William Smythe is a vicar in an English church, and with his wife, an ambitious helpmate, guards the interests of the daughter of his brother Bob, a drunken sewer laborer. The girl knows nothing of her father. Into the vicar's household comes an East Indian, to take the place of butler. In the early days of the new servant's work the Bishop of Lancashire visits the vicar and mistakes the sewer workman for his host and the butler for an expected guest, the Bishop of Benares. The Lancashire bishop, hungry for church funds, is the active principle of evil, the vicar and his wife more passive victims of the worldly desire for power and show. The outcast laborer, sorrowing for his child, and the daughter, knowing nothing of real fatherly love, are the examples of suffering virtue to be made happy in the end. At the close of the play the homilies and enforced lessons of humanity offered by the servant, who is frankly put forward as an incarnation of the Son of Man, are successful in bringing about an ideal condition.

Few of the critics are able to discover high literary merit in the play, but the force of its emotional appeal is not gainsaid. It is impressive undoubtedly, in spite of its talkiness, its lack of incident, its mere contrast and conflict of character. It is ethical, but happily not Ibsenish. There is evidence in its construction that the playwright has known how far to go and when to pause in his use of well-worn moralities and familiar platitudes. During Holy Week it attracted audiences that continued to increase in numbers, and the interest is more than sustained. Play and theatre have gained the approval of many churchmen and they have been referred to with approbation in many pulpit pronouncements. There is no better kind of advertising, not merely for a patronage that ordinarily is timid, but as well for the body of play-goers who follow the crowd.

Walter Hampden gives a notable air of dignity and significance to the rôle from which the play is named. It is a part that requires much delicacy of art in a rare combination with force of character. In less competent hands the tone of the entire production might be changed. Tyrone Power, as the human derelict, is scarcely less admirable. Edith Wynne Mathison, to be remembered for her fine interpretation of "Everyman," is a winning figure in the unsympathetic rôle of the vicar's ambitious wife, and especially in the artistic use of her beautiful voice. Mabel Moore plays the adopted daughter with charming simplicity. Arthur Lewis is the half-blind, three-quarters deaf, and wholly unspiritual and grasping Bishop of Lancashire. Mr. Dal-

ton, as the vicar, who has neglected, feared, and hated his drunken brother, is the only player in the cast who does not realize all the possibilities of his part.

Perhaps the phenomenon which is seen in the success of this play is but a chance bringing together of elements that will always be popular. The drama itself is a more important contribution to stage literature than any recent offering on related lines. Creston Clarke's "The Ragged Messenger," which was called a tract instead of a play, and E. H. Sothern's "The Fool Hath Said in His Heart There is No God," that can scarcely become a financial success with all the artistic aid of the great actor who produces it, may be instanced as collateral efforts to bring into effective theatrical use the highest moral motives. There is much to be said in favor of such designs.

NEW YORK, April 23, 1908.

Mr. George Russell has lately been discoursing on tips in the Manchester *Guardian*, after the well-known manner of his "Collections and Recollections." He treats the subject historically, under its various names of fees, vales (or veils), honorarium (as Disraeli preferred to call it), and pouches. Ancient usage has a peculiarly consecrating effect in the matter of tips and fees. Horace Walpole records the astonishment of George I when told that he must give guineas to the servant of the ranger of his park for bringing him a brace of carp out of his own pond. Apparently, everybody in England is at some time or other justified in demanding a fee, unless it be the monarch. When Tait became Archbishop of Canterbury and met the queen, he breathed a sigh of relief on at last encountering a person to whom he had not to pay something. According to Bishop Burnet, a man used to have to give a tip in order to be decapitated. He tells the story of Lord Russell, when under sentence of death for high treason, asking what he ought to give the executioner. "I told him ten guineas. He said, with a smile, it was a pretty thing to give a fee to have his head cut off."

An electric "weapon"—not strictly a gun—that will throw 2000-pound projectiles 300 miles—from London to Paris, or from New York to Buffalo—is discussed in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*. The "weapon," which was designed by Mr. Simpson, a Scotch engineer, is vouched for by Colonel F. N. Maude of the Royal Engineers, an authority on ordnance, who is author of the article. It is hailed as calculated by its incredibly formidable nature, to make war a remote contingency, if not impossible. It is claimed for the weapon that it can discharge projectiles of any dimensions up to 2000 pounds in weight at a muzzle velocity of 30,000 feet a second and at the rate of several thousand a day. That it is easily handled, can be mounted in batteries or on shipboard, or used as field artillery to at least the same extent as can heavy siege guns. Detailed description of the weapon is withheld for the present, on the ground that if any inkling of it were given foreign governments would construct a similar weapon.

In the Land of Beer certain surprises await you, if you have lived in anticipation of the foaming brew, declares a writer in *The Bohemian*. The German likes his beer, as the world has been taught to believe, but whether he likes or dislikes it, the fact remains that he can not get it in the fashionable restaurants of Berlin. If you go to so fine a hotel as the Bristol, and there order beer with your meal, it may be that the *maitre d'hôtel*, purely from the goodness of his heart, will send out and get it for you, in which case it will be brought to you in a beautiful little stone jug and you will pay for it five times over; but if you have the temerity to order your favorite brew at such a restaurant as Hiller's, in Unter den Linden, or Der Reichshoff, in the Wilhelmstrasse, you will come such a cropper as did the American who asked for plum-pudding at the Café Riche in Paris. "Monsieur," said the stately *maitre d'hôtel* on that occasion, "this café has never served, does not serve, and never will serve, plum-pudding!"

There is one city in the world today which bears an absolutely unique distinction, and that is Detroit—the "City of Pills." This year it is estimated that Detroit manufacturers will make three-quarters of the world's supply of pills, or over six billion pellets, of all sizes, shapes, and colors, and intended for almost every ailment of human kind. In the city are made over two thousand different varieties of pills. America is the greatest pill-consuming nation on earth, for, while Detroit pills find their way to every conceivable corner of the globe, not more than one-third of the total product leaves this country, the average consumption being something like sixty pills per capita per year.

The last stone has been laid in the construction of a stone bridge which takes rank as one of the greatest of its kind in the world. The bridge is over the Connecticut River at Hartford. With its approaches it took nearly three years to build and cost about \$3,000,000. It is composed of nine spans having maximum dimensions of a reach of 119 feet and a clear height of arch of 42 feet and is 82 feet wide and has a total length of 1192.5 feet. The famous London Bridge, which has hitherto ranked first among stone bridges, is but 65 feet wide, 1005 feet long, and has five arches, with a longest span of 152 feet and a maximum rise of arch of 27.5 feet.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Baron Rosen, Russian ambassador to the United States, sailed a few days ago for Europe on leave of absence, being the first time he has left America in three years.

Jared Y. Sanders, the Democratic nominee for governor, and all other candidates on the Democratic ticket in Louisiana were elected by large majorities at the State election April 21.

State Senator Landrum of Oklahoma has introduced a bill in the legislature designed to protect the feelings of the aborigines. It forbids the use of wooden Indians as cigar store signs under a penalty of \$50 and six months' imprisonment.

Acting under orders of Governor Wilson, Adjutant-General Johnston of Kentucky has formulated plans for a vigorous campaign against night-riders. Troops will be assembled at Cadiz, Trigg County, to gather in all offenders against whom warrants have been issued.

Representative Focht of Pennsylvania recently introduced a bill requiring that one-half of the goods and articles sold under patents granted to citizens of any foreign country be manufactured in the United States. His aim is to retaliate against Germany, Great Britain, and Russia, which put similar restrictions on American inventors.

Judge Pinckney of the Chicago Circuit Court recently revoked the naturalization papers of fifty-five men who are suspected of having anarchistic affiliations. A few days before, Judge Ball revoked the papers of ninety-nine persons who had failed to take an oath that they were not connected with any society seeking the overthrow of the government.

President Cabrera of Guatemala had a narrow escape from assassination on April 20. As the president entered the palace to receive the new American minister, Major William Heimke, in public audience, five cadets of the military academy—forming a part of his body guard—attempted to assassinate him, and in the mêlée he received a bayonet thrust through his left hand, while an officer of his staff was killed. The five cadets have been shot. The populace was astounded and condemns the attack.

Emperor Nicholas has approved the appointment of Senator Malevsky-Malavitch to be Russian ambassador to Japan. The diplomatic post at Tokio has just been raised from a legation to an embassy. The foreign office has communicated with Tokio and learns that M. Malevsky-Malavitch is *persona grata*. Japan has not yet taken formal steps in the matter of nominating an ambassador to Russia, but it is understood that Baron Motono will be promoted as a reward for his successful handling of the recent Russo-Japanese negotiations.

Charles Lanier, of the New York banking firm of Winslow, Lanier & Co., just before sailing for Europe last week said: "Wall Street and the financial interests are for Taft for President. I mean that if Mr. Taft is elected, the business interests of the country will feel reassured, and that complete prosperity will return to the country. I am not a pessimist, and do not regard the present situation in a very gloomy light. People have been frightened into a business conservatism that is bound to cause depression for a time, but the business world will soon strike an equilibrium again. Times are bound to improve."

The Emperor of Japan, through Ambassador Takahira, has conferred upon Colonel Charles A. Boynton, superintendent of the southern division of the Associated Press, the decoration of the fourth class of the Imperial Order of the Rising Sun. In transmitting the decoration the ambassador stated that it was given in token of the good will entertained toward Colonel Boynton by the emperor, and in manifestation of the appreciation of his high ability and fairness as a directing spirit in the news concern which he represents. The emperor's sources of information apparently are little short of universal.

District Attorney Jerome of New York City is still the object of severe criticism, and with him his special grand jury. The *World* says that "since the origin of grand juries and district attorneys no such spectacle has before been presented of a district attorney testifying in the defendant's behalf and putting words of exculpation in his mouth; of a defendant's testimony being taken in preference to official reports and the railroad commission's records; of a grand jury presenting to the court the defendant's excuses instead of the proof of his guilt." It is apparent that there is no general acquiescence in the claim now advanced on both sides of the continent that "divinity doth hedge" a district attorney.

William Jennings Bryan in New York last week commented on the testimony of Thomas F. Ryan as a witness before the special county grand jury, to the effect that the Metropolitan Street Railway Company in 1899 contributed \$500,000 for political purposes, which amount was supposed to be spent to prevent Mr. Bryan's nomination. Mr. Bryan said this testimony only confirmed what he had known in a general way, and he repeated his charge that money was being used at the present time to prevent his nomination at Denver. In the course of his interview Mr. Bryan threw cold water on the vice-presidential move of Lieutenant-Governor Chanler, and he denied that he had had any communication, direct or indirect, with Leader Murphy of Tammany Hall.

THE BAY CITY'S GOLDEN YOUTH.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XI.

When Arthur Alden voyaged from New York to the Coast, it was not to him the unknown land it had been to his uncle. Judge Fox's letters home had been frequent, so young Alden knew what manner of men he might meet, and something of the conditions. These had greatly changed. The voyage was shorter and much less eventful. His uncle had made the long thirteen thousand miles around the Horn. Alden traveled by the Isthmus. The steamers ran regularly; his placid journey took about three weeks.

If his voyage was uneventful, young Alden hoped for much on his arrival. He had greedily read the newspaper tales of the exciting life in the young city by the sundown seas; he longed to see with his own eyes the ephemeral settlement, its hillside covered with tents. The open-hearted and open-handed miners, giving freely of their nuggets of yellow gold—the wild and romantic life of the infant city as pictured in the current journals—these were what Alden hoped to see. His uncle's later letters did not always tally with these polychromatic pictures of the newspapers; but then his uncle was a decade older than he, and Arthur knew that to the elderly life seems sober-tinted and gray. True, his uncle was under forty, but a man of twenty-five always looks on one of forty as elderly if not already old.

Even at the harbor's mouth he found everything different. Fox had entered the Golden Gate through a thick wall of fog. When Alden arrived the season was different—the beautiful bay, its bold headlands, and its numerous islands were glowing with sunlight. A keen north wind was blowing—the air was sharp and thin, and distant objects were brought startlingly near in the clear atmosphere. So sharply outlined were the Tamal mountain on the ocean side of the bay and the Diablo peak on the opposing shore that they seemed hardly a rifle-shot apart. Inland for many miles stretched the great bay, its surface shimmering like burnished steel. Tawny islands studded its smooth surface like brown bosses on a steely shield.

The harbor, as at his uncle's arrival, was filled with shipping. But the landing place differed totally from the descriptions and engravings his uncle had sent. Where a few years before there had been a deep cove, now a solid mass of buildings and piers projected far into the harbor. Where his uncle had landed from a rowboat hauled up on the muddy beach, now he walked down a gangway from a staunch steamer to a spacious wharf. He knew he could not be mistaken about localities, for he recognized by his uncle's description the two bold headlands north and south of the landing. And on the hill to the north he saw a semaphore waving its arms, as when his uncle landed, and he knew that the arrival of the steamer was being telegraphed by its wooden wigwags throughout the city.

The passengers were descending from the steamer, and the cabin luggage was sliding out of the chutes, when Alden's attention was attracted by a body of several hundred armed men gathered around a derrick. They seemed to be under military orders, and were formed into a hollow square. The wharf was densely packed with people. A rope had been stretched by the custom-house officers, shutting out the crowd from a circular space intended for the passengers.

In the centre of the square was a sight which gripped young Alden. He saw two white men, naked to the waist, gagged and bound; each was lashed to a derrick arm, while behind each victim stood a powerful Mexican, bolding in his band a quirt, or horsewhip of braided raw-hide. Knots were tied in the lashes of the quirts, making a whip not unlike a cat-o'-nine-tails. The Mexicans were evidently waiting for the word.

The word soon came. No heed was paid to the newly arrived passengers, although the crowd made way for the mail-sacks, which were driven at a gallop up the pier. When the mail-wagons passed, the man in command said briefly:

"The sentence is a hundred lashes. Go!"

The two quirts fell. "One! Two! Three!" The white backs were at once lined with red stripes which quickly turned from red to purple. "Four! Five! Six!" The Mexicans scientifically criss-crossed, and the backs became covered with purple and red stripes enclosing lozenge shapes of white flesh; broad welts began to show; then the welts were furrowed by wales, and ridges rose between which deep red furrows could be seen. The lips of the furrows began to part—the furrows met and joined—there was no longer any white flesh; it was all red.

"Nine! Ten! Eleven!" Monotonously the voice called off the numbers; monotonously the lashes fell.

Soon there was no sign of stripes or wales, but only one great raw wound. When "twenty" was pronounced, the head of one of the victims fell over flabbily on his shoulder.

The leader gave a sign to stop. "Better look after him, Doc," he called out. The waiting physician felt the pulse, lifted an eyelid and gazed into an eye, tilted up the chin, and poured some drug down the throat through the gagged jaws. Half strangled, the man choked, opened his eyes, and stared wildly around.

"A.I. right, Doc?" inquired the leader. The doctor nodded. "Go on," the order came.

"Twenty-one!" Again the monotonous voice arose.

The other victim, who was conscious, tried to crane his neck sidewise sufficiently to see what the doctor was doing. With a start, Alden's glance met his staring eyes.

"Twenty-two!" Again was heard the sound of the lashes as they fell on the bleeding backs.

Almost sick with horror, Alden grasped an onlooker by the arm. "My God!" he cried. "They're reviving him to go on with the flogging."

"Why, of course!" said the stranger roughly. "What do you suppose they're reviving him for?"

"But this is awful! What does it mean? Is there no law here?"

"Yes, my friend, you bet there's lots of law here—Judge Lynch's law, and if you don't keep a quiet tongue in your head perhaps you'll get some of it," he concluded ominously.

"What do you mean?" demanded Alden, indignantly.

"Does no one dare to say a word for men treated in this shameful way? What have they done?"

"Well, they done a whole lot of things, them and their crowd. For they belong to the Sidney ducks."

"What are Sidney ducks?"

"No savvy, eh? Well, Sidney ducks that means ex-convicts from Sidney Cove."

"But you haven't told me what they've done."

"Oh, I don't know what petticlek thing they done right now. What aint they done? Their gang have been robbin', murderin', and settin' fire to people's houses long enough. But now the Vigilantes have got 'em. They were goin' to hang these two in the plaza just now, but they concluded to let 'em off with a hundred lashes and ordering 'em to leave the State. So the Vigilantes brought 'em down here to the dock, to do the floggin' and to see that they do actually leave. There's the ship they're going to sail on." And he pointed to a vessel lying in the offing with her anchor just awash and the capstan pawls clanking.

Lined up along the rope beside him Alden saw his fellow-passengers, gazing some in wonder, some in horror, at the repulsive spectacle. It did not last long, for soon the doctor was unable to revive the unfortunate wretches, and the flogging went on without stop. They suffered the latter part of their punishment in merciful unconsciousness, hanging by their wrists, their legs doubled under them. The Mexicans cut the lashings and tossed the limp forms into a boat which lay at the foot of the pier gangway. The boatmen gave way, and the two "Sidney ducks" were on their way to exile.

So shocked was Alden by this spectacle that it was with difficulty he could turn his mind to the custom-house inquisition. Although the passengers were technically making only a coastwise cruise between domestic ports, they had touched at two foreign cities, and were therefore liable to inspection for dutiable goods. Most of them had only trumpery trifles purchased at Colon, or Aspinwall as it was then called, and their examination was perfunctory.

His luggage cleared, he was about to hire a carriage, when Alden observed a young man who seemed to be looking for some one. As their glances met, the stranger's eye fell on a pin Alden wore.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Arthur Alden?" he inquired.

Alden looked at him searchingly, but the face was strange to him. It was a pleasant face, and for that matter a handsome one. The stranger was somewhere near thirty, rather foppishly dressed, and Alden noted his tendency toward redundant moustachios and hair.

Alden involuntarily met the stranger's smile with an equally cordial one. "Yes," he said, "my name is Alden, but I must confess you have the advantage of me."

"Let me introduce myself," said the stranger, extending his hand. "My name is Yarrow—Eugene Yarrow. Senator Burke, who is a great friend of your uncle, Judge Fox, is out of town, so he begged me to watch for you on this steamer, and see that you are properly looked after. He hopes you will spend a few days here before you go up the river to meet your uncle. I am sure I should like to join him in his request, and we will try to make your stay a pleasant one."

"Senator Burke is very kind," replied Alden. "And let me thank you too, Mr. Yarrow, for your courtesy to a stranger—for really the acquaintanceship is rather remote. It is twice removed, in fact—Senator Burke knows me only through my uncle, and you know me only through Senator Burke."

"My dear fellow, you must cast aside your Eastern frigidity—in fact, I may call it your Cambridge frigidity, for I see you wear a Harvard pin. Don't think I am speaking lightly of our Alma Mater, for I too am a Harvard man, although my class was some years ahead of yours."

"Yes, I am a very new alumnus—it is only this year that I abandoned Academe to conquer the world."

"Well, whether you intend to ope your oyster with sword or pen, you have come to the right place. True, there is no war, but gentlemen of a truculent turn make big money here by squatting on their neighbor's land and then selling it to the owners. More punctilious desperadoes sell their stilettoes at fifty dollars a day; these are honest rascals, and hire themselves out to prevent their less scrupulous comrades from jumping their clients' claims."

Alden laughed. "I am of a tranquil temperament," he said, "and my trade is adjusting disputes by peaceful means. If the land business here is all transacted with weapons, I fear I shall have to ignore it."

"That does not follow, by any means. Senator Burke tells me you are a lawyer. Now, abandoning Ancient Pistol's vaunt of oyster-opening, but recalling the thrifty old legal fable of the clients and the oyster-shells, let me assure you that the lawyers here make a great deal more than the armed guards—they often get

half of the land merely for perfecting the title to it. But tell me, have you had a pleasant steamer trip?"

"Yes—although it has been short and uneventful. It is just three weeks yesterday since I left New York, and on the voyage absolutely nothing occurred."

"With the ardor of youth I suppose you envy the many adventures of your uncle's long voyage?" asked Yarrow.

"No—if I experienced them, I'm afraid I'd probably find that they sound better than they feel."

"Yes—three weeks is long enough for a voyage. Three, four, or five months of the same ship and the same ship's company, with little news and no letters—that becomes unendurable. By the way, did you have your letters sent in Senator Burke's care?"

"I had them addressed merely General Delivery. I don't suppose there is any such rush at the postoffice now as there used to be. My uncle used to tell remarkable tales of the long line at the postoffice window."

"Oh, no. The heavy mails come by these steamers—in fact, the bulk of the mails. But business men and others requiring rapid dispatch now get many letters by pony express."

"How are they forwarded?"

"Relays of fast ponies cross the continent in very quick time; something like fifteen days."

"And do they come in regularly and on time?"

"Yes, unless the Indians get 'em—of course they're always in danger of that. You say you had no perils of the deep or other adventures on your voyage?"

"None at all—absolutely nothing happened which was even unusual," replied Alden. "But stop!" he cried, "I mean on the voyage. When we reached here—only a few moments before I met you—I saw a horrible and revolting spectacle."

With much feeling Alden told of the scene—the armed Vigilantes—the victims and the Mexicans—the attendant physician—the terrible flogging—and the senseless and bleeding forms thrown into the boats to be deported. The picture was still imprinted on his brain, and he described it vividly and eloquently.

"Ah, indeed," commented Yarrow calmly, when Alden had finished. He did not show any particular interest, and added carelessly: "I believe the Vigilantes did round up some of the Sidney ducks last night, but I don't think they hanged any this trip. They sentenced a couple of them to be branded on the cheek, and cropped another fellow's ears. I hadn't heard of this flogging, but it is quite common."

Alden looked at Yarrow in amazement. Here was a man of his own station in life, of education, of refinement, probably wealthy, and apparently kind-hearted. Yet to this horrible story he gave scarcely a thought. Alden vaguely wondered whether the old Latin maxim was true, that not the mind but only the skies change to him who sails over seas. To the newcomer it began to seem as if his kinsmen of the older States, in sailing from the Atlantic to the Pacific, had suffered some strange sea-change.

When their carriage was rumbling over the long wharf toward the shore, Alden remarked that he found the appearance of the landing-place utterly unlike the lithographs his uncle had sent.

"Yes," replied Yarrow, "a deep cove cut into the shore then; now it's all built over. Twice the waterfront has been extended. The last time your uncle's friend, Senator Burke, was reputed to have cleaned up half a million by purchasing lots out in the bay just in the nick of time. This wharf we're on is over eighteen hundred feet long, and yet you see buildings to right and left of us. This used to be deep water. Howison's pier over there is eleven hundred feet long, and Laws's wharf seventeen hundred. Both are built up solidly on each side, as you see."

"Where did they get such an immense amount of material for filling?"

"Those acres of houses in front of you stand where there used to be sand dunes, some of them two or three hundred feet high. These were dug down with steam paddies, and the sand hauled on steam railways on these long piers out into the bay. On the level land where the dunes stood are now residences; on the filled land in the bay they have erected these big warehouses and shops."

"But these are rather heavy buildings out here—how can a solid foundation be made on a mud flat," inquired Alden.

"They have a foundation, such as it is. If you ask me whether it is solid, I decline to answer. To get down to a solid bottom the first builders began driving piles. Sometimes an eighty-foot pile would go down out of sight with the first blow of the hammer; then they would drive another one on top of it. When they found it impossible to reach solid bottom they drove bunches and clusters of piles in such numbers that the friction of the mud kept them from going out of sight. Then these piles were capped, and the buildings laid on top of them."

Alden looked at his companion in surprise. "Surely you don't mean that these buildings are supported merely by the friction of the mud on the piles? You must be hoaxing me!"

"I assure you I am not. I am quite sincere. The night our new American Theatre opened, the weight of the great crowd made the building sink four inches. But what of that?—the opening was a great success. We are all optimists out here, and we don't talk about our mud foundations—it's bad form. They're all covered up, so what's the use?"

Alden marveled greatly at his new acquaintance's light and reckless tone. It did not seem that Yarrow could be a business man and hold such curious views of life. He might be a professional man—doctors and

lawyers usually have less tangible fortunes, and there are more materialists among them. So with the frankness of youth, Alden cross-questioned him.

"Pardon me, but what particular niche in this rising community do you fill?" he asked. "Are you in business, or are you a professional man?"

"No niche at all," responded Yarrow laughing. "When the directory enumerator, the other day, asked me my business, I was stumped. I told him frankly I hadn't any. So, looking at my attire, he kindly said, 'Gambler, I s'pose,' and was about to put it down that way. But my father intervened—it was in his office—and stiffly said to put me down as a capitalist, which was done."

Alden still remained puzzled. "Are you in business with your father?" he asked.

"No—I am not a partner—not even an employee. My dear old governor—who is a merchant and a very successful one—would give his right hand to see me striving to perpetuate the name and fame of the house of Yarrow. But I freely confess that I take no interest in forestalling the price of mess pork. Making a corner in salt beef, and thereby ruining a rival commission merchant, would not give me an extra pulse-beat. And I admit to the utmost indifference whether flour is five dollars or fifty dollars a barrel."

"Such unconcern is indeed a luxury," remarked Alden. "But," he added with a good-humored laugh, "it is a luxury that few of us are able to enjoy."

"Do not misunderstand me," said Yarrow quickly. "I see what you mean. It sounds as if I were boasting of my wealth. But I do not mean it so. True, I am well off. My mother left me a fortune, I am the only child, and my father is rich. So I don't have to work. I live here because I am very fond of my old father. He lives here because he enjoys the wild gamble which here is called business. Besides, the whole game interests me hugely. Everything out here is keyed up to the highest pitch. All the men and many of the women gamble. Nearly all the men drink. I don't gamble, but I drink—too much, very likely."

Alden looked at him with such open amazement that Yarrow laughed heartily as he went on:

"Let me warn you again not to misunderstand our Western frankness. When I say I drink, I don't mean that I am a common drunkard, nor that you may expect to see me in the gutter tomorrow. I only mean that I take more cocktails than I ought to during the day, and more champagne than is good for me in the evening. But I do it deliberately. Human life at best is but a sorry thing. Here one sees much of its darker side. Personally, I see little of the romance with which the newspaper scribbles love to adorn it. Now I find that by drinking a little more than is good for me I acquire a certain mellowness of judgment, a certain clearness of vision, a kind of alcoholic benevolence toward my fellow-men which makes me judge them much less harshly. As a result, everybody loves me. They think I am a charming fellow and an utterly worthless one. In the latter view I am inclined to agree with them."

Alden found his companion's frankness growing embarrassing; it was difficult either to agree or disagree with him in his introspective mood. So he changed the subject to the elder Yarrow.

"Your father, you tell me, is a commission merchant?" he asked.

"Yes, and an auctioneer. The leading merchants here are all auctioneers and commission merchants. Never since the world began was there a place to which so much is shipped on commission and where so much is sold at auction. You are probably utterly unknown in this city. Yet prominent houses in New York, London, or Paris will ship you fifty, a hundred, or two hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods on sale, merely on your word."

"Suppose I should not pay for them—what then?"

"Even if you wanted to, probably you would not be able to. Suppose you ordered fine French cognac, thinking justly that there is a large demand for intoxicants; when your consignment came you would find that scores of other men had ordered the same thing. Then you would refuse to receive your consignment; or if you received it you would sell it at a loss; or if you refused it, the ship's charterers would order it sold aboard ship at auction. In any event the shippers would probably make nothing and perhaps lose all."

"But it can not be possible that all the goods sent here are unsalable."

"In the past, much has been utterly unsalable, for various reasons," replied Yarrow. "One reason was that the foreign and Atlantic merchants shipped old and shop-worn goods. Likewise they used to send things utterly useless here, such as silk hats, broadcloths, fine linen, and patent leather shoes, when the miners wanted woolen shirts and cowhide boots. In the early days they also sent large quantities of women's clothes, pots, pans, and cook-stoves, when there were no women and no kitchens. Some enterprising French merchants shipped all sorts of *Articles de Paris* of the most trivial description—useless anywhere and particularly here. Some musical mind-reader in Hamburg sent a whole shipload of pianos. Pianos! Imagine sending pianos by the shipload to a community made up practically of men, and these men miners—a community with only 2 per cent of women, and of that small percentage the only musical talent to be found among the hurdy-gurdy girls."

"What may they be?"

"Blar-eyed fairies who sit in the saloons and produce dreadful music from a kind of barrel-organ. They take their name from their instrument of torture."

"Apropos of pianos," asked Alden, "I have heard that there was a sidewalk made of pianos in the early days. I suppose the story is pure romance."

"Not entirely. That sidewalk was a block long, on Montgomery Street, from Clay to Jackson. It was not made of pianos, but of cook-stoves. One stove sunk out of sight, and the abyss was bridged with a damaged piano."

"Then these sidewalk stories of the early days are true?"

"Oh, yes. There were many such. Another sidewalk, running along Leidesdorff Street from Montgomery Street to the Pacific Mail office, was made of boxes of first-class Virginia tobacco containing a hundred pounds each, costing 75 cents a pound. The downtown streets then were bottomless; abysses of mud were filled with pig iron, sheet lead, cement, wire sieves, and barrels of provisions such as salt beef, pork, fish, and the like. Even liquor was shipped in such enormous quantities that sometimes there was no sale for it. Two shiploads of Spanish brandy were dumped on the water-front, the casks covering two acres of ground. They were ruined by the rising tides—endosmose and exosmose. Just think what an enormous amount of agreeable intoxication they could have produced had they been dumped somewhere in the world where people had less business and more thirst."

"But if all these valuable goods were not salable, why were they not stored?"

"Storage too high—more than the goods were worth."

"Then why were they not shipped to the interior?"

"Lighterage, labor, and freight more than the goods were worth."

"Then why were they not shipped back to where they came from?"

"All sorts of reasons—questions of ownership, insurance, customs dues, general average, demurrage, and jettison, all so stirred up by underwriters and proctors in admiralty that no man could understand the matter."

"What did the merchants do then?"

"When they found the goods they had ordered were a drug in the market, and could not be stored because lighterage and storage charges were so high, they would refuse to receive the goods. Then the agonized consignors at home would order whole shiploads of stuff knocked down under the hammer."

"But how about staples?" said Alden. "There are some goods which seem to me absolute necessities, such as flour."

"At one time flour fell to two dollars a hundred pounds. Another time I remember when lumber suddenly fell, owing to a number of shiploads of ready-made houses coming in. Millions of feet of lumber were lying in the bay that any man could have."

"But still I don't understand why it wasn't possible to ship the things back in some way," persisted the newcomer. "All the details you mention might have been settled."

"There was another detail which could not be settled. I have given you a number of excellent reasons for not shipping things back, but the main reason was that the ships could not sail without sailors, and the sailors all deserted as soon as the ships came into port."

Alden felt that Yarrow's guns were too heavy for him, but he went down with his colors nailed to the mast. "Still I don't see why the goods couldn't have been shipped to the interior," he said stubbornly. "Deep-water seamen would not have been needed for that."

Yarrow looked at him with a twinkle in his eye, and began with much gravity.

"I see, my dear boy, that you ought to go into mercantile business here. Eschew the law. Chuck Themis. Let me take you around to my governor; I think he'd like to have you as a partner in the house of Yarrow & Co. If you could tell him how barrels of salt pork could be taken from ships in the harbor with lighterage costing forty dollars a day, stevedores' wages fifteen dollars a day, draymen's wages twelve dollars a day, and the cost of getting the stuff to the mines about a thousand dollars a minute—if, I say, you could only shed light on these dark corners of commerce, you would fill my governor's heart with joy. I will take you around and you must talk it over with him. But, there—don't get angry—I mustn't forget that you are a cold-blooded Yankee. So is my father—so am I—but we are used to this kind of talk and you are not. If I continue it I fear I shall offend you. Don't take my chaff seriously—you'll find this style of merry persiflage very common here in the Golden West."

His companion's persistent good humor made Alden ashamed of his momentary irritation.

"Is this our hotel?" he asked, as they neared a rather pretentious building.

"Yes, it is the hotel, for although there are many in the city, the Upper Ten think there is only one. This is the Oriental, owned by Millionaire Salem, and all of us of the Upper Ten live here. For even in this primitive community, I would have you know that there are circles and inner circles within which the lower ten thousand never dare enter. I don't know the qualification by which a man may read his title clear to admission in this charmed circle. It is not money, nor morality, nor yet is it manners, nor is it education. But an indispensable prerequisite is that he either shall live at or dine at the Oriental."

And here their carriage stopped and they descended at the caravansary of the Upper Ten.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Owing to financial conditions Miss Helen Gould has been compelled to close two of her favorite charitable institutions, Woody Crest and the Lyndhurst Club and Industrial School, both situated at Tarrytown.

Some time ago the death of the man who was supposed to be the last survivor of the Light Brigade was announced. It turns out, however, that there is at least one more survivor of the famous charge at Balaklava and that he lives in this country. He is Thomas Kenzie of Newtown, Connecticut, who is seventy-three years of age, but still hale and an active worker. He was wounded twice in the Crimean War, and after that conflict he served with the British forces in India and Abyssinia. In all Mr. Kenzie spent thirty years in soldiering and adventure.

Crown Prince William of Germany, following the requirement of the house of Hohenzollern that each prince must be skilled in some trade, is becoming an adept in wood turning. He surprised his suite by ordering a lathe set up in one of the bedrooms, and recently spending the whole morning in turning out chair legs. He worked in his shirt sleeves, and when the electricity failed he called an adjutant to help him. The adjutant also was in his shirt sleeves and the two men alternated in driving the machine. Emperor William is a cabinetmaker, his father was a bookbinder, and his grandfather was a turner.

A well-known society lady having written to Count Tolstoy urging him to discountenance the projected celebration of his eightieth birthday, has received a reply to the effect that the count entirely shares her point of view and has finally decided against participating in any public celebration of the anniversary. The same lady is said to have approached the ecclesiastical authorities with a view to a rescinding of the ban of excommunication against Count Tolstoy. The Metropolitan Anthony informed her that no such step could be considered without Count Tolstoy clearly defining his spiritual attitude.

Mrs. Asquith, the wife of the new British premier, is well known for her philanthropic work in the east end of London. She and her sisters, Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton and Lady Rebblesdale, started a crèche for babies and attended to it personally. Mrs. Asquith is specially interested in factory girls, taking large parties into the country every year and helping them in every way. Before her marriage Mrs. Asquith was Miss Margot Tennant and a great friend of Mr. Gladstone. Conspicuous among the wedding presents was a book from Mr. Gladstone inscribed in his own handwriting, "To Margot Tennant, as she is and is to be."

By the death of Ferdinand Fox Jenkins, the family to which modern spiritualism traced its origin becomes extinct. Just sixty years have elapsed since the mysterious rappings were heard in the house of the Fox sisters at Hydeville, New York, the sound of which echoed over the sea to England and in this country produced a popular excitement paralleled only by the discovery of the Cardiff giant. They set the nation agog and brought a new faith into being. Whether all this was imposture or whether it was preliminary to the discovery of a new force is still matter for debate. The last of the family is dead and the problem is still alive.

The Duke of the Abruzzi, whose engagement to Miss Elkins is still under discussion, was born in Madrid, a few days before his father, King Amadeo I of Spain, abdicated his throne and resumed the title of the Duke of Aosta. The young prince entered the Italian navy at an early age, and had attained the rank of captain when he first gave rein to his eager desire for exploration in untraveled countries, which has brought him so much fame. Tall, clean-shaven save for the upper lip, with finely cut features and olive complexion, the duke, who celebrated his thirty-fifth birthday last month, is one of the handsomest of European princes. His own personal estate is said to amount to \$2,000,000.

The Princess Anna Monica Pia of Saxony, now five years of age, has created a stir by returning to her father, the King of Saxony. The mother of Princess Anna eloped from the Saxony court with her son's tutor, Giron, and eventually she married Enrico Toselli, who was well known as a piano player in New York in 1901. Since the elopement the princess has passed her days in flitting from place to place, in endless lawsuits, negotiations for the surrender of the child and for a suitable allowance. It was at one time agreed that the little princess should become a nun, but her return to her father is an indication that her future will be along the conventional lines usual at the court of Saxony.

Robert Hunter, whose connection as a socialist agitator with the Union Square meeting of unemployed in New York has given him a new kind of fame, has for ten years been engaged in excellent work connected with public charities and sociological research. He studied tenements and slums in Chicago and poverty in New York, wrote a book or two, married a daughter of the New York millionaire, Anson Phelps Stokes, and gradually advanced through sociology into socialism along with his brother-in-law, J. G. Phelps Stokes, who appears to have kept out of the recent disturbances altogether. Messrs. Hunter and Stokes are regarded in New York as the leading "parlor socialists" of the city. They are, indeed, notable cases of young men reared in great wealth turning into extreme radicals, and the future may have a story to unfold with such persons in the centre of it.

THE BEAUTIFUL DUCHESS.

The Story of Elizabeth Gunning, Wife of the Duke of Hamilton and the Duke of Argyll.

The story of Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll, is not likely to fall into the oblivion that the author of this fascinating memoir seems to fear for it and from which he would save it. But certainly his efforts will add enormously to our knowledge of a lady whom we are not likely to forget. The Duchess of Hamilton was not exactly typical of the ladies of Georgian England, as there were very few among them who could rival her either in beauty or in virtue. But her history is necessarily that of her day, and it was a day of unusual interest. The work was worth doing and it was worth doing as well as it has been done.

They had their yellow press even in the Georgian days and the author admits his debt to it while proclaiming his caution. He quotes Horace Walpole, who asks "who will believe that papers published in the face of the whole town should be nothing but magazines of lies, every one of which fifty persons could contradict and disapprove? Yet so it certainly is, and future history will be ten times falsified than all preceding." But in spite of such unpromising material the author has separated the wheat from the chaff successfully enough. He presents us at least with a narrative hearing all the appearances of accuracy, at least a narrative of great vivacity and one that is evidently a faithful reflection of the spirit of the day.

The marriage of the beautiful Elizabeth Gunning to the Duke of Hamilton seems to have been precipitate enough to give some excuse to the scurrility of the day that never hesitated to assume an anticipatory lapse from virtue where the conditions could be twisted into such a suggestion. Perhaps the author himself is a little hasty in the credence that he gives to censorious scandal. He says:

In the pursuit of his charmer the Duke of Hamilton showed his wonted impatience, being so precipitate that gossip alleged he was influenced by a wager laid in the midst of a drinking bout. During the second week in February a great hall was given by Lord Chesterfield to celebrate the completion of his palace in South Audley Street. Betty Gunning in a Quaker's gown, which suited her quiet and serene beauty, and formed a contrast to the gorgeous dress of her sister, who glittered in gold and spangles, finished her conquest of the young duke. Tearing himself away from the card tables before the close of the evening he had made her an offer of marriage, although he had known her but a month. Two days later she had become the Duchess of Hamilton. A cautious mother, such as Bridget Gunning, would not have trusted her daughter with a dissolute young nobleman unless there had been an actual betrothal. Yet, the record which tells that maternal vigilance was abandoned and the lovers left alone seems to be verified by the sudden and clandestine marriage. Where the momentous interview took place is not set down. Possibly Mrs. Gunning was living in Parliament Street, which was her home twelve months afterwards, and here Duke Hamilton may have found his gentle Betty in the guise of a lovely Cinderella while her mother and sisters were at the Bloomsbury hall. Or, more probably, she had chosen to remain with her newly found lover rather than go to Bedford House.

The Duke of Hamilton was not allowed to remain for long in the midst of his newly found marital happiness. He had been wedded only six years when he caught a chill in the hunting field and died at the age of thirty-three, his widow being only twenty-five. He died at least in an odor of sanctity to which his early life had been a stranger. The Duke of Hamilton was one of those rare men who were reformed by marriage, an exception, it is to be feared, that proves the rule:

Deeply stained by all the vices of his age, nevertheless he appears to have been a faithful husband, "reclaimed and converted" by his beautiful wife, and the precipitate marriage, so often cited to his discredit, proved at least that he disdained the crafty methods of seduction in vogue amongst the crafty gallants of his time. Obviously there must have been some reformation since his marriage, for he would not have survived so long. A pious lady, who records the grief of the poor young wife, not yet twenty-five years old, seems to do so with reservation, as if she perceived that Elizabeth Gunning, when the bitterness of her mourning was over, would recognize in this bereavement the hand of Providence. Since the Duchess of Hamilton was a woman to whom motherhood was the most sacred obligation of all, her own sorrow must have been mitigated by the knowledge that the evil example of a dissolute father would not bring harm to her children. For them her love was the grand passion of her life.

Perhaps the "pious lady" was not far wrong. Widows of twenty-five are seldom inconsolable and so we find that in the following year the Duchess of Hamilton was once more a bride and this time of Colonel John Campbell, son of the famous Mary Belenden and of General Campbell of Mamore, the cousin and heir of Archibald, third Duke of Argyll.

When the king decided to marry he selected the Duchess of Hamilton as one of the ladies of honor to escort his betrothed, the little Princess of Strelitz, to her new home in London. It was a memorable voyage and a triumphant return. The four royal yachts were escorted by a squadron of battleships, and a warm but not an eternal friendship sprang up, between the duchess and her royal charge:

Encouraged by her complacency, the Duchess

of Hamilton, anxious that she should look no plainer than necessary, tried to persuade her to alter the German style of dressing her hair, for as she was wearing a fly cap with laced lappets, while her costume fulfilled all the requirements of the latest fashion, the contrast must have appeared remarkable. At this point, the royal bride showed an unexpected obstinacy, declaring positively that she would not change her toupee unless the king requested it, and her fantastic coiffure remained unaltered. While her equipage was passing down Constitution Hill and the first glimpse of St. James's Palace appeared above the trees, her ladies began to talk about the approaching wedding. The evident embarrassment of the young princess brought a smile to the lips of the Duchess Elizabeth. "You may laugh," returned Charlotte, readily enough, "you have been married twice, but it is no joke to me." Shortly after the arrival at the palace there came the parting with her "dear duchess" and the members of her traveling suite, an ordeal painful to every one, for during their long and perilous journey they had become much attached to each other. Yet only too soon this emotional little bride was to be transformed into a turgid queen, terribly jealous of this same dear duchess.

There were rivalries between the aristocratic ladies of that day and the Duchess of Hamilton had her full share of annoyance from the jealousies aroused by her beauty, her proverbial luck, and her virtue. The Duchess of Douglas was foremost in those petty spites which are such effective weapons in the female armory:

There is a droll story of an interview between the Duchesses of Douglas and Hamilton, which illustrates the enmity between the two ladies. One day the sturdy Peggy paid a call upon the beautiful young Dowager, whom she found lolling on a settee obviously provoked by the arrival of such an unwelcome guest. Not at all disconcerted, the visitor plumped down into a chair opposite and tried to force a conversation, while the mistress of the house, whose impulsive Irish nature seldom allowed any disguise in her feelings, made brief and petulant responses, drumming impatiently upon the floor with her slipper in token of boredom. At last her grace of Douglas, who used to tell the tale after supper, when warmed by a cup or two of kindness, was exasperated by the contemptuous demeanor of the famous beauty.

"I looked her in the face," said Peggy, "and thought to myself—'Ay! Play away' with that honny fit. Play away and show your leg and what a honny ankle ye hae. Gif my duke were alive it might cast dust in his e'en, but troth, I am a woman like yourself, and I'll gar ye rue your wagging your fute at me."

As lady in waiting at the court the life of the "beautiful duchess" was not an enviable one. Queen Charlotte, while kind-hearted and even generous, was something of a shrew and sometimes delighted in reproofs and humiliations inflicted upon a woman who was so measurably superior to herself and whom she evidently regarded in the light of a possible and potential rival:

Now and then we catch a glimpse of her life in the dreary humdrum court, where she plays cards each evening with the king and queen, or accompanies them occasionally to the play or opera. One day she attends them to Leicester House to inspect the Holophusikon Museum, a natural history collection formed by Mr. Ashton Lever of Lancashire, and, say the wags, great George himself is the greatest curiosity ever seen within the show. At another time they take her to the Great Room in King Street, Covent Garden, to see the Spectacle Mechanique exhibited by Mr. Jacques Droz, where they are much amused by the small automaton figures that can write down whatever is dictated, and draw very respectable portraits of their majesties, while the king, with a constant splutter of "What—what—hey—hey—what—what?" endeavors vainly to discuss the principle on which they are worked. Then comes the crowning honor of her life, to attain which she has endured the petty tyranny of her royal mistress for so many years, when her sovereign "very willingly" creates her Baroness Hamilton of Hameldon in Leicestershire—the ancient seat of her first husband's family—a peeress in her own right with reversion of the barony to her eldest son.

We have a passing glimpse of "the angelic" Mrs. Baddeley, a woman whose exquisite voice won for her a position that might have been denied to her questionable virtue. There was a great scene at the Pantheon, the centre of the Vanity Fair of that day, when it was understood that Mrs. Baddeley was to be refused admission and thus publicly classed among the undesirable:

A marvelous tale indeed, this same subsequent story, describing adventures which oddly enough quite escaped the notice of the numerous gentlemen eager to glean any wisp of scandal, who had been sent to supply the newspapers and magazines with a description of the follies of the night. According to the account of the lady's biographer, a number of Mrs. Baddeley's admirers were so much offended because the proprietors of the Pantheon had determined to refuse admittance to all women of questionable character, including the fair songstress, that they held a meeting at Almack's and swore that nothing should prevent her from being present on the opening night. In order to carry out their resolution they agreed to await her chair under the portico at the door in Poland Street, and so widespread was the enthusiasm that fifty gallants "with swords by their sides" were assembled at the appointed place when the actress arrived. Then, so runs the legend, as she tripped towards the entrance the staffmen on guard crossed their staves, and doffing their hats, told her respectfully that they had orders to admit no players. In an instant fifty blades flashed from their sheaths, and vowing to the startled constables that they would run them through unless they allowed Mrs. Baddeley to pass, the fifty admirers escorted her in triumph within the building. And what a triumph, according to the lady's account, for these fifty infatuated admirers declined to put away their swords even when they had brought their beautiful charge into the centre of the great rotunda, refusing, moreover, to allow Mr. Arnold's hand to proceed with its programme

until the managers had made a public apology to Mrs. Baddeley.

Of the momentous lawsuit in which the Duchess of Hamilton was engaged, the lawsuit that was the sensation and the scandal of the day, the reader must be referred to the volume itself. It is set forth at length and with an impartiality that commends it. The last scene in an extraordinary and beautiful life is described with no small amount of pathos:

One Monday evening in December, five days before Christmas, while a wintry tempest was howling through the London streets, the duke was sitting in the sick chamber. The dying woman lay upon her pillows resting and free from pain, her clear-cut features white and motionless as though chiseled in marble. Suddenly she raised her head and her lips moved. "I find it won't do," she murmured to the nurse. "Desire the duke to leave the room." Perceiving the approach of the angel of death, she wished to spare her husband the anguish of the last awful moment. Thus, unselfish to the end, full of compassion for her faithful helpmate, her gentle spirit took its flight, and the passing of her soul was so peaceful that for a while the watchers were unconscious of the great change. Even when the nurse drew the coverlet over the face of his dead wife, the bereaved husband gave no sign of emotion. With a rigid face and stony eyes he stood immovable, overwhelmed by the blow he had so long anticipated, but the agony of which he had never realized until now. Presently, for the mournful news had been whispered through the house, the grief-stricken daughters stole into the room weeping, and then at last, the flood gates of the old soldier's heart were opened, and he burst into an agony of tears.

So, at the age of fifty-seven, died Elizabeth Gunning, one of the most famed of England's beauties, one of the best of England's mothers.

The volume is enriched by six fine engravings, two of them being of Elizabeth Gunning as Duchess of Hamilton, two of Elizabeth as Duchess of Argyll, one of Maria Gunning, Countess of Coventry, and one of Elizabeth, Countess of Derby.

"The Story of a Beautiful Duchess: Being an Account of the Life and Times of Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll," by Horace Blackley, M. A. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$5 net.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Silent.

If the little sister or the little brother
Came crying through the darkness to our door:
"Beloved, thou canst help me and no other.
Ah, pity I implore!"

Would we not draw them close in tender fashion
With never word of censure or surprise,
And soothe and aid them there with all compassion,
We, who are old and wise?

How is it, then, when we from one another
Cry to those higher with despairing breath,
Ourselves the little sister or the brother,
To one most wise in death

Praying: "Ah, comfort me, ah, guide me truly,
From thy white wisdom counsel or consent."
Ah, ever to these silent rises newly
Our sound of discontent.

Can they forget so wholly, nor discover
The weak hands groping at their garment's hem—

The little sister or the little brother,
Would we not stoop to them?
—Theodosia Garrison, in the May Appleton's.

The Mountain to the Pine.

Thou tall, majestic monarch of the wood,
That standest where no wild vines dare to creep,
Men call thee old, and say that thou has stood
A century upon my rugged steep;
Yet unto me thy life is but a day,
When I recall the things that I have seen—
The forest monarchs that have passed away
Upon the spot where first I saw thy green;
For I am older than the age of man,
Of all the living things that crawl or creep,
Or birds of air, or creatures of the deep,
I was the first dim outline of God's plan;
Only the waters of the restless sea
And the infinite stars in heaven are old to me.
—Clarence Hawkes.

The Lampadrome.

I think of one who lies alone tonight,
Beneath a coverlid of violets,
Among Rome's alien dead,
Of one who kept the flaming torch alight
With suffering no kindred heart forgets
Who sees that simple bed.

I think of them who take the sacred fire
From such tired hands to hear it in the race
Toward God's immortal goal;
And wonder if their tumult of desire
Can reach his silent resting place
Or trouble his still soul.

Nay—for the agony of them who run
Is theirs alone, the glory of the flame
Is all that they may share,
And so 'tis well when each man's course is done,
When he shall die upon the road he came
And rest in calmness there;

When he may lie alone each dreamless night
Beneath his coverlid of violets,
Among the imperial dead;
And other men shall keep his torch alight,
While he for aye all suffering forgets
Within his simple bed.

—Emery Pottle, in The Craftsman.

"A Handful of Verse," by Harrison S. Morrison, managing director Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and author of "A Duet in Lyrics," "Tales from Two Poets," "Madonna and Other Poems," etc., is a collection of the latest poetical writings of this well-known Philadelphia writer and art critic. It is brought out by the Century Company.

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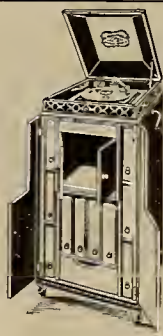
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BOOKS' AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Mrs. Humphry Ward, who is now visiting America, was the originator of the "problem novel," but her problems were not those of the nasty order that have since occupied the field opened by "Robert Elsmere" and "Marcella." The flutterings in the religious dovecotes that followed the publication of "Robert Elsmere" have hardly yet died away, while the sociological studies occasioned by "Marcella" gave an impetus to questionings and doubts that have grown stronger from that day onward. Mrs. Ward's idea of the problems of the day never went so low as the tawdry and ill-smelling vices that are the oldest and vilest things in the world. In other words, the problems about which she wrote were connected with the mind and not with the body. Her later works may have a higher artistic value from some points of view, but the harvest of thought that followed the appearance of her first books is not likely to be surpassed.

The Heart of a Child, by Frank Danhy. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

This book is nearly one of the great novels of the day and their number is small. We are introduced to Sally Snape, who is to be Lady Kidderminster, in the heart of a London slum. She is dancing to the music of a harrel organ and then she fights desperately with one of her kind, and then, learning that her mother is upstairs dead, bleeding hideously from a wound inflicted by a drunken husband, she sits down composedly in that chamber of horrors in order to finish making the sweat-shop trousers upon which the dead woman was engaged. We are not at once impressed by Sally Snape, nor do we suspect that she will unfold into one of the most winsome and most admirable figures in fiction.

Sally Snape, after many vicissitudes, goes to a jam factory, then to a millinery store, where her beautiful figure stands her in good stead, and then she goes upon the stage. She carries with her all the early precocities of the slum, its acquaintance with degradation, and its familiarity with violence and crime. To them she adds the maturer knowledge of the hallet. But she stands immovable in her virtue, her whole nature naturally and exquisitely polarized toward the right. Entirely contemptuous of conventional religion, with an unflinching and virile camaraderie, untouched by prudery or self-righteousness, unconscious of any choice between good and evil, she grows gradually into a beautiful womanhood that is no less intensely human because it is so pure. If Sally Snape showed the least trace of cant we should reject her on the spot. If the gutter child were ever quite submerged under the new ideas and language and habits that came into her life and that she imitates with such astonishing adaptiveness, she would cease to be interesting. When Lord Kidderminster prevails upon Sally to marry him we give our grudging consent because he is really a very decent fellow. We only hope that he will continue to be bewitched by a combination of insolence, innate gratitude, adorable vulgarity, unconquerable loyalty, and virtue that is one of the great successes of modern fiction. Sally Snape, Lady Kidderminster, will not soon be forgotten by those who are privileged to know her.

Tangled Wedlock, by Edgar Jepson. Published by the McClure Company, New York.

We like unconventional girls, and especially in novels, but Iseult Hatherly-Brent, the heroine of this story, goes too far. Of course, her home training among a lot of irresponsible faddists and humbugs had a lot to do with it, but she might have been very much in love with the sculptor, Oliver Robinson, without forcing herself upon him as his model. She quite willingly marries him, although he is not at all sure that his first wife was actually killed in the San Francisco earthquake. When he finds, or believes, that his wife is still alive she agrees to marry Lord Lyminge and does so on consideration that the marriage shall be purely nominal, and when the wretched man revolts she attacks him so savagely that he dies from his injuries. Then Oliver turns up again, after finding that his wife is really dead, and as he and Iseult were already married they resume their old relations without reference to the Lyminge interregnum. If we are expected to think that Iseult is a nice girl in spite of her eccentricities, we are forced to express the opinion that she is one of the most unpleasant young women it has been our had fortune to meet.

Painters and Sculptors, by Kenyon Cox. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$2.50.

There is no valid reason why an artist should not be also a critic. Indeed there is every justification for a combination that gives to the art of criticism a technical and historical knowledge that it might otherwise lack. The author himself indicates the only real difficulty by his suggestion that the gift of expression seldom finds the parallel media of color or form and words. This may be

so, but so long as the double gift exists thus obviously in himself we shall be well content. Mr. Cox divides his work into seven parts. The chapter on "The Education of an Artist" is particularly pleasing. Proceeding to criticism proper, we have other chapters on "The Pollaiuoli," "Painters of the Mode," "Holbein," "The Rembrandt Tercentenary," "Rodin," and "Lord Leighton." All of them have appeared in print and their exceptional value makes the present issue a welcome one. Mr. Cox tells us that whatever we may think of an artist's blame, to whatever bias we may attribute it, let us at least be observant of his praise. Whatever he admires is surely there. There may be other qualities to which he is blind, but when he sees admiringly he sees always truly. It is useful to remember this, and it is easy to believe it, for he himself is the most appreciative of critics and the eye that follows his guidance will usually find something beautiful and praiseworthy.

The Romance of King Arthur, by Francis Courtts. Published by John Lane, New York; \$1.25.

The four parts into which this beautiful work is divided tell the story of King Arthur from his birth to the death of Launcelot. The poem of "Uther Pendragon" recounts the birth of Arthur and the concealment of the child by Merlin that he may be saved from Morgan le Fay, who dreads his competition with Mordred. In "Merlin" we see how Arthur came presently to the throne and of the efforts of Merlin to prevent his marriage with Guinevere. "Launcelot du Lake" shows Arthur wedded to Guinevere and unsuspecting that Launcelot has already supplanted him in the heart of a queen who demands a more earthly devotion than the king can offer her. Then, in "The Death of Launcelot," we are shown how Guinevere dies of remorse for Arthur's death, and how Launcelot, rejected by Guinevere, also dies and is buried at Joyous Guard.

Nothing but praise can be given to the composition. The verse shows fine imagination, strong conception, and an imagery of spiritual things that marks only the truest poetry. Its some liberties have been taken with accepted versions of the legend, they are trivial from the historical standpoint, while adding largely to the harmonies of the story. We have to congratulate ourselves on a chaste and dignified rendering of the Arthurian romance.

The Sisters, by Mrs. Percy Dearmer. Published by the McClure Company, New York.

When Sir Raymond Templeton takes unto himself a wife from his own exalted caste he naturally omits the formality of telling her of the demi-mondaine with whom he has been whiling away the hours of hachelordom and of the little girl who would call him father if she knew enough. Sir Raymond disposes of the lady in the usual way, by a check, and devotes himself to the domestic life and to the new baby girl that comes in due time.

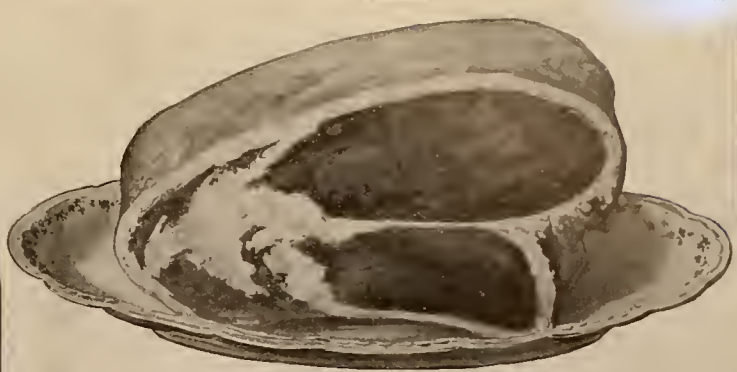
But chickens, as we know, come home to roost and the daughter of Lady Templeton and the daughter of Rosalie de Winton are brought together by the fateful affinity that in our ignorance we call chance. The daughter of Rosalie is much the stronger character and the story itself would be more pleasing if a better fate had been given to her than to be betrayed by her sister's lover. Had the author been a man perhaps the father's sin would not have been visited so heavily upon two innocent girls and Rosalie de Winton's daughter would not have been allowed to fall so low. Indeed we feel that an opportunity for a fine artistic contrast between mother and daughter has been missed and are disappointed accordingly and even resentful. But the narrative is well done and the interest sustained.

The Weight of the Name, by Paul Bourget. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

This book leaves us with the satisfying sense of having added largely to our knowledge of France and of the problems associated with her democratic advance. The Marquis de Claviers-Grandchamp is the last representative of an ancient family whose son, a young lieutenant, falls in love with a woman of lesser birth and is disowned for his temerity, although he specially endears himself to the old marquis by his refusal to assist in military operations connected with the taking of a church inventory. The romance is pure and tender, in every way worthy of the author, but an even greater charm will be found in the pathetic and typical picture of the decay of a noble family and the pitiless submergence of the old régime under an insensate popular passion that can never be satisfied until it culminates in a new terror commensurate in its brutality with the loss of compunction and of ideals.

Character and Comedy, by E. V. Lucas. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.25.

These little examples of literary causerie are well worth reprinting for their humor and homely philosophy. The epistolary series that forms the second half of the book and that is rescued from the pages of *Punch* is well conceived, pungent, and caustic.



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LITERARY NOTES.

Ibsen Books.

Charles Scribner's Sons have given us the final volume of the edition of Ibsen translated by William Archer, which has been in preparation for the past year. The series of eleven volumes is now complete and leaves nothing to be wished for either in the way of typography or binding. Three plays only have been omitted—"Catilina," "The Warrior's Barrow," and "Olaf Liljekrans." For this, abundant justification is to be found in the author's own wish and the entirely unrepresentative nature of the plays themselves. They were among the earliest, they have no intrinsic value, and they do not belong to the Ibsen era. It may be said that this last volume is actually Volume I of the series and contains "The Feast of Solhoug," "Lady Inger," and "Love's Comedy." Mr. Archer has written a new biographical and critical introduction for each play and he has done it with great insight and enthusiasm. The price of the set, boxed, is \$11, but each volume can be bought separately for \$1.

The new volume by Edmund Gosse entitled "Henrik Ibsen" may be mentioned appropriately in this connection. A biography such as this will easily take its place as the one complete and authoritative life of the poet. It was Mr. Gosse who first introduced Ibsen to the English speaking world, and if the lion's share of companionship has since fallen upon Mr. Archer, honor must still be given where honor is due. Mr. Gosse writes of course as an enthusiast, so much so indeed as to come perilously near the border-line of the extravagant. Ibsen's peculiar influence over Scandinavia can be easily understood, but to say that Ibsen, Spencer, Zola, and Nietzsche supplied "the spiritual food of all youthful minds of any vigor or elasticity" surely calls either for a new and revolutionary definition of spirituality or some modification of totality in favor of a sane and sober minority that, it is to be hoped, never entirely disappeared even at a time when Ibsen adoration was less a hero-worship than a hysteria. But with all his exuberances Mr. Gosse has done his work well. He has kept away from dramatic and literary criticism and has given us a biography that is relevant, forceful, and complete. Price, \$1.

For the Traveler.

Visitors to England should take with them a little volume entitled "Twenty English Cathedrals," by Mrs. M. C. James, Berkeley, California. The information is terse and compact and usually of a kind not to be found elsewhere. It shows not only a deep knowledge of the subject, but a serious care in its presentation. The book is bound in such a way that its leaves can be easily detached for insertion into the Baedeker. Price, \$1.

New Publications.

Charles H. Kerr & Co. have published three new volumes in the Socialist interest. "Evolution, Social and Organic," is a series of scientific lectures delivered by Arthur M. Lewis. The connection with Socialism seems to be a little strained, but the scientific exposition is lucid. Marcus Hitch writes a criticism of Goethe's "Faust," while Ernest Untermann gives us a translation of Liebnicht's "Biography of Karl Marx."

"The Cheerful Smugglers," by Ellis Parker Butler, has been published by the Century Company, New York. Price, \$1.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The recent death of Dr. George F. Shady, who was the last survivor of General Grant's surgeons, lends added interest to his "Memories of General Grant's Last Days," publication of which will begin in the May Century Magazine.

Miss Hildegard Hawthorne, the granddaughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne and author of "Women and Other Women," has led an active life, quite in contrast to that of her distinguished ancestor. A childhood spent abroad, several years in the tropics and sojournings in the Latin Quarter of Paris and in Rome have given her a knowledge of life only to be acquired by association with artistic and literary people. Like her grandfather, Miss Hawthorne has a great love for out-of-door life and likes nothing better than camping in the northern woods.

In "Which College for the Boy," which is published in book form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., John Corbin has made an interesting study of the leading types in American education.

In *Harper's Weekly* it is declared that Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman was greeted on a recent visit to San Francisco as the author of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." To make up for this neglect of the "proper trewe author," Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, is a recent word of congratulation the latter received for being the author of "The Shuttle," which appertains by right to Mrs. Burnett.

The London *Saturday Review* says that it should be humiliating for Englishmen to reflect that it was left to an American, the late Francis James Child, to compile the five thick volumes of "English and Scottish Popular Ballads" which are familiar and invaluable

to all students of this subject. But self-reproach is forgotten in admiration of his work. Child himself unfortunately did not live to finish his task. However, he was more than a scholar and an editor; he was the founder of a school, and he had the gift of being able to transmit to others both his learning and his zeal.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Seventeen years ago, "Wang," that near comic opera by Cheever Goodwin and Woolson Morse, began its victorious course, and it added no little to the reputation of De Wolf Hopper, for whom it was written, for its name-part offers many opportunities to the comedian with ability. When the piece became available for local managers, some five years later, it was put on at the old Eddy-Street Tivoli Opera House, and Edwin Stevens, as easily as his predecessor in the rôle, made it a grand success.

Some of those in the audience at the Princess Theatre last Monday evening, when the comic opera was revived with more than its old-time splendor, might have fancied in he-wildered moments that they had awakened after a night's rest and found still in merry swing the entertainment that passed a dozen years ago. There was Edwin Stevens, the debt-haunted, conspiring Siamese regent, as graceful, as agile, as tuneful, as sure in his amusing art, as in the olden days. And what a welcome was his at the hands of old friends and new acquaintances! At the end of the first act the recalls continued until the comedian made a brief, modest, and unselfish acknowledgment. And when he insisted that Cecilia Rhoda, the young prima donna who had just returned after a month's vacation, should appear and accept her fair share in the applause, it gave added spirit to the enthusiasm to see her deference and appreciation of the elder star's fraternal interest.

"Wang" was never given with more pleasing details. Cecilia Rhoda is a charming Marie, with an especially taking song. Sarah Edwards is a self-possessed Widow Frimousse. Zoe Barnett is a dainty and diverting Crown Prince, and makes other telling hits besides the "shady nook" and "babbling brook" melody. Arthur Cunningham is not happy in his Colonel Fracasse—his simulated inebriation is a stage too far advanced. Harold Crane, Oscar Apfel, Ben Lodge, and George B. Field are more than equal to their responsibilities. Grisella Kingsland, who has done many bits of character work with apt intelligence, may be credited with another success as the messenger-boy. The chorus, enlarged, is handsomely costumed.

That ever-popular juvenile divertissement, the "Baby" song, is participated in by four little misses, Arline Levy, Martha Bowes, Alma Tucker, and Glita Hanby, and with Wang's pretended disinclination but actual enjoyment of the exercise, it is a good thing to see and hear. The dance by the tiniest one is a particularly happy episode. The piece will run all next week.

John Drew in the new comedy, "My Wife," comes to the Van Ness Theatre next Monday evening, and though it may be counted up that this is his sixteenth starring tour—his first stellar rôle here was in "The Masked Ball" at the Baldwin Theatre—he has not worn out his welcome and is not likely to do so. He has an effective part as Gerald Everleigh in the new play, and is said to be if possible more pleasing than ever. His leading woman, Miss Billie Burke, is preceded by the praise of uscriminating critics. Dorothy Tennant, last seen here in "The College Widow," and Ferdinand Gottschalk, who has been held in high regard since the days of the lamented Rosina Vokes, are other members of Mr. Drew's company.

"Charley's Aunt," that well-nigh the funniest of modern farces, is to be revived next week at the New Alcazar Theatre. It was written twenty odd years ago by Brandon Thomas, and has been given scores of times here by various companies, but it is still fresh and laugh-inspiring. John B. Maher will be the counterfeit old lady from Brazil, and Adele Belgarde the real. The cast is well arranged throughout, and the fun should be continuous while the curtain is up. "The Heir to the Hoorah" is now in its last nights.

The Novelty Theatre has gained instant popular approval with its new stock company, headed by Katherine Grey, in Clyde Fitch's comedy, "The Truth." The play and company are reviewed at length in another column. Such success has already been won that the management can not decline the general demand for an extended run of the piece, and it will be continued all next week.

At the Orpheum next week, beginning Sunday afternoon, the leading feature of a particularly good bill will be a genuine dramatic offering in a little play entitled "The Fifth Commandment," in which Julius Steger will repeat his earlier triumphs here. The playlet shows the chance meeting of a musician with his lost daughter, and their recognition and reunion. Mr. Steger's supporting company includes Richard Malchien, Minnie Lee, and John Romane, harpist. The Bedouin Arabs, eight in number, return to exhibit their marvelous acrobatic feats. May Boley, a clever

comedienne and mimic, will give her impersonation of "The Saleslady." The Carbay Brothers are gifted dancers. Shields and Rogers have a cowboy and Indian act with examples of skill with the lariat. It will be the last week of Agnes Mahr and company, Rosaire and Doreto, and Avery and Hart. In consequence of the arrival of the fleet next Wednesday the matinee on that day will not begin till 3 o'clock.

Robert Mantell, in Shakespearian repertoire, will follow John Drew at the Van Ness Theatre, opening May 18 in "King Lear."

Matinées during the first week of John Drew's engagement at the Van Ness Theatre will be given on Thursday and Saturday.

Damosch Orchestra at Greek Theatre.

Under the auspices of the University of California, the New York Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Walter Damosch, will give two concerts, Thursday afternoon, May 21, and Saturday night, May 23. This will give many visitors to the fleet festivities a chance to see the wonderful Greek Theatre and hear its remarkable acoustic effects.

The afternoon programme will be symphonic, and in addition to Schumann's beautiful Symphony No. 4, Brahms's "Academic Festival," and Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overtures, a Liszt "Hungarian Rhapsodie," two dances by Glück, and Handel's concerto for wood winds and strings will be given.

The Saturday night concert will be miscellaneous, and works by MacDowell, Grieg, Tschalkowsky, Strauss, Beethoven, Saint-Saëns, and other masters will be given.

Seats will be ready Wednesday, May 13, at Sadler's, The Sign of the Bear, and The Co-op, in Berkeley, and Sherman, Clay & Co.'s in both this city and Oakland.

The Yale University Dramatic Association, which, since its organization eight or nine years ago, has tried to do something worth while each year, recently gave two most creditable performances of Gogol's farce, "Revisor," at the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York. It was the first performance of the comedy in English. It was written in 1836 by Gogol, the author of "Dead Souls" and the father of realism in Russia. Although full of fun, it was meant as a satire on the corruption of officials, and as such is as applicable today as seventy-two years ago.

Camille Saint-Saëns has been spending the winter in Egypt, where his "Henri VIII" was sung at the Khedival Opera House. The antiquities of Egypt have interested him so much that he is going to compose an opera which shall rival "Aida"—at least so far as its text is concerned.

Caruso begins a concert tour of eighteen days on the first of May, visiting Buffalo, Detroit, Toronto, Montreal, and some smaller Eastern cities. He sails for London at the end of the tour.

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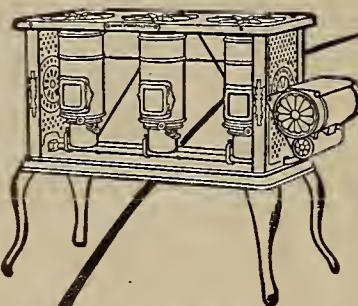
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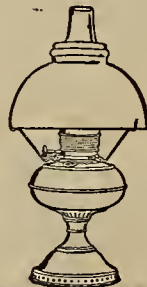
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KATHERINE GREY IN "THE TRUTH."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"The Truth" is by all odds the cleverest combination of literary and dramatic craftsmanship that Clyde Fitch has put together; that is, of all the Fitch pieces that we have had opportunity to pass on in San Francisco. Put on at the Novelty, with Katherine Grey and a group of associate players cast in rôles thoroughly congenial to their special line of talent, the piece should, and doubtless will, serve as a great drawing-card to constitutional theatre-goers. Young married folk will delight in it. It deals with such subjects as wifely fibbing, husbandly trustfulness, paternal degeneracy, daughterly indulgence, and in fact there is a family atmosphere about the situations and incidents, which, since it is far from the humdrum, and full of interest, will greatly commend it.

Katherine Grey, a home-returning Californian actress, is hailed as the star, but what strikes most pleasantly in the presentation is the air it carries of being first-class stock work. The play lends itself particularly to this most artistic and agreeable form of dramatic entertainment. Beside the rôle of Becky, the wife who deals out white lies with the cheerful liberality resulting from long practice, there are five others of sufficient importance to allow the players of them to revolve in their own orbit of importance without being compelled to leave the centre of the stage in large part to the star.

The manager, Martin Beck, has shown good judgment in the selection of his company. Miss Grey, while as yet lacking the authority and well-rounded distinction of a fully-accredited star, is a skilled actress, with a pliant method that enables her to pass from the lighter phases of comedy to those of seriousness and deep emotion with a gayety and charm in the one and a sincerity in the other that win for her the admiration and sympathy essential in the moods portrayed. The star resembles that other Californian actress, lovely Marie Burroughs, who used to play in the Jones melodramas with Herbert Kelcey. She is undoubtedly less beautiful than Miss Burroughs was, but there is a sparkle and archness in the play of her features that Miss Burroughs never had.

Miss Grey has a very telling pair of eyes; the kind which say far more than the lips. Just the kind of eyes, indeed, that coquettish baggages like Becky Warder are wont to have. For Becky is a married flirt. She adores her husband; Becky is very insistent on that point. And since her affection is perfectly sincere, and she wouldn't for the world allow her lips to utter the challenge her eyes constantly express, she is, of course, filled with virtuous wrath—and genuine wrath, too—when handsome, dissolute Fred Lindon responds to those challenging lights, and kisses her.

It is hard to say which was most admirably done by Miss Grey, the flirtation game with Fred Lindon, or the mendacious denials Becky makes to her husband. As a married flirt, she is a signal success, a teasing, alluring bundle of femininity drawing on, then gayly and gracefully eluding, the advances of the admirer, who, manlike, is all greedy, clutching fingers, eager to grasp, to hold, to retain the elusive piece of provocative prettiness.

But then, when Becky began to wade in deep waters, and her white lies turned gray, and finally acquired a tinge of black, how cleverly the actress introduced into her denials that strain of hollowness and falseness to which the ears of the trusting husband were deaf, but which an outsider would have detected in a moment.

Miss Grey was excellent also in the emotional scenes, although she shone more in scenes of comedy. She has the great charm of naturalness. When depicting mental suffering, her voice—aside from the effects of the cold she had—became broken, even a little harsh. But I do not know but that this apparent defect strengthened the effect of sincerity.

Robert Warwick has the talent, if not the physiognomy, of a leading man. There is a lack of flexibility to his facial play, and his too beaming smile is sometimes *de trop*, but he played with ample effectiveness the part of a manly, generous, and warm-hearted man.

In the character of Roland, the gambling, money-horrorer father from whom Becky inherited her taste for easy lying, Clyde Fitch has created a rôle that, while neither new nor novel, is entirely exempt from theatrical platitudinarianism. It is acted with extreme skill by Harrison Hunter, who endowed the

"swell faults" of Mrs. Crespigny's head ideal with that remnant of an atoning grace which explained the infatuation of the fat-pursed Genevieve. It is as a comedian, however, that Mr. Hunter especially shines, and we may look forward to much pleasure in witnessing the work of a player so expert in indicating the finer shadings in the technique of acting.

In the third act of the play, the action which hitherto had had situation following briskly upon situation, in which every line of the clever dialogue was pregnant with possibilities, seemed to come to a halt. There was a long, and to the glutton for events, a too quiet scene, in which father and daughter joined in reviewing the past and facing a possibly dreary future. And it was here that Mr. Hunter exhibited, to the full the versatility which stamps as an artist the comedian who can make a complete transition from the mood that awakens mirth to that which arouses emotion.

It was Ina Hammer's special prerogative to cause laughter. Genevieve Crespigny is of the type, a little exaggerated for the purpose of comedy, that we meet daily in the persons of shop-girls, manicures, telephone-girls, and the like. Mrs. Crespigny, in common with the great mass of feminine Americanism, pines to pronounce, dress, and appear better than her forbears. She is delightfully human, and the domestic atmosphere of her flat, with its tasteless comfort, the shrieked messages to the servant in the background, the card-playing, and the general air of the place being a shrine for the precious Roland, decayed gentleman and ever-venal and vigorous money-horrorer, was eminently in keeping with the character of its showily genteel mistress.

Miss Hammer introduced herself skillfully into the skin of Mrs. Crespigny, and while she amused the audience immensely, she never lost sight of a strict regard for the consistencies in portraying this thoroughly American type of femininity.

Another very admirable portrayal was that of the jealous wife, by Katherine Emmet. Eva Lindon, wife of Becky's flirtee, passes through the play in a state of smoulder, and Miss Emmet represented this state of mind so well that one carried away a picture of a woman whose trembling voice, tense gaze, and sudden, desperate gestures spelled passionate jealousy.

The lighter work that fell to Alfred Hickman's share was in line with the quality displayed by the rest. Only two other slight rôles, that of a wisely counseling friend, filled by Bertha Foltz, and a servant, by Gilmore Walker, both satisfactorily done, were required to complete the cast.

The play exhibits the usual dexterity of construction native to Mr. Fitch's talent, but the author has shaken off many of the follies of his earlier manner. The dialogue, which Clyde Fitch has always been heedful to limit to a due connection with the plot, is in "Truth" particularly so, for he has not allowed any of his well-known amusing if inartistic irrelevances to mar the general compactness of construction. The theme is good, excellent in fact. Entertainingly yet feelingly worked out, it shows the danger of married flirting, the folly of deceit. "The Truth" is not mighty, but it will prevail, because, aside from its technical excellencies, it is wholesome, bright, witty, full of clever portraiture, and animated by the right kind of sentiment. It marks a very distinct advance in Clyde Fitch's art. He is evidently getting nearer to justifying the faith of his staunchest advocates, who see on his brows the laurel crown to be awarded to our future greatest dramatist. People are still looking anxiously for the great American play, but I don't believe that in our time there will ever be a general consensus of opinion pointing to one drama.

Some people want realism, others lofty themes and powerful emotions. Now in "The Truth" the people are real because they are petty. Nowadays we have too much furniture, too many clothes, tastes, pursuits, occupations, acquaintances, to preserve our capacity for the great emotions of more primitive times. Our emotions are frittered into scraps over an infinity of little things.

But these Beckys who lie about their bonnets and their virtues, these adoring American husbands, these mature sirens with bleached hair worshipping at the shrine of the star "roomer," these idle, jealous wives clinging tenaciously to idle, unloving husbands, all are portraits from life; the life that we know and live. And until the art dramatic enters upon a fresher and more vigorous phase we can scarcely look for better things upon the stage than a fresh, vital, interesting play that is informed with good feeling, good art, and good morals.

Damrosch to Be Heard at Stanford.

The faculty of Stanford University has extended an invitation to Walter Damrosch and his great orchestra to appear at the college, and Mr. Greenbaum has consequently canceled his San Jose date and the organization will appear at Assembly Hall at Stanford, en route to this city, Saturday night, May 16. A special programme will be announced for the occasion.

See Salada Beach. Write 1803 Fillmore.

The New York Orchestra with Damrosch.

Outside of the visits of the Metropolitan Opera Company, the most important musical organization that has ever visited the Coast is the New York Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Walter Damrosch. This is its first trip west of Chicago, although it has been in existence for thirty years, having been organized by Dr. Leopold Damrosch, father of the present conductor. It is the only permanent orchestra in New York City.

Nine concerts will be given in this city, at Dreamland Rink, commencing Sunday afternoon, May 17, on which occasion Tchaikowsky's "Symphony Pathétique" and Smetana's symphonic poem, "The Moldau River," will be the special features. In the evening a miscellaneous classical and popular programme will be given. Monday evening will be a "Wagner Night"; Tuesday eve, "Beethoven," with a rarely heard trio for oboe, clarinet, and English horn as a novelty; Wednesday night, Russian-Slavic music; Thursday night, French-Italian; Friday night, "Wagner." Saturday matinee will be a young people's programme, selected with the idea of entertaining and instructing the younger students of music. While light and melodious in character, the offerings are all by great composers and will interest both old and young. It is an exceptionally charming programme.

The last concert will be given Sunday afternoon, May 24, when a request programme will be given, in addition to some fine choral works by the Calvary Choral Society of two hundred voices, of which Marshall W. Giselman is conductor.

Season tickets for the nine concerts will be on sale next Wednesday, May 7, at both of Sherman, Clay & Co.'s stores, the moderate prices being \$10, \$7.50, and \$5, and tickets are transferable. Single tickets will be on sale a week later.

Mail orders must be accompanied by check or money order and should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum. Mr. Greenbaum will also attend to orders for the Greek Theatre events.

Third Lyric Quartet Concert.

The third of the series of popular chamber music concerts by the Lyric Quartet, assisted by Mrs. Marie Wilson-Stoney, will be given this Sunday afternoon, May 3, at Lyric Hall, corner of Larkin and Turk Streets.

The Mendelssohn Trio for piano, violin, and violoncello; Beethoven's String Quartet, Op. 18; and short numbers by Cherubini, Hasse, and Boccherini form the interesting programme. Seats at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and at the hall Sunday.

The final concert of the season will be given May 10, when Miss Ada Clement will assist in Mozart's G Minor Quartet.

Willie Edouin, one of the most pleasing of English low comedians, who was well known for many years on both sides of the Atlantic, and as popular on the one as the other, died in London a few days ago, aged sixty-seven. He first came into public notice as a successful fun-maker when a member of Lydia Thompson's company. With her he came to this country, where his vein of broad humor and rare ability as an eccentric dancer soon made him a favorite. Throughout a long period of his professional career he was associated with his wife, Alice Atherton, also a great favorite in her time. He was one of the few remaining representatives of a school which in its day contributed many accomplished actors to the more serious drama. Occasionally he himself made excursions in that direction, but he was most potent with the cap and bells.

The California Promotion Committee will give a breakfast in the red room of the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Secretary Metcalf on the morning of the fleet's arrival. The governors of all the Coast States will be in attendance to lend their moral support to a memorial signed by the principal commercial bodies of the Coast and island territories, asking for a permanent fleet for the Pacific to consist of at least twelve first-class battleships and eight large armored cruisers.

Gustav Charpentier when he composed "Louise" planned a trilogy of operas dealing with the life of the working girls of Paris. His ill health interfered with the success of this plan. Now it is announced that a new work from him, "The Life of a Poet," will be given during June at the Opéra Comique.

RACING NEW CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB

Oakland Race Track
Six or more Races each Week Day, RAIN OR SHINE. Races start at 1:40 p. m. sharp. For Special Trains stopping at the Track take the S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street, leaves at 12, thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 p. m.
No smoking in last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.
Returning, trains leave the track after fifth and last races.
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.
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Third Lyric "Pop" Concert

This Sunday aft., May 3, at 2:30
LYRIC HALL, cor. Turk and Larkin Sts.
String Quartet and Mrs. Marie Wilson-Stoney, Pianiste.
Seats, 50c and \$1. At Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.
Last concert Sun., May 10, Miss Ada Clement assisting.

EXTRA ANNOUNCEMENT

9 Concerts at DREAMLAND by

Walter Damrosch's New York Symphony Orchestra

Sun. aft., May 17, "Symphony Programme"; Sun. eve., "Miscellaneous"; Mon. eve., "Wagner"; Tues. eve., "Beethoven"; Wed. eve., "Russian-Slavic"; Thurs. eve., "French-Italian"; Fri. eve., "Wagner"; Sat. mat., "Young People's"; farewell, Sun. aft., May 24, "Choral and Request Programme."
(The Calvary Choral Society, 200 voices, Marshall W. Giselman director, assisting.)
Season tickets (transferable), \$10, \$7.50 and \$5. Ready next Thursday, May 7, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s stores, where programmes may be obtained.
Address mail orders to Will L. Greenbaum, enclosing check or money order.
Seats for single concerts, \$1.50, \$1, 75c. Ready Wednesday, May 13.

GREEK THEATRE—Berkeley

Thurs. aft., May 21, and Sat. eve., May 23
Seats at "Sadler's," "Sign of the Bear," "Co-op," and Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Oakland and San Francisco.

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Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone, West 6000.

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Cecilia Rhoda, Arthur Cunningham, Tina Marshall, and all the Princess favorites in the cast
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Prices—Evenings, 25c, 50c and 75c. Matinees (except Sundays and holidays), 25c, 50c.

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CHARLEY'S AUNT
All the Favorites in the Cast
Prices: Evenings, 25c to \$1. Matinees, Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c.
May 11—Clyde Fitch's best comedy, "LOVERS' LANE."

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Charles Froman presents
JOHN DREW
In his immensely successful comedy
MY WIFE
Original Cast and Production.
First Time in San Francisco
Coming—ROBERT MANTELL.

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Matinee Saturday
Commencing Monday, May 4
Second and Last Week
"The Truth" is actually great.—Chronicle.
KATHERINE GREY
And ASSOCIATE PLAYERS
In Clyde Fitch's Latest and Best Play
THE TRUTH
Evenings prices: 50c, \$1 and \$1.50

THE CITIZENS' ALLIANCE is now located in the Merchants' Exchange Building. Members are invited to call and leave their new addresses. The Alliance has opened a free employment bureau at 4 Van Ness, near Market Street. Read *The Citizens' Magazine*. First number appeared March 1. Price per copy, 10 cents.

VANITY FAIR.

The pay of our ambassador is one of the things that we talk about periodically with the common agreement that something ought to be done. Of course, nothing ever is done, really very hard to see what can be done. The nation should pay the actual expenses of our embassies abroad is out of the question, seeing that they are mainly for social frivolities and fashionable competitions of which it would be impossible to take official cognizance. And so it has become a settled principle that the highest positions in the diplomatic world of a republic have become the appanage of wealthy men and that only the very rich need apply.

The unpleasant discussion over the appointment of Dr. Hill to the German court has revived the old question in full force. On the general and admirable principle of searching for the woman, we may blame Mrs. Hill for a certain unconventionality that is delightful at home, passable at The Hague or in Switzerland, but intolerable at Berlin or Paris. It may be that Mrs. Hill went to market on her bicycle while she was in Holland and that the German emperor dreaded the effect of such an example upon the domestic sanctities of Germany. It may be that he preferred a lady who, being in Rome, would do exactly as the Romans do, and nothing more. This and many other things may have weighed in the imperial mind, but the real and substantial cause of the contretemps was Dr. Hill's comparative poverty in contradistinction with Mr. Charlemagne Tower's comparative wealth. If the German emperor actually made any objection at all it was a good-natured one. He did not see how Dr. Hill could match the social splendor of his predecessor, and no one else can see it either.

Dr. Hill is by no means a wealthy man, and the whole of his salary would not pay the rent of the mansion in Berlin. No American ambassador to a first-class power receives enough salary to pay the rent, and the rent is of course an insignificant part of his expenditure. If Mr. Whitelaw Reid's salary were doubled it would still be insufficient to pay his London landlord. It is the same story all the way round. If we want diplomatic ability we must either find it in conjunction with wealth or go without it.

In one point at least the American ambassador can economize. He wears no court dress and the ordinary attire of the village undertaker will do for him everywhere. There was once an American ambassador to St. Petersburg who transgressed against the sartorial code of his country and appeared at some court function dressed like every one else. He had cause to remember it. The representative of a New York newspaper cabled that "His cocked hat is a dream. His sword is a foot and a half in length and there is as much gold braid upon his coat as upon that of a French general. The costume is gorgeous. . . . Were he to wear it at the charity ball in Chicago it would create a sensation." The offense was never repeated. Public opinion in America does not object to an ambassador lavishly squandering his own money, but if he observes the customs of the people to whom he has been sent and wears a dress sword he is likely to hear of it unpleasantly.

Here are the full dress directions that must be observed by an English ambassador to Paris:

Coat—Blue cloth, lined with black silk, black velvet collar, gold embroidery, five inches wide.

Breeches—White kerseymere, with covered buttons at the knees.

Stockings—White silk.

Shoes—With gilt buttons.

Hat—Black beaver cocked, with black silk cockade; white ostrich border feather, treble gold bullion loop, with tassels and hangers.

Sword—Black scabbard with silk mountings, the sword-knot gold lace, bullion tassel.

Sword belt—Silk shoulder, with white cloth frog for sword.

Stock—White silk.

Buttons—With supporters.

These things cost money and a surprising amount of it, but the English ambassador to Paris receives \$20,000 for outfit. In the case of promotion the allowance is \$14,000 and for a simple transfer \$10,000. And all this in addition to his salary of \$40,000.

Dr. Hill is peculiarly unfortunate in the wealth of his predecessor. In Berlin the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Charlemagne Tower has been exceeded only by the emperor himself, and Dr. Hill must either inaugurate a new era altogether in the way of social festivities and upon a much lower scale or he must run into debt. It will be remembered that Bayard Taylor begged himself from this very cause and at this very court, and that General Noyes, American ambassador to Paris, was reduced to dire straits and died practically penniless. Of course, no man is obliged to be an ambassador, and perhaps Dr. Hill has fully counted the cost and is prepared to meet it. Let us at least hope so.

The actual definition of a "necessity" in the case of a married woman who is no longer living with her husband is largely a matter of judicial decision, and it would be hard to imagine any problem more trying to the judicial

temper. A woman's own opinion of what is necessary is apt to be a little prejudiced and even unreasonable. Take, for example, the case of Howard Gould, who is being sued by the Mrs. Osborne Company for various articles supplied to Mrs. Gould since the separation of which we have been hearing morning, noon, and night from certain metropolitan dailies that suppose that the whole universe revolves around the agreements and disagreements of this very uninteresting couple. And, by the way, what an infliction these matrimonial affairs become when they arrive in batches and what an embarrassment they must be to the poor editor who wants to satisfy a frenzied public and has only a limited number of acres of white paper to do it on. The photographs of the Prince de Sagan alone require nearly a page, for what a calamity it would be if we were left uninformed as to his precise appearance when he disclaimed being a gambler, or the exact tilt of his cigarette as he coyly admits his amorous hopes. Then, too, it is necessary to record just how the lady looked as she stepped from a carriage, as she entered one, and as she spoke to a friend on the street. The little Castellanes too must be photographed on the way home, and on the way for a walk, and with their tutor, and without their tutor. Then we have other pictures of the reporters who took these photographs and we are certainly lucky not to get a photograph of the reporter's aunt, and the reporter's aunt's parrot. But all this will come. The public demands it. And now come fresh matrimonial troubles of other Goulds, equally vulgar and commonplace with equally dirty linen which they want the dear public to see. What is a poor editor to do and what are we all to do with the congenial idiots who read this stuff?

But to return. The bill of the Mrs. Osborne Company amounts to a mere trifle of \$20,750. They press their little account upon the reluctant husband, who refuses to pay it on the ground that the gowns and underlinen represented thereby are not necessities—at least not so much of them. The whole bill was incurred in the course of nine months, and Mr. Gould apparently thinks that \$20,750 in nine months is "going some," and that the lady might have managed to keep body and soul together on somewhat less.

The largest item in the bill is for a white batiste embroidered gown with fillet lace. Doubtless it was a creation, but it cost \$650. Among other trivialities are two motoring veils at \$20 each; one simple white straw hat at \$175, a blue chiffon tea gown and coat at \$475, a mustard tweed coat and skirt at \$175, and two embroidered belts at \$22 each.

Now the question for the judge to determine is whether these things were necessities, not in the course of a lifetime, but during a period of nine months. Could the lady have sustained life without them?

Pity the sorrows of a poor emperor. William II of Germany has felt the pinch of hard times and he has had to ask for what is popularly known as a "rise." His expenditures are greater than his income, and unless he can move the hard heart of the Reichstag he will have to practice economies from which his imperial soul recoils.

And yet it would seem that the Kaiser ought to be able to make both ends meet. Many a man lives comfortably on far less. His income as German emperor is \$650,000 a year, while as King of Prussia he receives \$3,850,000. This is quite a respectable income and it is entirely official and exclusive of his private means. No one knows quite how much these are, but they must be of considerable size. Six years ago Herr Wilhelm Iuldebrand left him an estate worth \$375,000 and \$750,000 in cash, so true is it that to him that hath shall be given. Then there was another gift of 5000 acres of valuable land from a West Prussian aristocrat, while Baroness Oppenheim gave him \$500,000 and Herr Henckel von Donnersmarck \$2,500,000. All these windfalls have happened within the last few years, and now we hear that the wolf is once more at the door and that the imperial family is once more dependent upon the kindness of the neighbors, so to speak. There must have been extravagance somewhere.

Certainly the imperial tailoring department is not an economical institution. To begin with, the emperor has the uniforms belonging to all of the three hundred Prussian regiments, and of course, each one is perfect and each one has jeweled accoutrements. Then there are the regiments of the other states and those of the innumerable foreign regiments in which the emperor has honorary membership. Such a display of sartorial magnificence is simply bewildering, while it gives us some idea of where the money goes. When the emperor travels, as he is very fond of doing, he takes with him a small army of retainers, while the gifts that he leaves in his wake are worth a small fortune. Upon the other hand, we have to remember that the nation makes no allowances to the royal family. Whatever provision is made for sons and nephews comes from the emperor's own pocket, and this must be a very serious drain upon his resources. In England the nation is asked to do all this within certain limitations imposed by the House of Commons.

The Reichstag is by no means subservient to the imperial will. It is not exactly a case of

ask and have, as the emperor discovered to his cost a few years ago when he demanded a trifle of \$5,000,000 in order to extend and alter the palace at Berlin. The request was emphatically refused, the Reichstag declining to vote a single dollar for such a purpose or to give an inch of the city property. It may be that the emperor will have better luck upon this occasion, but seeing that the social condition of Germany is now worse than it has been for many years, the Reichstag will have good excuse for refusing.

The Czar of Russia is probably the wealthiest of European monarchs. Nobody knows his exact income, but it has been placed at \$40,000,000 a year. But then the Czar pays all his own expenses and even maintains regiments of guards at his own cost.

The King of Greece has the most curious income of all. From the nation he receives \$200,000 a year and this is supplemented by allowances from France, Russia, and England of \$20,000 a year each. We hear very little

indeed about the King of Greece, from which we may infer that he is a good ruler.

Adelina Patti was born in Spain, but her parents were Italians, and they brought her to New York at so early an age that, to cite her own words, she "learned of all languages English first." Olive Fremstad was born in Norway, but came to the United States as a child and grew up here. Mary Garden was born in Scotland, but came to Chicago at the age of six, and remained in this country until she was nineteen, when she returned to Europe. Emma Eames happened to see the light of the world first in Shanghai; yet the fact that all of these singers lived with us during the most impressionable, educational period of life prevents us from looking on them as foreigners. Mary Garden, at any rate, looks on herself as being an American, and we have reason to be proud of it, for she is an artist of unusual gifts and of most attractive individuality.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

They talked during dinner of the recent anarchic activity. "But, papa, what is an anarchist?" little Willie asked. "Well, my boy," replied the father, "he's a person who is always blowing somebody up." The child turned to his mother. "Then are you an anarchist, ma?" he said.

Elbert Hubbard says he was nearing the end of a lecture before one thousand attentive inmates of a State insane asylum, when an old woman came screaming down the aisle, waving her arms frantically. "My God! I can't stand this nonsense any longer." "That," said the superintendent to Mr. Hubbard, "is the first sign she has shown of returning sanity."

One morning recently a man in New Jersey looked over his fence and said to his neighbor: "Hey, what the deuce are you burying in that hole?" "Oh," he said, "I am just replanting some of my seeds; that's all." "Seeds!" shouted the first man angrily. "It looks like one of my hens." "Oh, that's all right," the other returned. "The seeds are inside."

It was in the drawing-room after dinner that they discussed an absent maiden friend's bad points with the usual grim and scathing glee. Having thoroughly dissected her personal appearance they next paid attention to her mental shortcomings. "She is a very singular girl," spake the one. "Yes, indeed," responded her companion, "but then that is not her fault, for I never saw a girl so anxious to be plural."

Mark Twain, in the course of the recent Pilgrims' dinner in New York, talked of his pet aversion. "Christian Science," he said, "reminds me of the apple cure for drunkenness. In Hannibal, in my boyhood, the apple cure was very highly esteemed. I remember once hearing the Hannibal town drunkard expatiate on the apple cure. 'You believe in it, then, do you, Hank?' a listener asked. 'Believe in it? How can I help believe in it?' the drunkard said excitedly. 'Aint it cured me eight times?'"

A fond country mother who was very solicitous that the manners of her little daughter, who had been sent to the city for her education, should not be contaminated by city children of whom she had heard, wrote to the principal: "Be very careful that Mabel does not associate with children who use slang, which she has never heard. Above all, do not allow her to sit next to the S— children. I knew their father before he went to the city and, confidentially, they're a bum lot, the whole push of them!"

Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, the youngest son of Charles Dickens, is a member of Parliament in Australia. Not long ago, in the course of a speech, he was frequently interrupted by a snappish member named Willis. "Mr. Speaker," said Mr. Dickens, turning to the chair, "it may be remembered by some present that my father coined an expression which attained some popularity—'Barkis is willin'." The circumstances today are such that I am strongly tempted to reverse the phrase and say, 'Willis is barkin'.'" The retort was effective.

The semi-annual examinations were held at a well-known West Side private school the other day, and while inspecting the papers the teachers found many humorous answers to some of the questions. A class of boys averaging about twelve years of age had been examined in geography, which had been preceded the day before by grammar. Among the questions in the geography paper was the following: "Name the zones." One promising youth of eleven years wrote this answer: "There are two zones, masculine and feminine. The masculine is either temperate or intemperate; the feminine is either torrid or frigid."

In one of the city public schools is a little girl pupil who is well up in most of her studies, but she has an inveterate dislike of geography, and it seems impossible to teach the study to her. The other day her teacher, made impatient, sent to Rosie's mother a note requesting her to see that the girl studied her lesson. The next day showed no improvement, however. "And did your mother read the note, Rosie?" said the teacher. "Yes, ma'am, was the reply. "What did she say?" "My mother said that she didn't know geography, an' she got married, an' my aunt didn't know geography, an' she got married, an' you know geography, an' you didn't get married."

While President Roosevelt was holding an open-air reception at Syracuse, a tall negro pushed his way forward through the crowd and eagerly grasped his hand. "Yo' 'n me war bo'n on the same day, Mistah Roosevelt!" the darky enthusiastically said, his shining face almost cleft from ear to ear by a grin. "De-lighted, indeed, to hear it!" warmly re-

sponded the President, taking a fresh grip on the black hand and laughing heartily. "So you and I were born on the same day? Well, well!" "Yo' am fo'ty-seven yeahs old, suh?" "I am," was the quicker answer. "An' yo' war bo'n on Octobah 17, 1858!" "Yes," "Ya-as, suh," then exclaimed the darky, shaking all over with rapture; "ya-as suh, Mr. Roosevelt, yo' an' me is hofe twins!"

The late Valerian Gribayedoff was one of the first American newspaper sketch artists. As Gribayedoff said himself, his fame was due not to his great artistic skill, but to his luck in coming first. And he added with a laugh that it was always lucky to come early and avoid the rush, instancing the case of a restaurant in the Latin Quarter, where a young poet had a large tureen of soup spilled over his coat one evening. The waiter, in response to the savage outcries of the poet, said good-naturedly: "Oh, well, you needn't alarm yourself, sir. There's no harm done. Our soup never stains after half-past 7."

A college professor, in company with his son, was enjoying a walk in the country, when he met an old farmer. It had been a very wet season, and the professor, thinking to start the conversation in a way that would prove interesting to the farmer, remarked: "There has been a rather abnormal precipitation of late." The farmer seemed somewhat embarrassed, and the professor's son, who used a different vernacular, though he was a student in the college to which his father was attached, attempted to straighten out the matter. Drawing the farmer to one side, he said in a superior way: "The governor means that we've been having a hell of a lot of rain."

THE MERRY MUZE.

Time to Move On.

Just a bit of "moonshine,"
Just a bit of song,
Just a big policeman—and
It's time to "move along."
—Chicago News.

Get Ready.

The sulphur and molasses mix,
Grah Willie by the ear,
And make him take the awful dose,
For spring will soon be here.
—Detroit Free Press.

A Sacrifice to Science.

A jolly young chemistry tough
While mixing a compound of stuff,
Dropped a match in a vial,
And after a while,
They found his front teeth and one cuff.
—Success Magazine.

Movable.

"Your teeth are like the stars," he said,
And pressed her hand so white.
And he spoke true; for like the stars
Her teeth came out at night.
—Cornell Widow.

The Hero.

Back from the wars the hero came,
With laurels resting on his brow,
To find a maiden and to claim
Fulfillment of her sacred vow.

He had out one leg to his name,
He wore an empty sleeve, alack,
And one glass eye, but he had fame,
And pride was his when he came back.

Oh, shame upon that maiden fair
Who broke the vow that she had made
And scorned the wretch he had to wear
As something that would quickly fade.

"Fame? Bah!" she cried; "in six months there
Will be new heroes on the scene;
Your name will be forgotten ere
The grass above your leg is green."

He blamed her for her words and turned
To proudly hobble from her view;
And ere the orchards bloomed he learned
That all the girl had said was true.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

"The African pygmies are the shortest people in the world," remarked the learned traveler. "Don't you believe it," sighed the domestic man. "Did you ever see an American husband after he had settled for his wife's spring outfit?"—Chicago Daily News.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

In the social world affairs are practically at a standstill until the arrival of the fleet next week, but the gayeties planned for the stay of the warships in this port are many and varied. The presence of so large a number of officers and their families, as well as the many other visitors brought here by the promised festivities, will require a universality of entertainment that promises to exhaust the socially prominent and will cause them to hasten immediately afterwards to the quiet of the country.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel Whitney, daughter of Mrs. George E. Whitney of Oakland, to Mr. Charles Allen of New York, son of General Allen, U. S. A. No date is announced for the wedding, but it will probably be celebrated before the winter at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Condit-Smith, in Washington, D. C.

The engagement is announced of Miss Katharine Kutz, daughter of Rear-Admiral C. F. Kutz, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. Kutz, to Lieutenant Arthur Crift, U. S. N., of the U. S. S. Wisconsin. Their wedding will be an event of May 9 in Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Marguerite Tourny, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Tourny, to Mr. Edgar Nicholas Van Bergen, took place on Wednesday evening of last week at Grace Church. The ceremony was performed at half-past 8 o'clock by the Rev. David Evans, rector of the church. Miss Vida Tourny, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Helen Sullivan and Miss Kathleen de Young. Mr. Gordon Edwards was the best man and the ushers were Mr. Gayle Anderson, Mr. Rudolph Bertheau, Mr. Otto Grau, Mr. Clyde Beal, Mr. Melville Bowman, and Mr. Emerson Towne. A reception followed in the red room of the Fairmont. After their wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Van Bergen will live here.

The wedding of Miss Elsie Kimble, daughter of Mrs. Eliza Kimble, to Mr. Arthur Sargent, took place on Tuesday of last week at the home of the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chanslor, on Pacific Avenue. The ceremony was performed at 4 o'clock by the Rev. Bradford Leavitt. There were no attendants of either bride or groom and only relatives and a few intimate friends were present at the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Sargent will make their home in Chicago for the present.

The wedding of Miss Charlotte Hoffmann, daughter of Mrs. Regula Hoffmann of Oakland, and Dr. Vernon Lyman Kellogg of Stanford University, took place at Settignano, Florence, Italy, April 29.

The wedding of Miss Jessie Cuthbert, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Cuthbert, of San Mateo, and the Rev. Lee Axtell Wood, of Visalia, took place at St. Mathew's Episcopal Church, San Mateo, April 22, the Rev. H. B. N. Galloway officiating. Miss Agnes Menzies of San Rafael was maid of honor; Miss Betty Angus of San Francisco and Miss Muriel Barneson of San Mateo were the bridesmaids. The bridegroom was attended by the Rev. George B. Wright of San Jose. Mr. George F. Cuthbert of Seattle and Mr. Russell M. Cuthbert of San Mateo were the ushers. After the ceremony a reception was given at the new home of the bride's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Alston Williams will entertain at a dance at their home in Berkeley on May 9.

Mrs. Glass, the wife of Admiral Glass, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. Miller, the wife of Admiral Miller, U. S. N., retired, have sent out invitations for a large luncheon to take place on May 11 in honor of Mrs. Victor H. Metcalf.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin will entertain at a dinner on Friday evening next before the Greenway ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Stent entertained

at a dinner at their home in Oakland on Thursday of last week in honor of Mrs. Victor H. Metcalf.

The Lagunitas Country Club entertained at a dance at their clubhouse in Ross Valley on Friday evening of last week.

Miss Johanna Volkman entertained at a luncheon on Tuesday last in honor of Miss Anita Davis.

Mrs. Charles Josselyn was the hostess at an informal bridge party on Saturday last at her home on Webster Street.

Miss Mary Keeney was the hostess at an informal tea on Friday afternoon of last week.

Mr. M. Meyerfeld, Jr., and Mrs. Meyerfeld gave a luncheon to a number of friends at The Peninsula Hotel, San Mateo, last Sunday.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond and their family, and Miss Betty Hammond, who have spent the winter at Santa Barbara, left yesterday (Friday) for the East. Miss Betty Hammond, who has been visiting Miss Frances Thompson in this city and also relatives in Stockton, returned to Santa Barbara on Monday last.

Mrs. William Kohl and Mrs. Evans S. Pillsbury will leave in May for New York, where Mrs. Pillsbury will spend several weeks before returning here. Mrs. Kohl will go abroad for some months' travel.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard are in New York and will remain there until August.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun and Miss Martha Calhoun went on Saturday last to Santa Barbara to remain during the visit of the fleet at that port.

Miss Margaret Newhall has recently visited in Ross Valley as the guest of Mrs. J. G. Kittle.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and their sons have taken apartments at the Fairmont and will remain there during the fleet reception week.

Mrs. James A. Robinson has recently been the guest of friends at Burlingame.

Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin Brodie and Mrs. Brodie's sons, George and Tallant Tubbs, have left Santa Barbara and gone to the Grand Cañon en route to their home in Detroit. They will spend the summer at Lake St. Clair.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin have returned from a motor trip to Paso Robles and Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant have arrived in Florence, after a month's stay on the Riviera. They will go a little later to England for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bull Pringle will spend the summer months at their country place in Sonoma County.

Mrs. T. C. Van Ness is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. John I. Taylor, in Boston.

Mr. Christian de Guigne and Miss Marie Christine de Guigne have been at their St. Helena ranch for a week's stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown and Miss Lucie King spent the week end at San Mateo as the guests of Mr. George Cameron.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Hammond (formerly Miss Mary Langhorne) will spend the summer motoring through Southern Germany.

Mrs. William Denman is again in town, after a week's stay at the Van Ness ranch near St. Helena.

Mr. William L. Berry and Mr. T. Brin Berry have returned from a brief stay at Paso Robles.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Cora Smedberg will spend the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Miss Edith Berry will spend the summer in Lake County as the guest of friends.

Mrs. William Bourn, Mrs. Alston Hayne, Mr. and Mrs. James Ellis Tucker, and Miss Ida Bourn will leave about the middle of May for their country place at St. Helena.

Captain and Mrs. William H. McKittrick came up this week from their Bakersfield ranch in their motor and will remain here during the stay of the fleet.

Mrs. Louis Parrott will close her Berkeley home shortly and go East for an indefinite stay.

Mr. Richard M. Tobin will leave late in May for Europe, where he will spend the summer months.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale is spending a fortnight at Colusa.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stetson (formerly Miss Josephine Brown), who left for Europe on their wedding journey, will sail from New York today (Saturday).

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Cushing have returned from a stay of a fortnight at Paso Robles.

Mrs. Shaw and her daughters, Mrs. Magee and Miss Ethel Dean, have returned from Santa Barbara and taken an apartment at the St. Xavier on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard of San Mateo are at Del Monte as the guests of Mrs. Henry Schmiedell during the visit of the fleet to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland are at the Peninsula Hotel at San Mateo for a stay of two months, but will go early in June to their country place at Los Gatos.

Dr. John Evelyn Page, U. S. N., retired,

and Mrs. Page are with Mrs. Page's mother, Mrs. William Burling, at her home on Scott Street, and will make their home permanently in this city.

Mr. Charles E. Green and Mr. Allan Green will leave next month for Europe to spend the summer.

Mrs. Randell Hunt and her daughters, Miss Floride Hunt and Miss Natalie Hunt, have been guests at Del Monte during the fleet's stay at Monterey.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge went down last week to Paso Robles for a brief stay.

Miss Merrit Reid has returned from a visit to friends at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean, who are now living at the Fairmont, will leave next month for several months' travel in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas are at the Hotel Rafael for the season.

Mr. George H. Lent has arrived here, after a month's stay in New York.

Mrs. J. B. Casserly, who has been living at The Peninsula in San Mateo since the opening of the hotel, has given up her apartments to take possession of her new home in The Highlands.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Victoria were Mr. William Kettner and Mr. W. J. Mossholder, of San Diego, Mrs. T. A. Towson of Chicago, Mr. W. A. Weeks of Watsonville, Mr. and Mrs. B. Brizard of Arcata, Mr. and Mrs. William Hammond of Warren, Pennsylvania.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Normandie were Mr. and Mrs. C. Kaufman, of Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. L. Gundelfinger, of Fresno; Mrs. J. W. Luqueer and Mrs. L. B. Strait, of Pueblo, Colorado; Mrs. C. H. Knapp and Miss M. E. Knapp, of Montclair, New Jersey; Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Levy, of Portland.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel St. Francis were Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McLaughlin, Mrs. David Whitney, and Mrs. George Owen, of Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Knudson, of Kanai, Hawaii; Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Lannourne and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rowan, of Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Loring, of Melbourne, Australia; Mr. H. H. Tammen, of Denver.

Among recent arrivals of the Fairmont Hotel were Mrs. D. A. K. Steele, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Champlin, and Miss Jeannette Champlin, of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Edwards, of Prescott, Arizona; Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Greenwood, Miss Annie Greenwood, and Miss Grace Greenwood, of Philadelphia; Mrs. H. M. Merrick and Mrs. Elizabeth Luce, of Bloomington, Illinois; Mr. Erskine M. Ross, Mr. Charles Weir, Mr. A. Fink, Mr. C. P. Hopworth, Mr. J. M. C. Pearce, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Henenry, Mrs. M. F. Cutter, and Mrs. Weatherall, of Los Angeles; Miss Elizabeth Wright and Mrs. W. E. Beswick, of Wheeling, West Virginia; Mrs. Florence G. Myers, Mrs. H. D. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Woods, Miss M. Daney, Miss Edna Sargent, and Mr. Ransome Phelps, of St. Paul, Minnesota.

The offices of the consulate of Chile are now permanently located in the Marine Building, northeast corner of California and Front Streets.

The Talk of the Town.

The handsome five-color litho fleet poster ever issued. Size of poster, 19x27. Mailed for 30 cents in stamps. A. Lobe & Co., 565-6 Pacific Building, San Francisco.

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Bet. BUSH and SUTTER STS.

Hotel St. Francis

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All U. R. R. lines transfer to the entrance. Geary Street cars pass the entrance. Powell Street cars pass the entrance. Hyde and California line one block away. Sutter Street line one block away.

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SUMMER MONTHS

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Completely furnished, 20 rooms, 10 baths, 2 acres of gardens, tennis court, barn. One mile from station, on small hill overlooking campus and San Francisco Bay. Rent reasonable.
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Open year around. Headquarters Automobile League. New and commodious garage. Fifty minutes from San Francisco. Complete change of climate. Tiburon or Sausalito Ferry. All modern conveniences.
F. N. Orpin, Proprietor.



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"Good Music" and "Fine Automobile Road, Los Angeles Riverside to Coronado."
Golf, Tennis, Polo, and other outdoor sports every day in the year.
New 700-foot ocean pier, for fishing. Boating and Bathing are the very best. Send for booklet to
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Coronado Beach, Cal.
Or see H. F. NORCROSS, Agent,
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles.
Tel. A 6789; Main 3917.
22d Street and Broadway

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

The Headquarters of the Department of California, commanded by Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., moved on May 1 from 2440 Pacific Avenue, where it has been for the past two years, to the Chronicle Building, Market and Kearny Streets. The offices of the commanding general, aides-de-camp, chief of staff, adjutant-general, inspector-general, judge advocate, chief signal officer, chief engineer officer, chief quartermaster, chief commissary, chief paymaster, and chief surgeon are situated there.

Colonel John L. Chamberlain, inspector-general, U. S. A., is ordered to proceed to Hot Springs, Arkansas, and to report to the commanding officer, Army and Navy General Hospital, for observation and treatment.

Lieutenant-Colonel William H. C. Bowen, U. S. A., is transferred from the Thirtieth Infantry to the Eighteenth Infantry.

Lieutenant-Colonel William A. Nichols, U. S. A., is transferred from the Eighteenth Infantry to the Thirtieth Infantry.

Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Torney, Medical Department, U. S. A., left last week for Washington, D. C., on official business.

Naval Constructor Thomas F. Ruhm, U. S. N., is relieved from duty at Moran Brothers' Works, Seattle, and ordered to duty at the New York Navy Yard.

Lieutenant-Commander C. B. McVay is detached from the *Alabama* and ordered to the command of the *Yankee* on May 9.

Captain Francis A. Pope, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., has arrived from West Point and assumed command of the post at Fort Mason.

Captain Charles M. Bundel, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., is relieved from treatment at the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, and ordered to proceed to his proper station.

Lieutenant Walker R. Gherardi, U. S. N., is detached from the command of the *Yankee* and ordered home to await orders.

Lieutenant Rollo F. Anderson, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at the Military Prison at Alcatraz and ordered to duty with the One Hundred and Forty-Ninth Company, Coast Artillery Corps.

Lieutenant John H. Baker, U. S. A., is transferred from the Twenty-Second Infantry to the Twenty-First Infantry.

Lieutenant Charles F. Herr, U. S. A., is transferred from the Twenty-First Infantry to the Twenty-Second Infantry.

Lieutenant William A. Kent, U. S. A., is relieved from detail in the Signal Corps and assigned to the Twenty-Second Infantry for duty.

Lieutenant J. Alfred Moss, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., is detailed for service and to fill a vacancy in the Signal Corps, taking effect on April 30.

Lieutenant Willis E. Mills, Twenty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., is relieved from treatment at the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, granted eight days' leave of absence, and at the expiration of his leave is to join his proper station.

Passed Assistant Surgeon F. G. Abeken, U. S. N., is relieved from duty at the Naval Training Station at San Francisco and ordered to the *West Virginia* for duty.

Passed Assistant Surgeon C. N. Fiske, U. S. N., when discharged from treatment at the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, is ordered home and granted two months' sick leave.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among recent arrivals at The Peninsula Hotel, San Mateo, were Mr. and Mrs. Louis Weill, of London, England; Mr. F. W. Swanton, of Santa Cruz; Mr. John Willy, of Chicago; Mrs. A. J. Post, of Englewood, New Jersey; Mr. Joseph Lagfield, of Sausalito; Mr. W. R. Caulkins, of Joplin, Missouri; Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Robinson, of Burlingame; Mr. Raymond Benjamin, Mr. Phil Bolger, Mr. V. P. Sessions, Miss Houghton, Mr. R. H. Hyman, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Hyman, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Lally, Mr. Charles A. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Freeman, Mr. J. D. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Prectel, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Jackson, Mr. H. B. Taylor, Mrs. Chauncey Taylor, Mrs. L. A. H. Hopkins, Mr. Prince Hopkins, Rev. F. W. Clappett, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Dean, Miss Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Duncan, Mrs. E. L. Griffith, Mrs. Coppee, the Misses Coppee, Mr. J. K. Steel, Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McBean, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Atkinson, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. J. S. Fairweather, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Heller, Mr. C. A. Miller, Mr. A. L. Clark, Mr. Horace G.

Platt, Mr. H. Ramsdell, Mr. and Mrs. L. I. Cowgill, Mr. Glenn Cowgill, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Adams, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Mann, Mr. E. Davidson, Mr. E. S. Utley, Mr. and Mrs. Elkins, Mrs. I. Zellerbach, Miss Zellerbach, Miss B. Linke, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Rankin, Mr. Charles F. Sharracks, Mrs. W. H. Bremer, Miss Bremer, Mrs. Leon Goos, Mr. and Mrs. Greenbaum and family, Mrs. A. B. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Busch, Mrs. N. P. Franklin, Mrs. and Miss Salomon, Mr. Frank P. King, Mrs. James Shea, Miss Farrell, Mr. and Mrs. Newman, Mrs. S. H. Bachman, Mr. James Hogg, Mr. and Mrs. George Cooper, Miss Helen Lee, Mrs. William Frese, Mr. and Mrs. J. Chander, Miss Dr. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. F. Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kirk, of San Francisco.

During the past week Frederick Tillmann, Sr., one of California's best-known pioneers, died at Bremen, Germany, at the age of eighty-three years. Mr. Tillmann settled in San Francisco in 1849, where he lived until his retirement to Bremen, fifteen years ago. He established the wholesale grocery firm of Tillmann & Bendel, and was actively identified with it as long as he remained in this country. He was honored among his associates for his integrity in business affairs, and his high moral standard in all things. Besides his widow, who lives in Bremen, Mr. Tillman is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Rohl-wink of Bremen, and two sons, Henry Tillmann of Bremen and Frederick Tillman, Jr., of San Francisco.

The great need of a safe, comfortable home for working girls and for ladies visiting the city unattended has been met by the efforts of the Salvation Army officers in charge of this province. Colonel and Mrs. George French have secured and fitted up the Apollo Building, 1130 Market Street, and it is now a woman's hotel with home comforts and all modern conveniences. The prices have been fixed at a rate which make them within the means of those who earn only small salaries. The enterprise deserves well of the public, and is but another demonstration of the activity for good which marks the progress of the great organization.

See Salada Beach. Write 1803 Fillmore.

A lady having lived abroad for many years, and having a thorough knowledge of the best society there, is desirous of chaperoning a young girl, or would accompany a married woman, who wishes to travel and combine sight-seeing with a social life. Reaching Europe via Japan is suggested for this summer, owing to the presence of the Pacific fleet in the Japanese waters and consequent gaiety therefrom. References exchanged, and credentials must be absolutely guaranteed. Address Mrs. J. G., care Argonaut.

PALO ALTO

TO LET—May 18 to August 30, attractive, furnished cottage, one mile from Palo Alto. Steinway piano. Rent moderate. Apply
C. L. PLACE,
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Residence Property for Sale—in Whole or in Part

Sixty-three acres, in the foothills of the Santa Cruz Mountains, one and a half miles east of Los Gatos, Cal. One-half mile from the Interurban R. R. Could be divided into fine sites for residences overlooking the beautiful SANTA CLARA VALLEY. Must be seen to be appreciated. For further information the owner refers, by permission, to the editor of the Argonaut, San Francisco, Cal.

\$1600—Artistic bungalow and lot 40x100. Ocean view. Surrounded by pines. 5 rooms. Address Box 28, Carmel-by-the-Sea.

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New fireproof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests.
Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

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Just the place for the family. Reservations now being made. Rates and literature on application.

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A place with the quality of Elder's or Vickery's
—only that they feed the soul, while we feed the body.

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1427 Bush Street, below Van Ness (upstairs)

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mrs. Justwed—Why are these eggs so small? Grocer Dickelwurst—I t'ink dey were took from der nest too soon alretty.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"What'd Jimmy give yer fer yer birthday?" "This here brass ring." "How'd yer know it aint nothin' but brass?" "He give it ter me."—Cleveland Leader.

"And when," said Mrs. Nuvoreesh, "those French pheasants came by singing the Mayonnaise, it was too deeply touching for words."—Success Magazine.

Hook—I understand he married a cool million. Cook—Yes; but he's complaining now because he hasn't been able to thaw out any of it.—Illustrated Bits.

The Daffodil—Great Petals! Rosey, old chap, what happened you? Got the spotted fever? The Rose (fiercely)—I've been Bur-banked, that's all.—Puck.

Muriel—Would you marry for money? Carstone—Not I; I want brains. Muriel—Yes, I should think so, if you don't want to marry for money.—Brooklyn Life.

"Your love," he cried, "would give me the strength to lift mountains!" "Dearest," she murmured, "it will only be necessary for you to raise the 'dust.'"—Town Topics.

"Is your husband having any luck at the racetrack?" "Some luck," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "He hasn't caught cold nor had his pockets picked."—Washington Star.

"Tell me, brother, is it possible to let Robert know that I am an heiress?" "Has he proposed to you?" "Yes." "Well, you may be sure he knows it already."—The Gossip.

Mother—Oh, Bobby, you naughty hoy, you've been smoking! (Pause.) Poor darling, do you feel very bad? Bobby (who has been well brought up)—Thank you. I'm dying.—Punch.

Miss Blondlock—How dare you tell people my hair is bleached? You know it is false? Miss Ravenwing—Yes, dear, I know it is. I told them it was bleached before you got it.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"I noticed she bowed to you. Is she an old acquaintance?" "Y-yes; we're slightly acquainted. In fact, she's a sort of distant relation. She was the first wife of my second wife's first husband."—Chicago Tribune.

"I was reading a magazine article the other day," said the landlady, "in which the writer advanced the theory that fully two-thirds of the diseases that afflict humanity are due to overeating." "Well, I guess that's about right," rejoined the scanty-haired bachelor at

the foot of the mahogany. "Anyway, it is months since any one was sick in this hoarding-house."—Chicago Daily News.

"I see you've got a new fountain pen. What do you think of it?" "Hush! The minister is sitting over there, and he'll hear us."—Cleveland Leader.

"It costs more to live than it did years ago," said the man who complains. "Yes," answered the man who enjoys modern conveniences, "but it's worth more."—Washington Star.

Lord Lewson—Why Pat, there used to be two windmills there. Pat—Thrue for you, sir. Lord Lewson—Why is there but one now? Pat—Bedad, they took one down to lave more wind for t'other.—London Tit-Bits.

Officer Flynn—An' so yez aint a fake, hey. How did yez lose yer sight? The Blind Person—Oh, I was once on the police force with orders from my captain not to see anythin'. It got to be a habit with me.—Puck.

"What's the matter with that old hen?" asked the guinea fowl. "She looks worried." "Oh," replied the hantam rooster, "she's a temperance crank and she's worrying for fear some of her eggs will be used in the making of egg-nogg."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Farmer Sacks—Here's a letter askin' about board for the summer, an' wantin' to know is thar a bath in the house. What 'll I tell 'em, Mirandy? His Wife—Tell 'em the truth. Tell 'em if they need a bath we'd advise 'em to take it afore they come.—Harper's Bazar.

He—Do you remember the night I proposed to you? She—Yes, dear. He—We sat for one hour, and you never opened your mouth. She—Yes, I remember, dear. He—Ah, that was the happiest hour of my life.—The Catholic Mirror.

"Every ballot must be counted," the first speaker had declared. "I agree with the gentleman you have just heard," began the one who followed, "but I go so far as to say that in certain emergencies some of them must be counted twice."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Let me see some of your black kid gloves," said a lady to a shopman. "These are not the latest style, are they?" she asked, when the gloves were produced. "Yes, madam," replied the shopman; "we have had them in stock only two days." "I didn't think they were, because the fashion paper says black kids have tan stitches, and vice versa. I see the tan stitches, but not the vice versa." The shopman explained that vice versa was French for seven buttons, so she bought three pairs.—Detroit Free Press.

See Salada Beach. Write 1803 Fillmore.

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PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON
St. Paul.....May 9 St. Louis.....May 23
New York.....May 16 Philadelphia.....May 30
PHILADELPHIA—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
Merion.....May 16 Haverford.....June 6
Friesland.....May 30 Westernland.....June 13

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT
Minneapolis.....May 9 Mesaba.....May 23
Minnetonka.....May 16 Minnebaha.....May 30

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE
Noordam.....May 20 N. Amsterdam.....June 3
Statendam.....May 27 Ryndam.....June 10
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NEW YORK—DOVER—ANTWERP
Finland.....May 9 Zealand.....May 23
Vaderland.....May 16 Kroonland.....May 30

WHITE STAR LINE

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
Baltic.....May 14 Arabic.....May 28
Cedric.....May 21 Celtic.....June 4
N. Y.—PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON
Teutonic.....May 13 Majestic.....May 27
Adriatic.....May 20 Oceanic.....June 3

BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL

Cymric.....May 23 Republic.....June 3

New York—Azores—Mediterranean

Cretic.....May 9, June 20
Romanic.....July 3, 3 p. m.

Boston—Azores—Mediterranean

Canopic.....May 16, June 27
Romanic.....May 30, 10:30 a. m.
G. N. KOEPPLE, Pass. Agt. Pac. Coast,
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Lv. San Fran.		Lv. Tamalpais	
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9:45 A	8:45 A	10:42 A	7:25 A
.....	9:45 A	11:46 A	1:40 P
1:45 P	10:45 A	1:48 P	4:14 P
.....	11:45 A	2:45 P
SATUR- DAY	1:45 P	4:15 P	SATUR- DAY
4:45 P	2:45 P	5:15 P	9:30 P



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Sunday Time

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S. S. Nippon Maru.....Tuesday, June 16, 1908
S. S. Tenyo Maru (via Manila).....
.....Saturday, July 11, 1908

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The Argonaut.

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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Cruise of the Atlantic Fleet.

Let us hope that nobody will accuse the *Argonaut* of bad manners if we point out that there are not only some crudities but likewise some anomalies in the tremendous hubbub we are making over our guests of the Atlantic fleet—or, let us say, what was the Atlantic fleet before it got into the Pacific. We are receiving the men of this fleet from Admiral Evans down to galley-boys with all the honors due to conquering heroes, while as a matter of fact nobody has done anything of a heroic sort. These gallants in blue have done nothing more than in obedience to orders and in holiday fashion to sail round from Hampton Roads to San Francisco, stopping conveniently for feasting and dancing and for chucking the girls of half a dozen countries under their dimpled chins. As a manoeuvre the voyage has been most interesting; as a frolic it has been a vast and stupendous success. But looking at the whole incident, in dead sober seriousness, there has been nothing about it in the leastwise difficult or heroic, calling for special gratitude or even acknowledgment on the part of the public. Looking at the matter logically, the public part would appear to be adequately sustained

at the point of paying the bills, which, let it be remarked in parenthesis, are neither few in number nor small in the aggregate.

Compared with the trip of the *Oregon* ten years ago from San Francisco to Santiago the voyage of the battleship fleet has been merely a peaceful and joyous picnic. The *Oregon* went through hostile seas and she went alone. She went to certain danger and to possible destruction. She went, too, at breakneck speed, recking not of any hazard, taking heed of nothing partaking of the idea of pleasure or comfort. There were no convoys, no supply ships in attendance, no stopping for social diversion, no interchange of courtesies anywhere. It was straight and severe business from start to finish and in striking contrast with the very notable but none the less purely gala cruise of the battleship fleet.

The real significance of this cruise into Pacific waters is political rather than martial. A situation arose in which it seemed necessary to impress the world with the intention of the United States to have its legitimate share in the control of the Pacific Ocean regarded as a field of human enterprise. Russia had in recent years asserted claims at odds at certain points with the interest and the dignity of the United States. Japan having struck a mighty blow at the power of Russia had taken a tone that did not set well in the view of the civilized world, and especially of the United States, with respect to Pacific Ocean affairs. Those who speak for the public opinion of Japan—if there be any such thing in that country—had developed a spirit of "sassiness" towards things American which jarred somewhat upon our national sensibilities. And then there appeared some question on the part of the older nations of Europe as to just what part the United States proposed to play in the rising world of the Pacific Ocean. On the whole it seemed a good time to do something that would indicate not only to Japan and Russia, but to all the other countries of the earth that the United States proposes to have a finger or possibly a whole hand in the Pacific pie. The voyage of the battleship fleet was happily and wisely conceived, first as an answer to questions declared and implied, second as an assertion of national purpose in the Pacific Ocean, third as a visible mark of the power of the United States upon the sea.

There were, too, domestic purposes in view. American naval history is starred with brilliant incidents from the day of Paul Jones and the *Bonhomme Richard* down to the voyage of the *Oregon*. Whenever and wherever, almost without exception, we have gone out upon the sea to meet a foe we have increased our national prestige. Nevertheless the heart of our people has never been with the navy. Our country fronts upon two great oceans, but none the less we are for the most part an inland people. We have been exhilarated now and again by splendid and spectacular achievements and we hold certain names—as Jones, Lawrence, Perry, Decatur, Farragut, and Dewey—in enduring esteem. But we have never made out of any naval victor a real national hero. We make Presidents out of our successful generals because being, so to speak, a land people we have universally an appreciation of their achievements. We understand them and make much of them in consequence. But the sailor is to most of us a man whose sphere of action is in an outer and unknown world and who in his professional character stands to most Americans something in the attitude of a foreigner. We have never given exceptional political honors to anybody on the score of naval success; and commonly if we do not forget a naval hero altogether we make a joke and a by-word of him, as in the case of the over-gallant Mr. Hobson.

In our Civil War, a navy for the most part extemporized achieved marvels, contributing at least its due share to the ultimate triumph of the Union cause, but even the brilliant work of Foote, Farragut, and Cush-

ing and their brave associates did not serve to bring the navy within the sphere of the popular heart. A navy is a persistent consumer of money, and money can only be provided through political channels—by Congress. True, a President may recommend and he may plead and he may threaten dire things and he may even bluster; but when all is said and done it is Congress that decides how much we shall spend and how we are to spend it. Besides, Presidents, like Congress, represent the mood of the people and are heedful or heedless with respect to particular things as the popular sentiment demands. For a long time after our Civil War the ideas which, taking political form, dominated in our government were of the inland sort. We had a succession of Presidents of the Ohio breed and type, who took their cue in the making of policies from the inland regions whence they came. We had, too, in the dominant political life of the country a succession of men whose politics was of the Western or inland sort. What has been styled "Ohio policies" ruled the country for a quarter of a century after the war—policies which took little note of the sailor or his ship and under which our navy, starved and subordinated, sank into the status of a neglected fifth wheel to our national coach.

The re-awakening of national consciousness and pride in the navy came in part at least as the effect of an accident—the famous hurricane at Apia, Samoan Islands, with the heroic part played by an American naval contingent which happened to be stationed there. It was this incident in conjunction with the enthusiasm of a Secretary of the Navy that gave us the ships which again emphatically asserted the national valor on the ocean at Manila Bay and Santiago de Cuba. These incidents in turn with the tremendous influence exerted by Captain Mahan's writings, stimulated by the example of the Old World nations in ship-building, have spurred American interest and pride to create the naval force which now rides at anchor in San Francisco Bay.

Compared with the wooden tubs of an earlier time, the American naval armament of today is a formidable thing. At the end of 1907 we had afloat 122 war vessels, including twenty modern battleships with four battleships of an older type, thirteen armored cruisers, ten monitors, nineteen protected cruisers, sixteen destroyers, thirty-two torpedo boats, and eight submarines. We had also in various stages of construction in the shipyards of the country, five battleships, two armored cruisers, three "scouts," three destroyers, and four submarines. In addition to this modern force there are scattered about the various navy yards of the country a job lot of old gunboats and the like, obsolete of type and practically of no value excepting perhaps for some emergency service to which the powers of self-defense are not essential. But with all this equipment we are still both actually and relatively behind at least two European nations. At the same time our requirements at the point of sea-power, growing out of our relations with Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, and our repeated re-assertions of the Monroe Doctrine, have vastly increased. We need more ships and more men—more power on the sea. The President knows it not merely because by temperament he knows everything, but because he is in a position to feel necessities which do not press upon the attention of the average or even the exceptional citizen. Congress knows it but is slow to act, because Congress has become an unwieldy and relatively inert body, moving only when it is spurred to action either by urgencies that will not wait or by suggestions operating through the channels of political necessity or expediency.

All this should explain why in a purely domestic sense it seems important at Washington to stimulate popular interest in the navy, that being a way to get more money, more ships, and more men. In addition,

therefore, to the large strategic purposes involved in the cruise of the battleship fleet from Hampton Roads to San Francisco, we have the important minor purpose of attracting the attention, stimulating the interest and inspiring the imagination of the country.

And this brings us to the explanation of why it is worth while to dress up our city in flags, to assemble half the world on our hilltops, and to set our guns to roaring as the fleet sails into our harbors. This explains why it is worth while for the governor of the State and for our civic corporations to present addresses of welcome, to furnish forth prodigious feasts and bid champagne to flow. This is why it is worth while for the *grandes dames de société* to open their salons to the men in gilt buttons and swords and for the buxom beauties of the waitresses' union to exert their blandishments upon the blue-clad Jackies. We want more money to the end that we may have more ships and more men for the assertion of American authority on the sea. The way to get more money is to generate enthusiasm with respect to the navy—to fire the patriotic heart, so to speak. California, we think, has done her fair share in this good cause during the past two weeks. Nor is she likely to fail during the weeks to come while the Atlantic fleet is anchored in our ports.

The Special Bond Election.

Next Monday, May 11, the voters of San Francisco will be called upon to declare their judgment concerning proposals to issue bonds amounting to a little more than eighteen million dollars. Every voter who goes to the polls will be obliged to register his decision on the six propositions, for a failure to vote for any one of them is really a vote against it. The law requires that to authorize the issue of bonds two-thirds of all the votes cast must be in favor of the proposition, consequently the effect of a failure to vote is the same as that of a negative vote. All six of the propositions should be studied and understood, that the result may be positive and not merely a failure through default. The six propositions are as follows:

For an auxiliary water system for fire protection, \$5,200,000.

For a sewer system, \$4,000,000.

For school houses and lands, \$5,000,000.

For hospitals, \$2,000,000.

For hall of justice and county jail, \$1,000,000.

For garbage disposal plant, \$1,000,000.

To clear the field for consideration of each proposition separately, it may be well to state that under its charter the city is allowed to create a bonded debt equal to 15 per cent of its assessment roll. As the assessment roll this year will approximate \$450,000,000, the limitation would be represented by \$67,500,000 in bonds. On July 1, 1908, the entire bonded indebtedness of the city will be only \$3,436,400. Should the proposed issue of \$18,200,000 be authorized at next Monday's election, the total would then be only \$21,636,400, or less than one-third of the amount of indebtedness possible under the charter. San Francisco has not been burdened with debt for a long time, and prudence in municipal expenditures is still to be commended, but there is a prudence that is wasteful in the extreme.

In September, 1903, nearly five years ago, the voters of the city authorized the issue of bonds to the amount of \$17,160,000; of this amount only \$5,152,600 was marketed, and of these bonds \$1,716,000 has been paid or will be paid by July 1. The purposes for which the seventeen millions in bonds were authorized included hospital, sewers, schools, streets, jail, library, playgrounds, Golden Gate Park and Presidio extension, and Mission Park. Two of the projects mentioned in this list have been carried forward to completion—the park extension and Mission Park—and these have cost \$620,000. A little more than a million has been spent on the schools, \$700,000 has been expended on sewers, and the remainder of the five millions has gone into the other improvements catalogued. Had all the bonds found a market the amounts expended and the results attained would undoubtedly offer a more valuable fund of information. The bonds were not sold, it is said, because they bore interest at the rate of 3½ per cent a year, and at present a demand for securities paying so low a rate of interest is not in prospect. The bonds now proposed will carry 5 per cent interest, a rate that should make them easily marketable. Four of the six propositions to be voted upon relate to uncompleted projects in the list above mentioned.

Of the six propositions laid before the voters for immediate action, that concerning an auxiliary water system for fire protection stands properly at the head of the list. No argument is required to show its neces-

sity, little calculation need be made to demonstrate that it will pay for itself in the reduction of insurance rates. Tentative plans for the installation of a high-pressure system, to be equal if not superior to that possessed by any other city, have been prepared by the city engineers. The plans provide for four reservoirs, two on Twin Peaks, one at Seventeenth and Ashbury, and one at Jones and Sacramento Streets. In addition to these stations with adequate pumps, two emergency salt water pumping stations are contemplated, one at North Beach, one on the bay shore at Townsend Street. The distribution system of mains and cast-iron pipes is planned to guard against all dangers including the most severe shocks and uplifts of earthquakes. A system of cisterns is also contemplated in this set of plans. The \$5,200,000 set down for the purposes of fire protection seems none too large for so important a work.

The appropriation for sewers, \$4,000,000, is three millions less than that asked and granted by the election of 1903. Of the seven millions authorized then, only \$724,800 has been spent. It can not be denied that the sewers of the city are in a bad condition. They need immediate and thorough treatment far beyond the requirements of five years ago. The results of the earthquake in breaking, disconnecting, and filling up these most necessary vents are hidden and unknown in their entirety. What is known is sufficient to emphasize the demand for early and vigorous attention. The "Grunsky plans," as modified by the municipal board, contemplate a complete and effective system.

For school houses and lands a round five millions is asked. The plans contemplate the construction of "Class A" buildings for nine grammar schools, two primary schools, one general school, and three high schools; nineteen buildings of special fire-protected construction, for primary and grammar schools, are to be added to these, and an addition is planned for the Mission high school. The amount is not too large. Any criticism of this item must be directed toward the details of the plans, and these are subject to change.

That the immediate need of a hospital is recognized is certain. The city and county have no hospital, and untold suffering and untimely death have marked this mournful lack. The two millions asked is none too much.

For a new hall of justice and a jail a million is set aside, and for a garbage disposal plant another million. With the strictest economy there could be little hope of worthy accomplishment for less amounts. In these, as in the other prospective expenditures, the question is one of wise administration rather than of initial undertaking.

The entire burden of debt to be assumed—and debt is a burden, though sometimes it is a salutary one—is not onerous. It is arranged to have the proposed bonds run in differing terms: the nine millions for auxiliary water supply and for sewers, forty years; the five millions for schools, twenty-five years; the four millions for hospitals, a hall of justice and jail, and a garbage disposal plant, twenty years. Redemption of a part of the bonds will begin in three years, and in eight years will become operative on all. Payments will run at from \$910,000 to \$1,477,500 yearly, and then decrease. The amounts to be invested in the contemplated improvements are not out of proportion to the needs of the city. They may be freely given, they should be wisely applied.

Developments in the Graft Procedure.

The week under review has given us at least two highly important developments in the so-called graft procedure—first, the acquittal of Tiley L. Ford; second, a radical change in policy on the part of the prosecution with abandonment of its theory of the greater moral and legal culpability of the so-called "higher-ups" as compared with professional criminals like Abraham Ruef. The Ford acquittal can not possibly be interpreted other than as a stunning rebuke to the prosecution. Ford had been tried twice previously on practically the same charge. On the first trial there was a hung jury, eight for acquittal to four for conviction. On the second trial Ford was acquitted by a unanimous and formal verdict. Under the ordinary rules of legal practice the charges against him should have been dismissed upon the second failure to convict. A man twice in jeopardy and once acquitted should have had ordinary consideration at the hands of those in charge of the case. He should not have been assailed vituperatively; the juries which considered his case should not have been vilified; he should not have been required to contend against a smirched court and against prosecuting officers having a personal and

malevolent interest against him. But it did not suit the purposes of the prosecuting agents to follow the regular and decent course in this case; they were more than willing to take a desperate chance through an irregular procedure for the sake of "getting" Ford, because it was by this means it was hoped to "get" Calhoun. And so Ford, after having passed the ordeal of two trials, was brought to a third. The prosecution brought in its immuned witnesses and went over the familiar ground again, how effectively may be judged by the fact that the jury required less than six minutes to select a chairman, agree upon its verdict, and report the same to the court. This result for the third time notified the prosecution that they may not hope to succeed in their purposes by substituting buncombe and loud-mouthed assertion for legal proof.

An incident which occurred in the closing hours of the third trial most interestingly exposed the desperation of Mr. Heney and his employers with respect to Mr. Calhoun. Calhoun was indicted jointly with Ford and upon identically the same charge. Presumably his trial is to follow immediately—at least it stands next on the docket and the attorneys for the defense are making every possible effort to enforce procedure. Practically Calhoun was as much a defendant in the Ford case as Ford himself. In the face of these circumstances, in contempt of all practice and all decency, and, as the result developed, in disregard of plain constitutional privilege, it was sought to put Calhoun on the stand as a witness. The purpose was plain enough; it was a device to develop Calhoun's own line of defense and therefore to trick him out of rights which the Constitution and the laws accord to every man criminally charged. It is almost needless to say that this kind of tactics bears no relation to just and worthy legal practice. It is in truth nothing better than trickery and chicanery; and as such it stands on a par with this whole procedure from its beginning.

Abandonment of the much vaunted "moral theory" under which those eminent moralists, Spreckels, Phelan, and Heney have discriminated against the grosser offenders that they might "get" certain business rivals and private enemies, came on Friday last and on Monday of this week in conjunction with the Ruef case. Under this theory the so-called "higher-ups"—that is, those who yielded either weakly or criminally to the hold-up game—were accredited as morally more culpable than Ruef and his associates who did the holding up. It was under this theory that a wholesale grant of immunity was given to the hoodling supervisors and that immunity was further pledged by formal contract to Ruef himself. But having gone back on this pledge of immunity to Ruef and having put that worthy on trial in the Parkside cases, Mr. Heney has dismissed some forty-two indictments against Messrs. Green, Umbsen, and Brobeck in order to make these gentlemen available as witnesses. In other words, Mr. Heney has gone back in the Ruef case to the good old rule of pursuing the criminal rather than his victims. The *Argonaut* congratulates Mr. Heney upon this return to the normal and legitimate order of things. Let it be remembered that it has counseled this course again and again with all the earnestness at its command. And let us hope that it does not come too late to be effective.

The Ruef case grinds tediously along. The incriminating evidence is clear enough and under ordinary circumstances there would be no question about conviction. That is, if the prosecution had not stultified itself first by a promise of immunity and then by falsifying that promise, Ruef would surely be convicted. But juries, however shrewdly selected, are prone to reflect public opinion, and public opinion does not hold the prosecution in respect or credit in its dealings with Ruef. It is a common judgment that grossly guilty as he is Ruef now stands at the bar of justice not because he is criminal—for his criminality was formally condoned by the prosecution—but because he would not invent and declare such "testimony" as Burns and Heney required for the conviction of Spreckels and Phelan's business rival and private enemy Calhoun. The danger is that the discredit in which the prosecution stands for its juggling, its false practice, and its false faith with Ruef will save that miserable wretch from punishment, grossly guilty though he be. Again let it be remembered that the *Argonaut* more than a year ago and many times over, warned Messrs. Spreckels, Phelan, and Heney against a course calculated to nullify their moral and legal powers and therefore to play into the hands of Ruef and Schmitz, the grossest of criminals.

We are coming now to see what inevitably happens

when private malice succeeds in blinding the eyes and binding the hands of justice and using her as a slave for its own purposes. Sometimes for the moment violent and arbitrary courses may seem to succeed; but in the end they surely fail. And the worst of it is that with the failure there is involved such sacrifice and loss at the points of moral and legal sanction as no community can afford to suffer. The *Argonaut* dares say not only to our own people, who know the facts in detail, but to the world that San Francisco has suffered more at the hands of that private conspiracy of interest and malice sustained by arbitrary and criminal courses, which falsely calls itself the graft prosecution, than it suffered even at the hands of Ruef and Schmitz and the boddling supervisors. In the one case the loss was not wholly but chiefly material. In the other case, the movement has assailed social order itself. It has cast integrity and decency to the winds; it has prostituted the machinery of justice; it has made the very names of justice and law a mockery and a sneer; it has dug from under the social fabric that which has supported it as its foundation.

Is it surprising that as these things are seen and understood the public mind turns in chagrin and disgust from those who in support of purely private and malicious aims have done this monstrously wicked thing? Surely it should surprise nobody who reads the *Argonaut*, for who does not recall that again and again when the tide of public feeling ran furiously the other way, this journal raised its voice in solemn warning against a course which, as it clearly foresaw, could have but one fatal termination.

Editorial Notes.

There is reason to fear that ex-President Cleveland is in the last period of his life. In spite of insistent and rather stupid efforts to conceal his true condition, it is now manifest that he has some malignant internal trouble, probably cancer of the stomach. At his time of life—he was born March 18, 1837, and is therefore seventy-one years of age—it is not reasonable to hope for a cure. Mr. Cleveland has had the curious fate of being the least popular man in the presidency in recent times and of being the most popular ex-President since Grant. He has not the temperament or the social manners which win men, but he has come in process of time to typify rugged integrity and a fixed resolution. It is now conceded even by those who bitterly criticized his course while in office that he saved the country from the unspeakable disaster of a slump to the silver monetary basis. Mr. Cleveland in his second term was a much better President and a much better man than in his first term. His character grew with his fortunes and he came to be in the end what might hardly have been said of him at the beginning of his public life, a man of broad intelligence and a gentleman in sentiment and manner. There is no rôle in American life more difficult to fill with propriety and dignity than that of ex-President; and by no means all among those who have occupied the presidential office have filled it becomingly or creditably. Mr. Cleveland may fairly be cited as a model of what an ex-President should be. He has neither meddled with politics nor held aloof from public affairs. He has not intruded his judgments of men and things nor has he held himself bound to a stupid and mincing neutrality. He has lived apart from the activities of the world and yet not wholly separated from it. He has not sought to market his distinctions in the field of "society," nor yet has he wholly secluded himself. He has not sought to make money; he has neither sold nor lent his dignities to "promotion" enterprises. Nor has he like many a man once distinguished permitted himself to fall into a familiar club figure, dividing his time and vitality between whisky, whist, and tobacco. Among thoughtful and patriotic men it will truly be a day of grief when we shall learn that Grover Cleveland has passed out of life; and there are tens of thousands to hope that the day may not come too soon.

Curiously enough, "Bob" Evans, the favorite sailor-man of the United States, is officially a resident of Utah. As a boy Evans was a page in the House of Representatives, where the personal qualities which have since won him such wide personal favor early asserted themselves. A Utah delegate to Congress took an interest in the boy and appointed him a cadet in the Naval Academy at Annapolis upon condition that he go to the Mormon country and stay there long enough to become a citizen. Evans did this, and ever since he has hailed from Utah, sharing with Miss Maude Adams, the actress, the pride which Utah feels

in her two citizens of chief distinction. The way in which Evans got his appointment was not unusual in earlier times. In the higher ranks of the military and naval services there are several men who as youths similarly climbed in over the back fence, so to speak. General John M. Wilson, chief of engineers, recently retired, is technically a citizen of the State of Washington under an arrangement precisely like that which makes Admiral Evans a citizen of Utah. As a lad Wilson won the favor of a Washington delegate to Congress. He made the then long and tedious journey to the wilds of Puget Sound, remained there long enough to acquire citizenship, and returning, was named as a cadet to West Point.

If we may credit the "longest leased wire in the world," there has been formed in England a "cabal of duchesses and other influential titled women" for the purpose of "boycotting Americans in London society." This piece of news falls easily into the category of things important if true. In this connection, however, may be cited the curious fact that English "society" is unfailingly hospitable to whoever brings tribute to it in the shape of wealth. We permit sheer wealth to cover a world of rottenness in our own country, as witness the New York Four Hundred—not to mention our own creamy Fifty-Five—but we don't go quite so far as to adopt all the brewers and patent medicine makers, all the getters of millions, without respect to who or what they are. Now, in England the door is tight shut against many sorts and orders of men and women, but a golden key invariably unlocks it. The new "cabal" will hardly shake the western half of the world from its poise, since those who are without money have no chance of getting in on any terms even if they should care to do it, while those who have money and are willing to pay the piper may snap their fingers at boycotts. British "society," that is, the smarter phase of it, would have a dull time these days without the stimulus and support it finds in American money—a fact not creditable either to England or America.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PASO ROBLES, May 3, 1908.

It deserves I think to be set down as a significant fact that in knocking about the southern counties for something more than a fortnight, meeting all manner of men and discussing all sorts of things, I have not heard the issue of State division mentioned excepting when I myself have raised it. In times past it was different. In the course of a former visit, some years back, State division was a common if not a universal interest; and even so recently as last year certain small politicians and certain minor newspapers were full of it. I conclude that either the earlier interest in this matter was of an artificial and "promoted" sort, or that there has come a distinct change in public sentiment. Perhaps something is due to both these motives. Something, too, must be said for the fact that in recent years the Southern counties have had a kind of recognition in State affairs which they had not in earlier times.

It was long the fashion of our State politics to allot the chief dignities and potentialities of political selection to Central and Northern California—to San Francisco, in other words—and to give to the southern region—to Los Angeles—whatever might be left over in the way of small change. Thus for a long period both senatorships were engrossed by the north, while the governorship, a powerful office in strong hands but a thing of small account in weak hands, was given as a sop to the south. We had a succession of southern governors, and a pretty poor sort they were, commanding nothing either of interest or dignity for their own section and gaining nothing of real repute for themselves. Under the old rule in politics the South long regarded itself as a sort of neglected borough, held in fixed subordination to the North; and such in truth it long seemed to be. Yet the fault was with the South and not with the North. The truth is that for a long period, and even yet to a degree, the South has been poor in its lack of political timber. Its strongest men—men like General Otis and Judge McKinley—have for various reasons been out of the political running, while other men of sound capability have been too new in the country for political availability. In the men selected from the Southern counties for large political responsibilities there was such a series of failures as to give the State at large a sense of distrust if not of contempt for anybody hailing from that quarter. The luck has been better of late years and there has grown up the habit of allotting one senator to the North and one senator to the South; and while on the basis of mere geography this practice gives an undue advantage to the South, it works well and satisfies everybody. Speaking for myself alone, I hold all politico-geographical theories in supreme contempt; I would just as lief every man in the service of the State came from Inyo County if the public interest could best be served by a group so selected. Where a public man comes from matters nothing at all; what a man is and what he stands for is the whole matter of importance.

The geographical idea in politics I think has done more to destroy the independence, the dignity, and the effectiveness of public life in the United States than any other one fact fixed in our system. That, in the face of its logical stupidity, of its practical limitations, and of its manifest hindrances, it should be dragged in and made the basis of State policy is a thing too ridiculous for words.

Other circumstances, not connected with politics, have done much to overcome the sense of detachment which long existed; and in this connection no one thing has been so important as the establishment of a fast passenger service between San Francisco and Los Angeles. In former times it took practically twenty-four hours to make the trip between the two cities. It meant much, therefore, when a one-night passenger train was put on some years back; and the influence of close communication was largely augmented when the Coast line was completed and a fast passenger service established in connection therewith. On the whole, I think it not too much to say that the "Owl" train, making it possible for a man to go to bed in San Francisco and get up in Los Angeles, so to speak—and *vice versa*—has done more to bind the two sections of California together, to destroy the sense of separateness, than all other things together. It is a case where an indirectly related material fact served to destroy social and political motives which had long vexed multitudes of people. History is full of incidents equally notable, but it is not often that the relation between a fact and its effects may be so directly and positively traced.

The question of State division is one probably destined to survive as a permanent "issue" in California. In times like these, when the State administration is in competent and worthy hands, when the apportionment of political plums is fairly equitable, when there are no serious grievances anywhere, this issue will lie dormant; but let any cause of sectional dissatisfaction arise and somebody will always jump up from amid the back benches to shout for State division. And in truth there is something to be said for it. Between the peoples of Northern and Southern California there are many and radical points of difference, as I have pointed out in this series of letters. We of San Francisco and of the northern region generally are animated by a spirit and a notion of things born of the soil. We are attached to the country by ties which have become historic and traditional; we are Californians without qualification or reserve. We have ways of our own—ways of looking at things and ways of doing things—growing in part, it is true, out of our inheritances but in larger part out of conditions peculiar to the country. Let me say frankly that we are fairly well satisfied with ourselves and our standards and are disposed to gang our ain gait without much regard to what other people think about it. We are gratified and satisfied, too, to have found acceptance social, intellectual, and artistic the world around upon a basis of fixed identity and character. Our Southern neighbors are still new to the country, and in spite of their exhilaration and enthusiasm, they still have the sense of being newcomers. They still talk about "back home" and "back East," by the latter phrase quite as likely meaning Central Illinois or Western Kansas as the Atlantic seaboard, which alone we recognize as the East. And this reminds me of a little experience of my own in eavesdropping in Coulter's store at Los Angeles a few days back. While I was waiting for my change I could but note the chit-chat of two young saleswomen immediately back of me. "Why, Minnie," said one of them, "I didn't know you were from the East." In a tone of wounded pride not unmixed with resentment the other made reply: "You have surely heard me say, Kittie, a dozen times that I came from Kansas City."

This little incident tells its own story. In Los Angeles "the East" begins somewhere the other side of Salt Lake and commonly ends at the Western Allegheny foothills. With us the East means the Atlantic seaboard; and I hope I may be pardoned for adding that we don't like to be styled Western, the term Western with us implying that system of inland and restricted views with the manners growing out of them characteristic of the Middle West and typified by the Chicago spirit. And perhaps I should add further, as a tip to those who would be diplomatic, that when anywhere you may go in the Los Angeles country among groups of people all hailing from within five hundred miles of Davenport, Iowa, you are entirely safe in declaring to each and every creature of them that you recognize them as coming from "the East." Nothing pleases them so much as to have it thought that they came from Boston or thereabouts. All of which implies that they are not so self-satisfied at the point of geographical connections and inheritances as you might gather from other circumstances.

All this, however, is quite aside from the subject. I was saying that there are legitimate reasons why the Southern counties might not unworthily be ambitious for Statehood. The people, as I have tried to make it plain, are not Californians in the traditional sense, and what is more, they don't wish to be. Now, they will not make us over. Eventually we may make them over, because we are more than two to one, we are on our own dunghill, and (I hope I may not be thought to brag) we have the dominating cards of stronger traditions and of larger fixed capital, all this with the aid of climate and other natural conditions. If the Southerners wish to maintain their Middle-Western civilization unimproved by the larger outlook which a world-position gives, they will have to cut loose from us. If they stay with us we shall surely make them over—develop and improve them—after our own image. Their children will surely be Californians be-

cause it is in the air, in the sunshine, in the swimming mountain peaks, in the outlook upon the great ocean, in the inspiration of

The days of old,
The days of gold,
The days of '49.

This country of California, with the ten thousand calls of its varied and splendid topography and its free outlook upon the wide world, will not breed up a race content to live and die by traditions developed in a region where the horizon is an unbroken circle. We are not of the prairies, but of the mountain crag and the bellowing ocean, and the children of this soil will never be content to look back upon Keokuk as a centre of social enlightenment or to regard the mud-cat as a game fish.

One of the legitimate reasons—a reason worth considering both North and South—for State division is this, namely, that it would give to the Pacific seaboard stronger numerical representation in the United States Senate. We are at serious disadvantage when compared with the East and must always be at the point of numbers in Congress, and it would be a distinct advantage if California could have four senators instead of two. Circumstances could easily be conceived when it would be worth all that it would cost ten thousand times compounded. The Southern counties, too, have in Los Angeles a civic centre, by which I mean a city important in itself, a natural development of its own conditions, inspired by its own aims and purposes. The Southern counties, too, have geographical identity with certain conditions of climate, soil, and productions marking them as a district distinct and homogeneous. Furthermore, the Southern counties have a sufficient basis of wealth and population for the maintenance of a separate commonwealth. The latest figures of population for the seven counties south of the Tehachapi Mountains—I quote from the California Blue Book of 1907—are as follows:

Los Angeles	333,481
Orange	23,971
Riverside	21,043
San Bernardino	32,850
San Diego	41,325
Santa Barbara	21,160
Ventura	17,374
Total	491,204

By the same authority the population of the fifty-seven counties of California is given as 1,801,173. The Southern counties therefore have something more than one-fourth of the population of the State at large. The population of the Southern counties—491,204—is greater than that of Colorado, of Delaware, of Florida, of New Hampshire, of North Dakota, of Oklahoma, of Rhode Island, of South Dakota, of Vermont. It is nearly double that of Utah or Montana, more than five times that of Idaho, and more than ten times that of Nevada. On the basis of numbers, of established civic conditions, not to mention considerations of production and commerce, Southern California is entirely worthy of independent Statehood.

There are, I know, those who bitterly resent the suggestion of State division. But neither for adverse sentiment nor for adverse arguments have I ever been able to find a basis for respect. I should very much regret to see the Southern counties split off from the magnificent State of which they are both an integral and historic part. At the same time I should regard separation as very much less serious socially, politically, and morally, than continuance of the existing relationship unwillingly and under compulsion. I am a believer in divorce as between individuals and as between communities whenever a time comes when there is lack of union in sentiment or purpose. I believe that the evils of divorce, serious as they are, are nevertheless more easily and safely to be borne than the evils of reluctant and compulsory association. If there is, as there are some to assert, a deep-rooted dislike of historic and traditional California on the part of those who have so suddenly filled up our Southern counties, then I would let them take the Southern country, beautiful and dear to us as it is, and go in peace. I would rather split the blanket—to borrow an old phrase—than to lie under it unhappily.

State division, in California and elsewhere, is a thing a good deal easier to talk about than to achieve. In the history of the country it has never been done but once, in the case of Virginia, when in the stress of civil war Congress gave separate Statehood to the loyal western district. Other States have talked about division again and again, but never to any purpose. When Texas was taken into the Union express provision was made for division into four States whenever it should be so desired, but the time has never come. It will, I imagine, be the same with California. There will be talk about division whenever the smaller southern section shall get its feelings ruffled, but it will end in talk. The pride and interest of our people lie in union rather than in division of interests. More and more, as time goes on and as we assimilate the newcomers, we shall become a homogeneous people. Likewise as time goes on our pride will grow in relation to the State as a whole. Even if there were no other question, that of the name alone will serve as a bar to division. Northern and Central California—the California of tradition and romance—will never consent to any modification or attachments with respect to the historic name. This country is California, and it will never consent to be any particular kind of California. If the Southern counties should break away they would have to find another name and I suspect that they will never be able to make the sacrifice.

A. H.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

One of the issues that will be enlarged upon by the Democrats in the campaign is thus stated by an advocate as the party possesses:

Senator Rayner of Maryland, speaking in the Senate recently on his resolution that the powers delegated by the Constitution to the United States must not be enlarged by implication or so construed as to conflict with or encroach upon the reserved rights of the States as guaranteed by the tenth amendment, made an attack on the alleged usurpation by the President, who "regards himself as vested with unlimited executive power under the Constitution." After contending that the article in the Constitution vesting executive power in the President "is simply a distribution, and not a grant of power, and that the grant lies entirely in the specifications of the instrument," Mr. Rayner, referring to the President, said: "He believes in the language of one of his panegyrists that his executive powers are unequalled, plenary, and unlimited. Notwithstanding the attitude of the President in reference to his constitutional prerogatives, which is at utter war with every Democratic principle and tradition, an attempt has been made within our party to place us in a situation upon this subject which is almost inexplicable. Some of our prominent leaders, with unrestrained exultation, have applauded the President to the echo, and in unmeasured terms have commended his revised edition of the Constitution of the United States."

The adverse criticism of President Roosevelt's recommendation that four battleships should be constructed is thus summed up by the *Review of Reviews*, and the statement is logical:

Our navy must either be a fighting machine, or else it must consist of a few cruisers and despatch boats capable of doing errands. Those who are willing to support the policy of the House in voting at this session for two new battleships of the enormous size and power of the *Dreadnought* class are just as much committed to the idea of a modern navy for fighting purposes as are those who support the President in the belief that we ought now to order four new ships of that type. Those who do not believe in an efficient American navy from the standpoint of preparation to meet the emergencies of war should not tolerate for a moment the idea of constructing any of these new battleships. We should know just where we stand and just what we intend. We should face the real alternatives. Mr. Carnegie is a peace advocate who has the courage of his convictions. He does not in the least believe in the policy of a large and powerful American navy. He would oppose the four big new battleships; and, for exactly the same reason, he would oppose the two. If he believed in having the two, it would be for reasons which would undoubtedly lead him to accept the President's logic and demand the four. If any fighting machine, then a complete one!

Some of the humor of the campaign is delightfully unconscious on the part of those who furnish it. This is a sample of New England serious effort:

The Massachusetts State Republican Convention found harmony by virtue of the most curious resolutions ever adopted in a serious body. These resolutions declare that for the sake of an appearance of unity and harmony the convention will not instruct for any candidate nor express any preferences; but they go on to declare that if an opportunity were afforded the members of this Massachusetts body to express themselves, a majority would undoubtedly be in favor of Secretary Taft. To put it in another way, the Massachusetts Republicans declare, in effect, as follows: "We will not say whom we favor, nor will we give so much as a hint of instruction to our Chicago delegation; but we will candidly admit that if there were any way to find out whom we favor it would be discovered that we favor Secretary Taft. But this, of course, our delegates, being absolutely free and uninstructed, must not be allowed to know."

The general newspaper attitude toward the youthful, zealous, and usually indiscreet Senator Beveridge is well sustained by the opinions of his colleagues, made evident by a recent passage in the Senate. This is a brief summary of the proceedings, from a New York paper:

That our senators occasionally turn aside from their labors to have a good time was demonstrated last week, when they devoted fifteen minutes to rare old—very old—humor about some of the items in the navy appropriation bill. We doubt, however, if in many years they have enjoyed themselves more than on Saturday, when at last they had an excellent chance to free their minds about their effervescent and ever-youthful colleague, Beveridge. Long known as the *enfant terrible* of the Senate, the spanking he received last none of its severity because the rods had so long been in pickle. His flaunting jingo speech of the day before his elders characterized as "perfidious and dangerous to the international relations of the United States." Mr. Aldrich declined to consider Mr. Beveridge's arguments brilliantly intellectual, and summed them up as simply "absurd." Even Senator Lodge could stomach Beveridge's bombast no longer, and, turning to him "with a supplicating gesture, exclaimed: 'Rest, rest, perturbed spirit.' " Worse than that, another senator produced Beveridge's hook on Russia, and read from it a few prophecies that have wholly gone wrong—obviously a howl below the belt. Naturally, the Indian was both "pale and excited," "white as a sheet," and insisted with all of his well-known deluge of words that he was the victim of misquotation and great injustice. One would have to search far in our congressional annals for a similar disciplining of a senator by his own party leaders, and it is to be hoped it will have its effect, at least for a time. As for the senators, they doubtless went home in the happy frame of mind which comes from doing a good deed, long deferred.

An administration senator who is following the White House counsels has explained to a correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* why the hopeless fight is being made for four ships:

The President desired to rivet the attention of the country on his demand for four ships at this session, not that he expected to get them, but to make it easier to get two more next year. The whole country knows that Mr. Roosevelt favors a big navy. He believes that the majority of the people are with him. He thinks the prominence given the fight for four ships this year will necessitate the Republicans declaring for a big navy in the campaign this summer, and making promises which they will have to fulfill next winter by authorizing two more battleships. The President believes that had this fight not been made and the interest of the country enlisted, there would be a let-down in the big navy programme. He is forcing the hand of Congress and of Republican leaders, and trying to stir up the country to follow his lead and accept his views. The fight being made now is with an eye to the future, and not for present success.

Washington dispatches of April 27 gave this statement of the future movements of the fleet:

President Roosevelt has approved an itinerary for the

Atlantic battleship fleet on its way around the world, covering the trip to the Philippines, thence to China and Japan, and then back to Manila. According to this itinerary the fleet will leave San Francisco on July 7, arrive at Honolulu July 16, remaining seven days; arrive at Auckland August 9, remaining six days; arrive at Sydney August 20, remaining seven days; arrive at Melbourne August 29, remaining seven days; arrive at Albany, Australia (for coal), September 11, remaining six days; arrive at Philippines October 1, to remain nine days; arrive at Yokohama October 17, to remain seven days.

At Yokohama the fleet will be divided, the first squadron going to Manila, scheduled to reach there October 31. The second squadron will go to Amoy, reaching there October 29, and, after a stay of six days, will go to Manila, reaching there November 7.

OLD FAVORITES.

Etiquette.

The *Ballyshannon* foundered off the coast of Cariboo, and down in fathoms many went the captain and the crew; Down went the owners—greedy men whom hope of gain allured:

Oh, dry the starting tear, for they were heavily insured.

Besides the captain and the mate, the owners and the crew, The passengers were also drowned excepting only two: Young Peter Gray, who tasted teas for Baker, Croop & Co., And Somers, who from Eastern shores imported indigo.

These passengers, by reason of their clinging to a mast, Upon a desert island were eventually cast. They hunted for their meals, as Alexander Selkirk used, But they couldn't chat together—they had not been introduced.

For Peter Gray, and Somers too, though certainly in trade, Were properly particular about the friends they made; And somehow thus they settled it without a word of mouth— That Gray should take the northern half, while Somers took the south.

On Peter's portion oysters grew—a delicacy rare, But oysters were a delicacy Peter couldn't hear. On Somers' side was turtle, on the shingle lying thick, Which Somers couldn't eat, because it always made him sick.

Gray gnashed his teeth with envy as he saw a mighty store Of turtle unmolested on his fellow-creature's shore. The oysters at his feet aside impatiently he shoved, For turtle and his mother were the only things he loved.

And Somers sighed in sorrow as he settled in the south, For the thought of Peter's oysters brought the water to his mouth. He longed to lay him down upon the shelly bed, and stuff; He had often eaten oysters, but had never had enough.

How they wished an introduction to each other they had had When on board the *Ballyshannon*! And it drove them nearly mad

To think how very friendly with each other they might get, If it wasn't for the arbitrary rule of etiquette!

One day, when out a-hunting for the *mus ridiculus*, Gray overheard his fellow-man soliloquizing thus: "I wonder how the playmates of my youth are getting on, McConnell, S. B. Walters, Paddy Byles, and Robinson?"

These simple words made Peter as delighted as could be— Old chummies at the Charterhouse were Robinson and he! He walked straight up to Somers, then he turned extremely red, Hesitated, hummed and hawed a bit, then cleared his throat, and said:

"I beg your pardon—pray forgive me if I seem too bold, But you have breathed a name I knew familiarly of old. You spoke aloud of Robinson—I happened to be by. You know him?" "Yes, extremely well." "Allow me, so do I."

It was enough: they felt they could more pleasantly get on. For (ah, the magic of the fact!) they each knew Robinson! And Mr. Somers' turtle was at Peter's service quite, And Mr. Somers punished Peter's oyster-heds all night.

They soon became like brothers from community of wrongs; They wrote each other little odes and sang each other songs; They told each other anecdotes disparaging their wives; On several occasions, too, they saved each other's lives.

They felt quite melancholy when they parted for the night, And got up in the morning soon as ever it was light; Each other's pleasant company they reckoned so upon, And all because it happened that they both knew Robinson!

They lived for many years on that inhospitable shore, And day by day they learned to love each other more and more.

At last, to their astonishment, on getting up one day, They saw a frigate anchored in the offing of the bay.

To Peter an idea occurred. "Suppose we cross the main? So good an opportunity may not be found again." And Somers thought a minute, then ejaculated, "Done! I wonder how my business in the city's getting on?"

"But stay," said Mr. Peter: "when in England, as you know, I earned a living tasting teas for Baker, Croop & Co., I may be superseded—my employers think me dead!" "Then come with me," said Somers, "and taste indigo instead."

But all their plans were scattered in a moment when they found

The vessel was a convict ship from Portland outward bound; When a boat came off to fetch them, though they felt it very kind,

To go on board they firmly but respectfully declined.

As both the happy settlers roared with laughter at the joke, They recognized a gentlemanly fellow pulling stroke: 'Twas Robinson—a convict, in an unbecoming frock! Condemned to seven years for misappropriating stock!!!

They laughed no more, for Somers thought he had been rather rash

In knowing one whose friend had misappropriated cash; And Peter thought a foolish tack he must have gone upon In making the acquaintance of a friend of Robinson.

At first they didn't quarrel very openly, I've heard; They nodded when they met, and now and then exchanged a word;

The word grew rare, and rarer still the nodding of the head, And when they meet each other now, they cut each other dead.

To allocate the island they agreed by word of mouth, And Peter takes the north again, and Somers takes the south; And Peter has the oysters, which he hates, in layers thick, And Somers has the turtle—turtle always makes him sick.

—William S. Gilbert.

THE STAGE IN PARIS.

Laparra's Opera, "La Habanera," Makes a Sensation at the Opera Comique and Will Be Seen in New York.

The dramatic world of Paris is just now so full of bustling events that in dealing with them it is no easy matter to be adequate as well as inclusive. To a great extent the French stage does the work of the novel in other countries. To an unusual degree it reflects national sentiment and the effervescent changes in public opinion that even the newspapers hardly allow themselves to record. Paris does not tolerate a play that runs seriously counter to the mood of the moment. It takes the stage seriously and demands from it a conformity with current tendencies that is very seldom wanting.

Take for example such a play as Leopold Kämpf's "Le Grand Soir" that has been translated by Robert d'Humières and played at the Théâtre des Arts. Apart from the fact that the author is a German—and there was a time, it will be remembered, when even the music of Wagner was almost taboo in the French capital—this particular play deals with revolutionary Russia in a way that would have been an offense to the French people a few years ago. There was a time, and not many years ago, when public enthusiasm for the glittering and unnatural alliance with Russia was so great that young women fashioned their undergarments from the combined flags of the republic and the autocracy, while even to hint that the Russian government was not in every sense ideal and the perfected work of God was almost as offensive and as dangerous in Paris as in St. Petersburg. But a change has come o'er the spirit of our dream. France wakes up to the fact that she has besmirched her skirts in bad company and so she looks contentedly at a play that a short while ago would have been hissed from the boards as a reflection upon the sanctity of an adored ally.

"Le Grand Soir" is a thriller and a shocker from start to finish. It could hardly deal with modern Russia and be otherwise. It is filled with police raids, it uncovers the hideous machinery of the secret service, and as a grand finale we have the throwing of a realistic bomb and the "removal" of the governor of Moscow. Of course, there is a love story that ends tragically, leaving the audience with the vivid impression that even true love in Russia runs more unsmoothly than elsewhere. But what a triumph for the Russian refugees that have congregated in Paris? A few years ago they had good reason to doubt the safety of their French sanctuary and it almost seemed as though the imperial ukase would run as freely in France as in Russia. Now they have the luxury of seeing such a play as "Le Grand Soir" in such comfort as their pinched purses will permit and of hearing the sympathetic plaudits of those who once seemed to have enlisted upon the side of tyranny. Truly, "times is changed."

But while "Le Grand Soir" is a triumphant success from the popular point of view, and while it has a peculiar value as an index to popular feeling, the real event of the day is the production of "La Habanera" at the Opéra Comique. "La Habanera" is the work of Raoul Laparra and it is a long time since a composer so young has occupied so large a place in the attention of the musical world. Laparra is only thirty-one. A native of Bordeaux, he was educated at the Conservatoire under Massenet and Gedalge and won the prix de Rome in 1903. Spain has always had a peculiar fascination for the young genius, who seems to detest Paris with the same fervor that he adores the southern country. It was while traveling in Spain with his friend Laurens, the painter, that the inspiration came to him to write a Spanish opera. An inspiration it certainly was its result proves.

"La Habanera" is in three acts and its motive is the love of two brothers for the same girl. In the first act we see the wedding festivities in the little Castilian town where Pilar and Pedro are to be married. The brother Ramon is there too, vowing by all the saints in the calendar that he and not Pedro shall be the husband of Pilar. With so much combustible material at hand a conflagration is inevitable and the dancing of the habanera is interrupted by the news that Pedro has been stabbed by some one unknown. A dying curse falls upon the head of the assassin. "Wherever you go my spirit shall haunt you," cries Pedro. "Wherever upon earth this habanera is heard, there shall I be to curse you." The effect is finely and skillfully produced, for the curse is heard by Ramon only, and there is a moment of real intensity as the father of the two brothers, dipping his finger in the blood of the murdered man, makes his assassin swear that he will avenge his brother.

In the second act we see the father, Ramon, and the girl. Ramon is taunted by his father for allowing a whole year to pass without an attempt at vengeance. Then come itinerant musicians who play the music of the habanera upon their guitars. Faithful to the dying curse, Ramon sees the spirit of his brother, who upbraids him for his crime and urges him to make such reparation as is possible by a confession to the girl, who still mourns for her dead lover. Once more we see the three characters, this time in the village cemetery, close to the tomb of Pedro. Ramon seeks for the words with which to proclaim his deed, and as though in reminder and stimulation a funeral passes slowly through the cemetery and the chant of the mourners takes on a weird semblance to the strains of the habanera. Pilar, overcome by a tragic reminiscence, faints upon the grave of her lover, and Ramon, believing that her death

also is to be laid at his door, rushes frantically into the oblivion of the night.

The opera is intensely Spanish in atmosphere, as well as in narrative. The music of the Castilian peasants is introduced all the way through with telling effect, while the native dance with its voluptuous motions is finely contrasted with the tragedy of its association. "La Habanera" has made a sensation unlike any of its predecessors since "Louise." It is a genuine musical and dramatic triumph and has established its author even more firmly than before in the front rank of operatic composers. Of this America will presently have an opportunity to pass an independent judgment. The opera is to be produced next winter in New York under the new direction of the Metropolitan. There will then be two Spanish operas at the Metropolitan and there is still an expectation that Hammerstein will perform "Dolores." Spain will then have no cause to complain that her unsurpassable operatic possibilities have been neglected or slighted by the new world.

PARIS, April 23, 1908.

ST. MARTIN.

When the Speaker of the British House of Commons forbade a member to criticize a judge by comparing him to Judge Jeffreys, it must surely have occurred to him that he was forbidding that member to criticize Judge Jeffreys. If the Bloody Assize were at this instant going on in Western England it would be impossible (according to the Speaker) for Parliament to whisper a word against it, observes the *London Illustrated News*. If the only answer is that no modern judges are just like Jeffreys, the obvious rejoinder is, "Neither is the king at all like James the Second; yet we do not propose to abandon all the constitutional limits which we erected against James the Second." The case against all uncriticized despotism is not that the despots must be bad, but that they may be bad. The whole historical object of the House of Commons is to assert that a man may be bad when he wears a crown; why then, in heaven's name, should it forbid the suggestion that a man may be bad when he wears a wig?

Just seventy years ago John Jacob Astor bought at foreclosure sale the John Cozine farm located beyond what was then a settled part of New York City, in the vicinity now of Fifty-Fourth Street and Eighth Avenue. He paid \$23,000 for the property, which has now been partitioned into thirty-two parts and divided equally among the eight living Chanler brothers and sisters, heirs of Laura Astor Delano, a granddaughter of the founder of the Astor fortune, who received the farm as her wedding portion. The land altogether makes up over 300 city lots and is given a present value of \$3,250,000. The eight beneficiaries of this settlement are Lieutenant-Governor Lewis S. Chanler, John Armstrong Chanler, Robert Winthrop Chanler, William Astor Chanler, Winthrop Astor Chanler, Margaret L. Aldrich, Alida B. Emmet, and Elizabeth Winthrop Chapman.

Henry Chadwick, the "father of baseball," died a few days ago at his home in Brooklyn. Mr. Chadwick was eighty-three years old, born in England, but came to America when a boy. Through his great interest in the game he came to be known as "father of baseball." He had written many books and magazine articles on the game, and was for years considered an authority on the sport. He did much to make the game popular in the early days, and many of the rules and decisions on peculiar plays are of his making. Mr. Chadwick always contended that the birth-year of the evolution of baseball was 1856. In this year the first regular baseball match was played, the contestants being the Gothams and Knickerbockers, two strong nines of New York City.

More duels are fought in Germany than in any other country, and Jena and Göttingen are the cities which take the lead. It is said that a duel takes place in Göttingen every day, and on one occasion some years ago, twelve combats took place in the twenty-four hours. Jena's greatest number for the day is twenty-one. The German empire has about 4000 duels a year; France has about 1000 combats which may be regarded as such; Italy runs to about 270 per annum. In ten years it boasted of 2759 meetings, of which 974 originated in newspaper articles or public letters. The great majority of the duels were fought with swords; only one with revolvers.

That tips are wages has just been decided by the Appeals Court of England. The case came before it in the claim made, under the Workmen's Compensation Act, in behalf of a waiter who was accidentally killed in a dining car. It was contended by his dependents that the true basis of reckoning was the man's wages plus his tips. The lower court denied this, but on appeal it was held that tips are to be regarded as wages "when the giving and receiving of them are open and notorious."

Ferdinand Schumacher, known as the "oatmeal king of America," from having founded the breakfast food business in this country, died at his home at Akron, Ohio, a few days ago. He was eighty-two years old. He retired from business some years ago, after having disposed of his large interests to the American Cereal Company, now the Quaker Oats Company. Mr. Schumacher gave large sums for educational and charitable purposes.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Captain William S. Cowles was recently nominated by the President to the Senate for advancement to the grade of rear-admiral.

Full election returns from Oregon show that Henry M. Cake carried the State for the Republican nomination for the candidacy for the United States senatorial nomination over Charles W. Fulton by about 2500 majority.

The prize of the National Municipal League for the best essay on municipal government prepared by students in American educational institutions, known as the Baldwin prize, has been awarded to A. E. Pinanski, a senior in Harvard University.

Mr. John Morley, recently elevated by King Edward to a place in the House of Lords, is in his seventieth year, and did not enter politics until he was forty-five. He has been editor successively of the *Literary Gazette*, the *Fortnightly Review*, and the *Pail Mail Gazette*, and has written a biography of Gladstone which is able as well as authoritative.

The Right Honorable Herbert Henry Asquith, the new hand at the helm of state in Great Britain, is a lawyer, the first since the days of Pitt. Mr. Asquith is the twenty-sixth premier since the beginning of the nineteenth century. He is a Yorkshireman by birth, in his fifty-sixth year, an Oxford scholar, of whom Dr. Jowett once remarked: "I never knew his equal for trenchancy and force."

There will be no impeachment proceedings against Lebeus R. Willey, judge of the United States Court for China, against whom charges of misconduct on the bench were brought by Lorin S. Andrews and other American lawyers resident in Shanghai. The House of Representatives judiciary committee by unanimous vote adopted a report declaring that facts sufficient to justify the impeachment of Judge Willey have not been presented.

Governor Harris of Ohio is asking the governors of all the States to join in an address to Congress reciting that inheritance taxes are properly a State source of revenue, and asking that the federal government keep out of that branch of the taxation field. This is in harmony with the conclusions of the national conference on taxation held at Columbus, Ohio, last November, and presents a sound view of the matter. No doubt the response of the State executives will be favorable.

The accidental and sensational publicity that was given to the subject of the Berlin ambassadorship was for a time embarrassing to a number of people. Mr. Tower will end his mission there a month hence, and Dr. Hill will be given a most cordial and agreeable reception by the emperor as well as by official and scholarly circles of German society. But the glaring fact will remain that Dr. Hill has to go house-hunting over Berlin, and that he can not possibly be expected to spend as much money as the Hon. Charlemagne Tower has been easily able to lavish for the credit of the American name.

Governor Hoke Smith of Georgia publishes charges to the effect that a combination of liquor and other interests is being formed to defeat him for reelection and choose Joseph M. Brown, former State Railroad Commissioner, in his stead. The important fact is that those interests which are opposing the Smith administration intend to appeal to the negro vote to help them, and they are therefore antagonizing Hoke Smith's disfranchising scheme, which is to be voted on by the people next fall. This is promising for the rise of two white parties in that State, and when Southern whites begin to divide politically the negro will stand some chance of getting his political dues.

The significant changes in the new British cabinet are the promotion of Mr. Lloyd-George to be chancellor of the exchequer, an officer who by the political tradition of the British House of Commons becomes the premier's chief lieutenant in the lower house and stands next in line to the premierships; the entrance of Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Walter Runciman; and the shifting of Lord Tweedmouth from the head of the admiralty to the lord presidency of the council. Perhaps the most interesting and potential figure in the Asquith ministry is now David Lloyd-George, the courageous, indefatigable young Welshman whose promotion is well received. The promotions and changes, including the elevation of Mr. Morley and Mr. Fowler to the peerage, have caused four vacancies in the House of Commons.

Justice Riddell of Toronto recently sentenced a railroad brakeman to nine months' imprisonment for criminal negligence, and Canadian press comments indicate that the public determination to have better protection from careless railway managements and employees has strengthened rather than diminished. At first Justice Riddell, who was outspoken from the bench against "butchery of passengers and others," was subjected to a good deal of quiet but nevertheless angry criticism. Now it is generally realized that the firm attitude of the Ontario High Court of Justice has been both influential and permanently beneficial. In the last few months there have been several prosecutions of railway employees, and at least two convictions followed by imprisonment. In some instances juries have failed to convict, for the supposed reason that the employees had been on duty for periods which overtaxed their powers of endurance.

PIONEERS AT THE PLAY.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XII.

With the second epoch of the Age of Gold, the pioneers did not lack for amusements. Not only were there numerous theatres, but there were also opera companies for the Upper Ten. Even in those early days Italian opera companies came up the coast from South America and Mexico, while French troupes, theatrical and lyric, voyaged from New Orleans by way of the Isthmus. There were so many Latins in the young city that the opera companies were well supported; even those members of the Upper Ten who did not like opera went because it was the fashion; the French and Italian proletariat went because they wanted to.

Sophia Lucretia, like Mrs. Lyndon, was descended from the early French settlers of the Louisiana Territory; perhaps it was the Gallic tinge in her blood which gave her so keen a love for the stage. She was a constant attendant, particularly at the opera. One of the liberties she permitted herself to take with effete conventionalities was to go wherever she pleased alone. The lines drawn by the Pioneer Upper Ten were not very rigid, and if she chose to occupy an opera box with no companion save a man, there was no one to say her nay. If men dropped in, she often retained one man when the rest dropped out. After the opera she even visited some of the foreign restaurants which prim matrons refused to enter, owing to Aspasia's presence there. But if matrons were particular, Sophia Lucretia certainly was not. If she could get up a congenial party after the opera, she would often be seen seated at supper in one of these rapid restaurants the centre of a circle of men. That she was the only woman never distressed her. Although she preferred a circle of swains, she could at a pinch get along with a single adorer.

Another regular attendant at the opera was Eugene Yarrow. Stern and rock-bound New England was not hospitable to opera, but Yarrow as a boy had spent much time in Europe with his mother; later, after he left college, he had lived for several years on the Continent. Hence in many ways he had pronounced European tastes—they were quite genuine, and by no means affectations; budded on his New England stock, with a later grafting of Far Westernism, he was an odd combination.

It was not strange, when Sophia Lucretia made her appearance in her box this evening, that the first familiar face she saw was Eugene Yarrow's. With him was a young man whom she had never seen before. She strove to catch Yarrow's eye, for the appearance of these two personable young men in her box would be a distinct triumph for her, and would also be gall and wormwood to the disapproving matrons. But Yarrow did not seem to see her. Perhaps he was waiting for the appearance of others whom he would prefer to visit. He certainly seemed absorbed in conversation with his companion.

Oddly enough, although dwelling on the western rim of the continent and in a primitive community, Yarrow knew more of the musical and dramatic world than did Alden, so lately from New York. It was, then, not without a certain air of importance that he said:

"This is quite an event tonight, for we are going to hear a new opera, 'Rigoletto'."

Alden was unmoved. "Who is the composer?" he asked.

"Verdi, the man who made such an enormous hit in the 'Trovatore.' This is a lyric version of Victor Hugo's great romance, 'Le Roi S'amuse.' Perhaps you heard it in New York."

Alden was young enough to feel somewhat ashamed at not having heard it; he muttered something vaguely about having heard of it, and then remarked in some surprise:

"Do you have opera here frequently?"

"Yes, quite often. We have a large foreign population here—many of them opera-lovers—otherwise I'm afraid it wouldn't pay. Tonight we're going to hear Biscaccianti, and we have had other good artists here, like Mancusi, Bianchi, and Brambilla. But of course opera is a little advanced, and most people here prefer the theatre."

"Have you many theatres here?"

"Let me see—there is the Jenny Lind, the American, the Olympic, the Academy of Music, where we are now, the Metropolitan, and the Adelphi. Then there is a French, a German, a Spanish, and a Chinese Theatre. The last you surely must visit before you leave."

"And what sort of attractions have they to keep so many theatres going?"

"Oh, all sorts. Naturally, where there are so many men, much of the entertainment is not of a high order—model artists, 'poses plastiques,' and that sort of thing—the Lady Godiva business, in short. You see, I am not bragging of our culture when I tell you that the most successful star here was Lola Montez, a dancer, whose principal claims to public admiration were her figure and the fact that she had been the mistress of the King of Bavaria."

"But as a dancer was she not a star?"

"No—too fat. I saw her in Paris just after the Bavarian revolution. She had the nerve to appear in a ballet there. The Parisians hissed her off the stage."

"Why? Because she was a king's mistress?"

"Oh, no—because her calves were too big. The Parisians were quite hot about it—said that a woman with such large calves was vulgar. Oddly enough, I

think the miners here greatly admired the redundancies for which the Parisians condemned her. Used to toss twenties on the stage."

"Is there much of that now?"

"Very little—getting gold is harder now. The miners used to toss them to Adah Isaacs Menken too, another stage lady whose charms were purely physical. Her admirers contended that her figure was far superior to that of the Montez. I believe several gentlemen shot at each other to settle the matter, but it remains equivocal. The Montez merely attitudinized. The Menken used to appear as Mazeppa; lightly clad in pink fleshings, she was bound on an untamed Tartar steed which galloped wildly over the Caucasus Mountains, represented by wooden runways at the back of the stage. This act always excited frenzied admiration among the miners—twenty-dollar pieces didn't satisfy them—they used to throw purses of gold-dust on the stage. At last the lady made a meteoric exit by eloping with a prize-fighter called the Benicia Boy."

"From whom did they elope, pray?" asked Alden.

"Probably from one of her preceding husbands—people got in the habit of marrying Menken. But—dismissing these creatures—we have had genuine artists here. In the musical line, there were Mme. Anna Bishop and Kate Hayes. Then there were three fine actresses—Laura Keane, Matilda Heron, and Julia Deane Hayne. A great tragedian we have heard here—Edwin Forrest; another star was Junius Brutus Booth; Edwin Booth is a promising young member of the Booth family—he was quite well spoken of here, although not in the same class as J. K. Hackett, E. B. Davenport, and James Stark. We have had fine ballet-dancers here too—you must not think Lola Montez our only visitor in that line. But she was a great favorite here. Do you notice anything special about that drop curtain there?"

"Nothing except that it seems to be an Italian scene—the Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius in the background."

"Look at the foreground. Do you notice the group of women dancing the tarantella? The one with the tambourine, in the extreme right foreground, almost kneeling, is a portrait of Lola Montez."

"Indeed—it is surprising that so new a community should demand opera, ballet, and other accessories of the luxurious life of an older civilization," commented Alden, somewhat primly.

"An older civilization? Why, my dear boy, all around you are types of an older civilization than ours. Half the people in this opera house are of Latin blood. Your forebears and mine are of Saxon blood. For a couple of hundred years they have lived on the sterile soil of Massachusetts, holding town meetings and swearing by the Sacred Codfish. Their rule in life has been primarily to make money, and secondarily to make their neighbors moral by compulsion. It was they who devised the Blue Laws; it was they who made it illegal for a man to kiss his wife of a Sunday. Their general rule was that everything pleasant was wicked. They opposed bear-baiting, as Macaulay says, not because it gave pain to the bears, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. The Latins, on the other hand, look on life as something to be lived. They know they only live but once, and they want to live as happily as they may. I have sloughed off my Puritan skin through attrition with the Old World. You still retain yours—so you look on opera and ballet with the austere eye of a scion of long lines of Puritan sires."

Alden laughed—rather constrainedly. "I scarcely know whether you are jesting or in earnest," he said.

"But, jest or no jest, there is not a little truth in what you say."

"Never more in earnest in my life," rejoined Yarrow imperturbably. "It would be an excellent thing if we Americans would borrow some of the Latin cheerfulness. This little city, for example, is one of the gayest and most pleasant places in the United States—largely owing to its foreign leaven. Here, even 'eating,' as it is so frequently called, is not the rapid, dismal, and dyspeptic function it so often is in these United States. You noticed yesterday the number of foreign restaurants we passed in the Latin quarter, did you not?"

"Yes, I was struck by their appearance. The kitchens in the front seemed odd to me, but the general effect was attractive and appetizing. That was a distinguished looking chef who howed deeply as we passed his door—the one with the white moustachios and imperial. He seemed greatly tickled at your salutation."

"That was old Gamba. He was born in Lombardy, went from there to French Savoy, and from there to Spain, Cuba, Mexico, and here. He can cook anything—Spanish, Italian, or French. He understands the mysteries of Provencal cookery. He can make a *bouillabaisse* which will stir a Marseilles man to tender, tearful reminiscences of the Cannetière. He can even cook a German pancake, although he disapproves of it—the real *pfannkuchen*—thick, eggy, slab-like, huttery, delicious, yet not delicate. He can also make the light French pancake—the *crêpe*—wafer-like, toothsome, melting, delicate. He can confect the Spanish omelette in its variety—first, the composite kind, part pancake and part omelette, in which you can plainly see the tomatoes and other esculents; then the interim varieties, in which the boundary line between the omelette and the pancake is gradually passed; and finally the masterpiece, the omelette itself, golden, glowing, bland, in which the various ingredients have yielded up their identity to contribute to a homogenous whole. Ah, he is a great artist, is Gamba!"

"But this great artist—can he descend to ordinary cookery?" asked Alden, smiling at Yarrow's enthusiasm. "Can he come down to things not too bright and good for human nature's daily food?"

"Indeed, yes—he has no absurd prejudices in regard to cooking strange dishes, although he naturally would recoil from eating them. He will prepare for a John Bull a dinner of boiled mutton with capers and a suet pudding. For the sanguinary lover of the underdone, he will serve a beefsteak which is blue, bleeding, and almost raw. And he has even been known to degrade his noble art by confectioning pork and beans for us New Englanders."

"What was the large placard which decorated the front window of this great artist's studio?" asked Alden.

"It read 'Oggi Ravioli,' or freely translated, 'This is Ravioli Day.'"

"And what is ravioli?"

"It is an Italian compound consisting of a forcemeat ball about the size of a marrowfat pea, wrapped in an envelope made of Italian paste and seethed in a rich brown gravy. The foreign restaurants prepare specialties for certain days—the dish of the day, they call it. Daily you may see in the foreign quarter signs in various languages announcing special dishes and delicacies unknown in the great Atlantic cities. But there, of course, there are very few foreigners."

Here Alden interrupted his companion's flow of epicurean lore by remarking:

"Have you noticed those two ladies who just entered that box? One of them is looking in this direction as if she knows you."

Yarrow looked up. "That is Mrs. Lyndon," he replied. "The young lady with her is her charge, Miss Wayne." And as the elder lady bowed to him cordially, he added: "She is a very bright and interesting woman. You'd like her, I'm sure. Let's go and pay our respects before the curtain rises."

In the back of the box was seated a tall and somewhat saturnine-looking man, who rose as they entered, to make room for them to pass.

"I have taken the liberty of bringing a friend with me," said Yarrow to Mrs. Lyndon, and after he had presented Alden he turned:

"Judge Tower," he announced formally, "let me make you acquainted with Mr. Arthur Alden, a friend of mine recently arrived from the States. Judge Tower, Mr. Alden. Mr. Alden, Judge Tower."

The two men bowed formally, and shook hands stiffly.

"What name?" asked Tower in a deep bass voice.

"Alden."

"Mr. Alden, I am pleased to make your acquaintance, suh. Good evening." Saying which, Judge Tower vanished. Alden was rather surprised at the host's sudden disappearance, but it passed without comment from the others. Mrs. Lyndon, who did not seem to notice it, made room for Alden to sit by her.

"You are a Northerner—from New England, I should imagine, are you not, Mr. Alden?" she inquired.

"Yes, from Boston. How did you know?"

"Why, by your accent of course," she replied smiling.

"Now that is extremely odd. What is there about my accent that is so unmistakable?"

"But don't you know by my accent that I am from the South?"

"Oh, yes," admitted Alden, unguardedly.

"Yet you think it odd I should detect yours," she exclaimed with a smile. "Really, Mr. Alden, you are uncomplimentary. Speaking seriously, it is remarkable, but we Americans all firmly believe that in our special province or parish the only correct English is spoken, and that all other Americans speak it 'with an accent.' Now we know we speak better English in St. Louis than is spoken in London. Is not a similar belief entertained in Boston, Mr. Alden?"

"Of course, but in Boston—" And here Alden stopped, in some embarrassment.

Again the lady laughed. "I know what you were going to say," she said—"that Boston holds to that belief because it is true; but out of consideration for my feelings you paused. Is that not so?"

"I am afraid it is—I can only plead the provincial's love for his province. I was once in Quebec, and there the *habitants* all believe they speak better French than the people of Paris."

"And the Genevese know they do; I went to school in Geneva, and my teachers used to congratulate me on not picking up the *grassement*, the vulgar Parisian accent. Apropos of Europe, don't you think this opera season a remarkable luxury for so young a city?"

"It is extraordinary."

"Another remarkable thing, which you, being a mere man, may not have noticed, is that the ladies' costumes are in the latest fashion. For instance, that lady just entering her box is wearing a dress made on a Parisian model less than three months old. That *bouffant* effect, you know, which was made the fashion by Empress Eugénie, is getting more pronounced every day."

Alden did not know where or what the *bouffant* effect was, any more than he knew that its genesis was the expected advent of the Prince Imperial. However, he masked his ignorance under a look of wisdom and remarked:

"Really!"

"Yes, we keep quite up to the times out here, even if the news by the Atlantic magnetic cable reaches us a few weeks later than it does New York."

"Are the New York daily papers much read here?"

"The merchants read them, of course. We women read the pictorials and the fashion journals. Then the magazine—we read that too. You see it, I suppose—the magazine that's published in New York?"

"Oh, yes—that monthly literary magazine—New York is quite proud of it—I used to read it regularly," replied Alden.

"Tien we get the new books, too—a little late, but we get them. Mr. Longfellow's 'Hiawatha,' for example—everybody's reading that now."

"But to me the most surprising thing is that so young a city should indulge itself in the costly luxury of opera."

"Is he again surprised, Mrs. Lyndon?" here interrupted Yarrow. "Alden is forced to confess a chronic condition of surprise here. He was even surprised at the high pitch of epicureanism to which we have attained."

"If you permit him to be your guide, Mr. Alden," said Diana, laughingly, "you will end by forswearing allegiance to all our American dishes. For if what I hear of Mr. Yarrow is true, in eating he is a cosmopolitan as in language he is a polyglot."

"He might readily be that," replied Alden, "and still be a good American. The cuisine in our enormous country is highly cosmopolitan."

"That, Miss Wayne, is a veiled way of expressing Alden's belief—the confirmed belief of New England—that in the South life is sustained entirely by smothered chicken and corn pone."

"I would more readily plead guilty to the shocking charge if I knew what those viands were," retorted Alden.

"Man! Man!" cried Yarrow warningly. "If you talk like that these ladies will have none of you. For in the South smothered chicken and corn pone are staples."

"The South is very large, Mr. Yarrow," said Diana; "so large that in some parts of it your staples are unknown—in my State, for example."

"What! No corn pone in Texas?" cried Yarrow in mock dismay. "And how do they cook chicken there?"

"They fry it, Maryland style, with white sauce," here interrupted Mrs. Lyndon. "They cook it so all through the Southwest. Your staples, Mr. Yarrow, are Gulf Coast staples."

"Me miserable!" groaned Yarrow. "I have got myself in your bad books, and at the same time exposed my ignorance to Alden. I suppose, Miss Wayne, that terrapin is also unknown in Texas."

"Utterly unknown," replied Diana.

"The diamond-back is not known there," interpolated Mrs. Lyndon, "but they have some mud-turtles there called 'sliders,' which they cook the same as terrapin."

"It must be a base caricature on the noble reptile of the Chesapeake," said Yarrow. "Alden, as a lawyer you will be interested in knowing that the old laws of Maryland, still on the statute books, forbid slave-owners to feed terrapin to their slaves oftener than twice a week."

"A cruel and unusual punishment, I presume, handed down from the days when terrapin were plenty," said Alden.

"One rarely inflicted now, I imagine," commented Mrs. Lyndon.

"Not with terrapin at present prices," added Yarrow. "The diamond-back costs almost as much in Baltimore as it would if terrapin farms were carved out of the driest plains of Western Texas."

"Texas is a very new State in the Union. Were you born there, may I ask, Miss Wayne?" inquired Alden, turning to Diana.

"Yes—I am a daughter of the Lone Star Republic, for it was not yet admitted to the Union when I was born."

"Then you were born in stirring times."

"Yes—Texas was then struggling for existence. It was in her war for independence that my father lost his life."

"Judge Tower was also in the Texan war, I believe."

"Yes, he and my father were comrades and warm friends—so much so that after my father's death he became my guardian."

"The judge is not a relative, then?"

"No, I am not his kinswoman, but he has always treated me as if I were his own daughter—he could not be more kindly and generous if he were my father."

"He has never married?"

"No, and he often says he never will."

"Look, Diana!" here interrupted Mrs. Lyndon—perhaps to check Diana's unfeigned frankness with a stranger—"look at the opposite box." And she pointed across the theatre with her fan.

Diana looked—the fan pointed to Sophia Lucretia's box, which Judge Tower was just entering. An expression of annoyance appeared on Diana's face. Scarcely had Tower seated himself when the door again opened, and in came Senator Burke. The two men exchanged greetings, but neither seemed overjoyed at the other's presence in Sophia Lucretia's box.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The most curious railway in the world is built on ice. It is laid between Cronstadt and Oranienbaum, and is in use only during the winter. Its success has suggested the construction of a similar winter railway between the two important commercial centres, Kremenchug and Ekaterinoslav, which are united in summer by the steamboat traffic along the Dnieper River. This means of communication is closed in winter by the ice. A costly, roundabout journey has to be made between the two towns, though they do not lie far apart.

Jade is sometimes known as New Zealand green stone, also as axe stone. The best varieties are known as the imperial green.

A GREAT SEA STORY.

Admiral Evans's Biography Covers Forty Years of Continuous Naval Service.

At the time when Admiral Robley D. Evans wrote his "Log"—the publishers' imprint bears the date of 1901—he had been forty years in the navy. He reminds us on the first page that he was born in 1846, that his father was a graduate of the University of Virginia, and that although there were no savage Indians in the mountains of his native State there were at that time savage white men in abundance. Then the admiral plunges into his story of four hundred and fifty pages, in which there is not a dull page or a chapter without its stirring incident.

In the year 1857 the author was invited to make his home in Washington, where he attended the public school, learning a great deal of "Greek, Latin, and other things." The "other things" are unspecified, but we have the admission that when he subsequently went to Athens on a warship he experimented upon the natives with the Washington variety of Greek and found that it was not understood by them, nor did they even know that an effort was being made to address them in their own language. Education was evidently neglected in Greece.

An invitation to Annapolis came at a time when the future admiral had never even seen salt water, but it was accepted with avidity, and the necessary journey to Salt Lake City—Mr. Hooper through whom the opportunity came being delegate in Congress from Utah—began in 1859. The journey was an eventful one and was to be the first introduction to the stern realities and pains of warfare. The boy was but thirteen, but with one exception he was the only member of the party to suffer from the depredations of Indians, who did what they could to relieve the monotony of a long journey:

We had frequent trouble with Indians until after passing Fort Bridger, where, owing to the absence of the buffalo herds, we were comparatively free from them. Once we were ambushed by the Blackfeet, a tribe supposed to be peaceable; but a hunting party of them thought it an easy way to get some fine animals, and so laid a trap for us. We marched into their trap just after daylight in the morning, but as they had no guns, we soon got clear of them, after a hard tussle at close quarters. I was unfortunate enough to get an arrow through the tendon of my left ankle, which penetrated also the ribs of my mule, and made him perform many new tricks, much to my discomfort. After we had ridden a few miles over very rough ground and had sent the Indians on their way much reduced in numbers, we stopped to take account of stock. Bromley, the guide, was the only one besides myself who had been struck; he had an arrow through the skin over his stomach, which at first looked as if it had gone clear through him from side to side. My mule had only three arrows in him, but some of the animals resembled the "fretful porcupine," being struck pretty thickly all over. To get me out of the saddle was something of a job, as the arrow was driven through the buffalo hide of my stirrup and into a rib of the mule. Any approach toward him was enough to make him dance on his hind feet in true circus fashion. A lasso around both of his forelegs finally brought him to terms, and then, the arrow being cut between my leg and his side, I was released from my unpleasant seat. The wound was not serious, having been made with a hunting arrow; but I rode mostly with one foot for a week afterward.

There were other adventures of a similar kind, fate showing thus early that she had her eye upon a boy who was to be so large a figure in the national life.

On the outbreak of the war the Evans family found itself divided. Our hero's younger brother enlisted at the age of fourteen in the Washington artillery and went to the front under Pelham, so that there was one member of the family on each side. There is a story of a curious meeting between the two brothers in Washington that is worth repetition, although it must of course have found many parallels during the struggle:

During this leave I had a curious meeting with my rebel brother, whose command was operating on the Virginia side of the Potomac, a few miles away. I went one evening to an oyster house with a friend to eat some raw oysters. The place was one that all of us had known and frequented for years. As I entered the door I observed a tall, handsome young fellow who was finishing what he had ordered, and at the same moment I saw him give me a quick glance of recognition. He drank up his glass of beer, and then walked briskly out of the place, while I called for oysters on the half shell, and ate them very slowly. My brother knew what I would do, and he did not hesitate the least bit in his movements; but I had some very serious thinking to do while the man opened oysters for me, and I must admit that I ate more oysters than I wanted.

I could have gone to the exact spot where my brother's skiff was hauled out, but I was giving him all the time I could to get there ahead of the provost guard. Finally, my friend asked me if I were going to eat all night, when I paid my shot and we went out together. I asked if he had recognized my man; he replied that he had not, and then asked me in turn what I was going to do about it. Before I had time to reply, a squad of the provost guard came by, and to the officer in charge I reported that there was a rebel officer in the city—that I had seen and recognized him, and knew him as such. At first he seemed disposed to arrest me, but at last concluded to go after the real offender. After the war, my brother told me that he just managed to escape, and that he concealed his boat at the spot where I imagined it was. As a result of this incident I was twice arrested and taken before the provost marshal on suspicion of holding intercourse with rebels. The last time I told the officer confidentially who the man was I had reported, and after that I was not annoyed.

So far as the author was personally concerned his interest in the war centres around the struggle for the possession of Fort Fisher. He was so fortunate as to be in the party that landed on January 15, but not without receiving a contusion on the way to the shore. The subsequent fighting is described with great animation from the time of the attack upon the fort to its ultimate surrender:

At this moment I saw Colonel Lamb, the Confederate commander, gallantly standing out on the parapet and calling on his men to get up and shoot the Yankees. I considered him within easy range of revolver, so took a deliberate shot at him. As I fired, a bullet ripped through the front of my

coat across my breast, turning me completely around. I felt a burning sensation, like a hot iron, over my heart, and saw something red coming out of the hole in my coat which I took for blood. I knew, of course, that if a bullet had gone through this portion of my body I was done for; but that was no place to stop, so I went on at the head of my company. As we approached the remains of the stockade I was aware that one particular sharpshooter was shooting at me, and when we were a hundred yards away he hit me in the left leg, about three inches below the knee. The force of the blow was so great that I landed on my face in the sand. I got a silk handkerchief out of my pocket, and with the kind assistance of my classmate, Hohans Sands, soon stopped the blood, and went again to the front as fast as I could.

About this time the men were stumbling over wires which they cut with their knives—they proved to be wires to the torpedoes over which we had charged, but they failed to explode. My left leg seemed asleep, but I was able to use it. The stockade, or what remained of it, was very near, and I determined to lead my company by a flank through a break in it, and then charge over the angle of the fort, which now looked very difficult to climb. I managed to get through the stockade with seven others, when my sharpshooter friend sent a bullet through my right knee, and I realized that my chance of going was settled. I tried to stand up, but it was no use; my legs would not hold me, and besides this I was bleeding dreadfully, and I knew that was a matter which had to be looked to.

When I received the wound in my right knee I began at once to try to stop the flow of blood. I used for the purpose one of the half dozen silk handkerchiefs with which I had provided myself, but I was so tired and weak from loss of blood that I was some time doing the trick. In the meantime my sharpshooter friend, about thirty-five yards away, continued to shoot at me, at the same time addressing me in very forcible but uncomplimentary language. At the fifth shot, I think it was, he hit me again, taking off the end of one of my toes, tearing off the sole of my shoe, and wrenching my ankle dreadfully. I thought the bullet had gone through my ankle, the pain was so intense. For some reason, I don't know why, this shot made me unreasonably angry, and, rolling over in the sand so as to face my antagonist, I addressed a few brief remarks to him; and then, just as some one handed him a freshly loaded musket, I fired, aiming at his breast. I knew all the time that I should kill him if I shot at him, but had not intended to do so until he shot me in the toe. My bullet went a little high, striking the poor chap in the throat and passing out at the back of his neck. He staggered around, after dropping his gun, and finally pitched over the parapet and rolled down near me, where he lay dead. I could see his feet as they projected over a pile of sand, and from their position knew that he had fought his last fight.

The horrors of the battlefield have seldom been better painted or in more vivid and restrained language than in the account of Admiral Evans. He was picked up by a marine named Wasmouth and carried into comparative shelter. Implying Wasmouth to guard himself from the rebel fire, which was very severe he was assured that "the bullet has not been made that will kill me," and a few moments afterwards the poor fellow was shot through the neck and died on the spot:

After Wasmouth was killed I soon fell asleep, and when I awoke it was some time before I could recall my surroundings. The tide had come in, and the hole in which I was lying was nearly full of water, which had about covered me and was trickling into my ears. I could see a monitor firing, and apparently very near, and the thought came to me that I could swim off to her if I only had a bit of plank or driftwood, but this I could not get. It was plain enough that I should soon be drowned like a rat in a hole unless I managed to get out somehow. Dead and wounded men were lying about in ghastly piles, but no one to lend me a helping hand. By this time I could not use my legs in any way, and when I dug my hands into the sides of my prison and tried to pull myself out the sand gave way and left me still lying in the water. Finally I made a strong effort, and rolled myself sideways out of the hole. When I got out I saw a marine a short distance away, nicely covered by a pile of sand, and firing away deliberately at the fort. I called to him to pull me in behind his bar of sand, but he declined, on the ground that the rebel fire was too sharp for him to expose himself. I persuaded him with my revolver to change his mind, and in two seconds he had me in a place of safety—that is to say, safe by a small margin, for when he fired, the rebel bullets would snip the sand within a few inches of our heads. If the marine had known that my revolver was soaking wet, and could not possibly be fired, I suppose I would have been hurried the next morning, as many other poor fellows were. As soon as I could reach some cartridges from a dead sailor lying near me, I loaded my revolver, thinking it might be useful before the job was finished.

When I was jerked in behind this pile of sand, I landed across the body of the only coward I ever saw in the naval service. At first I was not conscious that there was a man under me, so completely had he worked himself into the sand; he was actually below the surface of the ground. The monitors were firing over us, and as a shell came roaring by he pulled his knees up to his chin, which hurt me, as it jostled my broken legs. I said, "Hello. Are you wounded?" "No, sir," he replied; "I am afraid to move." "All right, then," I said; "keep quiet, and don't hurt my legs again." The next shell that came over he did the same thing, and the next, notwithstanding my repeated cautions. So I tapped him between the eyes with the butt of my revolver, and he was quiet after that. The poor creature was so scared that he would lie still and cry as the shells flew over us. As I said before, he was the only coward I ever saw in the naval service.

The temptation to multiply quotations from this stirring book is a strong one, but space demands that it be resisted. The author's account of how he drew his revolver to defend his wounded legs against the surgeon's amputating knife is one to be remembered, but the defense was successful. Erysipelas, abscesses, and bed sores were a part of the price that he paid, but all things considered and in the light of the last few years it was not excessive. He tells us that all the bones on the right side, hip, knee, and ankle came through the skin.

For the author's experiences in the Orient, and for the astonishing fullness of his life in many quarters of the world the reader must consult the book itself. It is not one to be readily relinquished and it is all the more fascinating because of the author's evident aim to set down his experiences in the briefest way that is compatible with accuracy. The foregoing excerpts are at least enough to show with what success this has been done. They have been selected from the earlier pages of the volume as concerning the more distant periods of a strenuous life rather than the historical epochs that are closer to the surface of the public memory.

"A Sailor's Log, Recollections of Forty Years of Naval Life," by Robley D. Evans, Rear-Admiral, U. S. N. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Prince von Buelow, the German chancellor, intends to live in Italy after his retirement from public office. He has lately visited Rome in order to inspect a magnificent villa that he has purchased and of which he will take possession in the near future.

In the course of a recent interview Mrs. Mehmed Ali Bey, wife of the new Turkish minister to the United States, said: "I never set eyes on any other man than my husband." Mrs. Ali's picture shows her to be good looking and stylishly dressed. She wears Paris hats and Paris gowns and all the dainty things that delight young womanhood, but all her many charms, natural and acquired, are for the benefit of one man only.

The Hon. Mrs. Neville Lytton is the great grand-daughter of Lord Byron and her husband is the grandson of Edward Bulwer Lytton. They have two daughters and a son and the results of such a conjunction of literary strains ought to be remarkable. The Hon. Neville Lytton is an artist of considerable promise, and whole-souled devotion to his art. His wife is a writer and a sculptress, equally absorbed in her avocations. They live in a studio in the prettiest part of Surrey, with a charming cottage attached to it.

Walter Winans's daughter, Eva, now living in England, has developed a noticeable talent for painting. She is only seventeen, but her exhibits of violets and terra-cotta jar at the Speaker's House at the exhibition of the Royal Amateur Society excited a good deal of comment. Miss Winans lives very quietly at Surrenden Park, and her time is taken up entirely with flower sketching in the conservatories and gardens about the house. She has a serious turn of mind and cares nothing for the pleasures of society, despite her good looks and promise of great success. She was presented at court two years ago.

William Waldorf Astor, who has attracted much criticism both in England and America by presenting to the Royal United Service Museum the flag of the American frigate *Chesapeake*, is the great grandson of John Jacob Astor, whose father was a butcher in a little German village near Heidelberg and who came to New York in 1783. He went west and made money by peddling worthless gewgaws to the Indians, receiving skins in exchange, which he dressed with his own hands and shipped to London. His investments in New York real estate made him eventually one of the great capitalists of the world.

Miss Kathleen Parlow, the girl violinist who has been received with remarkable enthusiasm in Berlin, Vienna, and Norway as one of the greatest performers of the age, is scarcely sixteen years of age, but her reception during the last six months rivals that of Kubelik. Miss Parlow was taught by M. Auer of St. Petersburg, who declares that she is probably the greatest genius that has been heard for twenty-five years. She was discovered by Dr. Groz, the German impresario, who accidentally heard her playing as he passed along the street before her house in London. Miss Parlow has received a liberal offer from an American syndicate for a tour through North and South America.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's husband by no means exhausted his good fortune when he married the distinguished novelist. Some little time ago he bought an oil painting by an unknown artist. Submitting it to the inspection of the director of the Royal Gallery in Berlin the trained vision of the expert observed that there was another picture underlying the portrait appearing on the surface. When the hidden picture was disclosed it was found to be a genuine Rembrandt, but how it came to be used as a background by an unknown painter is a mystery and is likely to remain so. Mr. Ward paid \$750 for the picture in its original form and has agreed to sell it in its restored form for \$31,200.

Mme. Alla Nazimova began to act when she was thirteen years old, her first appearance being at a Russian boarding-school where she was a student. On leaving school she went to live with a family of amateur actors, where she received so much encouragement in her favorite art that when she was sent to Moscow to study music she went to a dramatic academy instead. After three years' study she was selected to appear in public, the play chosen being "Little Eyolf." Her success was so immediate that she became the star in a stock company. At the end of another three years Mme. Nazimova went to St. Petersburg and became leading woman at the Imperial Theatre. She stayed there one season and then she left Russia to play "The Chosen People." She says that after the first rehearsal of "Hedda Gabler" in America "a new big feeling of sympathy came over me," and she determined "to stay here and work here—always."

Elizabeth Smith Miller of Geneva, New York, who helped to organize the first woman's convention in the history of the world, will be the unique figure in the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the first gathering, which will be held in Seneca Falls, New York, on Wednesday, May 27. Mrs. Miller, one of the quaintest of Quaker characters, is a daughter of Gerrit Smith, the

anti-slavery champion, and though more than eighty years old is still as active in her championship of woman's cause as she was sixty years ago. At that time she was one of Elizabeth Cady Stanton's staunchest supporters. In those historic days for any one to advocate the political freedom of women meant ridicule; yet Mrs. Miller, once she had become convinced that the suffrage should belong to her sex, never faltered. While Mrs. Miller is the only survivor of those who helped organize the 1848 convention, there will be present a number of women who were present though they did not participate actively in the arrangements for the affair.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Lesson of the Trees.

Master, I learn this lesson from the trees:
Put forth green leaves as cheerily as I,
When I was taller than this self-same tree,
Put forth my youthful longings. I have erred,
Standing a bleak and barren leafless thing
Among my hopeful brothers. I am shamed,
I will not be less hopeful than the trees;
I will not cease to labor and aspire;
I will not pause in patient high endeavor:
I will be young in heart until I die.

—Richard Kirk, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

Miss Geraldine Farrar in "Madama Butterfly."

A little loosened leaf of painted paper
Slow quivering down
From a stage Nagasaki cherry-tree
That screens a painted town.

And flitting back and forth in silken robes
A figure slight,
With orient gestures, and fixed orient smile,
And voice of pure delight.

And every note she sang and word she spoke
Was for her writ—
Not nature here, but art and artifice,
And cunning human wit.

Yet when that paper petal trembled down
Spring thrilled the air,
And when she sang I knew love's height and depth,
And passion and despair.
—Richard Watson Gilder, in *Putnam's* and *The Reader*.

The Signal.

When I awoke and it was morning time,
I said, "I can not stay.
This is a goodly place to walk or rhyme,
Yet I would fain away.
For loving Death, he wears so kind a face.
Sweet, sighing, sadheart Death—he hath all grace."

Now full sun taps the dial, and too soon—
And turning toward the west,
I see the shadows of mid-afternoon.
Henceforth I may not rest.
I rather work, and while I work I pray—
"Lord, let me dig Thy ground another day!"

The Lord of gardens then He answers me:
"Why, thou insatiate child!
Thou hast had fellowship of plant and tree
And grass and thicket wild.
Pass on therefore and leave the enchanting earth
To babies entering at the gate of birth."

"Why shouldst thou gather all the dear bouquet
Bloomed out of love and grief?
Others, dawn-lighted, dance this very way,
For lingering as brief.
Leave my fair garden weeded, and come see
What sweet, still coverts I have sown for thee!"
—Alice Brown, in *Harper's Monthly*.

In Paris the great place for tea is the Hotel Ritz. There at 5 o'clock may be found smart men and women from every city in the world seated in the long corridor sipping their tea or chocolate and discussing the last bit of international scandal. Princes, diplomats, and millionaires chat amicably together while they surreptitiously watch the entrance of some new beauty who sweeps languidly down the hall. The waiters flit silently about with sandwiches, toast, and dainty little cakes. In the summer the tables are moved out into the garden, among the flowers. No prettier sight could be imagined than the little garden on an afternoon in May, with the flickering sunshine, the gayly striped umbrellas shading the tables, and the beautiful gowns of the women, who move about from group to group, displaying to advantage the latest creations of Paquin, Callot, Doucet, and the lesser lights of the dressmaking firmament. Tea at the Ritz is quite a formal affair. One does not run in as casually as one would into a tea shop. The table is usually engaged in advance, the party carefully chosen, and some thought expended on one's toilet. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that everything is expensive here, but the service is perfect, the company amusing, and for these things one is expected to pay.

The great tenor's lunch consisted of a cheese omelette, asparagus, fruit, and an ice. "No meat?" said the reporter. "As little meat as possible," the tenor replied. "Meat kills song. The nightingale, the thrush, and lark are grain eaters, and their song is sweet. The carnivorous birds, the crow and so forth, only croak. And in countries that go in for excessive meat eating—England, for instance—there are few good voices, while in the more vegetarian countries, such as Italy, fine singers abound. De Reszke in his singing school urges a minimum of meat, and all our great singers, from Caruso down, go in rather for peaches, peas, and asparagus than for steak and chops. Song birds are vegetarian," he concluded. "Carnivorous birds croak."

THE HOTEL CLERK'S QUIET LENT.

His Mind Occupied by Matters of National Moment Nevertheless.

Irvin S. Cobb, the humorist of the New York *World*, writes the following genial comment on current affairs in the form of a one-sided dialogue at his hotel:

"It's been a pretty quiet Lent, seems to me," said the House Detective.

"And yet there have been matters of national moment to the fore almost constantly," said the Hotel Clerk. "For a while I could hardly wait for morning to come so's I could get a paper. Would Tyrus Cobb sign with the Detroiters for five thousand a year and food thrown in—it is often thrown in by a ballplayer, Larry—or would he stand aloof and further complicate a situation that had acutely distressed some of the greatest minds that ever figured up a batting average? Would Mme. Anna Gould marry the Prince Helie—that's short, Larry, for Heliotrope—Heliotrope de Sagan in time for him to get his spring wardrobe and the family jewels out? Would the Duke of the Abruzzi win the hand of Miss Elkins and thus relieve the feeling of tension prevailing not only among the folks back home in Abruzziville but in several of the adjoining counties? Would the Emperor of Germany allow our new ambassador to pick out a good two-family house in a quiet Berlin neighborhood and move in, notwithstanding the deplorable fact that the new ambassador's wife only had one hired girl when they first kept house at Rochester, this State? Could the Kaiser consistently admit to his court a man who was known to be guilty of the crime of detached cuffs and suspected of the still more hideous outrage of shirts that open in the back and have little tabs with buttonholes in 'em at the south end of the all-linen bosoms? Or would he force our President to search all the retail clothing stores of the country for a diplomat of the Charlemagne Tower school, with box-alder side whiskers, knee breeches and an impressive air when in company, like a club butler?"

"But, on the whole, I think I was more interested in Abruzzi than I was in De Sagan. Abruzzi is a good comedy name, something like pazazas. I like it. It makes you think of the night wind mourning through a set of whiskers. Besides Abruzzi is a regular duke, with steady work at his trade, while the De Sagan hunch were laid off some time ago on account of slackness in the prince market in France. I've always contended that any duke who behaved himself and was a good provider around the house was almost good enough for a sweet American girl. So Abruzzi looked like a lucky man to me if he won out. It couldn't be a matter of money that stood in the way, because Grandpa Davis, who ran for Vice-President four years ago in an almost noiseless manner, said if it was a detail of cash that made the prince so backward that he didn't call at the Elkins home much oftener than the postman did, he'd be right there with a large bundle of the green trading stamps. To be sure, this may have looked as if the old gentleman was making a cold bid for the solid duke vote in case the Democratic party should ever again feel like running a Parker and Davis ticket—for the exercise, may be, or something like that. But you oughtn't to question motives when there's a romance on foot. But how about the young lady's father? There was a

good deal of talk to the effect that it might be necessary for the King of Italy to crown him or knight him or something so's to take the curse off the fact that he belonged to the United States Senate, and it has made my heart bleed at the thought of some day reading in the cable notes that at the imperial reception in the Roman Coliseum, or wherever it is that the royal family resides, the Dowager Father-in-Law, née Elkins, entered the drawing-room wearing white point de spire over lavender silk and carrying his new coronet under his left arm.

"Maybe Easter is bringing us the solution of some of these vexing problems, Larry. It's already brought us several other things. I saw a few limited editions of the advance Easter modes out sunning on the avenue this afternoon. They were lovely in the extreme. There was one fair creature weighing upwards of 300 pounds who wafted past me with her hair and her tailor suit and her spats and her shoes all done in tan tones. She looked like a golden oak dining-room set. And I saw one of those new spring hats that you can't get in a car door without turning it up on edge. It had more'n two million feathers on it, all aiming in different directions. It was worn by a slender little thing, and the combination made me think of the Sacred Cassowary of Abyssinia standing on its head in a high wind.

"I saw something else, Larry, a hunch of yellow jonquils blooming in a window. So let's hope for the best. Lent may sometimes be a threat, but Easter is a promise."

Maurice Hewlett was born in 1861. He attributes much of his literary bent and skill to his father, but speaks indifferently of the influence of school and college life. Most of his days were given to reading and scribbling, and he left Oxford without obtaining a scholarship. While still under twenty he came to London and applied himself to the law—a study hereditary in his family. In 1888 he married, and in 1890 was called to the bar. Subsequently his health failed, and an enforced tour abroad aroused in him a strong desire to enter the field of literature. Upon his return he began lecturing at South Kensington and University College on mediæval themes, wrote reviews, and in 1895 published his first book, "Earthwork Out of Tuscany." Mr. Hewlett is now author of thirteen separate volumes, among which "The Forest Lovers" and "Richard Yea-and-Nay" are most widely read. His latest work, "The Spanish Jade," a novelette, will be published this month by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mrs. Lily Langtry reappeared on the stage at the Haymarket Theatre in London, April 18, in a new play by Sydney Grundy, called "A Fearful Joy," which is an adaptation of a broad French comedy by Arthur Bouchier. The author's daughter, Miss Lily Grundy, and Allan Ayresworth were the principal supporters of Mrs. Langtry, who displayed several rich gowns and acted well. The play pleased the audience.

Two of Mary Garden's rôles at the Opéra Comique have been passed over to her successors. Alice Verlet has just sung Violetta, and Miss Garden's successor in "Aphrodite," in which she created the leading rôle, is Mlle. Chenal. Miss Garden will sing the title rôle in "Salomé" when Strauss's opera is sung in Brussels and made a regular work in the repertoire of the Opéra in Paris.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

The appearance of Mr. Swinburne's new play, "The Duke of Gandia," reminds us of an incident connected with the publication of "Loecrine," in 1887. Upon that occasion the New York Evening Sun obtained exclusive rights to advance sheets for simultaneous publication of the play in America and England. Not to be outdone, and recognizing an insistent public interest, the New York Times instructed its London correspondent to obtain an early copy of the tragedy and to cable it to New York in its entirety. The transmission occupied two cables, it had to be repeated at Valencia and Newfoundland, and it engaged two operators for an entire evening. But it was done, and the New York Times had no cause to regret a large outlay of money and space.

Today Mr. Swinburne, with unfaded power and twenty years of added experience, has published "The Duke of Gandia" without arousing a ripple of interest outside the immediate domain of letters. The world that waited eagerly for "Loecrine" has passed away and the new world neither knows nor wishes to know anything about Mr. Swinburne. It is not even sure who he is. At a time when we talk overmuch of progress and social evolution an occasional glance backward may serve as a useful corrective to a self-complacency that is somewhat lacking in justification.

Essays in Municipal Administration, by John A. Fairlie, Ph. D. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.50.

No apology is needed for this impressive collection of essays on the municipal life of the country. That there is no particular effort at continuity, no advocacy of special reforms, is a recommendation to the student whose main concern is with facts and who wishes to understand an existing situation that is always more and more prolific in problems.

The author has arranged his essays into three groups. First we have those relating to organization and the legal relation of cities to the State. Then comes a series of essays dealing with municipal functions and activities, and, thirdly, we have some observations on municipal government made during a visit to Europe. These groups cover well nigh the whole municipal field and their historical and statistical wealth gives them a value that should meet with wide and immediate recognition. Specially notable are the essays on "Revenue Systems," "Municipal Lighting," "The Street Railway Question," "Municipal Ownership," and "Civil Service Reforms." All of them bear the stamp not only of minute and careful research, but of a judicial temperament and a freedom from bias that are as rare as they are essential. Professor Fairlie's volume ought to be the *vade mecum* of every one who is interested in municipal administration and who wishes to know what has already been done in the way of experiment and reform.

The Coast of Chance, by Esther and Lucia Chamberlain. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; \$1.50.

A very clever story of San Francisco. The famous Chatworth ring is mysteriously stolen at a private view and evidently by a master in the subtleties of crime. Harry Cressey is present at the private view and when he takes Flora Gilsey to a Chinese jeweler to buy for her something unique in the way of engagement rings she feels by a sort of intuition that the wonderful stone in its tawdry setting of imitation gold that her lover buys for her was once a part of the stolen jewel and that in some strange way she is being used for its concealment. Then comes the extraordinary competition between Cressey and the Englishman Kerr to get possession of the ring, and when Flora falls in love with Kerr but refuses to give him the ring it is under the conviction that he is the thief and that she is saving him from the results of his crime. The actual identity of the thief, the astute part played by Kerr, the agency of the Chinese jeweler, the perplexity and self-surrender of the lady, are all finely pictured. Indeed, the whole plot is unusually good, and it is sustained by an energy of description and dialogue and a concise vigor of narrative that are commendable in the highest degree.

A Woman's Journey through the Philippines, by Florence Kimball Russel. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

The journey in question was made on a cable ship and those who want untechnical information on the mysterious preparation of the nervous system of world communications can not do better than search for it in this book. The voyage included Dumaguete, Misamis, Iligan, Cayanag, Cebu, Zamboanga, Sulu, Bongao, and Tampakan.

So far as the Philippines themselves are concerned, it would be hard to find a more satisfactory hook of its kind. The author knows how to keep her eyes open and she surveys men and customs with a broad and cheerful sympathy. She keeps away from political questions, she refrains from rhapsodies about missionaries, and she is more disposed to admiration than to censure. She

remarks incidentally that the Moros take kindly to Americans because they believe that Americans are not Christians. For this reason the *Juramentados*, or Mohammedans sworn to kill Christians, refrain from assailing Americans, as salvation is not to be won except by killing the followers of Christianity. The author has written a good book of travel because she is a tireless observer and knows how to relate her experiences with vivacity and perpetual good humor. The illustrations are numerous and good.

Paths to the Heights, by Sheldon Leavitt, M. D. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$1 net.

The author is a physician of repute whose study of the mental factor in disease has led him to discard the habitual use of drugs and to rely upon induced changes of consciousness in the treatment of maladies. He writes with scientific precision, without extravagances, and with an evident and strong conviction. There is no need to recapitulate a body of theories that are among the commonplaces of popular discussion, and that have passed beyond the stage of ridicule into that of investigation. Those who wish for their sane and reasoned presentation should read this book for themselves. The orthodox physician who knows that his patient must be hopeful and courageous, and who dispenses cheerfulness and expectancy as well as drugs, should have no quarrel with a cautious effort to reduce empirics to orderly and understood science or to give an added purpose and direction to remedial measures that are among the essentials of his art.

Some Ladies in Haste, by Robert W. Chambers. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

It is a pity that Mr. Chambers should forsake a style of romance of which he is master for one that must surely be as irksome to himself as to his readers. It is hard to believe that the author of "Lorraine"—to select one among half a dozen—is also the author of "The Younger Set" and of "Some Ladies in Haste." It is a descent as startling and rapid as it is deplorable.

Manners, a young cluhman, discovers that he has the power to change the characters of his friends by a sort of telepathic absent treatment, to give them tastes that they never had before, and to eradicate the inclinations natural to them. He uses his gift with disastrous results upon all and sundry, men and women alike, and the results are set forth with a kind of careless extravagance that suggests an over-confidence in the continuance of a popular applause that was not won by such work as this.

My Lost Duchess, by Jesse Lynch Williams. Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.50.

The duchess is not a duchess at all. She only seems so to the rather idle young clubmen who watch for her daily appearance on Fifth Avenue and worship her from afar. When Nicholas Brooks makes her acquaintance at the house of the Ogdens, to whose daughter he is supposed to be paying his addresses, he finds that she is only a confidential governess with aspirations to the stage. But he is undismayed, and when his inamorata is discharged with ignominy for interfering with the matrimonial plans of her betters, Nicholas follows her up vigorously and carries the position by a *coup de main*. The story is a simple one; but it would be hard to exaggerate its grace of style or the exquisite literary skill that it displays. As an idyll of New York it is unsurpassed.

The Vanishing Fleets, by Roy Norton. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This story of an imaginary war in which "radiophones" bear a sensational part is not intended so much as an engrossing piece of fiction as a forecast of what might actually happen in the case of a foreign war. The author believes that the country is in an unprotected state, with both navy and army inadequate for the protection of the nation. He forces home his lesson by means of fiction and he certainly does it with animation and with a careful survey of possibilities.

The Under Groove, by Arthur Stringer. Published by the McClure Company, New York; \$1.50.

This is a record of the series of adventures that befell the interesting scoundrel with whom we are already familiar and who uses his immense knowledge of electricity for purposes of crime. Mr. Stringer's hero—if such a word may be used—is a new creation in the literature of crime, a daring, imaginative success that is not, perhaps, very wholesome in its general effect, but that is at least unconventional and convincing.

The Discovery of the Soul, by Floyd B. Wilson. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; \$1.

The author is well known as a writer on "New Thought" lines and as an exponent of the lesser known powers of the human mind in its approximation to the god in man. His latest work is worthy of its predecessors.



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LITERARY NOTES.

A National Poet.

Lovers of Wallace Bruce, and their name is legion, will rejoice in the complete edition of his poems that has been issued by the Bryant Union Company, New York. The three volumes are pleasant to look at, while the charm of their contents, the vivid and sincere verse with its descriptive power, exquisite sentiment, and technical perfection, is no longer in need of assertion or advertisement.

The three volumes are entitled "Leaves of Gold," "Scottish Poems," and "Wanderers." The first contains "The Stranger," "Inasmuch," "Home," and a variety of those other productions illustrating the author's poetic championship of human kindness. "Scottish Poems" and "Wanderers" have been received with unusual pleasure throughout the English-speaking world as being far above the ephemeral verse-making of the day, and a permanent and creditable contribution to literature. This complete edition of worthy poems has come somewhat late in the day, but the sincerity of its welcome should be all the more marked. Price, gilt top and cloth-bound, \$1.25 per volume; the set, \$3.

New Publications.

"The Hoosier Widow," by Thomas Sawyer Spivey. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington.

William Briggs, Toronto, has published a volume of poetry by Robert Manners, entitled "Cuha and Other Verse."

Horace J. Stevens of Houghton, Michigan, has published Volume VII of "The Copper Handbook: A Manual of the Copper Industry of the World."

Those who have read "The Little Gray House," by Marion Ames Taggart, will welcome "The Daughters of the Little Grey House," by the same author. Published by the McClure Company, New York.

The McClure Company, New York, has published a volume of short stories by Anthony Hope entitled "Love's Logic." Some of these stories are in the author's best vein, others of them are not. Price, \$1.50.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, have published an "Outline for Review in American History," by Charles Bertram Newton, A. B., and Edwin Bryant Trent, A. M. Price, 25 cents.

The latest addition to the Heroes of American History Series, published by Harper & Brothers, New York, relates to "John and Sebastian Cahot," and is by Frederick A. Oher. The book shows a great deal of original research and has a distinct historical value. Price, \$1.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

To those who are not able to enjoy it in the language in which it is written it will be of interest to learn that M. Anatole France's "Life of Joan of Arc" will be brought out soon in English.

The May issue of *Sunset Magazine* is a "fleet" number in several remarkable aspects. First, it has a big colored panoramic view of the battleships in San Francisco harbor, and this pictorial prefix (it is a folded, attached sheet) is followed by a number of portraits of navy officers, and views and plans of war vessels. Its table of contents shows eight articles of interest connected with the fleet, all by practiced writers. The usual diversity of contents, prose and verse, does not suffer by the special effort. Throughout it is a well-made number of the best Pacific Coast monthly. All newsdealers have it, at 15 cents a copy.

The inspiration of the New England climate for the literary man is evidently desired after many years by Charles Warren Stoddard, "the beloved dad of literary America," as he has been called. Mr. Stoddard left the Atlantic coast in 1855, and in announcing his return he says: "I want summer showers, with terrific thunder and lightning. I want winter snowdrifts, autumnal tints and the first breath of the budding flowers of spring. I am weary of the deluge of fat roses." Mr. Stoddard's father has just died at Berkeley at the age of ninety-five—a hereavement which may have determined the author to resume his residence near the home of his boyhood.

Christian Reid's latest story, "The Princess Nadine," is to be dramatized by Victor Mapes and will, sooner or later be produced by David Belasco. Christian Reid is Mrs. F. F. Tiernan of North Carolina and the author of a number of popular novels.

The *North American Review* for May opens with a symposium entitled "The Claims of the Candidates." The claims for the presidential nomination possessed by Speaker Cannon, Secretary Cortelyou, Vice-President Fairbanks, Senator Foraker, Governor Hughes, Senator Knox, Senator La Follette, and Secretary Taft, are summed up by Congressman Henry Sherman Boutell, Congressman Theodore E. Burton, Professor John R. Commons, Addison C. Harris, Senator Dick, and Governor Stuart.

The third volume of the new Eversley Tennyson, published by the Macmillan Company, begins "The Idylls of the King," and the

notes of the poet and his son, the present Lord Tennyson, are naturally of great interest. They tell more clearly than has ever before been told how the scheme of the "Idylls" formed itself and grew in the poet's mind. Moreover, these notes are full of references that throw light on the personality of Tennyson. Thus, his son notes that "Elaine," "Guinevere," "The Holy Grail," and "The Passing of Arthur" were his favorite idylls for reading aloud." With reference to the title the poet says, "I spelt my Idylls with two I's mainly to divide them from the ordinary pastoral idylls usually spelt with one I."

Discussion of "The Servant in the House," the remarkable play which everybody in New York is seeing, has been stimulated anew by the recent publication of Mr. Kennedy's drama in book form by Harper & Brothers.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The people who were concerned for the legitimate drama because vaudeville seemed to be getting such a hold on the interest of play-goers are not so much in evidence now. They begin to realize that the play-going public knows what it likes, and wants a lot of it, and, when surfeited, turns to a new line or development of stage spectacle without hesitation or serious disturbance. They are commencing to understand that while you may fool the amusement-seeker occasionally, and coax him easily all the time, you can not drive him. Not even the peril—entirely imaginary—of the theatre as an institution, no matter how seriously asserted, will move him.

In short, the play-goer who has been assiduous in his attention to this branch of amusement is beginning to find that the field of novelty has been pretty well explored, and it takes something more than a new performer in the same old rôle to hold him. He has seen the odd and amusing of all kinds, now he demands superior execution, and when he does not get it he yawns and becomes restless. For instance: At the Orpheum this week the first number is a rope-throwing and lariat-twirling exhibition, and it displays almost marvelous skill; but the audience is cold, for it has seen the same thing, and to weariness. The next offering is a pair of "novelty dancers," who rattle their feet on a wooden mat with wonderful activity and in perfect time, moving about as if they were one figure with four legs and a single brain—that is, a single actuating impulse. And the first applause evoked died away before they could turn around in the wings and reappear for more of their exhibition. Next comes May Boley, in a "musical monologue." Now, when May first appeared in San Francisco as a chorus girl in the front row of Alice Neilson's "Singing Girl" company, her piquancy attracted some attention, but she is still hardly able to hold the stage all by herself. Her songs are badly sung, and her imitations invite comparison with those of Rose Stahl and Marie Cahill very much to her disadvantage. The audience were kind rather than enthusiastic in their languid demonstrations of approval.

Third on the programme comes the real hit of the evening—a dramatic sketch that might have been suggested by a scene in David Warfield's "Music Master." It is entitled "The Fifth Commandment." All the acting in the piece worth mention is done by Julius Steger, a poor broken-down musician, who finds by accident his unknown daughter and reclaims her from the grandfather who had kept even a knowledge of her existence from the despised husband of his daughter. Mr. Steger is an actor of sympathetic temperament and refined methods. He has only a few moments in which to tell his story in word, tone, and gesture, and to win his audience, but he accomplishes the desired results without a false or unnecessary motion, and the curtain goes down with that hest of effects—a wish for a hit more of the story.

And this, the real success of the hill—which is a good hill in its way—is an impressive bit of evidence. Given the right sort of plays, acted by players who have some talent and more education in their art, and the public will find them. Song and dance and "imitations" are all very well, but they will not hold the same audience month after month. Vaudeville is no longer a novelty, and it is conscious of its weak hold on the affection of the public. The big vaudeville managers are now actually paying high prices for original playlets and operettas, as well as for the appearances of famous actors of the legitimate.

Next week at the Orpheum the new people will be Nellie Florede and the Six English Rockers, singing and dancing girls; Hoey and Lee, wits and song-makers; and Fred Sosman, a singing comedian, in parodies and imitations. It will be the last week of the Bedouin Arah, May Boley, Carhrey Brothers, and Shields and Rogers. Julius Steger, who has created a sensation with his musical playlet, "The Fifth Commandment," will also close his engagement with this programme. An interesting feature will be a series of Orpheum Motion Pictures showing Uncle Sam's great fleet.

Katherine Grey and her associate players have won enthusiastic endorsement at the Novelty Theatre in "The Truth," and this, the second week of the run, is drawing even

better than the first. Next Monday evening a play entirely new here will be offered. It is "The Reckoning," known to the German stage as "Lihelei," a drama of Vienna, by Arthur Schnitzler, which shows to a degree the same phase of life in the Austrian capital that "La Bohème" does of a Parisian existence. Miss Grey has already appeared in the piece in the East and with notable success. The cast is said to be a congenial one for all the members of the company. "The Reckoning" will be preceded by Arnold Daly's amusing one-act curtain raiser, "The Van Dyke," in which Harrison Hunter, who scored such a hit as the father in "The Truth," will have another good opportunity. The only matinees during the Katherine Grey season at the Novelty Theatre are given on Saturday.

At the New Alcazar Theatre this week "Charley's Aunt" is doing an immense business, but the laughing reign of the *soi-disant* old lady from Brazil will end Sunday evening. For next week is announced a revival of the Clyde Fitch comedy of New England village life, "Lovers' Lane." Nothing that Fitch has written surpasses this play in true sentiment and genuine comedy. The principal figure in the plot is a parson whose ideas of Christianity are considerably ahead of those of his neighbors, and interspersed with the serious incidents are scenes of quaint humor. Bertram Lytell will have the part of the preacher, which was created by the late Ernest Hastings, and Effie Bond will be seen as the tomboy girl. All the Alcazar favorites will be in the cast.

"Wang," at the Princess Theatre, is still a name to conjure with, and the overflowing houses of this, the second week, sustain the decision of the management to continue the comic opera. It will be given all next week, and it is safe to predict that few will be content with one view of the merry musical incident. Edwin Stevens is at his best in the part of the Regent of Siam, and finds new opportunities for amusing by-play in every performance. His enthusiasm in the rôle is not simulated. Cecilia Rhoda is a charming Marie, a picture of loveliness and in perfect voice. Zoe Barnett revels in the fetching costumes and tuneful opportunities of the Crown Prince. Sarah Edwards is a little over-anxious to act as Widow Frimousse, but her songs are well done. Arthur Cunningham has recalled his old certainty in Colonel Fracasse, and his effort now is one of the real hits of the piece. Harold Crane has too little to do to please his admirers. And the song successes, "An Elephant on His Hands," "A Pretty Girl," "Every Rose Must Have Its Thorn," "Ask of the Man in the Moon," and "Bahy," are once more hummed and whistled as they were years ago.

John Drew and the Frohman company in "My Wife" are reviewed at length elsewhere. The piece will be continued all next week at the Van Ness Theatre. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Edward H. Mitchell, San Francisco, has published a panoramic view showing the Atlantic Squadron under command of Admiral Evans passing through the Golden Gate. The picture is an actual photograph, with the exception of the warships, which the artist painted in, and the coloring is correct, particularly the portion showing the sunset over the Pacific Ocean. The pictures retail at 50 cents, put up in tubes ready for mailing.

Bernard Shaw's new play, which he has determined to call "Getting Married," will be produced in the London Haymarket Theatre, under the Vadrenne and Barker management, on the 12th of May.

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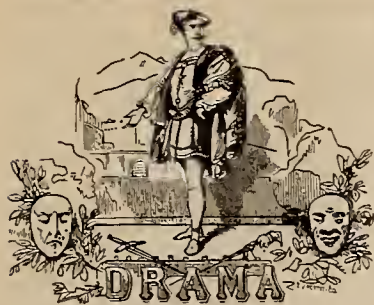
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JOHN DREW AND "MY WIFE."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

In a recently published article Charles Frohman tells us what the American public wants. "The people of this country," so he says, "want to see plays that can be discussed at the breakfast table. . . . Often, it is true, they will go separately to see plays that are not brought up for extended discussion in the home, but these plays do not win solid success. The history of the drama in this country proves beyond a doubt that the successful play is the healthy play. There must always be a strong love story."

To the French, of course, as experience has shown us, the sensual motive must almost invariably prevail. This is foreign to the American taste, and, as a result, usually only the very great successes of the French stage now come our way. We have in the past lived through a long and trying siege, induced by the perversity of managers who, in their desperation, used to dose us with nauseous decoctions of French farce, until our stomachs turned. Thank heaven, we are now emancipated.

Remembering our past sufferings, no doubt a considerable number must have felt some slight apprehension on learning that "My Wife," John Drew's latest vehicle, is an adaptation from the French. Originally by Messrs. Gavault and Charnay, it has been very successfully adapted by Michael Morton, who, through a process of discreet elimination, has put it in a shape that is entirely inoffensive. What the French theatre-goers regard as a charming novelty is eminently acceptable to the American sentimentality and sense of propriety. A couple, held temporarily in marital bondage, with the prospect of a near release by divorce, fall profoundly in love. "What a rich joke!" says the Parisian. "How romantic!" thinks the American. And so theatre-goers on both sides of the water are satisfied, the piece having also had a very successful run in London prior to its presentation in this country.

In one sense it revives a once familiar and well-established figure of romance. The hero is the guardian of Trixie, a bewitching and very youthful girl, of whom he is considerably the senior. She calls him "guardy," sits on his knee, and tweaks his mustache. Contrary to the custom in old English and American romances, the youthful ward is solidly backed by a couple of parents, this, no doubt, to satisfy French proprieties, and give Trixie the necessary background of unimpeachable respectability.

The play opens with the assembling of guests at a sort of high-class Bohemian dinner. The ladies are not in society. No doubt in the original piece their morals are more than open to doubt. But in Mr. Morton's version they belong to the respectable theatrical world, and are all right.

The character of Gerald Eversleigh, the host, who is Trixie's guardian, and John Drew are perfectly suited to each other. Eversleigh is a well-bred man of the world, irascible in the tastes that ample means permit him to gratify. He likes the gay bachelor parties, but the quality of his guests assure us as to the fastidiousness of his social code.

The piece begins like high-class comedy. Then Trixie comes in, and she is such an adorable little piece of idiocy that her charming follies are accepted as a bewitching exhibition of the pink-and-white tyranny to which men love to yield their necks in yoke—before marriage. Eversleigh's acceptance of the dictum of this pretty piece of piquancy that they shall enter upon a temporary mock of a marriage, in order to comply with certain legal exactions hinging upon a legacy, is delightfully acted by Drew, who plays perfectly the part of the remonstrant, but soft-hearted, indulgent guardian unable to say "no."

But it is not until the second act that we really discover that we have run up against our old enemy, French farce.

Curiously enough, this discovery comes with the dulllest act in the play. The second one, perfectly acted though it is, drags a little, and this in spite of the fact that John Drew demonstrated triumphantly the perfect form with which he can carry off a farcical situation. He was really never funnier than in the scenes of "My Wife" in which, with a shrug, the old, familiar adjustment of the collar, and sidelong roll of the eye, or with a sudden vocal or gesticulated explosion, Eversleigh expresses a humorous recognition of the thicket of perversities in which he is entangled by fate and Trixie.

In the third and fourth acts the romance is

on again, but it is always a romance that, like Trixie, is "a charming blend"; for amusement is ever in the foreground.

On the whole we can forgive it for being a farce, as long as it is a thoroughly amusing one, and leavened with a very acceptable strain of romance. And more particularly as the only moments of utter absurdity are those in which Rene Falandres first appears upon the scene, and during the rather long-drawn-out punctilio of the duel.

The adapter has cleverly met the more foreign aspects of the piece by giving the heroine a French father—acted excellently in character by Morton Selton—and an English mother. The false honeymoon takes place on Swiss soil, thus bringing upon the scene a group of tourists, the contrast of whose Gallic gallantries and perfidies with the British forthrightness of the guardian-bridgroom makes the sentiment underlying the farcical surface particularly acceptable to an Anglo-Saxon audience.

There is something in acting that tends to a perennial youthfulness. Drew looks precisely the same. From the exquisite finish of his acting there is not subtracted one tithe of the freshness of spirit the absence of which would convey a sense of routine. Younger actors, bored by the continued recurrence of a popular rôle, often rattle mechanically through their parts, and make one giddy by the swiftness with which they flash their points before us, and are off and away before one has taken them in. But not so with Drew. Never a syllable; an inflection, a gesture, is slightest. There was not a lost moment in the play, so far as he was concerned. Ever popular, he had a tremendous welcome, and felt obliged to yield to the tacit invitation and acknowledge the warmth of the greeting extended to him by a few words which scarcely rose to the dignity of a speech. But the absence of premeditation and well-rounded finish to his few words of acknowledgment stamped them with all the greater sincerity.

In the matter of youthful appearance Ferdinand Gottschalk also holds his own. Who would believe how many years ago it was that he was playing with Rosina Vokes, in almost as finished a style as today? And was it not something like fifteen or more years ago that he was with Viola Allen in "The Masqueraders"? And here he is, still a smooth-faced young man, while Viola Allen was here a few months ago, the loveliest of Shakespearean heroines.

Mr. Gottschalk's methods are perfectly adapted to those of John Drew. The two play into each other's hands admirably, as witness that scene in which Eversleigh, intoxicated by the discovery of his love for Trixie, joyously shakes the limp and unresisting form of the ever-accommodating "Gibby" in his love-exhilarated clutch.

As for Miss Billie Burke, well, it is a miracle that the part of Trixie was not written to order for her. She is deliciously young, distractingly pretty, and the most beguiling, coaxing bit of dainty flesh and blood of which it is possible to conceive. She is just about perfect as Trixie. How much that means as to her acting capacity it is hard to say. It is not difficult for a pretty woman to act the part of an entrancing, irresistible little fool with the man who loves her, or who she intends shall love her. Men like pretty women to play the fool, and are perfectly willing that these same adorable little idiots shall assume their share in founding their future families, knowing well that Providence, in its mysterious wisdom, often permits fools to become the mothers of manly men and even wise ones.

So we are not sure, from "My Wife," just what Miss Burke's status would be in a less taxing form of drama. Her experience has largely lain in musical comedy. But her

success in the less frivolous department of the drama has been such that she has been mentioned more than once as a possible rival to Ethel Barrymore. However, her pretty little face with its tiny, doll-like features, is not suggestive of the nature of one who could cope with such dramatic situations as that which Miss Barrymore meets successfully in, let us say, "Carrots." But, on the other hand, there are many actresses who would be rather unwieldy in such scenes as those in which Trixie perches on her guardian's knee, or coaxes, prettily, like a child begging for sweetmeats, or ties a handkerchief around the duel-won scratch on her husband's finger, and carefully arranges the corners of the bandage in the form of an ornate bow.

A very good company cleverly assists Mr. Drew in interpreting the farcical spirit of this skillfully Anglicized play. There is a choice collection of French accents distributed over the act that transpires in Switzerland, and some neatly played little scenes between Drew and Albert Roccardi and Miss Latham, who are cast as a rather questionable baron and baroness. Walter Soderling's attitude and gestures as a head waiter suddenly caught up in the ceremonial of a duel are well done and indicative of the general finish of the company's work, and the same can be said of Herbert Budd's butler.

Dorothy Tennant, whom we have previously seen as a stunning "College Widow" and as the heroine with Robert Edson in Richard Harding Davis's South American piece, is the spoiled London actress, exceedingly pretty and very well poised, that is loved and wooed by "Gibby." Miss Ida Greely Smith is also an exceedingly ornate figure on the stage. Indeed, the opening act, the presence of the irreproachably tailored men of the world in their evening dress, the perfect servants, the perfect service, the festivity in the background, and the two dainty, delicately pretty women lighting up the stage with such a delightfully decorative effect, gave us every hope that we were about to see a performance of high-class comedy.

Farce, however, shortly entered in the person of Rene Falandres, as acted by Frank Goldsmith. Mr. Goldsmith has a difficult rôle, as he is called upon to depict every act of Trixie's French wooer as expressed in absurd exaggeration. He was not particularly funny, and the laughter that followed his exit was largely inspired by Eversleigh's explosive repudiation of his grateful Gallic embrace. In a subsequent act Mr. Goldsmith made a better impression, although here he was obliged to be thrown in contrast against the super-refined brilliancies of Mr. Drew's farcical method.

A brilliantly fashionable audience of extra size greeted the efforts of Mr. Frohman's company with every sign of approval, and the indications are that the season will be a very successful one.

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PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

VANITY FAIR.

A fashion note from New York tells us that a considerable amount of latitude is to be allowed to women in the matter of new costumes. They may wear any kind of sleeves that they like. They may be long or short, depending upon whether the arms are of the kind one wishes to show or to conceal. But this apparent generosity is intended only as a lubricant to an inflexible rigor elsewhere. The edict against waists and against hips is to be enforced to the uttermost. Here there will be no latitude and no concession. The devotee who would fulfill the law to the uttermost must present the appearance of having been liquified and then poured into the dress. And the dress is entirely without those undulations that prove the presence of things unseen, the waist and the hips.

The edict against waist and hips has been received with mingled emotions. In some instances it meets with easy and instant acquiescence, but elsewhere there are protests and maledictions. It is easy to understand a compliance that means no more than the discarding of those useful appliances that are prodigally displayed at the bargain counter and pictorially advertised in the daily newspapers. But how about the ladies whose hips are fixtures and who have received from mother nature without money and without price what less favored ones must purchase from art and mechanical skill? Their lot is truly a hard one, for to the mere male mind it seems a bewildering impossibility thus to put on and off a "garment of flesh" that is periodically blessed and banned by fickle fashion. Training and diet may do something, but these things take time, and the changing styles are always in a hurry. Not long ago a lady in a New York store who asked for something in the latest fashion was asked to take a seat for a few minutes as the fashions were then changing. What then must be the fate of the fair ones who are invited to get rid of natural encumbrances between dusk and dawn with the full assurance that they will have to replace them with a similar rapidity?

What a marvelous chapter of marital infelicities is that furnished by the royal houses of Tuscany and Saxony! It would seem as though the furies of a perverse misfortune had been let loose upon these unhappy grandees who would surely be willing enough to exchange their high estate for the lot of any farm laborer living in a cottage "where love is."

The Archduke Leopold Salvator of Tuscany and the former Crown Princess of Saxony are brother and sister. It is now a long time ago, but the society world still finds occasion for a wondering gossip in the unaccountable whim of the Archduke Leopold in deliberately sacrificing his position in order to marry Wilhelmina Adamovics, a vaudeville actress who certainly had a lovely face but very little else that could recommend her to a royal lover. The archduke became Leopold Wolfing and then found that he had made the mistake of his life. Wilhelmina Adamovics is today a wretched maniac in the asylum of Steinhof.

She was of course mad from the beginning. All the world knew that as soon as it knew anything at all about her. Her vagaries in search of the "simple life" became the talk of Europe, for any life less deserving of such a description it would be hard to imagine. She became a vegetarian and nothing would satisfy her but that her husband should do the same. There are different kinds of vegetarians, but Wilhelmina belonged to the extremist section, and she dragged her husband through a career of dietetic absurdities that would ruin the digestion of a healthy shark. The poor man submitted, as men have always done and always will do. Then Wilhelmina determined to throw in her lot with the colony of ascetics at Ascona, in Switzerland, and once more and for a time she persuaded her wretched husband to follow her. Common rumor speaks in whispers about the eccentricities of these people. They are said to include a costume similar to that adopted by the parents of the human race immediately after the fall. Then came the revolt of Leopold, after entreaties and persuasions had failed. He left the colony and his wife, and instituted successful divorce proceedings, soon afterwards marrying again. And now Wilhelmina is in a lunatic asylum. She is still a vegetarian and she wears a costume that is at least ample, but that is far from picturesque. She neither bathes nor combs her hair, and she varies a mood of sulky silence with maniacal outbreaks of rage against her former husband and against the restraints of the asylum. And this is the theatrical star who was once the idol of great audiences and who charmed the heart of an archduke. Assuredly nature gives us all that we ask for—at a price. There is no human ambition that is beyond human attainment—on conditions. The contemptuous gods will give us all that we ask for, absolutely without limit, and if in our greedy haste to snatch at the gift we have no time to glance at the price label, that is our affair and not theirs.

So much for the brother. The story of the sister is so recent that it need hardly be repeated. The Princess of Saxony grew weary

of her husband and believed that in the person of Andre Giron, the tutor of her children, she had found the affinity of her heart. Whether Giron got tired of the princess, or the princess of Giron is not very clear, but after a sensational elopement the couple separated and the lady discovered that her choice of the tutor was a mistake and that a young musician named Toselli, once well known in New York, should have received the honors mistakenly given to Giron. It is never too late to mend, and the princess and Toselli were so far observant of the conventions as to get married. Now Toselli feels that he has seen enough of high life and that there is a limit to the proper endurance of insult, ferocious temper, and an unblushing search for love affairs. In other words, Toselli wants to be divorced, and the ex-crown princess finds a peculiar pleasure in thus reaching a single point of agreement with her musical husband. She, on her part, says that she is tired of associating with plebeians and that she resents being exhibited as a freak. But if there is any other label that she thinks would be more appropriate it would be interesting to know what that label is.

The New York Evening Post, in one of those stately and measured divergences into frivolity that help to place it among the four irreproachable daily newspapers of the United States, gives some attention to the respective tailoring merits of America and England. For this purpose is quote opinions from a Fifth Avenue tailor and from a brother of the shears upon Broadway, opinions diametrically opposed to each other, and perhaps illustrating a corresponding cleavage of sartorial taste and sentiment. The Fifth Avenue tailor notes "with extreme regret" that the great majority of fashionable men of leisure have all their clothes made in London. This he attributes to the fact that men of leisure go to England every year and for them "there are no clothes like the English in cut and make. An Englishman is always well dressed, those of the fashionable world, I mean. They have little else to do but be well dressed, and they make a change several times a day in the outer garments; for that reason their wardrobes are extensive, and they have to be. English fashions are the model for good clothes, and they always will be so. It is a precedent adopted years ago, and will be maintained in this country. But English tailors do not employ workmen that compare with American workmen. The best English tailors do not finish a garment with the same care that is put into American-made custom clothes."

But the Broadway tailor has quite another tale to tell. His customers want American clothes, and even when they are away from home they are still faithful to their fancy. "We don't want English fashion plates here," says the proprietor. "American ideas are what our customers want, and they get what they want. We dress our customers in any way they like. We hold to American ideas exclusively, but will modify them according to the tastes of our customers. We put life and style into our clothes, which English tailors do not, although they think they do. We have customers who go to London every season, and some that remain there for a time, and we send them new clothes from here and even ship our clothes to customers living as far away as China. We cut clothes according to the personality and style of the customer. If he requires a conservative cut, we give it to him. On the contrary, if he is a man of fine build and stylish in appearance, he can stand something bordering on the extreme. Young men, college fellows, for instance, always want their clothes of fashionable cut, and we aim to please them. Goods of American manufacture are as fine as anything factored in England, only the English dyes are better, and English manufacturers of cloth take more time in making their cloths than do American manufacturers. But the quality is equally as good."

The general conclusion drawn by the Evening Post is that the best American tailors seek and study the English fashion-plates that they may adopt or modify these styles to suit the tastes of their own customers. But they do not follow the tactics of some twenty European tailors who recently followed the English king to Biarritz in order to see what he wore.

The General Conference of the Methodist Church is about to remove the ban against dancing, card-playing, and theatre-going. So at least we are informed by a despatch from New York. It would be interesting to know the motives of the General Conference, almost as interesting indeed as to get a glimpse of the mental machinery of those who are accustomed to look to the General Conference for guidance in matters of conscience. To the mere layman it seems an amazing piece of presumption to classify the amusements of the day into those that are pleasing to the Almighty and those that are displeasing. It certainly supposes some special insight into the Divine will that is not shared by humanity at large. If card-playing and dancing were wrong a year ago, then they are wrong now. If they are not wrong now they were not wrong a year ago, and when the General Conference said that they were wrong it is evident that the aforesaid august body knew

nothing whatever about it, and this is just the fact of the matter. And yet no doubt there are some worthy people who will now begin to amuse themselves in popular and rational ways by attending the performance of a good play or indulging in a neighborly game of cards under the assurance that they are committing acts now entirely harmless, but that would be sinful if it were not for the fiat of a General Conference. The human mind is fearfully and wonderfully made and its capacity for superstition is the most fearful and wonderful thing about it.

The Chicago Advance tells us that Miss Isahel Hagner, secretary to Mrs. Roosevelt, is remarkable for the beauty of the gowns that she wears at the White House social events, which, in her capacity of first lieutenant to the President's wife, she often takes part. Her salary is \$1400 a year, but she is so clever about designing her clothes that her appearance never suffers in comparison with that of the wealthiest of the visitors to the executive mansion. Miss Hagner's duties are manifold, and she is certainly a splendid example of the "all-round" American girl. She knows the ins and outs of Washington society thoroughly, and she has a complete knowledge

of etiquette for every possible occasion. Until financial reverses caused retrenchment in her father's home, she was a belle in Washington, and counted among her friends almost all the notables of the city. This familiarity with society gives her a fine poise, now that she has practically all the management of the White House entertaining. She seems never at a loss even in the most trying circumstances, and Mrs. Roosevelt is said to rely on her ready wit to brush away any little awkwardness or small social jealousy that may arise even in official circles. Her letters and notes are models of grace and tact.

All lists of guests come under the secretary's supervision, and she gives her personal attention to the decorating of the rooms and tables for the White House functions, and it has been jokingly predicted that if the President's chef should suddenly fall ill, this energetic and capable girl would find no trouble in taking his place in the kitchen, so versatile are her talents.

"Did you visit the Alhambra while you were in Spain?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle. "No. We were going to, but he left the day before on a shootin' trip with the Emperor of Germany."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Something more than quiet humor is in
this paragraph, printed at the end of the Ed-
monton Opera House regulations by Manager
Brandon: "Any old ladies afraid of taking
cold may keep on their hats or bonnets."

When the largest firm of wine merchants
in London first started they sent Lord Derby
a dozen of sherry, which they represented as
being a specific for the gout, to which the
prime minister was a martyr. The Lord of
Knowsley replied: "The Earl of Derby pre-
sents his compliments to Messrs. G.; he has
tasted the sherry, and prefers the gout."

In a Western Massachusetts town lives a
doctor who has hurried four wives. When
number four was a bride of a few days she
went with her oldest step-daughter into the
attic to find an ironing-board. Seeing a
board that she thought would answer her pur-
pose nicely, she was about to take it when
the daughter exclaimed: "Oh, don't take that.
That is what father uses to lay out his wives
on."

Mrs. Graham is an estimable lady whose
hobby is house decoration. One day the lady
was careless enough to drink a glass of red
ink, believing it to be claret. She was a good
deal scared when she discovered her mistake,
but no harm came to her. The doctor who
was summoned, upon hearing what had hap-
pened, dryly remarked to her: "Mrs. Graham,
there's such a thing as pushing this rage for
decorated interiors too far."

The late Bishop Coleman of Delaware was
somewhat deaf. Once while attending a han-
quet he was assigned to a young lady who did
not know of his affliction. In consequence
conversation was found to be somewhat dif-
ficult. In a burst of enthusiasm the young
lady inquired, "Bishop, do you like bananas?"
At first the prelate did not reply, but upon
the question being repeated he admitted con-
fidentially, "I must say I still prefer the old-
fashioned night-gown."

One night, as a Canadian doctor who lives
in Eastern Ontario was driving into a vil-
lage, he saw a chap, a little the worse for
liquor, amusing a crowd of spectators with
the antics of his trick dog. The doctor
watched him a while and said: "Sandy, how
do you manage to train your dog? I can't
teach mine to do anything." Sandy, with
that simple look in his eyes, said: "Well, you
see, Doc, you have to know more'n the dog
or you can't learn him nothing."

It was the first vaudeville performance the
old colored lady had ever seen, and she was
particularly excited over the marvelous feats
of the magician. But when he covered a
newspaper with a heavy flannel cloth, and
read the print through it, she grew a little
nervous. He then doubled the cloth and
again read the letters accurately. This was
more than she could stand, and rising in her
seat, she said: "I'm goin' home. This aint
no place for a lady in a thin calico dress!"

One of the near comedians who always af-
fects to be entirely careless of newspaper
criticism recently struck from his list of how-
ing acquaintances a critic noted for his can-
dor. The player met the writer and a friend
while crossing a park square, exchanged a
few words of greeting, and, as he passed on,
heard this conversation: "Who was that?"
"Oh, that is L., the actor." "He does not
look much like an actor off the stage." "Still
less when he's on the stage," returned the
critic.

A well-known dramatic critic visiting Strat-
ford on Shakespeare's birthday and hearing
the clangor of the bells, which, from their
tower in the old church where the poet lies
hurled, awoke the little town to its devotions,
approached a wintry-headed street sweeper
in front of Irving's Inn and said: "Who is the
fellow they're making this fuss about? I see
you have Shakespeare hotels, Shakespeare
gingerbread, and only the other day I saw a
man driving to town some pigs called 'Shake-
speare's best'—who is he?—the fellow who
lived in that tumble-down shanty yonder?"
The "oldest inhabitant" megaphoned his ear
and, wheezing, replied: "I think he writ."
"Oh, he writ, did he? What did he write?"
—hooks, confessions of a deer stealer, magazine
articles—what?" "I think he writ for the
Bible."

Ban Johnson, president of the National
League, tells of his experience in a New
York restaurant. "While attending a con-
ference in the East," relates the baseball mag-
nate, "I was presented with a handsome Bos-
ton terrier. That night, accompanied by my
four-footed friend, I visited an up-town café.
Presently a waiter, formerly from Chicago,
accosted me, and announced: 'No dogs al-
lowed. You'll have to take him out.' 'Come,
come, old man,' I replied; 'he's offending no
one.' 'Can't serve people who have dogs, I
tell you!' continued the waiter wrathfully,
collecting an awful of dishes from an ad-

joining table. 'You'll have to get out!' Just
then a friend of mine dropped in, and said in
a cheery tone, 'Well, well, Ban, glad to see
you! How's the hash?' Before I had time
to reply, I was startled by the crashing of
dishes. Turning quickly I beheld the waiter
rushing toward me with outstretched hands.
'Hel-lo, Ban!' he exclaimed cordially, slap-
ping me on the back. 'Didn't know you!
What'll ye have?—what'll the dog have?'"

Those persons who think they see in Mr.
Roosevelt an alarming disposition to regulate
other people's affairs will be interested to
learn how early this tendency was mani-
fested. When Theodore was quite a little
boy, his father told him that he was going
on a long journey and admonished young Ted
to be a good boy and take good care of his
mother. That night, in his prayers, the lad
asked the Almighty to watch over his father,
who was traveling far from home, and to
help him to be a good boy, then he added:
"As for mother, I will look after her my-
self."

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell tells with keen enjoy-
ment of the experience of a medical friend of
his who engaged a nurse, recently graduated,
for a case of delirium tremens. The physi-
cian succeeded in quieting the patient and
left some medicine, instructing the nurse to
administer it to him again if he "hegan to
see snakes again." At the next call the physi-
cian found the patient again raving. To his
puzzled inquiry, the nurse replied that the
man had been going on that way for several
hours and that she had not given him any
medicine. "But didn't I tell you to give it to
him if he hegan to see snakes again?" de-
manded the physician. "But he didn't see
snakes this time," replied the nurse con-
fidently. "He saw red, white, and blue tur-
keys with straw hats on."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Worm Turns.

She buys a gown,
The best in town,
Expend three hundred dollars,
While hub, the worm,
Can only squirm
And turn his cuffs and collars.
—Washington Herald.

Served Her Right.

A certain young girl in East Lyn
Tried writing like Elmer Glyn;
After taking one look
Mommie burnt up the book
And Popper he spanked her like syn.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

What's the Odds.

Somewhere the sun is shining,
Somewhere the skies are blue,
Somewhere there may be people
Whose cares are very few.

Somewhere there may be laughter
And somewhere ne'er a frown;
But you can't care much, do you,
When She has turned you down?
—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Domestic Novelist.

He told her the old, old story
Until she believed it true,
But after they were married
Then any old story would do.
—What to Eat.

Her Ingratitude.

She sketched and painted up and down the river.
I rowed the boat.
Where willows dip, and deepening shadows
quiver,
And lilies float.
Cliff, cottage, sail, and bridge, and sea-sands yellow
Her studies were—
And, oh, I thought myself a lucky fellow
Adrift—with her!

Long hours, with oars at rest, I sat and waited;
She painted on.
With now and then a smile—absorbed, elated—
Till, daylight gone,
She'd raise her eyes reluctantly and murmur,
And I—I'd only plant my feet the firmer,
And start to row.

Last night we met. Of art, she prattled sweetly
Of what she'd done
In way of summer work, accomplished neatly.
Of praises won;
But, when I shyly dared my part to mention
As oarsman true,
She vaguely smiled and said, with inattention—
"Oh, was it you?" —Smart Set.

Good anecdotes of Saphir, the great Ger-
man humorist and editor, are still in circula-
tion. A young couple, newly engaged, were
favored with a letter of introduction to him,
which they duly presented. Now, the gentle-
man was notorious for his effeminate habits
and ways, and his appearance at once struck
the eye of the observant journalist, who had
heard about him. He said nothing, received
the pair with *empressment*, insisted upon
their being seated in his most comfortable
easy-chairs, assured them how pleased he was
to hear of their engagement, and wound up
with: "Now, pray, you must, you really must,
tell me which of you is to be the bride."

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The week has been given up to the festivities attendant upon the presence of the fleet in the harbor, and save for those occasions given in honor of the naval officers, or by them in turn on the ships, but little has occurred. Immediately after the departure of the greater number of the ships for the north there will be a general exodus to the country and Europe, the usual number of San Franciscans having planned to spend the summer months abroad.

The wedding of Mrs. Eleanor Dimond Jarhoe and Dr. Rudolph Silverston of Milwaukee was celebrated on April 17 in Chicago. After their wedding journey Dr. and Mrs. Silverston will make their home in Milwaukee.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall will entertain at a dinner on Friday evening, May 15, at their home on Green Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained at a luncheon on Sunday last at the Burlingame Club, the guests being Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Mr. Walter Martin, Mr. Harry Scott, and Mr. William Ronaldson.

Mr. Boyd Van Bethuysen entertained at a luncheon on Sunday last at the Burlingame Club, his guests being Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. William Gring, and Mr. John Kittle.

Mrs. Sallie Stetson Winslow was the hostess at a luncheon on Friday last week at which she entertained Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard, Mrs. James W. Keeney, and Miss Hooker.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall entertained at a dinner at the Fairmont on Wednesday evening last.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tobin entertained at a dinner last week at which the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla, Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith, Miss Constance de Young, Mr. Baldwin Wood, Mr. Joseph O. Tobin, Mr. Leon de Sahla, and Mr. Cyril Tobin.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale and Miss Bertha Sidney Smith were the hostesses at an informal bridge party on Wednesday evening of last week at their home on Broadway.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William L. Elkins, Jr., Miss Marie Louise Elkins, and Mr. Felton Elkins, who are now in Philadelphia, are expected to spend a part of the summer at Menlo Park.

Mrs. Edwin Warfield, the wife of the governor of Maryland, arrived here last week from Santa Barbara and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun.

Mrs. James A. Robinson and Miss Jennie Hooker have returned from a brief visit to Napa Valley, where they were the guests of Pay Inspector and Mrs. Stanton (formerly Miss Lena Maynard).

Mrs. William B. Bourn and Miss Maude Bourn, who have been in New York for the winter, are expected to arrive here in a few days.

Mrs. E. L. Griffith of Ross Valley was a guest at Del Monte last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan will leave May 16 for New York, and will sail May 27 for Europe, to remain abroad indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson are in town for a week's stay at their Pacific Avenue home.

Miss Cora Smedberg has returned from a

visit to her sister, Mrs. McIver, at the Presidio of Monterey.

Mrs. William H. McKittrick and Miss Redmond, who came up from Bakersfield a few days since, are the guests of Miss Minnie Houghton at the latter's home on Franklin Street.

Mr. William H. Crocker has returned from a stay of several weeks in New York.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett is the guest of Mrs. Henry T. Scott at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin sailed on April 23 from New York for Europe, where they will remain for the next year probably.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. P. Howard, who have recently returned from a stay in Europe of a year or more, are at present in Santa Barbara as the guests of Mrs. Howard's father, Mr. Alfred Poett.

Mr. George T. Cameron expects to leave during the summer for Europe to remain several months.

Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin and Miss Grace Baldwin have returned from a visit to Del Monte.

Mrs. Reginald Knight Smith and her family will go in a few weeks to Castle Crag to spend the entire summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance I. Scott have returned from a visit to Dr. and Mrs. Harry Kiersted at the Presidio of Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Jr., Miss Enid Gregg, and Miss Ethel Gregg will leave shortly for a trip abroad of several months' duration.

Mrs. Le Breton and Miss Marguerite Le Breton arrived here this week from the East, having come by way of Santa Barbara and Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Ralston have gone abroad to remain for a number of months.

Mrs. Robley D. Evans and her daughter, Mrs. Marsh, wife of Commodore C. C. Marsh, U. S. N., came up from Paso Robles Monday evening and established themselves in their apartments at the St. Francis. The admiral, accompanied by Lieutenant Evans, Lieutenant Train, Dr. McDonnell, and attendants, joined the ladies after completing the historic voyage of the fleet by entering the Golden Gate on the bridge of the *Connecticut*.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton B. Knox spent the Easter holidays in Switzerland.

Mr. John A. Hooper and Miss Jeannette Hooper have returned to town, after a week's visit at the Potter in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis and the Misses Otis are leaving this week for New York, whence Mr. Otis and Miss Fredericka will sail for Rio de Janeiro for a stay of a few months, while Mrs. Otis and Miss Cora will go to Boston to remain during the summer.

Miss Cornelia Kempff and Admiral Kempff, U. S. N., retired, left on Tuesday of last week for a trip to Yellowstone Park and may possibly decide to go East before returning here.

Miss Anita Mailliard has returned from a fortnight's stay in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. John C. Kirkpatrick and Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick sailed a fortnight since from New York for Europe to remain until the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre sailed on Wednesday of last week for Europe to remain during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger went down last week from their summer home at Woodside to Del Monte for a few days' stay. Judge and Mrs. Ralph C. Harrison are spending a few weeks in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Athole McBean has returned from a brief trip to New York.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffatt and Miss Virginia Jolliffe have returned to Los Gatos, where they are spending two or three months, after a tour of Southern California.

Mr. Walter Martin has returned from a six weeks' trip to New York.

Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Dwight Chipman, who have been in town during the winter, have gone to their country place in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan left last week for a ten days' stay in Salt Lake City.

Mrs. T. W. M. Draper and Miss Elsa Draper have returned from a fortnight's stay at Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer have been the guests of Mrs. James Mee at the latter's home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel sailed from New York last week for Europe, where they will spend some time in Switzerland.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado were Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Sutro, Mr. J. I. Harrington, Mr. F. P. McElroy, Mr. F. B. Maldonado, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Chipman, Dr. J. A. Simpson, Mr. Beverly Simpson, Mrs. J. H. Meyers, Mrs. E. M. Sutton, Mrs. M. Mitchell, Miss Louise Doe, of San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Victoria were Mr. W. E. Lawrence, Vacaville; Mr. R. M. Green, Oroville; Mr. Isaac Minor and family, Arcata; Mrs. J. P. McDonald and family, Reno; Mr. W. D. Duke, Latrobe; Mr. H. L. Allison, New York; Mr. M. L. Elliott, San Diego; Mr. L. A. Gross, Cisco; Mr. P. H. Craven, Spokane; Mrs. C. F. Lott, Jr., Oroville.

The Damrosch Concerts.

The season ticket sale for the Damrosch New York Symphony Orchestra concerts is now in progress at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s stores. The greatest interest is being evinced. Personally, Walter Damrosch is very popular here. He is a Yale graduate, a member of many clubs in New York, and Mrs. Damrosch

is the eldest daughter of the late James G. Blaine.

Next Wednesday morning the sale of seats for single concerts will open.

The first concert will be given Sunday afternoon, May 17, and the novelties for this occasion will "The River Moldau," a symphonic poem of exquisite beauty by Smetana, a work for wood-wind instruments by Gounod, and two Bach transcriptions. The symphony will be the most popular of all modern works—Tschakowsky's "Pathétique"—but Manager Greenbaum predicts a genuine sensation when ten first violins play the "Andante and Finale" of the Mendelssohn violin concerto in unison.

Sunday evening a miscellaneous programme of a lighter order will be given. Littolf's "Rohespierre," descriptive of the Reign of Terror in France, the "Farewell March" from Raff's "Leonore," and a dozen other bright works will be offered. Mme. Mary Hissem de Moss will make her debut as the vocal soloist of the orchestra and a "Serenade" by Saint-Saëns for piano, violin, and violoncello will be played by Messrs. Sasalavsky, Brahmsen, and Damrosch.

There will be excellent programmes every evening during the week, and Saturday afternoon a special young people's programme has been arranged.

Concerts will be given at Stanford University Saturday evening, May 16, and at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, Thursday afternoon, May 21, and Saturday night, May 23.

Death of Rabbi Voorsanger.

The Reverend Dr. Jacob Voorsanger of this city died on Monday, April 27, aged fifty-five. Rabbi Voorsanger had been in ill health for some time, but the end was sudden and unexpected. He had been a resident of San Francisco since 1886, and had won the respect of all who knew him, the deep regard of all who came into close contact with him. He was junior rabbi of the Congregation Emanu-El for three years, and in 1889 was chosen rabbi. In addition to the duties of his congregation, Rabbi Voorsanger found time to take a prominent part in educational work and public improvement. He was professor of Semitic languages and literature at the University of California, editor of *Emanu-El*, a weekly Jewish publication of this city, one of the founders of the California branch of the American Red Cross Association and its first vice-president, a member of the Hebrew Veterans of the Spanish-American War, and honorary chairman of the Emanu-El Sisterhood, a non-sectarian philanthropic society. For several years he was chaplain and special lecturer of Stanford University, and was also grand orator of the Grand Lodge of Masons of California. He was the author of several books, among them "The Life and Works of Moses Mendelssohn." Rabbi Voorsanger was born in Amsterdam, Holland, and educated there, though he earned his degree of doctor of divinity at the Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati. He leaves a widow and six children, Mrs. D. C. Schweizer, Dr. William C. Leon, and Julian Voorsanger, of this city; Mrs. Waxelbaum, of Macon, Georgia, and Elkan C. Voorsanger, who is a student in Cincinnati.

Dr. Albert Abrams

has resumed consultation practice, 246 Powell. Hours by appointment. Tel. Douglas 1419. Residence, Fairmont.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Rear-Admiral S. W. Very, U. S. N., was ordered on the retired list of officers on April 22, on account of having reached the age limit. Admiral Very has been in command of the Naval Station at Honolulu and arrived here last week to remain during the visit of the fleet in this port.

Rear-Admiral C. M. Thomas, U. S. N., is detached from duty as commander of the Second Squadron, on board the *Minnesota*, today (May 9) and ordered to duty in command of the U. S. Atlantic fleet, on board the *Connecticut*.

Rear-Admiral C. S. Sperry, U. S. N., is detached from duty in command of the Fourth Division, Second Squadron, today (May 9) and ordered to duty in command of the Second Squadron, U. S. Atlantic fleet.

Rear-Admiral W. H. Emory, U. S. N., is detached from duty in command of the Second Division, First Squadron, today (May 9) and ordered to duty in command of the Fourth Division, Second Squadron, U. S. Atlantic fleet.

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., is ordered relieved from duty as commandant of the Department of California and is detailed as commandant of the Army Service Schools at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to take effect on or about July 1.

Captain S. Schroeder, U. S. N., is detached from the command of the *Virginia* today (May 9) and ordered to duty in command of the Second Division, First Squadron, U. S. Atlantic fleet.

Captain Harry P. Wilbur, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Fort Rosecrans, San Diego, has been granted fifteen days' leave of absence, which took effect on May 1.

Captain George H. Estes, commissary, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, has been granted twenty months' leave of absence, to take effect May 13.

Captain H. S. Greenleaf, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., is ordered to Madison Barracks for duty on expiration of his present leave of absence.

Captain Robert M. Thornburgh, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., upon the expiration of his leave of absence, will proceed to Alcatraz Island and report in person to the commanding officer of the Pacific Branch of the U. S. Military Prison, for duty.

Commander A. Sharp, U. S. N., was detached from duty at the Navy Yard, Washington, D. C., on April 30, and ordered to duty in command of the *Virginia* today (May 9).

Commander A. W. Grant, U. S. N., is ordered to duty as chief of staff to the commander-in-chief, Atlantic fleet.

Lieutenant-Commander S. P. Fullinwider, U. S. N., Lieutenant-Commander R. McLean, U. S. N., Lieutenant D. W. Wurtzbaugh, U. S. N., and Lieutenant D. A. Weaver, U. S. N., are ordered to duty as aides on the staff of the commander-in-chief, Atlantic fleet.

Lieutenant J. K. Taussig, U. S. N., is detached from the *Kansas* today (May 9) and ordered home to await orders.

Lieutenant James C. Steese, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at Fort

Mason and will proceed to the Isthmus of Panama for duty in connection with the Panama road and canal.

First Lieutenant Arthur G. Fisher, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., was promoted to his present rank April 6.

Lieutenant W. B. Currier, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty with the Seventieth Company and to the unassigned list and ordered to proceed to Alcatraz, relieving Lieutenant Rollo F. Anderson, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., from duty at the Pacific Branch of the U. S. Military Prison.

Lieutenant George E. Turner, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has had "The Highlands," Ross Valley, Marin County, designated as his station while on duty in connection with the Progressive Military Map of the United States. Leave of absence for one month, which took effect on April 26, has been granted Lieutenant Turner.

Lieutenant Thomas E. Selfridge, First Field Artillery, U. S. A., has been detailed to duty with the Signal Corps, with station at Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant Clarence C. Culver, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in the Philippine Islands and will proceed on the first transport sailing from Manila after August 1 to San Francisco for duty with Company E, Signal Corps.

Lieutenant William G. Ball, Second Infantry, U. S. A., having reported his arrival here from leave of absence, is assigned to temporary duty in this city, pending the arrival of his company here.

Lieutenant Thomas W. Hammond, battalion quartermaster and commissary, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., Department Rifle Range, Point Bonita, has been granted leave of absence for one month and fifteen days with permission to apply for an extension of one month.

Ensign W. Baggaley, U. S. N., is detached from the *St. Louis* and ordered to the *Kearsage*.

Midshipman T. A. Symington, U. S. N., is detached from duty on the *Kansas* and ordered to the *West Virginia*.

Frieda Hempel, the new coloratura soprano at the Royal Opera House in Berlin, carried off most of the honors in the revival of "Les Huguenots," which was stage-managed by the Kaiser and listened to by MM. Messager and Broussard, directors of the Paris Opéra, as guests of the Emperor of Germany. She is described as the possessor of a wonderful colorature and high notes that are phenomenal. Emmy Destinn disappointed the public as Valentine, but the stage management and beautiful scenery were said to offer a wonderful picture of life in old Paris.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Don't you believe in love at first sight?" "At first sight yes; but sometimes you take another look!"—*London Opinion*.

"What! Divorced already! Why, I thought they'd be linked for life." "No; Jack got time off for bad behavior."—*Puck*.

Teacher—If you are kind and polite to your playmates, what will be the result? *Scholar*—They'll think they can lick me!—*Philadelphian Inquirer*.

Chappie—Have a cigarette, old man? *Sap-leigh*—No; I don't smoke foolkillers. *Chappie*—Well, I don't blame you for refusing to take chances.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Are you satisfied with your new apartment?" "Yes, indeed; our back windows command a view of some of the most expensive lingerie I ever saw."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Doctor—I diagnose all sickness from the patient's eyes. Now, your right eye tells me that your kidneys are affected. *Patient*—Excuse me, doctor, but my right is a glass eye.—*Moody's Mogazine*.

Teacher—Who gets the wicked little boys that stay away from Sunday-School. (No answer.) *Teacher*—Come, you can tell us, Casey. *Casey*—De White Sox gits some, an' de Cubs de rest.—*The Bohemian*.

Blox—A scientist claims that mental labor is one of the chief causes of a sallow complexion and wrinkles. *Knox*—That may explain why our congressmen preserve their good looks.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Wigwag—I believe there's a tinge of insanity in all religious enthusiasts. *Hen-peckke*—Yes, take the Mormons, for instance; any man that wants more than one wife is plumb crazy.—*Philadelphia Record*.

The Mistress—What, Suzanne, going to leave me? Going to get married? This is most unexpected. *The French Maid*—Oui, madam, but eet ees not my fault. Eet was only last night zat your son proposed to me.—*Harper's Bazar*.

"Yes," said the eminent physician, "we are doing much to prolong human life." "I'm glad to hear it," answer Mr. Sirius Barker. "By prolonging life you give a man more time and opportunity to get together the amount of your bill."—*Washington Star*.

"Norah, didn't I tell you that I wanted a pitcher of ice water the first thing in the morning?" asked Mrs. Gunson. "Yis, mum,

ye did," replied the new maid, "an' to make sure that ye'd get it th' first thing I left it in front of th' dure last night."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Visitor (in prison)—And that convict standing over yonder? *Guard*—He's a trusty. *Visitor*—Indeed! What trust was he connected with, may I ask?—*Puck*.

Mr. Lingerlong—I had a queer adventure this afternoon—*Miss de Muir* (with a swift glance at the clock)—You mean yesterday afternoon, I presume.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Professional Wanderer—Sonny, is this here town one o' them local option towns? *Boy*—Yes, sir; I guess so, sir. You can get it either at the drug store or the grocery.—*Puck*.

"Did your ancestors have a family tree, Mr. Maguire?" "Family tree is it, ma'am! One of me ancestors controlled th' intire timber privilege of the Garden of Eden."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Do you think they ever will find the North Pole?" he asked. "Find it?" she responded. "Goodness! What a question to ask me. I didn't know it was lost."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"I have been taking some moving pictures of life on your farm." "Did you ketch the hired man in motion?" "I think so." "Ah, science kin do anything these days."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Yes," said the old man, "my daughter is still studying French." "But she can't speak the language at all, can she?" remarked the friend. "She couldn't at first, but now she can speak it just enough to make herself unintelligible."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Local Oracle—Well, gents, it's like this 'ere. There's things as is, and there's things as isn't; and there's some things as neither is nor isn't. And, to my thinking, this 'ere noo regulation o' the parish council comes somewhere between the last two.—*Punch*.

Mrs. Van Stoo—Where were you so late last night? *Mr. Von Stoo*—I—er—why, I was addressing a political meeting, my dear. *Mrs. Von Stoo*—Ah, indeed? And did you have a full house, may I ask? *Mr. Von Stoo* (obscurely)—Once, but the other fellow held fours.—*Cleveland Leader*.

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Merion.....May 16 Haverford....June 6
Friesland.....May 30 Westernland....June 13

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Teutonic.....May 13 Majestic.....May 27
Adriatic.....May 20 Oceanic.....June 3

BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
Cymric.....May 23 Republic.....June 3

New York—Azores—Mediterranean

Cretic.....June 20
Romanic.....July 3

Boston—Azores—Mediterranean

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S. S. Tenyo Maru (via Manila).....
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1:45 P	9:45 A	11:46 A	1:40 P
	10:45 A	1:48 P	4:14 P
	11:45 A	2:45 P	
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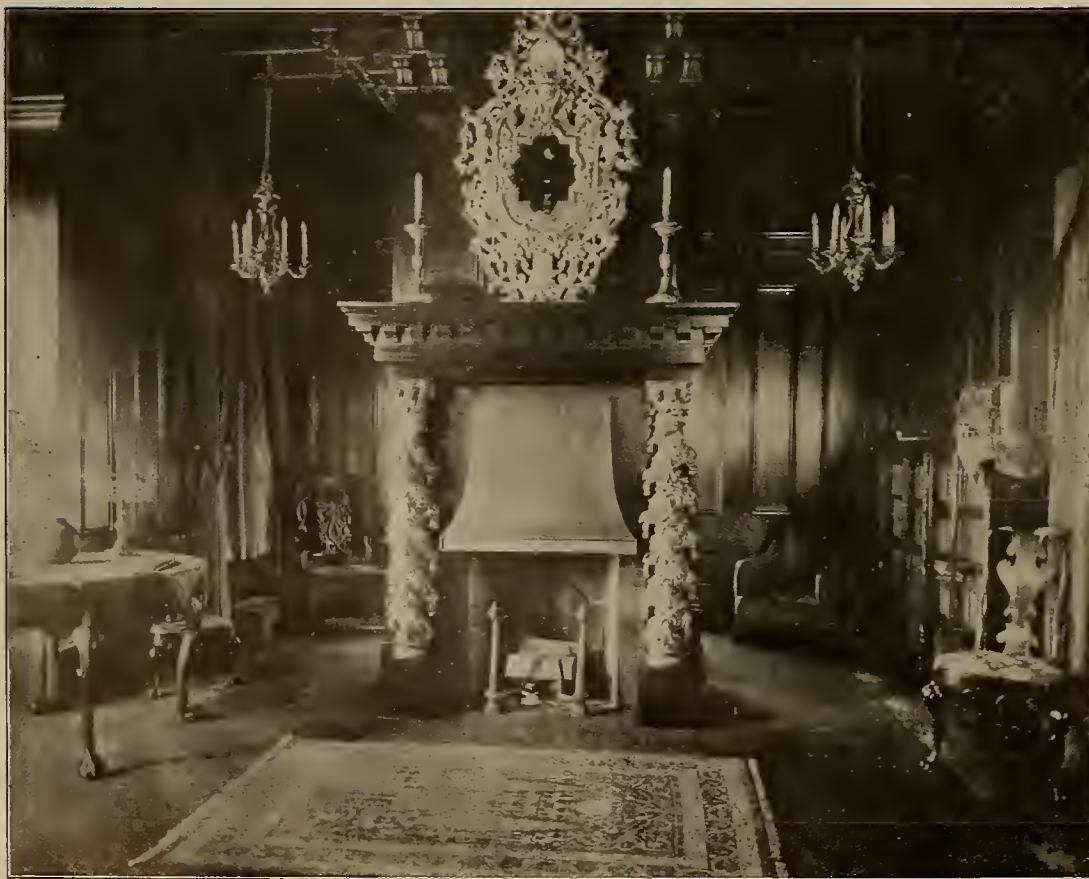
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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Bond Election.

If there be anybody to doubt the spirit and the self-confidence of San Francisco, her ambition or her willingness to accept responsibilities, he will do well to study the returns of Monday's bond election. Six proposals were presented to the citizenship of the city: (1) for an auxiliary water system for fire protection calling for \$5,200,000; (2) extension of sewer system calling for \$4,000,000; (3) for new school-houses, \$5,000,000; (4) for hospitals, \$2,000,000; (5) for Hall of Justice and county building, \$1,000,000; (6) for garbage incinerating plant, \$1,000,000. In total, these several items foot up \$18,200,000—a great sum but one within a safe limit of municipal indebtedness. Under the charter two-thirds of the vote cast was required in each instance. The total vote was 23,550, the auxiliary water system leading with 21,488 for, as against 1635 in the negative. At the foot of the list the garbage incinerating proposal received 20,653 favoring votes as against 2415 opposed.

This result is of course highly gratifying to every friend of development and progress. It means that San Francisco is to provide herself with the essentials and conveniences of advanced municipal life as never

before. Incidentally it exhibits the courage and spirit of our people with their determination not merely to restore that which was lost through disaster, but to give us better things than we had before. The unanimity of the vote is part of the merit of the whole matter, for it shows concretely the splendid confidence and determination of our people.

It is to be recalled that these proposals were protested against by that special labor trust of which Mr. P. H. McCarthy is the leading spirit. Objection was made on the ground that the authorized rate of interest (5 per cent maximum) was too high. The real objection of course lay in some secret motive, probably connected with the fact that Mr. McCarthy's wishes or his personal interest had not been considered. The result is a most interesting exposition of the littleness of Mr. McCarthy's boasted influence and, incidentally, of the power of organized labor of which we hear so much. Plainly Mr. McCarthy's authority, regarded politically, is far from being the over-weening thing that he has represented it to be. The incident makes it plain that a sound and worthy public cause need not suffer discouragement because a blatant labor agitator insolently declares that "I and my men" are against it. Los Angeles discovered long ago that there are no real terrors in the bluster of that noisy coterie which everywhere assumes to "control" the votes of organized labor. In the immediate instance we see very plainly that even in San Francisco blatant unionism is merely a barking dog with no power to bite.

The Coming of the Fleet.

The week which closes as we write on Wednesday morning has been one unsurpassed certainly, and perhaps unmatched in the history of San Francisco for its splendors and its inspirations. The supreme event—the entrance of the Atlantic fleet through the Golden Gate into the harbor of San Francisco—was a thing to charm the eye and to stir the imagination. But there was in it more than this. It marked the fruition of things nobly conceived by our fathers, the founders of American life in the Pacific world. It asserted to a million minds with new emphasis the might and the dignities of national character. It marked the recognition of larger responsibilities and broader aims in the world's civilization on the part of the United States of America. No pen may describe the spectacle, for its magnitude and its glory lay less in things to be seen of the eye than in things to be seen of the mind and the spirit.

The visit of the fleet to San Francisco comes as the first universally joyous event since the disaster of two years ago. Every other circumstance of the intervening time large enough to command general attention has tended to our grief rather than to our happiness. We have been immersed, so to speak, in distresses; and as we have struggled through material troubles, through wreck and ashes, through loss of fortune, through strikes, through the blight of graft, through that other blight of anti-graft, and through the ten thousand minor ills which have come in the train of these things, it has seemed at times as if we should never again see a return of old and blithe conditions as we had them in other days. But the coming of the fleet has given us even in the midst of the half-restored wreck of our city a revival of the old mood. It has introduced new San Francisco to old San Francisco. As a community San Francisco has been born again—and in the old likeness. There were, we suspect, few to mingle with the holiday crowds of last Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday—populous and brilliant beyond all precedent—who did not feel the inspiration of delicious memories, who did not have it borne in upon a revived consciousness that in some subtle way the old town was herself again.

And it was not all imagination. For two years San Francisco has faced the most difficult conditions. Most

of what went to make life charming here took flight with or immediately after the disaster. Responsibility and duty with hope and the power to work doggedly—these alone were left us. We have worked, but in the face of unparalleled discouragements and under a stress which has covered a multitude of heads not old with the frost that never melts. In our struggles we have been told that the spirit of Old San Francisco had gone never to return. True, we have not believed it, but there is a species of faith which lies just apart from assurance and almost outside the line of hope. In our hearts we of old San Francisco have feared that the new San Francisco, splendid as we now see that it is to be, would lack something of the spirit, something of the *verve*, if we may borrow a fine word, of the old town. Nobody now feels any doubt about it. An inspiring event has brought out the old mood and the old tone; it has shown us that in spite of our losses and our sorrows we are the same people, with the old capacity for seeing and doing cheerful things and for getting out of life, when occasion gives opportunity, that which makes life better worth living here than in any other spot on the round world.

We had been told that San Francisco, for all her noble courage and her splendid achievement during the past two years, had ceased to stand in her old relationships to the Pacific Coast. Cities have grown up elsewhere, the croakers have croaked; trade has adjusted itself to new channels; those who used to come to San Francisco upon occasion as to a centre of universal interests, will never come again. To this phase of discouragement, the week has given the lie. Trains rolling into Oakland pier brought 170,000 persons to San Francisco last week. The ferry service, larger today than at any former time in our history, completely broke down on Wednesday under the pressure of crowds so vast that they could not be carried from shore to shore. Upwards of forty thousand persons came into San Francisco by the Third-and-Townsend-Street gateway during the week. Trains running on the two lines coming to San Francisco directly down the north coast were filled to the full capacity of the transportation service. On Wednesday of last week the United Railroads of San Francisco collected 642,000 cash fares, representing, including transfers and those who in the confusion were missed by the conductors, one million passengers. These figures have a tremendous import. They imply all that we have hoped and something of that concerning which we have had our doubts, that San Francisco is still to the Pacific Coast what she has always been, namely, its unquestioned social capital.

Some weeks back a famous physician, sitting at dinner next the editor of the *Argonaut*, remarked that while he was in doubt with respect to the value of some things widely regarded as essential to human health, he had no doubt at all as to the absolute need of the average and normal man for diversion. "Exercise," he said, "may harm some as it helps others, but diversion—the turning of a man's thoughts to new interests—is as essential as air or food." San Francisco during these two troubled years has gone on and ahead—doggedly on and doggedly ahead—but it has been at some cost as related to her vital reserves. We have not consciously felt the need of diversion because we have been spurred by a more immediate motive, that of rebuilding our city and of regaining its place and power in the world. Fleet week, quite apart from any conscious calculation, has given a turn to our life, has taken us out of ourselves and, by the same token, taken us back to ourselves. The necessity for brushing up our dress clothes, so to speak, for meeting our guests, for doing that which propriety and courtesy has demanded at our hands, has given to us a species of mental revival having all the spiritual value of a restful vacation. We are enjoying ourselves in the

bestowing of hospitalities as of old. We are stimulated and encouraged and restored in spirit by the events of a week unparalleled in its brilliancy and its gayeties. To San Francisco the coming of the fleet has been indeed a joyous and a beneficent thing. It marks the going out of a period of stress and sorrow; it marks, we have faith to believe, the coming in of a new era brilliant as that of old and promising a hundredfold more of those advantages which make for community welfare.

The Primary Election.

It has not been easy to get at the result of last week's primary election, because no two of our curiously impartial and veracious daily journals have agreed in their reports. The idea in each newspaper office appears to be that it is the function alike of reporters and editors to sustain the hopes and contentions of the paper, whether that policy accord with the facts or not. This method recalls the story of a servant girl who when asked by her new mistress as to her church affiliations replied: *"Why, mum, I always feels it my duty, mum, to be of the same religion as the family I'm in, mum."* Upon this principle each paper reports the result of the primary election with respect not so much to the facts as to its own wishes. And so we have had in our six daily newspapers, so-called, at least six distinct and positive interpretations of the result of the primary voting. From such analysis of the returns as we have been able to make, it appears that in San Francisco the "regulars"—that is, the faction known as the "organization" and long in control of Republican affairs—elected approximately 40 per cent of the delegates to the State convention which, among other things, is to choose delegates to the national convention. The faction known as the Lincoln-Roosevelt League elected approximately 45 per cent of the city delegation. The odd 15 per cent is made up of delegates not directly affiliated either with the organization or with the Leaguers. To determine where this element will "go" in the convention we need only to study the full returns; for it will stand with whichever faction has the majority. This is invariably the course of your politically-wise "independent." He ultimately joins whichever faction is able to give him most in exchange for his votes. The result in San Francisco, while not a triumph for the Roosevelt Leaguers, since it does not establish them in party authority either in the city or the State, is a notable circumstance in view of the political history of the city. It shows that there is a large element in the Republicanism of San Francisco which, for one reason or another or for no reason, would like a change in party methods or in party leadership. There is, of course, always such an element, but the matter may be regarded as significant when upon the basis of an agitation of only a year a "reform" movement is able to achieve a result so notable as the election of 45 per cent of a representative ticket.

Outside of San Francisco the result of the primary voting was overwhelmingly favorable to the regular organization. Even in Sacramento, the home and centre of the Pardee political cult, the regulars, headed by Grove L. Johnson, carried two districts out of three, and will send to the State convention a county delegation which will support the party organization in the ratio of two to one. This, on the whole, appears to be about the status of the case the State over. Not more than one-third of the delegates, including the San Francisco contingent, will be Leaguers. The regular organization will easily control the situation, name the officers of the convention, and dictate the platform. Gossip has it that George A. Knight is slated for the chairmanship of the convention and that Knight, with Governor Gillett, General Harrison Gray Otis of Los Angeles, and M. H. de Young of San Francisco, will be among the delegates to Chicago. On the whole, this looks like a good ticket. To be sure, it doesn't represent the immediate friendships, social or other, of the *Argonaut*, and probably the same could be said by thousands of others. But the men named are all prominent and efficient citizens with such claim upon party favor as rests upon effective party service. Nobody has ever yet suggested a better way to sustain government under the party system than to give to those who do the work of politics such honors and rewards as the system affords. Viewed theoretically, it is not ideal, but it is nevertheless the only practical way. And as a working principle it controls in politics as in business and in other human relationships.

Those who reject this principle will always have something to say on the score of political and moral idealism, but they will never be able to make head either in imposing their ideas or their authority in the field of practical political life.

We have now to consider why the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, which entered the field of State politics a year ago with large pretensions, which has been so industriously promoted and so liberally provided on the financial side—we have now to consider why this movement has not made a more brilliant showing. Here for a whole twelvemonth we have been assured day by day not only by the newspaper organs of the movement but by a group of notable public speakers, including no less a figure than Mr. Rudolph Spreckels's private attorney, that the League would sweep the boards completely, elect an overwhelming majority in the State convention, and make itself a master of party affairs. Why is there such a discrepancy between the brag and the performance? The conditions for a new movement in party affairs seemed propitious. The old organization which had long carried the responsibilities of party administration, had naturally run counter to the interests and the wishes of many party elements. Again, the tendencies of the time have suggested re-arrangements and re-alignments in political as in other affairs. Our local troubles, pressing heavily as they have at many points, have gone to promote a state of mind which turns not unnaturally to new deals in politics as in other things. There had, too, looking over a course of years, been circumstances in connection with the party administration which even the most conservative party man could not regard other than critically. The atmosphere was distinctly favorable to change—to reform, if that word may be thought to have a pleasanter sound. The Lincoln-Roosevelt League entered our State politics upon a situation so extraordinarily favorable in its tendencies and influences that there is indeed room to wonder why its success has not more nearly accorded with its plans and pretensions.

In the first place the movement lacked the kind of leadership which commands respect. It is denied vehemently by those who would seem to have the right to speak for it that originally it represented the disappointment and chagrin of ex-Governor Pardee. But it certainly seemed to be founded upon this rather unstable basis. Pardee may not have originated the idea, but he was certainly consulted in the initial movements and was seriously regarded to the extent of saying who should and who should not be invited to attend the caucuses which preceded the organization of the League. When a little later it was discovered that Pardee and Pardeeism were burdens too heavy to be carried comfortably, his disgruntled ex-excellency was put to the rear, but this came too late to relieve the movement of an incubus impossible to be carried successfully. All men despise a bad loser, a disgruntled complainer and sulker. Old-womanism by the domestic fireside is one of the sweetest things in this rough world, but there is no place for it in politics. Nobody ever wants to see anybody's sore toe; nobody has any sympathy for one who, losing in a game ardently played, makes betrayal of his griefs and vanities by sulking and whining. If Pardee upon his failure at Santa Cruz had acted like a man instead of like a child, he would, though defeated, have grown in political respect; and he would inevitably have stood as a large and admired figure in State politics. But by his petulance, his resentment, and his littleness, he lost consideration with everybody whose good-will in politics is of any account. The League tried, as we have said, to put him to the rear, but it could not be done. In the common view the reform movement was identified with Pardeeism and it lost immeasurably by it.

But this was not the only misfortune of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League. Its espousal by Rudolph Spreckels, a man of no politics, of no political standards, a mere moneybag who had already betrayed an insatiate ambition for personal power to be used like his horse or his dog for his own private pleasure, was not fortunate. To be sure, it gave the movement the handy commodity of ready money, but it cost heavily at the point of party consideration. Nor did the endorsement of Mr. F. J. Heney, a Democrat, and of Mr. Lincoln Steffens, a man of no party, contribute to the enchantment of men who had long stood in the party ranks not for the sake of rewards or in the promotion of a personal "career," but as a means of enforcing the rule of certain fixed political and moral ideas. The activities of young Mr. Dixon under a financial arrangement with a Los

Angeles newspaper was not edifying; nor did the rank and file of the party take very seriously the impassioned outpourings of that very excellent young man from Fresno, Mr. Chester Rowell, who brings into the political arena not only the fervor of an honest mind but the propensities and mental habits of the school-master.

A fatal deficiency of this movement was that it lacked men in whom the party could place confidence at the point of capacity for making party policies and administering party affairs. Upon the basis of that "atmosphere" to which we have already referred, one really strong champion with a few concrete facts in his wallet, might have carried the day for the Roosevelt League. But there was no such champion—and if there were facts of a kind to support a movement of the pretensions and scope of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, they were not developed in the campaign.

What the average party man insists upon at the hands of those who manage party affairs is that the functions which the party assumes shall be carried capably. He wants to see fairness in conventions; he wants to see decency in legislation; he wants to see dignity and honesty in administration; he wants to see the functions of the State maintained, and he wants the tax rate to be kept down. Your average party man cares little or nothing at all about the personal disappointments of leading political figures; he is for the nominee when the convention adjourns and he is for the party when the party meets its general obligations. Now, in all the course of a campaign which has been actively in operation for nearly a year, the Republican organization in California has not been assailed successfully at any of these points. There was no charge, at least none large enough or effective enough to make any impression, against the general efficiency of the organization as a political force. In the sphere of legislation there was nothing to be said, because the legislation of recent years has generally been competent and fair. There is no law on the statute book, carried into force through the urgency of party authority, which could be held up as a mark of arbitrary and partial practice. There have been no scandals in the general administration of State affairs. Those who have sought to turn the party's support away from the established party organization have not been able to point to extravagances or delinquencies. Not even the warmest supporter of Pardee has been able to put a finger upon any one concrete fact tending to the discredit of the present State administration or of the regular party forces which lie behind it.

In short, the League movement had neither effective leadership nor a real "issue." All that could be done for it was to go up and down the State with money liberally provided by the "higher-ups" of reform, preaching generalities without the emphasis of high personal responsibility or the power of moral appeal. It was a movement weak at every point excepting that of opportunity. It has failed because it had no claims upon party support—it presented no champion tending to inspire confidence; it presented no argument tending to enforce the need of party revolution.

Every party organization must now and again meet with opposition. There will always be those who, for one personal reason or another, are unhappy and disgruntled; there will always be those critical of whatever is successful and in which they have no part; there will always be those to champion the cause of an impractical idealism. Any party organization must expect to meet factional opposition of this sort. But, speaking broadly, an organization which will be fair in its general operations, which will see to it that no vicious legislation gets on the statute books, and which will sustain a general administration free from extravagances or scandal—such a party organization can commonly count on a sufficient support. The vital question relates to the character of the government which the party promotes. If the influences of party sustain good government, then the party organization is pretty certain to command party respect with continuance of its mandate.

Better Pay for the Army.

It is gratifying to note that after many delays and failures Congress has at last granted a substantial increase in the pay of the personnel of the army. Under the new schedule the salary of major-generals will be \$8000 per year, brigadier-generals \$6000, colonels \$4000, lieutenant-colonels \$3500, majors \$3000,

captains \$2400, first lieutenants \$2000, second lieutenants \$1700, and cadets \$600. When it is considered that for each five years of service up to the point of 30 per cent of his fixed pay, each officer is allowed a 5 per cent "fogie," these figures become reasonable, even if not liberal. This increase will at least do something towards maintaining the official organization of the army upon its traditional basis. The increase in pay has come none too soon, since with the general advance in the cost of living and under the special requirements imposed by Philippine service, the average army officer—all at least who have failed to marry rich wives—have had a mighty hard time of it.

A Tedious Game.

On the broad theory that each day brings us nearer to the end of the world, we may believe that progress is being made in the Ruef trial. There is, however, no immediate indication of getting ahead. Every possible expedient tending to delay is employed by the defense, which is manifestly fearful of the result; and while the prosecution would no doubt be glad to expedite the procedure, it seems powerless to do it. A judge who felt a little surer of himself might make the game move faster, but Judge Dooley being cautious, not to say timid, is letting the lawyers have pretty much their own way.

In so far as the lay mind may judge, the testimony connecting Ruef with the crime of bribery is straight and direct. The trouble is that, over and above all else, there hovers the ghost of that famous (likewise infamous) immunity contract. The incriminating evidence comes from witnesses who participated in the crime and who have been bribed to give testimony by grants of immunity. Ruef himself was granted immunity, but the pledge was withdrawn because he would not give the kind of testimony against others which the prosecution desired. The case is prejudiced in Ruef's favor by the manifest fact that while he is now being proceeded against nominally for his crimes, the real motive is to "punish" him for not "coming through" as the prosecution desired. Motives, to be sure, do not alter facts, but they do tend to influence the minds of men—jurors as well as men in general.

If the case stood fairly on its merits—that is to say, if there had been no contract of immunity, no jugglery, no attempt to cajole or suborn the defendant into coöperation with the prosecution, there would, we think, be no question as to the result. We have not the first doubt that if the prosecution could have entered upon this special trial without prejudice as to past motives and past conduct, it might easily and speedily have won a conviction. The man proceeded against is manifestly and grossly guilty; the difficulty is that those who are proceeding against him have not come into court with clean hands. And it is this last named fact that involves the outcome in doubt. Wishing as the *Argonaut* does to see this gross scoundrel punished to the limit of the law, we are nevertheless fearful that this result will not come about owing to the circumstances of discredit in which the prosecution has become involved, not by accident, but through a combination of malice, stupidity, folly, and quasi-criminality.

In the meantime the general public grows weary of disgust of this whole wretched business. From the beginning the public has wished to see the organizers and promoters of the graft game punished. It deeply resented the "policy" under which immunity was given to Ruef and the supervisors, all notoriously and grossly guilty, as a means of "getting" certain other persons against whom the prosecuting agents held personal grudge. The public has never regarded Mr. Rudolph Spreckels or Mr. James D. Phelan or Mr. Francis J. Heney as competent to strike out new paths in the field of moral philosophy. The public has never consented that these men had the right, because they had illegitimately gotten control of the district attorney's office, to enforce whimsical notions of their own. The public has never respected their ridiculous "moral theory" nor in any sense justified them in it.

Today the public, wearied beyond words with this whole business, would like to see the leading scoundrels in the graft game, above all Ruef and Schmitz, sent over to San Quentin for their crimes. Thus far public sentiment will go cordially with the prosecution if now it can readjust itself to a policy which ought to have animated it from the start. But the public will not support the prosecution in a malicious effort to "get" certain men, men whose wrongdoing, serious though it may have been, was not without mitigating

circumstances and who have already been severely punished. If the prosecution now wants to put itself in line with public sentiment, if it wants to save the shreds of its moral credit, it would do well to readjust its plans upon the lines here suggested.

Let us remind the gentlemen of the prosecution that they would have done well this year and a half past to have heeded the counsels of the *Argonaut*. Each of their failures was foretold them in these columns again and again. Now they would do well to accept a counsel which points to the one path open to them if they would save their movement from complete collapse legally and morally.

Upton Sinclair's Joke.

There is a certain good-natured and inexhaustible curiosity about the American people that leads them to tolerate a form of literature, if it may be so called, that in some other countries would meet with shorter shrift. Some one, it may be assumed, reads the social stories of Mr. Jack London and Mr. Upton Sinclair as they take their respective turns before an audience that is deadly tired of them and almost too bored to say so. But it is to be feared that most of their readers are to be found in other countries, where a censorious and perhaps a pharasaical spirit is wholly unaware of the facts and is ready to accept anything that is sensational enough and spiteful enough.

When Mr. Sinclair wrote "The Jungle" he was rewarded by a certain generous recognition of the virtues of a style so brutally direct as to arrest the public attention. Choosing the convenient form of fiction, he felt himself to be entirely unrestrained by fact. Plunging into a carnival of imagination, innuendo, and suggestion, he provided just that substratum of truth that Tennyson tells us is essential to the most dangerous form of mendacity. He happened to catch his public in a suspicious and irritable mood and so rode triumphantly into his literary port upon a wave of reform of which he thought himself to be the director. There was never a man more suddenly and completely ruined by applause. If faint praise can damn, overpraise can do it far more effectually, and Mr. Sinclair conceived the fatal project of reforming New York even as he supposed that he had reformed Chicago.

His new book, "The Metropolis," is the result. It is said, somewhat plausibly, that in order to procure the necessary material for the venture, Mr. Sinclair hired himself out as a servant in one of the wealthy families at Newport, but the book itself contains no evidence of such a venture. Had Mr. Sinclair indeed been behind the scenes, in the butler's pantry, or eavesdropping on the backstairs, we might expect some little flicker of originality, some little revelation of the unknown. Even a cub reporter could hardly miss the opportunities presented by possible tender confidences with the lady's maid or intimate associations with the footman. But we look in vain for the domestic disclosures of "high life" with which we occasionally occupy those moments of vacuity that may come even to the best ordered minds. Mr. Sinclair resorted to no such expedient. He simply read the Sunday supplements of the New York yellow newspapers and reproduced a selection from them, but without the illustrations that warn us so effectively to turn the page as rapidly as possible.

There is no practical plot in this extraordinary effusion. A young Southerner comes to New York and becomes a parasite upon the idle rich. After a time he is followed by his elder brother, who is very much like the good boy in the Sunday-school books. He has never even heard of corruption, or luxury, or the silly doings of silly rich people, and his initiation into the fast and worthless life of the little section that it suits Mr. Sinclair to identify with the vast metropolis so appals him that he abandons it all in favor of some way "to earn an honest living." This is the slender thread created for no other purpose than to string upon it a wearisome succession of incidents about monkey dinners, and girls in pies, descriptions of haberdashery, millinery, jewelry, dinners, pictures, bathtubs, houses, furs, and lingerie. Of course, a fashionable married woman makes fast and furious love to this poor innocent from the virtuous country. The story would have been incomplete without some such occurrence; it serves to fill in and complete a riotous picture of vicious self-indulgence in which gratification knows no bar except physical endurance.

Now, if Mr. Sinclair had produced a work of genuine literary excellence it would be easy to forgive his extravagances, but he has done nothing of the sort. When we read the exuberances of Zola, the splendid elaborations of Dumas, with material similar to that

of Mr. Sinclair, we realize the pitiful poverty with which the latter has dressed his picture. But even Zola never had the audacity to label a whole metropolis with the social vices of a selected few, to paint a hateful and a false picture of an insignificant minority and to describe it as representing four millions of people. No wonder that foreign critics should be bewildered or that the *Illustrated London News*, for example, should compare the New York of Mr. Sinclair with the Carthage of two thousand years ago. When this sort of offal is presented to us by the Sunday supplements we take it as from whence it comes and in the merciful attenuation of weekly doses. But to ask us to receive it in bulk, in book form, and without the enlivening illustrations, makes us regret the injudicious applause of an earlier and somewhat abler effort that so fatally stimulated Mr. Sinclair to play the game again! As fiction Mr. Sinclair's book, like Mr. London's book, is beneath contempt. As sociology it is vitiated by bad temper, bad judgment, and a superficiality of vision that is so marked as to seem intentional. There are too many of such books, too much of such writings, and it requires no effort of self-denial to leave them unread.

Editorial Notes.

Another "hotel horror" is reported from Fort Wayne, Indiana, directly involving the "wiping out" of ten lives with the maiming and wounding of many other victims. As usual, the fault was due to too limited means of egress from a populous building. We have in this instance on a reduced scale the same kind of dereliction that resulted recently in the death of some scores of children in a school-house near Cleveland, Ohio. These incidents go to illustrate a deficiency widespread throughout the United States. Neither our hotel, our school, nor our office architecture is sufficiently regardful of hazard to human life. We pack hundreds and even thousands of persons into buildings with no adequate means of fire escape, trusting to luck for safety against disaster. Some three or four years ago the country got a tremendous scare through the Iroquois Theatre disaster at Chicago, and for a few months there was close scrutiny of theatre and audience rooms the country over. But today we are practically back on the old basis, trusting to luck as if we had not learned again and again through dire experiences that luck is not worthy of trust. Here in San Francisco we are making over a great city. Furthermore, we need only to look back over the history of the past fifty years—or let us say the past two years—to show us that we live in a region of special hazard. It especially behooves us to make our schools, our theatres, our hotels as nearly immune as possible with respect to dangers which are ever present.

We are not sure the people of Texas—or of the whole country for that matter—are to be congratulated upon the thin coat of whitewash with which after a good deal of effort Senator Bailey has been able to redress himself. So narrow a majority as ten thousand in a State as big as Texas may carry a man through, but—just barely. Texas is to be congratulated, however, upon a practice in her politics which requires a man against whom a question has been raised, no matter how highly placed, to submit himself to popular scrutiny and review. A similar system all over the country would go far towards reviving the moral prestige of the United States Senate.

Now we have it that there is wide criticism in diplomatic circles because Ambassador Francis has re-leased a house which for a considerable period has been occupied as the American Embassy at Vienna to the Japanese Legation. Even at Washington, we are told, Mr. Francis is thought to have done a rather shabby thing. It would seem that this criticism is hardly justifiable in view of the fact that the United States makes no provision for its legations in foreign countries, leaving each representative in turn to set up his own establishment and to maintain it at his own cost. The fact that Ambassador Francis has re-leased his Vienna house is purely a personal and private matter, concerning which nobody has any right to be critical much less censorious. To be sure, it is hardly creditable that the American ambassador at Vienna has given up his house; but by the same token it is not creditable that the government does not own a house at Vienna which no individual ambassador would have the right to give up. It can not be said too often that our diplomatic service at Vienna and elsewhere stands upon a basis absolutely wrong. By making no provision for the

housing of our representatives and by paying them salaries so inadequate to the style of living necessary to be maintained, we restrict absolutely the higher diplomatic appointments to men of wealth. It has been wittily and truly declared that our foreign service is one calling for a property qualification. Time, we trust, will remedy this fault, but in the particular case time moves slowly towards the accomplishment of its ends.

An incidental development, connected with the coming of the fleet, is the fact that it has taught certain communities which we may not ungraciously call subordinate to get a line on their precise status as related to San Francisco. Let it be noted that San Francisco was not the first place visited by the fleet nor the second nor yet the third or the fourth. But—when it came to seeing the fleet, it was to San Francisco that the whole Pacific world flocked. The incident is perhaps of no great moment, but it does serve to illustrate the very interesting fact that San Francisco, in spite of her losses and troubles, none the less holds her place as the unquestioned centre of the Pacific world.

The Pope having declined to grant the dispensation required under the rules of the Roman church for the marriage of Anna Gould to her latest foreign pick-up, the latter—who calls himself a "prince" in a country which has acknowledged no prince for many years, is reported to have "renounced his faith" for the purpose of getting into relations with the Gould millions. If we are to believe so much as the tenth part of what the gossips tell us about this precious specimen of an obsolete aristocracy, we must conclude that the abandonment of his "faith" was a tremendous wrench to a set of deeply-wrought sensibilities.

The Glasgow *Herald* asserts that after his first heart seizure on November 13 last the late British premier, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, was warned by his physicians that a recurrence would be fatal to him. The story is that Sir Henry asked his doctor to tell him frankly how he might expect to live. The reply was: "If you live restfully, and give up your public duties, perhaps six or seven years." "And if I remain in public life?" "I fear, not more than two." "Then I will remain where I am," said Sir Henry.

The Bank of New York on the 23d of last month celebrated the one hundred and tenth anniversary of its removal to the present location, 48 Wall Street. The bank first began business on June 9, 1784, and is the oldest one in the State. In 1864 the institution took out a national charter, but retained its name. When it agreed to become a national bank, it was as "The Bank of New York National Banking Association," by which it has since been known. The institution played an important part in the commercial world during the reconstruction period after the Revolutionary War, and had among its officials some of the most prominent financiers of the day, including Alexander Hamilton, who served two years as a director.

A strong recommendation for the appointment of an officer to be known as the "Chief of Cavalry" has been made by a commission of cavalry officers attached to the army staff college. It is argued that the chief should be a member of the general staff, and head of the committee considering questions relating to the cavalry, having power to inspect that branch of the service to determine where the standards of efficiency recommended may be maintained. The committee says that nearly every civilized nation has a cavalry official with powers and duties similar to those outlined above, and expresses the belief that the practice of those nations is ample warrant for the establishment of a similar office in the American army.

The first woman to practice law in this country was Margaret Brent. Lord Baltimore, then governor of Maryland, asked the legislature that she be appointed executor of her relatives' estate. One of the learned members said that it were better that the estate be lost than a woman appear to make an argument before them. Margaret Brent, however, won her case. A few years after the Civil War, when Mrs. Carrie B. Kilgore applied for admission to the law department of the University of Pennsylvania, she was told by the then dean that "when niggers and women are admitted to the law school he would resign."

Representative Leake of New Jersey says that the nomination of John A. Johnson of Minnesota would afford an opportunity to present clearly to the people the issue of the Democratic party. He would carry States in the Northwest which Bryan can not possibly swing. He would poll more votes in the South than Mr. Bryan.

Petrolum has been found in the Boonah district of Queensland, Australia.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

This is Dr. Albert Shaw's view of Democratic goings-on and prospects in the Empire State:

The New York State Democratic Convention was run on the bear-garden plan, with large hordes of policemen present to keep the riot from developing into wholesale massacre. The result of the convention was to establish the ascendancy of Mr. Murphy, the head of Tammany Hall, not merely in the metropolis, but throughout the State. Mr. Murphy's chief lieutenant is Mr. Conners of Buffalo, a politician of like origin and method. The victory of Tammany was marked by the exclusion from the convention of State Senator McCarren, who has heretofore been the leader of the Democracy of Brooklyn. The convention was managed adversely to the interests of Mr. Bryan. Judged by standards of decency, this convention may be said to have marked the lowest ebb that the Democracy of the great State of New York has ever reached. There was a very good fighting chance for Democratic victory in New York this year. But under Murphy's leadership the party's chances are not much better than its deserts.

From a long article in the current number of the *Review of Reviews* is taken this suggestive view of one of the three political parties that seem to be the personal property of three newspaper men:

It appears now that Mr. Hearst's party will call a national convention in Chicago in the latter part of July. The exact date has not been set. But it has been authoritatively stated that the action of this convention will depend largely upon the nominations made by the Democratic and the Republican parties. It is asserted that organizations have been established for the Hearst party in twenty-four States. If any of these organizations are managed by anybody not drawing a salary from Mr. William Randolph Hearst, they will be an exception to the general rule. . . . Mr. Hearst has not said that his papers will force an Independence League candidate, and as a matter of fact there is no candidate save Mr. Hearst himself who on that ticket would create a ripple on the political sea of the nation. To those who know him best it seems improbable that Mr. Hearst would be a candidate, and impossible that he would wreck the growing prosperity of his newspapers and his telegraphic news service by throwing the strength of both to an utterly hopeless presidential candidacy designed only to break down the Democratic party, which has served his papers as well as they have served it, and with the futile idea of building up a new party in years to come.

Hearst the business man will not holt. Hearst the journalist will consider the position of his papers. What Hearst the politician, advised by men in his employ who have their own axes to grind, may do is another question. But those who know best think that the business man will predominate.

Pennsylvania will send an uninstructed delegation to the Democratic National Convention. This is the forecast of a State leader in close touch with the present situation. He also made the prediction that the reactionaries opposing Bryan's nomination would ultimately agree upon Governor Johnson as the strongest man to centre their forces upon, in the conference of Middle and Southern State leaders, which will be held before the Denver convention assemblies on July 6. The *Philadelphia Ledger* says:

The list of States claimed by the anti-Bryan men, all to send uninstructed delegates, is as follows: Pennsylvania, 68; New York, 78; Maryland, 16; New Jersey, 24; Massachusetts, 32; Virginia, 24; South Carolina, 18; North Carolina, 24; West Virginia, 14; Georgia, 26; Louisiana, 18. Total, 342. Delegates in national convention, 1008. Necessary to choice, 672.

New York, New Jersey, and South Carolina have already declared for uninstructed delegations. Minnesota's delegates are instructed for Johnson.

The New York *Evening Post* says that President Roosevelt's friends in Washington are denying, with a show of indignation, that he is exerting himself in any way to choose a Vice-President as well as a President:

Having forced a presidential candidate upon his party, he is "not even discussing the merits or demerits" of the various suggested "running mates." But is this safe? Can the convention be trusted to select a Vice-President who will be certainly not a reactionary? With all the certificates that Mr. Roosevelt can give Mr. Taft, he can not give him one of immortality; so ought not his far-sighted plans to cover the possible succession of the Vice-President? We decidedly think so. Indeed, we would go further, and gladly have the President arrange in advance for the naming of every man who may, by the law of presidential succession, accede to the presidency. It is a mistake to leave such matters to chance, or to the impulses of fallible Republican delegates.

Leslie's Weekly tells us something interesting about the arrangements, now well under way, for what promises to be the largest and most representative gathering in the history of the Republican party:

The convention hall, the seating capacity of which is among the largest in the country, is already in the hands of a competent architect, who will arrange the interior of the building according to a specially designed plan. In this way the hall can be made to accommodate without any inconvenience three thousand persons more than it did four years ago, thus making the seating capacity, including the gallery, a little over eleven thousand. Several thousand hedges are to be selected and designs for these have been submitted; there is printing of various kinds, decorations, music, and an endless chain of small matters to be looked after, to say nothing of the demand for tickets, which has already commenced. While the greater part of this work must be done by Mr. Stone, he is in frequent communication with Chairman New and Secretary Dover of the national committee, and the harmony in which the three gentlemen are working insures the success of the convention arrangement.

The sergeant-at-arms has already selected three men who are to be his chief assistants aside from his corps of assistant sergeants-at-arms. Mr. Philip Trueheart of Baltimore is named as his private secretary. Mr. Trueheart is a young man of agreeable manners, possessed of the requisite tact and firmness to handle with success the delicate problems that will confront one in his position, enabling him to relieve the sergeant-at-arms of many embarrassing situations without giving offense or creating the impression of partiality. Mr. Stephen R. Mason, also of Baltimore, will act as chief door-keeper. While Mr. Mason is a warm personal and political friend of Mr. Stone, his selection was due mainly to his preëminent fitness for the place. The duties of chief door-keeper are next to those of the sergeant-at-arms himself—the most arduous and responsible of any connected with the running of the convention. His long and successful career has brought Mr. Mason in contact with the people in political life and has given him a thorough knowledge of men. He will go to Chicago the latter part of May. Mr. Mason will have

under him nearly two hundred assistants, each receiving \$5 per day. These men will be selected with great care, and then organized and disciplined so as to allow no confusion or overcrowding. Mr. Lee Hechinger of East Orange, New Jersey, will again be the chief clerk—a position which he filled with ability four years ago.

The anti-Bryan State leaders confidently announce that the Middle and Southern States, with some from the West, will send more than a third of the body of uninstructed delegates to Denver:

In other words, these men, who believe that Bryan would bring a third disaster upon the party, say that there exists a very strong possibility that a controlling opposition—that is, more than one-third of the 1008 delegates—will go to the national convention with fairly open minds, not irrevocably committed to any man's candidacy. The reactionaries plan to agree upon their candidate after a consultation before the convention, to the end that the party may have as its nominee a candidate who shall be the unanimous choice of the delegates.

If Bryan is unsuccessful the convention will be unable to select a candidate against his opposition. That is the opinion held by influential leaders in the State. One of them made the statement that Judge Gray, because of his forcible and long-continued opposition to Bryan, was therefore a weak candidate before the convention. Bryan's enmity to Gray, this leader asserted, was almost an insurmountable obstacle to Gray's nomination. He also said that Gray was the type of man the Democracy now demanded to cement all factions, and should Bryan be high enough to place his own interests below that of his party Gray would figure in the convention.

Because of this element of weakness in Gray's presidential armor and his own indifference as emphasized in his announcement in Chicago on Saturday, it is believed that the anti-Bryan faction will ultimately centre upon Governor Johnson. Johnson could not be opposed for any party reasons by Bryan. The prediction of the Guffey leader that Pennsylvania would finally go over to Johnson, coupled with the Johnson movement recently organized in Philadelphia by men not unfriendly to Guffey, gives color to the report that the anti-Bryan movement is preparing to turn its uninstructed delegates over to the governor of Minnesota in the Denver convention.

Teetotalers have been roughly shocked by the publication of the government analyses of so-called temperance drinks, which show an astonishing percentage of alcohol in certain favorite teetotal beverages. The liquor laws make drinks containing more than 2 per cent of alcohol taxable as intoxicants, but of 4147 samples of temperance drinks tested in the last four years no fewer than 3098 exceeded the limit. In a majority of cases the excess was slight, but in several of the samples as much as 8 per cent of alcohol was found, while in a few 9 and 10 per cent was revealed. One sample of a mysterious decoction called dandelion stout contained 12.3 per cent. The chief offending drinks were ginger beer and herb beer. Many samples of these were found to be as intoxicating as claret or hock, while others contained as much alcohol as beer. The temperance advocates were startled to learn that a child drinking a pint of some of the teetotal beverages consumes more alcohol than is contained in half a pint of champagne.

Secretary Taft's visit to Hongkong was celebrated by the building of a special chair of state for the august visitor and the specifications furnished to the chairmaker proves that the Chinese are indeed a practical people. The specification says of the chair: "It shall be reinforced at all weak points. The crossbars over the shoulders of the coolies shall be strengthened with metal. The shafts shall be of double diameter. The body itself shall be of eventful width and adhered to the shafts not merely by the traditional bonds but by ropes. Red cloth shall adorn the seat of the chair and gleaming brass look defiantly out on the admiring bystanders to a point that unconsciously, foks amahs and dealers in rice, firecrackers, and jade shall say: 'Certainly this nation of the open door that has so long befriended the middle kingdom is a great power.' Borne by six coolies, the spectacle shall long linger in the Oriental mind."

The Pope recently entertained the members of the Sacred College with the recital of how a certain gold coin had been given to him as a jubilee gift by the diocese of Acqui. This coin was discovered in 1898, while excavations were being made for the foundation of a new church at Acqui. Upon examination it was found to be the only coin in existence of the period of Innocent IX. The diocese of Acqui was unable to pay the architect who had drawn the plans for the new church, so it gave him the coin with the understanding that if he sold it for more than \$1200, the amount of his bill, the surplus should be returned to the diocese. Later the clergy collected the \$1200, bought the coin, and presented it to the Pope. This coin was the only one lacking to make complete the Vatican collection of coins issued under all the Popes.

"Fine old Spanish emeralds" is a phrase which means something quite different from what it seems to imply. There never was an emerald mined in Spain, but after the conquest of Peru the conquerors brought home great quantities of loot, of which emeralds formed an important part. In this way the finest emeralds came into possession of the old Spanish families, and as very few had been seen in Europe previous to that time all the best stones soon became classed as fine old Spanish emeralds. Today the expression still applies to the best emeralds of any source.

The *Philadelphia Press*, an administration organ, gives half a dozen reasons why Secretary Taft should resign, and resign now instead of waiting until nominated for the presidency. One reason alone is sufficient. It is that the office he holds pays for the full time of its occupant and should have what it pays for.

MISS JEAN REID TO MARRY.

The Daughter of the American Ambassador Is Betrothed to the Hon. John Herbert Ward.

The event of the day, from the social point of view, is undoubtedly the betrothal of Miss Jean Reid, only daughter of Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, to the Hon. John Herbert Ward, brother of the Earl of Dudley. The formal announcement has just been made by Mrs. Reid, but that some such international *rapprochement* was in the wind has been an open secret for some little time. Since Miss Reid returned to Dorchester House from California early last month Mr. Ward has been among the most assiduous of visitors to the great historic mansion. He has been present at every social function without exception and, in addition, he has dined or lunched there every day. No particular perspicuity was needed to see the true inwardness of the situation, and the official announcement has therefore taken no one by surprise. We may assume, however, that the romance is one of short standing. Miss Reid and Mr. Ward must have met quite frequently during the last two years, but it was at Biarritz that acquaintance ripened into intimate friendship. King Edward was there and Mr. Ward was in attendance upon him as his equerry. Mr. Reid was also there with his family, and the king and the ambassador were to be seen constantly in the same automobile. Miss Reid and Mr. Ward were therefore left to amuse each other as best they could, at no time a very hard matter on the Mediterranean, but doubly easy under such circumstances. Miss Reid remained a few weeks with friends after her father's return to London, while Mr. Ward on his part had to stay with the king while the new ministry was in course of formation. Then came Mr. Reid's visit to New York and California and now there is the betrothal announcement as a culmination of a romance that every one is applauding.

American readers are hardly in need of information about Miss Reid. If I say that she is just as popular in London as in New York the causes will be readily understood. Miss Reid comes first in the little group of American girls who have given a charming vivacity to London society. There is no need to enumerate them because their names come so fast into the mind as to be a tax upon space, but the daughter of Whitelaw Reid and the grand-daughter of D. O. Mills distinctly shone even in the midst of so much brightness. She did not surrender her outdoor life when she went to England and the skill with the whip which she had gained as a member of the Ladies' Four-in-Hand Club of New York has been displayed to advantage in many a coach parade here. That Miss Reid should remain unbetrothed has seemed an anomaly to the gossips of the English metropolis, and upon two occasions at least their busy tongues have coupled Miss Reid's name with that of an English aristocrat. The first time the fortunate man was supposed to be Lord Brooke, son of the Earl of Warwick. Then it was Lord Achison, the Earl of Gosford's son. Now there is no need either to imagine or to invent, as the facts are final.

Even in London Miss Reid is probably far better known than Mr. Ward, although Mr. Ward is by no means a nonentity. He is thirty-eight years of age, a fine horseman and yachtsman, and as popular at court as he is upon the racetrack. His part in the Boer War was not a particularly conspicuous one, but he performed the duties of press censor and deputy assistant adjutant-general with a good deal of discrimination and tact, and always with geniality and courtesy. Although the Earl of Dudley is his brother he is not likely to succeed to the title, as the earl has two sons living, but he holds the Royal Victorian Order, he is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and a Commander of the Order of Isabella of Spain, of the Zaehring-Löwen of Baden, of the Crown of Prussia, of the Order of Jesus Christ of Portugal, and of the Savior of Greece. He is, in short, an aristocratic Englishman of the best type, simple, unpretentious, and loyal. He inherited about half a million dollars from his father. His mother, the Dowager Countess of Dudley, is still alive and still worthy of her reputation as one of the most beautiful women in England. The Countess of Dudley was Miss Moncrieffe and she and her sisters were famous throughout England for their beauty somewhere in the sixties. Whatever her sons may possess in the way of good looks—and the general opinion is that their inheritance in this respect is a large one—they certainly owe to their mother. While there are some who say that Lord Dudley's influence at court has waned since he became a Home Ruler, we may safely take such assertions for what they are worth, which is nothing at all. The king is the last man on earth to withdraw his liking or esteem on account of political opinions, and the Earl of Dudley is just as influential as he ever was, and is likely to remain so.

The exact date of the wedding has not yet been fixed, but it is certain to be some time during the summer. That there will be no unnecessary delay is evidenced by the fact that the day after the announcement of the engagement Mrs. Reid and Miss Reid, accompanied by Mr. Ward, started for Paris in order to plunge into a perfect maelstrom of the shopping that is necessitated upon such occasions. It is understood that they will be absent only a few days.

Public opinion in England has been unusually quick to applaud a marriage that has almost the appearance of a political alliance—at least to the eyes of the average Britisher. The American ambassador, and especially one who maintains his position with such splendor, seems to rank as next only to the President, while

Mr. Reid's intimacy with the king deepens the existing impression. The wedding festivities will certainly equal in magnificence those to which we are accustomed where the reigning houses of Europe are concerned. Nothing less is to be expected from Dorchester House.

LONDON, May 1, 1908.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Bell of Atri.

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up the bill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may"—
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place,
Beneath a roof projecting some small space,
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that, whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the king,
Would cause the syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the bappy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away.
Unraveled at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the finger's band,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild-hoar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his bounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts—
Loved, and had loved them: for at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.
He sold his horses, sold his bawls and bounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And, day by day, sat brooding in his chair
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said, "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his bead off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?
Let him go feed upon the public ways:
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by biar and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer-time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarm of the accusing bell!
The syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung,
Reiterating with persistent tone,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song,
"Some one hatb done a wrong, nath done a wrong!"

But ere he reached the beltry's night arcade,
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
"Domeneddio!" cried the syndic straight,
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The knight was called and questioned: in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny,
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the king; then said,
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh abash on foot, and begs its way:
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs, but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute,
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore, the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."
The knight withdrew abashed: the people all

Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The king beard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud, "Right well it pleaseth me!
Church bells at best but ring us to the door,
But go not in to mass. My bell doth more:
It cometh into court, and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws,
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

—H. W. Longfellow.

The great fire at Hakodate, Japan, about eighteen months ago has reduced the commercial business of that port to almost nothing, while Awamor has made sudden growth.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

It is now reported that in case he fails of the nomination himself Mr. Bryan will try to name Senator Culberson of Texas.

President Roosevelt has appointed Secretary Straus for another term of six years as one of the American members of the permanent court of arbitration at The Hague.

Rear-Admiral W. S. Schley is said to have laughed heartily when informed that he would be Secretary of the Navy in the event of Mr. Bryan's election to the presidency.

In inviting Mr. Bryan to attend the national resources conference in Washington the President describes him as one of the "six greatest Americans in private life."

New York State Republican bosses who are lined up with the "Federal crowd" are suggesting the advisability of making Secretary Cortelyou the Republican candidate for governor next fall, with Senator Horace White of Syracuse for lieutenant-governor.

Almost complete returns from the Texas State Democratic primaries give Senator J. W. Bailey and his associates as delegates to the national convention a majority of from 18,000 to 20,000 over the delegates headed by Cone Johnson. The total vote was 213,972.

Governor George E. Chamberlain of Oregon (Democrat) is to take the stump and conduct an active campaign for popular indorsement for United States senator. It is expected that H. N. Calk, who defeated Senator Fulton in the recent Republican primaries, will also take the stump in his own behalf.

In his address at Cornell University, Mayor McClellan painted the dangers of the growth of socialism abroad and said that the same tendency has here "spread broadcast the doctrine of paternalism in government" so that "we who were once the least governed of nations are in a fair way of becoming the most governed."

In a statement issued by the Taft managers in Washington it was said: "In Oregon the Republican State Committee significantly indorsed the candidacy of Secretary Taft and the Republican State Convention will instruct for him." In answer to this, S. I. Kline of the Oregon State Committee says: "The only action taken by the Republican State Committee of Oregon was to lay on the table, about three weeks ago, a resolution indorsing Taft's candidacy."

Senator Bailey so strongly resents the report that he is a millionaire that he offers to sell all his holdings in Texas except a 600-acre farm for \$1000, which he will give to charity. Mr. Bryan's self-respect was so hurt by the statement that he had an income of \$75,000 that he took pains while in New York recently to explain that it was nowhere near that figure, while Judge Gray of Delaware is said to have refused a business salary of \$200,000 on the ground that no citizen should be paid more than the President of the United States.

Harry New, chairman of the Republican National Committee, has discussed with the President the question of the temporary chairmanship of the convention. Mr. New admitted that President Roosevelt made suggestions, and it is believed in Washington that the President is anxious to have Senator Beveridge made temporary chairman. It is understood that while Mr. New may vote for Beveridge, because both are from Indiana, the members of the sub-committee have already decided to make Dolliver temporary chairman.

"I intend to retire to private life on March 4, 1909," This declaration was made by Senator Teller of Colorado. "I can foresee no contingency that will cause me to again seek election for the Senate," he continued. "I do not care to give a specific reason for my retirement, beyond the weight of years. By next March I shall have spent a little over thirty-two years at Washington, mostly as senator from Colorado. I think that is a sufficient time for me to spend in public service, and will retire." The senator declared that although about to enter his seventy-ninth year, he was in splendid health.

A correspondent of the New York World asks how the name of Secretary Taft should be pronounced. Is the "a" short, or does it have the sound of "ah"? He says: "I observe that the poetasters make it rhyme with 'aft,' 'craft,' 'shaft,' and all similar words which can only be correctly pronounced with the 'a' as 'ah,' and naturally conclude that he is Mr. Tahft. But is he? Does he pronounce it that way and are the poetasters correct in their rhyming? If he does pronounce it that way, can he ever command the vote of the millions of uncultured persons who take their 'a' as short as they can get it?"

The speech nominating Governor John A. Johnson of Minnesota for the presidency in the Democratic National Convention will be made by Representative Winfield S. Hammond of the Second Congressional District of Minnesota, who is Johnson's political "mas-cot." At the Johnson headquarters in Washington the following statement has been given out: "Governor Johnson is in the race for the presidential nomination. His friends are becoming more and more confident every day that Democratic sentiment is turning toward him. If he by any chance fails to get the presidential nomination he will not, under any circumstances, accept the vice-presidential nomination."

A VIGILANTE GIRL.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XIII.

Sophia Lucretia looked complacently around the theatre, and settled herself back in her chair, while behind her in the box Burke and Tower glared at one another.

Mrs. Lyndon looked highly amused. Yarrow caught her eye, and smiled.

"The two admirers lose no time," said he.

"No, they are promptness itself."

"I'll wager they won't be satisfied with the conventional opera visit, but that, like two country swains, each will endeavor to sit the other out."

"Yes, and to keep out others."

Yarrow lowered his voice to an undertone.

"Do you think they mean business?" he asked.

"That is more a matter for Sophia Lucretia to decide than for them. Women, you know, are scarce here; they're much more sought after than in the thickly populated older cities, so they know their value. Dreadful, isn't it, that love and marriage should be merely a question of supply and demand?"

"Shocking! It makes one's blood run cold even to think of it! But Sophia Lucretia doesn't undervalue herself—are they rich enough for her, do you think?"

"I don't know—Sophia Lucretia is very ambitious. Is Senator Burke what would be called rich, Mr. Yarrow?"

"Yes, Burke is quite wealthy; he is worth over half a million, all made in a few years. I know nothing of Judge Tower's affairs, but he is generally believed to be well-to-do."

"He has a large income from his law practice, but like most lawyers he spends it all. He is very free-handed. When lawyers die they leave little behind them as a rule. I happen to know of one, for my poor husband was a lawyer."

"Have I not heard that Judge Tower is a large owner in the mining ditch properties up in the Yuba-ville district?"

"No—he is merely agent and attorney for the ditch owners, who are capitalists living down here. Up there he is called a 'Ditch Magnate,' and gets the glory as well as the danger. For water is indispensable to the miners, and they can not get it except from the men who were far-sighted enough to construct the ditches. But they complain bitterly about the price."

"You speak of danger for the judge up there—what danger?" asked Yarrow in surprise.

"You seem to forget the primitive ideas concerning justice which are the fashion here. The advocates call it 'rude justice,' or 'the higher law.' As near as I can gather, it means that if Robinson has something which Jones wants, he goes and gets Brown, they take it away from Robinson, and then divide it. Thus, the miners up there often suggest in their simple way that if the price of water is not reduced, they will have to hang the ditch owners."

"But what if the ditch owners are all absentees?"

"Then the miners will look to the absentees' agent, and that means Judge Tower."

"The idea of any mob threatening to hang Judge Tower seems to me inconceivable!" exclaimed Yarrow.

"No one can tell what mobs will do, Mr. Yarrow, the mobs themselves least of all."

"I suppose it is the ditch business that keeps the judge away so much."

"Yes, that and politics. He is an ardent follower of Senator Wyley and a strong pro-slavery Democrat. So he is incessantly making political speeches at all the mining towns in the interior. This free-State propaganda here is exciting him very much. Sometimes we don't see him for two or three weeks."

"He is not a confirmed opera-goer, then?"

"Opera? He hates it," said Mrs. Lyndon, laughing.

"I fancy most of the Americans here are not opera enthusiasts, if they were to be frank. But this audience is half made up of foreigners, and no one can doubt their enjoyment of the opera."

"Isn't it enjoyable?—the music I mean," assented Mrs. Lyndon. "But the story of the opera is Hugoesque in the extreme. I am beginning to think it is not at all the sort of thing a young girl should bring her chaperon to hear."

Here Mrs. Lyndon looked over toward Diana with a smile. But Diana was engaged in so animated a conversation with Alden that she did not hear or heed. The conversation might be described as more than animated; it was fervid; it was almost heated. Although Alden was for the nonce intensely interested in the discussion, he could not have denied that he was greatly interested also in the young lady. Diana Wayne was nearing nineteen. Her lithe figure had the slenderness of girlhood—of a girl who had been brought up like a boy, and who had spent her life in the open air; she had not yet taken on the roundness of womanhood. But her face was that of a woman—it was a strong if mobile face, while she had the steady eyes of a cool-headed man. A firm mouth and cleft chin, showing that she had a decided will of her own, might be useful as a warning to any would-be masterful husband. But she had a frank smile, which took from her strong face any tinge of severity. Her brown hair, with a tendency toward auburn, betokened a certain vivacity of temperament. If her friends called her hair brown, her enemies certainly would have called it red. Her eyes, like her hair, were brown, and Mr.

Alden had secretly thought that they were very beautiful eyes. But when they flashed upon him in the heat of argument he was forced to admit that they were almost alarming. Mrs. Lyndon subsequently confided to Diana that they "fairly snapped at him."

"No, I see nothing dreadful in the flogging of such wretches," cried Diana hotly.

"It is not so much the flogging itself, Miss Wayne," pleaded Alden earnestly, "if that were the penalty set down in the statute books. But to my thinking it disgraces a community to permit any penalty to be inflicted outside of the law."

"The law! A fig for the law!" she exclaimed indignantly. "You would not rave over the law if you had not lived all your life in a community where everything is regulated by rule and line and where men never have a quicker pulse-beat."

"Pardon me, Miss Wayne," he began.

But Diana would not listen. "In new places, on the frontier, wherever men are building up new communities," she went on, "there will be found the best and the worst. There will be found men like my guardian, rugged, honest, and honorable. There will also be found human beasts of prey. Do you think the law can cope with them?"

"I think that the law, properly administered, would do so—yes."

"But the law is often corruptly administered, and it moves slowly. The people here have found that the officers of the law often let criminals go unpunished. That is why brave and resolute men take the law into their own hands."

"But do you not see, Miss Wayne," persisted Alden, "that if we were all to take the law into our own hands civilization would disappear and we would revert to barbarism?"

"On the contrary, I think civilization grew out of barbarism for the very reason that strong men took the law into their own hands."

"Very true; but when barbarism was conquered, they surrendered to the community the individual right of executing the law. If now they take it back, is not that a reversion to barbarism?" There was a triumphant note in Alden's voice as he made this logical speech—it showed his youth; had he been older he would have known that logic and young ladies do not always accord.

"It is a natural right—the right of self-preservation—they may reclaim it at any time," replied Diana. "Men surely have the right to protect themselves against midnight incendiaries, thieves, and assassins, like these Sidney convicts whom you pity so!"

"But how much better would it be for the constituted authorities to arrest those criminals and to punish them according to the forms of law."

"That might be better in older communities, Mr. Alden, but not here. Pardon me, but I know. I spent my childhood and girlhood on the frontier, in Texas, much of the time between the lines of two armies. When the Mexicans were beaten back to the Rio Grande, the Texans had to defend themselves against hostile Indians. Every man looked out for himself and his family. Even the women were trained to the use of arms to defend themselves. After the war there were unsettled conditions and many crimes. But for every criminal, in that country, whether white, or black, or Indian, there was a short shrift and a long rope. And yet, daughter of the Lone Star State as I am, I have nothing to blush for when I look back over the record of her rude frontier justice."

Mrs. Lyndon saw by Diana's animation and poor Alden's perturbed air that the conversation was growing somewhat too heated. So she tapped Yarrow with her fan, pointing significantly to Alden. Yarrow jumped up.

"The next act will begin in a moment, Alden," said he. "We have intruded on these ladies long enough."

"Yes," stammered Alden. "Let us go. It was very good of them to be so hospitable to us."

"I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you again, Mr. Alden," said Mrs. Lyndon.

"I should be delighted," replied Alden. "But Miss Wayne, I fear, would not join in your kind invitation," he added, ruefully.

"Why not, pray?" asked Mrs. Lyndon.

"It was all my fault," admitted Alden, penitently, "but we have almost quarreled over the Vigilantes."

"Pshaw! Is that all?" laughed Mrs. Lyndon. "People are all the time quarreling over the Vigilantes. In our small family we quarrel continually. Diana quarrels with the judge, the judge quarrels with Diana, and both of them quarrel with me."

"What I can not understand is how they contrive to quarrel with so amiable a person as you," interrupted Yarrow.

"Extraordinary, isn't it? Exactly what I tell them. But they do. Diana is an irreconcilable Vigilante, while the judge is an uncompromising Law and Order man. Me, I am an opportunist; therefore I am too conservative for Diana and too radical for the judge. If I try to agree with either separately they both of them quarrel with me jointly. So don't strike your flag, Mr. Alden. If you try to agree with Diana, you will fail, for she is an extremist. Stand by your guns."

"Mr. Alden will probably modify his views after he has been here a little while," said Diana, still a trifle heatedly, although she extended her hand to him in frank farewell.

"Most people do," remarked Mrs. Lyndon dryly. And as the door closed behind the two young men she added: "He is not exactly converted yet, but he looks like an inquirer, as they say at camp-meetings."

To the last act of the opera Alden, it must be con-

fessed, paid little heed. He was endeavoring to coerce his stubborn New England conscience—to force himself to entertain with an open mind the views so hotly supported by Miss Diana Wayne. But he had a difficult time with himself.

As he and Yarrow left the opera-house, and walked along the crowded streets, Alden said:

"Very remarkable, isn't it, that this Vigilante question should divide whole communities, political parties, and even families."

"Yes, it is a burning question. It has split the Democratic party here right in two in the middle. Nearly all the Northern men favor the Vigilantes. Nearly all the Southerners are Law and Order men."

"It strikes me as odd that the Southern men should be on the Law and Order side and against the Vigilantes."

"Why so?" inquired Yarrow.

"Well, because the South has always been noted for lynchings, illegal floggings, and all that sort of thing."

"My dear boy," replied Yarrow, "you can not take that flattering unctious to your soul. Our part of the country always led in lynching. In Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Massachusetts Bay the colonists began lynching about as soon as they began colonizing."

Alden gazed at him in surprise. "Are you jesting?" he asked.

"Not at all—I'm quite in earnest, I assure you. Although our ancestors left the old country for freedom of conscience, they would not tolerate it in others. So, when the Quakers appeared—who also wanted freedom of conscience, but with a different label—our ancestors promptly proceeded to lynch them."

"I should scarcely call that lynching," replied Alden reflectively.

"Of course you wouldn't," retorted Yarrow. "Neither did our ancestors. They called it 'disciplining for heresy.' But it meant boring holes in Quakers' tongues with red-hot irons, and as it was usually done outside of the law, what was it but lynching?"

"It was a religious persecution, I grant you," assented Alden, "but still not lynching, to my mind."

"Then what do you say to the tarring-and-feathering so frequent in New England in Colonial times? It was so common there that when the other colonies borrowed it they used to speak of it as 'the genuine Yankee lynching with tar and feathers.' This tar treatment was not applied so much for religious differences as on moral grounds. It was not uncommon for women to apply the tar and feathers for breaches of marital fidelity. Would you call that lynching?"

"Yes—perhaps so," assented Alden reluctantly, "but I don't think it was peculiar to New England, or began there."

"At least its existence there has never been denied. In fact, up to a generation ago New England was rather proud of it. Their 'Regulators' were the boast of many a rural community. They often disguised themselves as Indians. Before the band of men disguised as Indians threw the historic tea overboard in Boston Harbor, other bands bad for some time been flogging or tarring-and-feathering consignees and consumers of tea—those people, in short, who refused to obey the 'Regulators.' Wouldn't you call that lynching?"

"That was political," replied Alden, after reflecting a moment. "Politics furnishes a pretext for many indefensible acts."

"Since you have used up both politics and religion to excuse the lynchings of our New England ancestors, suppose we take some instances of ordinary crime. Did you not know that in the New England colonies there were many negroes burned alive for assaults on white women?"

"No—I never heard of it before," replied Alden.

"It is true, and it is a striking sidelight on the character of our forebears that the negroes so lynched were almost invariably free negroes. As a slave negro was a chattel, and hence valuable, it was considered wrong to burn him alive, as he would then be a dead loss to his master."

"Are you not talking of the Southern colonies?" inquired Alden in surprise.

"No, not now. No one denies that similar occurrences took place there. But there has been a tacit agreement among New England historians to omit these dark spots in the history of our colonies. Hence many of us, like you, sincerely believe that these hideous lynchings of negroes all lie at the door of the South. It is not so."

"At least they have lasted longer in the South than in New England," said Alden.

"True, but that is because negro slavery and the resultant disturbed conditions have lasted longer in the South. Our ancestors were not only wise but thrifty—they gave up negro slavery, but first they sold their slaves to their Southern cousins; then they made many millions exporting New England rum to Africa, swapping it there for blacks, and bringing back the negroes to sell to the South."

"But all of this practically antedates the Revolution," said Alden impatiently. "Then the colonies were not ruled by our ancestors, but by colonial governors appointed by the crown."

"That is true; but do not forget that, as soon as the Revolution drew toward an end, our ancestors found that many of the Tories—or 'Loyalists' as they called themselves—intended to make their peace with the new government and retain their estates. What did our thrifty forebears do?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Alden, guardedly, with a shade of discomposure in his tone.

"They resorted at once to their familiar methods of lynching. An obstinate Tory, who threatened to hold his ground and his chattels, was first warned to go, then tarred and feathered. If after this he remained stubborn, he was lynched, and his neighbors divided his goods."

"But this, at least," said Alden, his spirits reviving slightly, "was not peculiar to New England, I hope?"

"By no means," returned Yarrow laughing. "It was so profitable that it became popular—extremely so. It prevailed from the Carolinas to Connecticut, from Virginia to the plantation of Massachusetts Bay."

"The Tories got no more than they deserved. They were enemies of American freedom—traitors!" maintained Alden, doggedly.

"Yet non-combatants—don't forget that! When these Tories were combatants, harsh treatment of them might have been defended. When the punishment and confiscation were the work of the authorities, it might have been legal. But the property-owning Tories were all non-combatants—the others had fled six or eight years before; these punishments were invariably inflicted outside the law. Hence you see that even in post-revolutionary times lynch law prevailed in New England."

"But in the South too," insisted Alden, obstinately.

Yarrow laughed. "Yes," he said, "O loyal son of New England!—in the South too. In our tarring-and-feathering, North and South, we were both tarred with the same brush."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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In continuation of her interesting reminiscences in the *Century Magazine*, Mrs. George Cornwallis West (Lady Randolph Churchill) gives one or two intimate glimpses of life at the Russian Court as she found it in 1887. "There are," she says, "some curious customs at the Russian court which do not harmonize with one's idea of a despotic and autocratic sovereign. While we were sitting at small tables, the Czar (Alexander III) walked about, talking to his guests, all of whom, including officers, remained seated. It appears that this was the habit of Peter the Great, who disliked ceremony of any kind; and as tradition is everything in Russia, this custom was religiously kept. There is no doubt that the etiquette of the Russian court is much less rigid than it is in England or Germany. For instance, it is not the custom to treat the members of the imperial family with so much deference as in other European courts; I noticed that the ladies did not think of courtesying to a young grand duke, and would rise only when the Czaritsa did, or at the entrance of the Czar."

The latest reports on labor in New York City indicate that clerical workers have been hit as hard as servants by the depression of business. Stenographers are glad to get \$6 a week for a beginning instead of \$8 or \$9, the usual wage a year ago. It is of even more import that many of the houses employing stenographers have reduced their clerical force from 30 to 50 per cent. This branch of business routine has expanded enormously since the advent of the typewriter and the introduction of shorthand, and it is natural that it should be first to feel the pinch. American commerce has been more lavishly supplied with clerical help than is the custom in Europe, and the mass of correspondence involved is perhaps needlessly large. One result of retrenchment will be the discovery that economy in the use of words is a substantial pecuniary saving.

The University of Chicago has established a special three-year course for young men desirous of entering the Federal consular service, or of equipping themselves as commercial agents in the employ of American business concerns having relations abroad. This is one of the signs to be noted among all the universities of an attempt to make their work fit more closely the needs of the business world. It will be remembered that Congress, acting under the inspiration of Secretary Root, two years ago, made positions in our consular service worth seeking. Some 300 such positions, paying salaries from \$2000 to \$12,000, have been classified and placed on a graded salary, and President Roosevelt has brought the positions of consul-general and consul under the merit system.

The highest peak of the Australian Alps, Mt. Kosciuszko, 7300 feet high, has been climbed by a motor car. It is recalled that this peak was named by a Polish refugee, Count Paul de Strzelecki, who found gold in the interior of Australia, but at the request of the governor, Sir George Gibbs, who feared the consequences of a gold fever, he refrained from publishing his discovery. It was a notable example of self-restraint.

The increase in population throughout Canada is slow at best—the Dominion had only 5,371,315 people in 1901, or many less than the total number of those who live in Greater New York and in what is known as the "metropolitan district" combined.

Rumors of combinations to nominate Governor Johnson of Minnesota for Vice-President on the Democratic ticket are denied at Johnson headquarters in Washington.

The deficiency in the wheat area this season in India is 34.4 per cent, according to the government forecast.

EARLY DAYS IN CALIFORNIA.

Senator Cole's Recollections Add an Important Chapter to the History of the State.

Cornelius Cole, ex-senator of the United States from California, has rendered an important service to the history of his State by the impressive volume of recollections that has just been given to the public. The project, he says, has been in his mind for a long time, but has been crowded to the wall by other and more pressing obligations. Now, at the age of over four score, the task can not be further postponed, if it is to be accomplished at all.

Senator Cole has been so large a figure in the life of California that the main incidents of his public career are still fresh within the memory of many of his fellow-citizens. In the year 1848 there were marvelous stories told in Western New York, and of course all over the world, of the gold discoveries in California, and on February 12, 1849, the author left his home for the overland journey to the Pacific Coast. It was an adventurous undertaking in the days when the trans-continental railroad was undreamed of and the long route was beset by dangers of the most real kind, and the author describes them well. Ninety days after the departure of his party from the Missouri frontier he arrived at Sacramento, the date being July 24, 1849.

It speaks much for his capacity and public spirit that within five years of his arrival he was the regular Democratic nominee for city attorney. It was a Know-nothing year and the whole Democratic ticket was defeated.

At the time of my nomination for city attorney, the Republican party had no organized existence in California. In the East some attempt at a concentration of forces had occurred, but on the Pacific Coast the elements of the party had not yet assumed a definite form. I think the greater number of the voters in the Whig party of California, with Republican proclivities, went with the American party, but I, being a Democrat by education, remained with that party, and was reluctantly placed on its ticket. My nomination, it was deemed, would be of some avail in keeping voters agreeing with me on the slavery question from joining the Know-nothing ranks; but my nomination was distasteful to the pro-slavery element among the Democrats and they supported, for the same office, an independent candidate, and one more to their liking in political opinions.

But success was to come four years later, when the progress of events had justified an anti-slavery position that in earlier years had proved distasteful:

In 1853 I was nominated by my party for district attorney of Sacramento County, which included the city, and was elected. Several unforeseen circumstances contributed to my success. My opponent was a young Southerner with less experience in the practice. The Free State element in the old parties had by that time become restive under the arrogant repressive policy of the South. Their required endorsement of all the aggressions of the slave power, including the abandonment of the Missouri Compromise of 1820, so far as related to the exclusion of slaves from the Northwestern Territories, had become exceedingly distasteful to not a few of them. Many who were unwilling to be called Black Republicans had at last gained the courage to cast a secret ballot for one of the blackest of them.

Life in Sacramento was not without its excitements in those early days, and foremost among these was the establishment of the Pony Express. Shortening the time of communication across the continent to less than one-half was an event, and the way in which it was done, by relays of picked riders who sometimes sacrificed life in the task, appealed to the imagination of the hardy pioneers of Sacramento:

Those who were there to witness it, will never forget the arrival of the first of these express messengers at Sacramento. It was an occasion of great rejoicing and everybody, big and little, old and young, turned out to see the fun. All business for the time was suspended; even the courts adjourned for the event. A large number of the citizens of all classes, grave and gay, mounted on fast horses, rode out some miles on the line to meet the incoming wonder. The waiting was not long. The little rider upon his blooded charger, under whip and spur, came down upon them like a meteor, but made not the slightest halt to greet his many visitors. Then began a race of all that waiting throng, over the stretch back to the city, the like of which has never been seen. It may have been rivaled in speed and confusion by some of the cavalry disasters during the war that presently followed, but the peaceful people of Sacramento, I am sure, never beheld anything of the kind before or afterwards. The whole cavalcade, shouting and cheering, some waving banners and hatched, riding at the top of their speed, dashing down J Street, might have been taken, had it occurred on the plains, for a band of wild Comanches, but the little mail-carrier paid no attention to them and kept in the lead. If there was one in the whole throng more conspicuous than the rest and who might have been taken for the chief of the tribe, it was Charles Crocker, afterwards so prominently associated with the great Pacific railroad enterprise.

The nomination of Mr. Cole to Congress occurred in 1863. Timothy G. Phelps was already in Congress and before consenting to be a candidate Mr. Cole wrote to him, asking if he was to be up for reelection. He received an emphatic reply in the negative, to which he immediately answered, "As you are not to be a candidate, I will be."

During the limited time that elapsed between the nominations and the election, Mr. Shannon and myself, according to custom, visited in company, on an electioneering tour, the central and more populous portions of the State, going as far south as Visalia, but no further for want of time. The war had now so far progressed, and public feeling on the question had become so intense, that any expression of disloyal sentiment was seldom heard. An open avowal of disloyalty to the Union had become about as perilous as had been the expression of Abolition sentiment but a few years before. In fact, a great revolution in public feeling in reference to slavery had been wrought by the war, a war, too, inaugurated for its propagation. It was perhaps on account of my known stand on that question in the past, that I received the largest vote of any one on the ticket, and, I presume, the largest vote ever cast for a member of Congress; as I remember, it was 64,985 votes. The whole ticket was triumphantly elected. We were no longer called Black Republicans and Nigger Worshipers. Many, though Republican at heart, had been deterred from coming among us, in dread of these appellations; but such now joined us with alacrity. Union Democrats of distinction,

like Judge Field, afterwards of the United States Supreme Court, were heard to sing the praises of John Brown with commendable zeal.

Digressing from politics and from a story of the war told with animation and vivacity, we have a brief description of an evening with Charles Dickens at Washington:

The exact date I can not recall, but I think it was early in 1865 that Charles Dickens was announced to give public readings in Washington. Of course, I could not miss an opportunity to see the author of "David Copperfield," the first work of his I had read, and which had made a deeper impression on my mind than any other of his numerous publications. "The Pickwick Papers" are fascinating in the extreme, but the story of David goes directly to one's heart.

The lecture room was crowded, but I was favored with a seat near the front, where I had a fair opportunity to see, and to observe some of the peculiarities of that great author. Mr. Dickens was dressed in a highly fashionable evening attire, not all in dark colors, and in appearance rather foppish. His vest was of a hue to exhibit to the best advantage a heavy gold chain which extended from the middle both ways across his chest. His other vestments were evidently of the latest style. His neckwear was of a cut and color to be called flashy. His hair was rather long and wavy, and was arranged to stand out at the sides above the ears. His features are well represented in the numerous pictures seen of him, and it will be observed they have quite a uniform appearance. He stood well out in the front of the platform when reading, with only a small desk before him, or rather at his side. He read single chapters, without comment or introductory remarks, further than to announce the work, as: from "Copperfield," "Nicholas Nickleby," "The Pickwick Papers," or "Little Dorrit." The book in each case lay open before him, but he paid little or no attention to the text. It was reciting, rather than reading. He missed not a word of the passage he was giving, and delivered it in a most impressive and entertaining style, representing in voice and manner, so far as he might, the character he was quoting. It would have been an interesting occasion had he been representing some other author, but it was intensely so as Charles Dickens himself. Dickens in his numerous works has created many original characters, but not one, I should say, more interesting than himself. His manner and whole appearance struck one as exceedingly finical and yet in no degree ludicrous, a character he has apparently avoided portraying in his books. His enunciation was possibly more precise than could be expected in one who had written so much and in such haste. His dialect would be recognized as English, but there was little of the Johnny Bull about him, either in manners or diction. Where not known, Mr. Dickens might have been taken for an American, or perhaps more likely a Frenchman. In fact, I thought him about as odd a character as any he had ever drawn from his fruitful imagination.

Mr. Cole's election to the senatorship came in 1863. He was to succeed James A. McDougall, whose term would expire in 1867. Several other members of his party were named for the office, among whom were Governor Low, Frederick Billings, John B. Felton, and Aaron Sargent. Mr. Sargent seems to have been the only one who resented his failure. He was "utterly unable to overcome the disappointment growing out of his failure," and was "unremitting in his efforts to supplant me." We are reminded that he was himself supplanted by his former friend, Governor Stanford, and, according to his own view, by unfair means:

San Francisco, where I resided, had a much larger representation in the legislature than any other county, and her members for that year, whether in the State senate or assembly, were, without exception, well-known business men and men of excellent character. The Republican members of her delegation were unanimous in my support, and I received about two-thirds of the vote of my party on first ballot, the caucus being held in Sacramento, the State capital. Out of the total vote of 119, I received in joint convention of the legislature ninety-two. It was the easiest election for senator that had ever occurred in California. The tide seemed to set pretty early in my favor, and all efforts to change it proved unavailing. The result was especially gratifying to me, as it amounted to an approval of my course in the House of Representatives, and could be construed as a disapproval of the unfair means that had been adopted to prevent my renomination for Congress in my unavoidable absence.

Mr. Cole attributes his ultimate supersession to a combination of opposing interests in which the whisky ring figured largely. He believes that popular opinion was largely in his favor and the correspondence that he quotes shows at least that his retirement was a matter of sincere regret both within and without the lines of his own party:

The plan adopted to supersede me at the end of my term was original at that time, but has been followed on occasions since. It required a genius to devise it, but who is entitled to the credit or discredit of the invention may never be known. The plan was this: In advance of the time for nominating candidates for the legislature, some trusted emissary was sent into a county, either to suggest a candidate, or to ascertain who was likely to be the nominee, and then to furnish, or agree to furnish, the candidate with the funds to meet his election expenses, upon the sole condition that he would support my opponent for United States senator. That the funds so provided, in most cases, far exceeded the candidate's requirements is more than probable.

The scheme was put in operation in a large number of the counties of the State, and when the legislature convened in the fall, a majority of the Republican members were found to be bound hand and foot on the senatorial question. Many of them deplored the situation, mainly on account of the position occupied by me in the Senate as a member of committees presumed to be of especial advantage to the Pacific Coast; referring to the committee on postoffices and postroads, and the committee on appropriations, of which latter committee I was chairman, and without any doubt, I would have continued to occupy that commanding position as long as I retained a seat in the body.

It is needless to say that Mr. Cole received his reverse without resentment or rancor and that his only regrets were for a work that he was unable to finish and that was of importance to the State. His senatorial duties had been arduous. The chairmanship of a leading committee meant much in those days, a task indeed "too much for one person." As he himself says, his continuance at Washington would, in all probability, have obviated the important biographical work that he has now given to the world. It is the picture of faithful and sincere citizenship, of conscientious and unassuming public service.

"Memoirs of Cornelius Cole, Ex-Senator of the United States from California." Published by McLoughlin Brothers, New York.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

In recognition of his friendship and the distinguished services he has rendered to Frenchmen and the French-speaking citizens of the South, France has bestowed the Cross of the Legion of Honor upon Mr. Armand Capdevielle, editor of the New Orleans *Bee*, the decoration having been conferred a few days ago by M. Veran Dejou, the French consul, at the Cercle Français. A lifelong resident of New Orleans and one of its most devoted sons, Mr. Capdevielle has lived up to the highest and best traditions of his French ancestry and has done much to promote the welfare of the large and respected French element of our population.

Lord Crewe, the new British Secretary of State for the Colonies, has no sons and his honors will probably die with him. By his first wife he had three daughters, one of them, Lady Annabel, being married to the son and heir of Lord O'Neill, the second to Captain Edward Coates of the Fifteenth Hussars, while the third is still unmarried. They are all of about the same age as their step-mother, Lady Crewe, and have been her most intimate friends from childhood. Lord Crewe's only son by his former marriage died very shortly after his mother, and the sorrow for this double bereavement found expression at the time in a very touching poem by Lord Crewe, entitled "Seven Years."

Possibly somewhere in the jungles of Africa or perhaps in the mystic East or on the planet Mars there is a president, potentate, shah, rajah, sultan, or some other sort of ruler who is as strange and grotesquely impossible as President Nord Alexis of Hayti, but certainly there is none to compare with him in this hemisphere. Castro of Venezuela comes close, perhaps, but Castro's style differs, and while he defies the great powers of the earth, he does not approach in pure picturesqueness the venerable old man who sits in the presidential palace at Port au Prince and runs the little black republic to suit himself. Imagine a typical Ethiopian between ninety and 100 years of age, bloodthirsty and apparently only half civilized, a dealer of death to political enemies, a believer in voodooism, and you have a faint idea of what he is. For anything more one must go to Hayti and see for himself.

Reports from New York say that Joseph Leiter, of Chicago and Washington, is about to marry Miss Juliette Williams, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. J. R. Williams. The wedding will take place in The Connecticut, the Washington home of the bride's family. Mr. Leiter and his bride will make their home in the Leiter mansion in Washington. It is understood that Mrs. L. Z. Leiter, mother of the prospective bridegroom, will give the mansion to the young couple as a bridal present and that she will make her home in England. Miss Williams was educated at Georgetown Convent, New York, where her two sisters, Miss Dorothy and Miss Francine, are now students. She has traveled a great deal and has accompanied her parents to all the posts to which her father has been assigned. Just before coming to Washington, a little more than a year ago, she returned with her family from the Philippines, where her father had been stationed several years. She was a tremendous social success in Manila, although she was too young to be formally presented to society.

The new Duke of Devonshire, who has just succeeded to the title and the possessions, will have an annual income of about \$1,000,000, most of it accruing from the 200,000 acres of land belonging to the duchy. In addition to his broad acres and his fat purse, the duke has half a dozen country residences that challenge the royal palaces in luxury and beauty. Probably the best known, and the favorite with the late owner, is Chatsworth, in Derbyshire, where he more often entertained the king and queen. The sixth Duke of Devonshire made the place famous by his unlimited hospitality. Queen Victoria was entertained by him there, both when she was a princess and when she afterwards ascended the throne. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia were also among his guests. The sixth duke, by the way, was a son of Georgiana Spencer, who has been immortalized by the brush of Gainsborough in the portrait which was stolen several years ago and which "Pat" Sheedy, the American "sport," was instrumental in recovering for its owners.

Giulio Gatti-Casazza, who with Dippel, Mahler, and Toscanini, will direct the course of the Metropolitan Opera Company next year, has reached New York. Gatti-Casazza is a distinguished-looking man, six feet tall, and built in proportion. His dress was an object of admiration, so spick and span was he. His manner is quiet and easy, and his conversation, conducted mostly in Italian and French, is measured, not in the least excitable, and accompanied by very few gestures. "Yes," he said, as the big Cunarder came up the bay, "this is my first trip to America. I am glad to be here and pleased with the work I have in hand. I will meet Mr. Dippel and other officials of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and will have a conference with them. This, of course, is preliminary, but I am anxious for the hard work

to begin. I will probably remain in your country during the month of May." He said that he had several new operas in mind, and would talk about them with Mr. Dippel. One opera in particular he seemed to think would be successful here was one of Tchaikowsky's, the Russian composer, the English title of which is "The Queen of Spades." This opera has been produced at La Scala in Milan, and also in Russia. It was very successful at La Scala, the new director said.

A portrait has been sent from New York to Amherst College, where it will have its formal presentation next commencement, from the hand of an artist whose work links the present with the exciting days before the Civil War. It is a portrait of Henry Ward Beecher done by A. J. Conant on commission from a friend of Amherst who knew that Mr. Conant had painted Beecher many times and was well acquainted with the Brooklyn preacher. Mr. Conant is eighty-seven and is painting portraits today in the same studio in the old Studio Building in West Tenth Street which he leased on his arrival in New York twenty-seven years ago. But he was painting portraits long before that.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Lilac.

The scent of lilac in the air
Hath made him drag his steps and pause;
Whence comes this scent within the Square,
Where endless dusty traffic roars?
A push-cart stands beside the curb,
With fragrant blossoms laden high;
Speak low, nor stare, lest we disturb
His sudden reverie!

He sees us not, nor heeds the din
Of clanging car and scuffling throng;
His eyes see fairer sights within,
And memory hears the robin's song
As once it trilled against the day,
And shook his slumber in a room
Where drifted with the breath of May
The lilac's sweet perfume.

The heart of boyhood in him stirs;
The wonder of the morning skies,
Of sunset gold behind the firs,
Is kindled in his dreaming eyes:
How far off is this sordid place,
As turning from our sight away
He crushes to his hungry face
A purple lilac spray.

—Walter Prichard Eaton, in *American Magazine*.

A Welsh Milking Song.

"Yr Hufen Melyn" ("The Yellow Cream")
The winter through
I loved her true,
But tardied;
Till, when the blossom laughed upon the boughs,
In shadow cool
Her milking stool
I carried,
While Gwen went calling, calling home the cows.
Then as they ran
Around her ean
In riot,
I hooshed them, hooshed them all into the shed—
With huck and hellow, black and yellow, dun and
sallow, white and red—
On litter good
To chew the cud
In quiet,
Then to the milking each in turn he led.

Her touch of silk
Had eased of milk
Each udder;
Yet heating, beating on in wild unrest,
My heart of doubt—
A boat without
A rudder—
Still rode the sighing hillof of my breast;
Till Gwen, her eyes
With soft surprise
Upturning,
Read all the trouble written in mine own,
And lucky fellow, lucky fellow, lucky fellow that
I'd grown—
Her pride forsook,
Gave back my look
Of yearning,
Then, brightly blushing, from my arms had flown!
—Alfred Perceval Graves, in *London Athenaeum*.

Samuel de Champlain.

By the burning log
He smelt the breath of pines that blackly loom
On flaming compact of the sunset clouds,
Piling the mountains, where white winter shrouds
Dumb waters in a solitary gloom.
So dreamed he, and with spring his fantasy
Was winged to see the unfettered land rejoice,
Roused as a giant; to hear the myriad voice,
A noise of waters hurrying to the sea,
The snow-fed torrent's heavy plunging spray,
The duller rumble where the ice grew worn,
The swift continuous dropping all the day,
The gurgle of the tundras. Many a morn
He heard the crash of hurdling stalactite
Shivering to atoms; in the sharp sunlight
The first wild geese came honking up the vale,
Again the Red Man called him, and the trail,
Threading the labyrinthine forest through
To the sudden lake. He saw through city hars
Slow-dipping paddles of the birch canoe.
Spill silver on the silver shining stars
Reflected upside. Still called the wind,
Luring him further, further yet again,
To pierce the serried ranges or to find
The mystery of the illimitable plain.
Beneath the chestnut avenues at noon
There came a vision of a white cold moon
Above a dark and frowning cliff. Thrice called
He came, he built his fort, his palisade,
Between the waters and that dark cliff, walled,
And sowed a nation where his bones are laid.
—W. P. Osborne, in *Montreal University Magazine*.

Lord Cromer.

If Lord Cromer should visit America—and there is a statement that he intends to do so—he will receive a welcome appropriate to his achievements. To say that he is the greatest of living Englishmen carries with it no precise indication of his stature at a time when the world is lamentably poor in the intellectual giants that made the history of the past. That Lord Cromer has held Egypt in his iron hand for thirty years, crushing revolt abroad and treason at home, matching Oriental guile by a rare diplomacy and opposing a sinuous subtlety by a forceful directness as effective as it was perplexing to the people with whom he had to deal, is a record of service almost unmatched in duration and success. That he should crown such a life work by a history that is likely to rank with the best literature of the day has served perhaps more than anything else to draw public attention to an intellectual vigor and a political sagacity unequalled of their kind. Lord Cromer lays down his work of administration with a mind as perceptive to the possibilities of the future as ever it was. He sees that Egypt must eventually become self-governing and that the political education of thirty years must result either in some form of political autonomy or in a dissatisfaction that must be dangerous to herself and to the peace of the world at large. Egypt, he says, must not be held too closely. Already the bonds are brittle and they are "not liked." The cry of Egypt for the Egyptians has a meaning. It is not the voice of a mere faction, but the sane expression of a national movement that has a right to be heard and to be considered. There is no provincialism about Lord Cromer. He belongs to the larger England to which no stir in the Oriental world can be a matter of indifference. He speaks and writes with an open-minded straightforwardness that commends him to the American genius and to no man would a more sincere and admiring welcome be offered.

In the United States the six best selling books are invariably all fiction. In England, on the other hand, the list frequently contains one or two, or even more, works which are not fiction. In March, according to the *London Book Monthly*, the Earl of Cromer's "Modern Egypt," and "New Worlds for Old," by H. G. Wells, were among the first six. Of the four novels also named, two, "The Primadonna," by Marion Crawford, and "The Heart of a Child," by Frank Danby, have just been published in America, and may reasonably be expected to figure in the lists in this country. All of these books are published by the Macmillan Company.

Jean Lasalle, the former baritone, is now an instructor at the Conservatoire in Paris and anxious to alleviate the lot of the young students who are so often sent up to Paris by their municipalities without sufficient means to live on. M. Lasalle wants to give four times every winter interesting operatic works not adapted to popular success at the Conservatoire with the advanced pupils as the interpreters.

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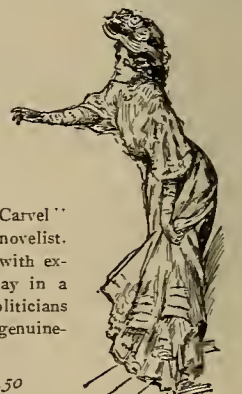
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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

The members of a literary club in Arkansas City have decided that they can better employ their time than in a futile attempt to unravel the perplexities of Browning. Therefore they have determined to study Esperanto instead.

It seems a strange choice and one that is rather suggestive of a narrow mental horizon in Arkansas City. It is interesting to find that the Browning cult has survived even to this late hour, but that it should be followed by Esperanto is distinctly saddening. Surely the literary ambitions of Arkansas City are not confined to such dread alternatives as Browning and Esperanto. Are there no other literary worlds still unconquered in Arkansas City?

Furze the Cruel, by John Trevena. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Stories about Dartmoor have the inevitable disadvantage of comparison with "Lorna Doone," but Mr. Trevena's Dartmoor is very different from the land of the redoubtable John Ridd. But "Furze the Cruel" is in every way a notable book, and if the picture that it draws of modern Dartmoor is harsh and repellent, we have the satisfaction of knowing that it is the first of a trilogy and that softer aspects may yet await us.

With one or two exceptions the characters in this book are unattractive, but they are drawn with a relentless force that is certainly accurate in its aim. There is the wretched peddler, Brightly, and Thomasine, the farm girl, whose instinct of obedience to her betters includes the surrender of what may be called her virtue. There are Mary and Peter, savage descendants of the savage Gubbingses, and there is the infamous Pendoggat, whose unfeigned piety is the very culmination of his villainy. There is Farmer Chegwiddden, and the gentle old Weevil, and Boodles, who is such an adorable girl but who need not be quite so silly. We are introduced to the Goose Fair and to the strange aggregation of human beings to whom Dartmoor is the whole world and who are far more prone to imitate nature in her cruelties than in her benignities. We see how witchcraft is practiced upon Pendoggat and the "momet," the clay figure set in the middle of the fire to represent the victim, is certainly of a horrible effectiveness. There is no such picture of Dartmoor as this, no more vigorous or forceful sketch of the strange people who live there. "Furze the Cruel" is a book that will live for a long time as a record of a bit of the ancient world and of a savagery that lives in the midst of civilization and that civilization has not yet quite subdued.

Christian Science, the Faith and Its Founder, by the Rev. Lyman P. Powell. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Whether Christian Science is, or is not, in opposition to what the author calls "historic Christianity" is of no importance whatever, and the present volume would gain in strength by the deletion of such evidences of the theological bias. There is no religious or philosophical yardstick that can now be used wherewith to measure any system of thought. Our beliefs and disbeliefs stand or fall by logical intellectual processes.

The most valuable part of this book is the chapter on Christian Science healing. We ought now to know enough of suggestive therapeutics and of the influence of the mind in disease to properly assign all these advertised cures to their right department, after contemptuously stripping from them the varieties of pious jargon in which they are wrapped. We know that hope, confidence, and courage are remedies of unsurpassed value in disease, and it does not matter at all whether these potencies are invoked by Mrs. Eddy or by the moon. Credulous and ignorant people will follow their own dim lights as aforesaid while the intelligent will prefer to call upon their own resources for the mental and moral force that belongs to the whole human race, and without the intervention of spells, incantations, or juggleries. Mrs. Eddy's life, the number of her husbands and her quarrels with her friends are wholly irrelevant to any important issue. It is not irrelevant that she or that any one else should claim an exclusive retail trade in universal remedial forces. Apart from its theological bias, Mr. Powell has given us some clear thoughts and from a new aspect.

Seraphica, by Justin Huntley McCarthy. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

Among lighter historical romances "Seraphica" will take a creditable position. The lady herself, a "merry devil in petticoats," is the Duchess of Bapaume in the province of Artois under the boy king, Louis XV of France. The projected marriage between herself and his highness, Prince Renaud of St. Pol, is resented by both parties concerned, by the lady because she has a mind to pick and choose for herself, and by the prince because he is already infatuated with Mme. de Phalaris, one of the court ladies of a virtue somewhat more plastic than seemly. And so the prince rides off to Paris in quest of his lady love, while the duchess, with feminine

inconsistency and piqued by the prince's contempt, rides after him incognito, determined at least to show him the value to which he is so indifferent. How they meet on the road, how circumstances compel them to join the troupe of players that is to perform before the king, how Seraphica rescues the prince again and again from the results of his impetuous folly, how he discovers the true nature of Mme. de Phalaris, and how at last he surrenders to Seraphica before he knows her identity are all told with unflinching vivacity and the deffest touch. The picture of the poor puny little king and of his court is a good one, and if there is no attempt at a profound social study of the France of the eighteenth century, the glimpse is none the less full of bright color and animation.

On the Training of Parents, by Ernest Hamlin Abbott. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York; \$1.

It is, after all, the parents who need the training, and not the children. Most children would be good if it were not for their parents, and child criminality would be relegated to the dark ages of tradition but for the selfishness and folly of mothers and fathers. Judicious neglect is better for the child than admonition, and a silent example is preferable to exhortation. A child's imagination, his wilfulness, his waywardness, his high spirits, his love of mischief, are all to be used as rudders by the wise, but to the foolish they are stubborn and perplexing obstacles. The author does not say these things, at least in these words, but he leaves some such impression by his wise and faithful counselings that spring so evidently from experience and sympathy. He might perhaps have been a little more direct and more virile in his treatment of the religious problem, but this is dangerous ground for one who speaks to a wide audience. It is unfortunate that only the good and the conscientious among parents are attracted by such kindly sagacity as we find in this wise little book. It will certainly be treasured by parents fortunate enough to possess it.

Astronomy with the Naked Eye, by Garrett P. Serviss. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.40.

The value of the study of astronomy lies not so much in the acquisition of facts as in the mental possession of new standards of measurements and a new sense of proportions. Professor Serviss renders us a substantial service by his reminder that astronomy can be studied with the naked eye and that the lack of costly apparatus need be no bar to the most beautiful and the most elevating of pursuits.

His book in its way is an ideal one. He discusses the chief constellations and their brightest stars with their history and mythology. The planets receive due consideration and there is a useful list of double stars and nebulae. The work as a whole is so designed that the observer shall walk with understanding among the stars and that he shall be familiar with the field of the heavens.

Florence, and the Cities of Northern Tuscany, with Genoa, by Edward Hutton. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

The author is to be congratulated upon a substantial volume that will serve not only as a book of reference for the library, but as a companion for the voyage containing well-nigh everything that the intelligent traveler will wish to know. Throughout its four hundred pages we find a blend of history, literature, and art that is certainly the result of a profound and enviable knowledge and that is presented with a suave literary skill that makes every page enjoyable. The sixteen colored illustrations are of excellent workmanship, as also are the sixteen others in monochrome.

The Blues, Causes and Cure, by Dr. Albert Abrams of San Francisco. Published by E. B. Treat & Co., New York.

The appearance of a third edition of this important medical work proves an appreciation that is well earned. The chief addition to the present issue is a chapter on intestinal auto-intoxication, a condition induced in the organism either by an excess of albumoid putrefaction or by a failure of the liver and kidneys in their neutralizing or excreting tasks. The results are classified under the general head of neurasthenia, a condition critically examined by the author at some length. The book is not, of course, intended for the average layman, but it is well within the measure of the average education and intelligence.

Vayenne, by Percy Brebner. Published by the John McBride Company, New York; \$1.50.

Roger Herrick, traveling for pleasure through Vayenne, is involved by chance in the politics of the duchy, and discovers that he himself is actually the heir to the very much disputed throne. There is a good deal of hard fighting, Herrick gets at cross purposes with the beautiful Christine de Liancourt, and when he finally abdicates his unexpected position we feel that he is well rewarded for a self-sacrifice by which he loses a tiny throne and gains a wife. "Vayenne" is a well-told story.



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LITERARY NOTES.

A New Motley.

Dr. William Elliot Griffis has done well by his condensation and continuation of "Motley's Dutch Nation." As a general rule, it may be said that a work condensed is a work spoiled, while no ordinary courage must have been needed to add a superstructure to such a book as this. But in this case the workmanship is so skilled that there are no traces of the excising knife, while the continuation almost down to the present day is done with the best taste and in the true historical spirit. The result is a handsome book of nearly a thousand pages, well printed, well bound, and readable all the way through. The publishers are Harper & Brothers, New York, and the price is \$1.75.

New Publications.

"Yard and Garden" is a book of practical information for the amateur gardener in city, town, or suburb. It is clear, concise, comprehensive, and well illustrated and it is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

L. T. Meade has obtained honorable recognition as a successful writer for girls. The last capital story from a clever pen is entitled "A Girl from America," published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, and enriched with good illustrations. No better book for a present could be found. Price, \$1.50.

"Our Trees and How to Know Them," is an attractive volume by Arthur I. Emerson. There are 140 full quarto page illustrations, and the notes are a complete guide to recognition at any season of the year and contain ample information on characteristics, distribution, and culture. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Price, \$3.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, have added "Spenser's Complete Poetical Works" to their series of The Cambridge Poets. Typography and binding are admirable. There are now nineteen volumes in this handsome series, the next volume to appear being Chaucer. Price of the Spenser, \$3 cloth, \$5 half calf, \$6 half morocco, and \$7.50 tree calf or full levant.

"Favorite Fish and Fishing," by James A. Henshall, published by the Outing Publishing Company, New York, should be a popular book with the approach of the vacation season. The man who does not fish has no excuse for a vacation, nor has he a right to one, and to go fishing without such a book as this would be to endanger a precious opportunity and to make light of fleeting possibilities. Price, \$1.25.

Students of ethnology can not afford to overlook a valuable work by Dr. A. J. Fynn entitled "The American Indian as a Product of Environment." Dr. Fynn has traveled extensively in pursuit of data and he now offers a substantial volume of original research in the hope that it may be of some service in helping to keep alive an interest in a race that is so rapidly losing its identity. The book is published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.

Henry Holt & Co., New York, have published "Words and Sentences, Including a Review of Grammar," by Alfred M. Hitchcock. The author's purpose may be given in his own words. He says: "Come, before it is too late let us go back to dictionary and grammar. No matter what else is left undone, we must learn to spell and pronounce common words correctly; we must learn how to construct sentences that obey the laws of syntax."

"The Hound of Heaven," by Francis Thompson, has been published by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine. Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to Thompson's general poetic status, there is a unanimity of judgment that "The Hound of Heaven" reaches the high-water mark of excellence in mystic devotional verse. Probably no finer example has ever been written. Price, 40 cents, 60 cents, and \$1, according to paper and binding.

Nearly seventy churches are dealt with by Nellie Urner Wallington in her handsome volume entitled "Historic Churches of America," published by Duffield & Co., New York. The churches of California are represented by San Carlos Borromeo at Monterey, and San José de Guadalupe at San José, both being illustrated. The book as a whole has historical value and the author is to be congratulated on a piece of specialized work for which there must certainly be a welcome. The thirty-two illustrations are well done and the volume is further enriched by the introduction contributed by Edward Everett Hale. Price, \$2 net.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Meredith Nicholson, the author of "The House of a Thousand Candles," is announced as a candidate for State senator in Indiana. Like both Tarkington, Winston Churchill, and Owen Wister, Mr. Nicholson has political aspirations.

Frederick Moore, whose visit last summer to the scene of the outbreak in Morocco as special correspondent of the London *Westminster Gazette* has just resulted in a volume

entitled "The Passing of Morocco," is an American and a native of New Orleans. He served as correspondent of *Collier's Weekly* and also for the London *Times* during the recent outbreak in the Balkan peninsula. He is the author of a previous book, entitled "The Balkan Trail." In his present volume he does not try to soften the severity of the French war measures, but his conclusion is that in the end France will dominate all of North Africa west of Tripoli. It is illustrated from some excellent photographs taken by Mr. Moore.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, author of "The Old Peabody Pew" and the Rebecca and Penelope books, has arrived safely in England, but while on the steamer had a narrow escape from serious injury by being pinned under a falling berth in her cabin.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The programme at the Orpheum for the week beginning this Sunday matinée will without doubt be the best of the present season. It includes five entirely new acts and two of the very best new headline attractions in vaudeville. Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne, who have not been seen here for three years, will appear in Mr. Cressy's one-act play of New England life, "Town Hall Tonight." Mme. Mauricia Morichini, prima donna soprano from Hammerstein's Manhattan Grand Opera House, New York, will be heard in an operatic repertoire of songs. Mignonette Kokin will introduce her impressions of English music halls. Leo Carillo's appearance will be in the nature of a home-coming, for it was at the Orpheum that he made his professional debut. As a mimic and narrator of dialect stories he is simply inimitable. Galetti's Monkeys will be a diverting feature of the programme. It will be the last week of Nellie Flore and the Six English Rockers, Fred Sosman and Hoey and Lee, also of the beautiful motion picture showing the arrival of the fleet in Santa Barbara, the parade in their honor in that city, and the battle of the flowers.

A great Shakespearean revival will be inaugurated at the Van Ness Theatre on Monday, when Mr. Mantell makes his appearance in Shakespeare's sublime tragedy, "King Lear." It is at least a dozen years since Mr. Mantell was last seen here. When King Lear was revived in New York City, two years ago, it had not been seen in the metropolis for twenty-seven years, since before the death of Edwin Booth. The greatest interest has been manifested in Mr. Mantell's engagement, and he is already assured greeting from a large and distinguished audience. The two weeks will be divided between "King Lear," "Macbeth," "Othello," "The Merchant of Venice," "King Richard III," and "Hamlet."

At the matinée today (Saturday) and the performance tonight Katherine Grey and her associate players will give their final presentations of Arthur Schnitzler's powerful play, "The Reckoning," and the highly interesting curtain-raiser, "The Van Dyck." On Sunday this splendidly equipped company will begin the fourth and last week of an all too brief engagement at the Novelty Theatre in George Bernard Shaw's comedy satire, "Arms and the Man," which will receive its initial San Francisco production. Miss Grey scored a great success as Louka when touring with Richard Mansfield, and the other members of her very capable company will all have congenial rôles in "Arms and the Man." In response to a great many requests Miss Grey has consented to give two performances of "A Doll's House" before leaving her home city, Friday evening and Saturday afternoon. She is a close student of Ibsen and her interpretation of Nora is said to be a remarkable one.

"Lovers' Lane" is rounding out a very successful week at the New Alcazar Theatre, and on Monday evening "The Rose of the Rancho," David Belasco's revised edition of Richard Walton Tully's play of California life in the days of the missions, will be given its first production in the West. It ran two years in New York, and is now touring the principal Eastern cities, with Frances Starr in the title rôle. None of Mr. Belasco's previous productions, high as they have risen in popular favor, can quite compare with "The Rose of the Rancho" in all the elements that have made his name famous in stagecraft. Bessie Barriscale, who has been specially engaged to play the title part, has been on the stage since her childhood, and was last seen as Lovey Mary in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," in which her American success was repeated in England. It was at David Belasco's suggestion that she was engaged for the Alcazar production. Knowing the rôle and the qualifications of the little actress to fill it, he picked her from a host of applicants for the honor. In the cast with her will be the full strength of the Alcazar company and many extra people.

Beginning on Monday night the attraction at the Princess Theatre will be Harry and Edward Paulton's three-act musical comedy, "The Dear Girls," which scored a big success in England and has been Americanized and brought up to date by Mr. Stevens. The plot of "The Dear Girls" is interesting and on

the style of the Hoyt plays. Mr. Stevens will appear as Professor Roscius Muggelridge, proprietor of a school of dancing, singing, and acting, and during the progress of the play will present five different characterizations.

A two-act musical comedy entitled "The King-Maker" will be given its premiere on any stage next month at the Princess Theatre. The book and lyrics are by Waldemar Young, W. C. Patterson, and Race Whitney, a capable and well-known journalist. The music is by R. H. Bassett, a gifted local musician. The story is thoroughly modern and has no reference to the famous English Earl of Warwick, as its title might suggest.

The Frank Brothers Yiddish Opera Company, direct from New York and with twenty-two principals, will follow the Katherine Grey season at the Novelty Theatre, commencing their engagement Sunday evening, May 24.

John Drew closes his engagement at the Van Ness Theatre this Saturday night, after having played to the largest receipts of the year.

"Richelieu" has been retained as one of the bills for the third week of Robert Mantell's engagement at the Van Ness Theatre.

"The Thief" closed its New York run last Saturday night, after nine months of crowded houses at the Lyceum Theatre. The run was interrupted only for the purpose of giving Margaret Illington, Kyrle Bellew, and the others of the company a short rest prior to their trip to San Francisco with the dramatic triumph of the year.

Francis McGinn of Robert Mantell's company is a native of this city who has come rapidly forward as a brilliant actor of tragedy rôles. He will play the title rôle in "Othello" to Mr. Mantell's Iago during the second week of the engagement. He plays Iago when the play is staged next Friday and Saturday nights.

Willie Collier has started west and will be seen in San Francisco early next month. His production, "Caught in the Rain," is highly spoken of.

Damosch at the Greek Theatre.

The only big concerts this season at the Greek Theatre of the University at Berkeley will be the two to be given during the coming week by Walter Damosch and his New York Symphony Orchestra, the first being on Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock and the second on Saturday night, May 23.

A good programme has been arranged commencing with the "Academic Festival Overture," by Brahms. The symphony will be Schumann's No. 4 and Liszt's First Rhapsodie will complete the first part. Handel's "Concerto Grosso" for strings and double choir of wood winds, two dances from Glück's "Orfeo," and "The Ride of the Valkyries" and

"Magic Fire Scene" from Wagner's "Die Walküre" form the second part.

Next Saturday night, May 23, a moonlight popular concert will be given. At this event some of the greatest works of the romantic school will be given, including Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" and "Marche Slav," Grieg's "Peer Gynt Suite," Edward MacDowell's "Roland's Songs" and Saint-Saëns's "Spinning Wheel of Omphale."

Seats may be secured at the usual places in Berkeley and at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s stores in Oakland and San Francisco.

The profits of these concerts go to the dramatic fund of the University of California.

"Some people," said the Rev. Mr. Goodman, "can never be made to appreciate the value of religion." "That's right," replied Mainchantz, the merchant; "they don't know how to catch the church trade at all."—*Ex.*

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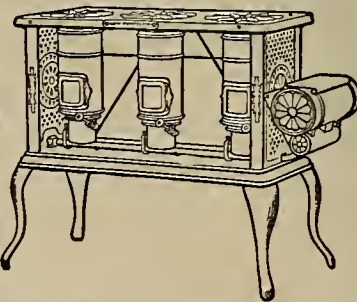
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TWO PLAYS AT THE NOVELTY.

By Josephine Hart Phelps

At the Novelty this week the quality of the acting is sufficient in itself to attract much admiration, in spite of the absence from the principal play presented of those elements which tend to popularity. There are, indeed, two plays put on, one a curtain-raiser adapted from the French by a London playwright and entitled "The Van Dyck," which, like "At the Telephone," startles and confounds the spectator rather than impresses him as a representation of actual events.

A young musician, who, it seems, is also a collector of curios and bric-a-brac, while engaged in his favorite pursuit at the piano, is interrupted by a call from a handsome and plausible individual of polished address, who, with a somewhat effervescent courtesy, congratulates the musician on his genius, of which he professes himself a most humble and enthusiastic admirer.

Incidentally he casts a trained eye around the presumably luxurious apartment—something shabbily furnished, it may be parenthetically—draws from the pleased tenant a modest confession of his turn for collecting and the value of his art treasures, and we settle it comfortably in our minds that the intruder has come prepared to practice some thief's strategy.

But, by a clever device, the author lulls our suspicions, and starts others. The stranger guest, apparently overlooking a contrived opportunity to pocket portable valuables, speaks of past sorrows. His voice rises, his eye becomes a little wild. We reverse our former decision. He is evidently a maniac. Then we begin to mentally see-saw. He is this, he is that, we don't know what he is. But one thing is plain. He is dangerous. We tremble for the polite young musician, who presently begins to tremble for himself; for what reason we will considerably refrain from mentioning. These various emotions are all skillfully fanned by the superb acting of Harrison Hunter. I was a little disappointed at first in Mr. Hunter. I thought him over-impressive, rather high-colored in his man-of-the-world ease and elegance. But speedily I found the clue. It was acting within acting, a part within a part. And it was thus, with his sure dramatic instinct, that he indicated the fact. The only other character that amounted to such was played with his usual light but sure touch by Alfred Hickman.

The more important piece turned out to be a tragedy. "The Reckoning," a three-act drama by Arthur Schnitzler, is translated from the German, being a story of life in the musical Bohemia of Vienna.

The dramatist does not pretend to accurately picture the life, but merely lifts out of it a love story to which there is attached a moral, since, as the title indicates, "who breaks, pays."

The transgressors are three; the student hero, a super-sentimental youth whose love seems destined to smirch the unfortunate recipients, and the two women who are the unconscious sharers of it.

One, the Baroness Von Wrede, is not an acted character, but merely a fatal potentiality in the background. The other, Christine Weiring, is a child of Bohemia, being a daughter of the first violin of a theatre orchestra and a young actress who is just beginning to exercise her art. She is poor, and to the American auditor, unfamiliar with the life pictured, is regarded at first as a probably pure influence in the life of Fritz Sommer, who is entangled in the coils of a guilty liaison with the baroness. Subsequent revelations do not bear out this pretty theory. The baroness suspects things, and watches his wife and her lover. He calls upon Fritz while he is having a supper with his Bohemian friends, making a most impressive entrance after the others have withdrawn.

Slightly German in type, he is a man of fine presence and striking physiognomy. He carries with him the suggestion of an intensity of purpose resulting from the settled dominion of one idea, that is expressed in the fixed and piercing gaze he heeds upon his intended prey.

Needless to say, this striking conception is Harrison Hunter's. So arresting was the impression left upon the mind by the appearance, manner, and personality of the baron in his one and only appearance that the consciousness of him in the background dominates almost the entire play. It is understood that the two men are to fight, and a curious feature in the resulting situation is the frankness and unreserve with which Fritz shows to Theodore, his comforting and sustaining

friend, the gloom and dread with which he looks to meeting punishment and death at the hands of the avenging husband.

There is a code governing the conduct of men at such times which admonishes them to play a part to the last moment. They must go out of life gallantly, with scarce a sign of regret. This code is so rigorously enforced that it is good for a man. It helps mightily to keep stiffness in his upper lip, and many a man, no doubt, who is only passing brave, has been assisted by its exactions to pass out of life with the calmness of a hero.

It is not exactly apparent what the author meant in thus revealing Fritz's profound perturbation over his peril, but as the play is simple and natural in style, it is possible that he merely wished to brush aside the usual traditions, and show us how a lusty young man in love with life actually feels when he is pledged to meet a deadly antagonist on the field of honor.

At any rate, so it seemed to me, and as Fritz met the baron's challenge with self-possession, resolution, and dignity, he did not bear the aspect of a coward. As played by Robert Warwick, he was a young man of no extraordinary parts who had a superfluity of facile tenderness in his make-up and an unfortunate ability to run two love affairs simultaneously.

The principal exactions in the rôle are that Fritz shall be an ardent lover, and that he shall, even in his merry moments, make visible to our understanding the shadow over his soul cast by his recognition of the doom hanging over him. This Mr. Warwick does extremely well, except for a temporary excess of ardor in one of the love scenes.

Alfred Hickman imparted to the rôle of Theodore, Fritz's chum, a buoyancy of spirit and lightness of touch and tone that were all the more grateful from being almost the only touch of comedy in the play. To him and Katherine Emmet fell the task of giving to the merry-making in the first act the effect of careless gaiety, caused by a spontaneous exuberance of youthful spirits. Fritz is oppressed by his secret, and Christine is too much a prey to her devouring love to be merry. It is difficult to be merry in the drama. One of the hollowest things in the technique of acting is a laugh. I admired Katherine Emmet's Mitzi. Her little milliner, with her instinctive light philosophy, and her careless skimming over the foam of life, was very real.

Ina Hammer's homely bourgeoise matron, with her good-natured inquisition over Christine's secrets, afforded also a good bit of diversion to the looker-on impatient of too much sorrow and sentiment. The part was not up to the abilities of Miss Hammer, who, urged on probably by the lack of opportunity, embellished it with an accent that, however skillfully done, was somewhat incongruous. It is always a satisfaction to put color into something dull, and to exercise successfully an accomplishment. These two things were done so acceptably by Miss Hammer that her Mrs. Binder, in consequence, had rather more savor to her than the author gave her.

"The Reckoning," however, is quite a faulty play in several respects. Action is lacking. The talk runs on, at times, too pointlessly. The character of Christine up to the final scene is but imperfectly indicated, and is uninteresting. The author has not acquired the art of concentration in dialogue. Yet not alone to the good acting of the company must we give the credit of the strong impression left by "The Reckoning." It is evident that the German author, through all the prolix depiction of the windings of Fritz's illicit loves, has in mind the inculcation of a stern morality. The lack of self-control of the young in Bohemia has wrought woe and death. Christine, the apparently pure, has been deflowered by her self-indulgent lover. The pretty theory of her pure influence does not hold good.

This is the character impersonated by Katherine Grey, whose abilities were not brought into play until the last scene. It is the curious culmination of a rather curious play. Theodore, the friend of Fritz, comes, pale, and habited in black, to hear to the stricken girl the tidings of her lover's death. A long, painful scene follows. The sorrow, the anguish of Christine are most realistically acted by Miss Grey. But it is weakened by the fact that the audience, aware that there can be no comforting solution, and puzzled by the length and apparently purposelessness of the scene, wait in a somewhat puzzled frame of mind for the final outcome.

It comes with Christine's discovery that another woman weeps over her tender lover's tomb. With that her grief rises to frenzy. Reeling to the door, she rushes from the room in a burst of hysterical despair, leaving the spectator oppressed by the sight of her anguish, and uncertain whether death or madness will be the result. This scene was acted by Miss Grey with an intensity and an abandon that gave Christine's grief the aspect of reality. She has not the tragedian's natural equipment. There is, indeed, a sort of dryness and a prosaic quality to the tones of her voice, which, one would think, would prevent her from adequately sounding the note of anguish, of mounting frenzy, and of intolerable despair. That she did so is a successful test of her versatility, but the work that she did in "Truth" lies more immediately within her special bent, and leaves a much more pleasurable impression on the mind.

The Damrosch Concerts.

With the "Pathétique Symphonie" of Tschaiowsky, Walter Damrosch and his own New York orchestra will initiate one of the most important series of concerts ever given in this city next Sunday afternoon, May 17. A specially interesting programme will be rendered, including the symphonic poem, "The River Moldau," by Smetana, and two movements of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto played by all the first violins in unison.

In the evening a miscellaneous and rather popular programme will be given and Mr. Damrosch will be heard as a pianist in conjunction with Mr. Saslavsky, solo violinist, and Mr. Bramsen, cellist, in a "Serenade" by Saint-Saëns. Mrs. De Moss will sing.

Monday and Friday nights will be devoted to Wagner, Tuesday night to Beethoven, with a trio of wood winds for a novelty, Wednesday to Russian, Polish, and Bohemian composers, when Mr. Bramsen will play Tschai-kowsky's cello variations.

Thursday night French and Italian music will reign, and at the Saturday matinee a programme for young students will be given with special prices for those under sixteen.

The last concert will be given on Sunday afternoon, May 24, when a chorus of two hundred voices will assist.

Complete programmes may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the tickets are on sale.

The Music Section of the California Club, with Miss Juliet Greninger as leader, has been preparing for several months past an exceedingly interesting programme to be rendered at the club house on Saturday, May 16, and Monday, May 18, at 8:15 p. m., for the benefit of a piano fund, the club having lost four pianos in the recent fire. In addition to a full musical and general programme there will be a production of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Trial by Jury," staged by thirty-five club ladies. From the artistic standpoint, a great success is already assured.

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VANITY FAIR.

We see the revival of an ancient custom in the gradually increasing practice of having portraits carried in gold pendants and fastened to a necklace or some other article of personal adornment. Almost any kind of personal jewelry is suitable to the new idea. Watchcases, brooches, pendants, belt buckles may all carry the portrait of a relative or friend. A well-known Eastern sculptor has now all the work that he can do in modeling the delicate miniatures that presumably are first done in wax or some other plastic material and then cast in gold or silver. It would be hard to devise a more charming present or one more unique, and the cost need not be very great. Established artistic ability demands, of course, its own price, but there are plenty of lesser known artists who can do highly commendable work, while the subsequent cost would not greatly exceed the value of the metal itself. The suggestion ought to be useful at a time when embarrassment of possession sometimes make the selection of suitable gifts a difficult one. Miniature portraits in gold and silver were well known to antiquity. Many examples have come down to us from Roman days, while Cellini made the art famous in his day.

Chicago is at last aroused to the supreme importance of the animal manicurist. It is strange that the matter has been so long overlooked in so great a centre of civilization, but it is never too late to mend, and a trade that has flourished exceedingly in New York has at length arrived with all four feet in Chicago. There was a time when even the fashionable dog had received all he could expect and far more than he wished in a good bath with a subsequent hush down, but now no dog can consider himself equipped until his nails have been manicured by one artist, his teeth washed and polished by another, and his ears decorated with diamonds. Needless to say, these dogs belong to ladies. Equally needless to say, very few of these ladies have any babies.

The earring fad is an innovation. It came from Paris, but the dog manicures and the dog dentists are an American production. Princess Engalitcheff is supposed to have started the practice in Chicago, where she lives with her American husband, and it has spread until it has become one of the minor industries of the city. The dog manicure who knows his business is never idle.

The Princess Engalitcheff prefers Boston terriers and the poor little beasts are compelled to be just as aristocratic as their mistress. They are washed and manicured every day until they lose the last vestige of good and wholesome doghood. They are sprayed with cunning and costly perfumes and upon special occasions they are decked with ribbons and spangles, and they wear mantles and knee breeches which their fair owner has made with her own hands. They are not shaved every day, but they all go to the barber's at regular intervals to have their coats cut and re-cut to suit the changing fashions that are just as fickle in the world of dogs as in the world of women.

Mrs. Marshall Field is among the ladies who have succumbed to this strange and not very creditable pastime. Her favorite is a Yorkshire terrier of ancient pedigree. The animal requires so much attention that the entire time of a French maid is occupied by its toilette. Flossie—such is the little brute's name—has a house of her own of gothic architecture, furnished with a brass bed, on which is a mattress of down. When Flossie retires for the night it is between white sheets of linen, with a pink comforter between them. A special wardrobe is provided, including nightgowns of lingerie and pink silk. When she dines it is from a plate of silver and an artistically manufactured howl. At such times her hair is braided so that it may not fall into the food. When the repast is ended the braids are undone and these operations have to be performed several times a day.

It is all very disgusting, of course. The humanitarian aspect we may leave out of the question, but where is the dog-lover who will not lament to see such extraordinary efforts to bring a fine animal down to the level of his human owners? Who would not rather have an unperfumed, unmanicured, and unhejeweled dog in full possession of his vitality and his wholesome rat-hunting instincts?

Apropos of the Chicago mania, there comes a similar story from Cincinnati. A cemetery for dogs has been unearthed by the workmen engaged in excavating on the site of the old Zimmermann homestead on Mount Vernon, where the present Duchess of Manchester spent her girlhood. A number of light caskets were brought into view of various sizes and shapes, several of them bearing silver nameplates to indicate the identity of the dogs within. The caskets were lined with silks and satins and about the necks of the skeletons were ribbons, collars, and jewelry of considerable value. Friends of the duchess who recall the elaborate funeral exercises she arranged for her pets state that she placed expensive jewelry in some of the coffins.

It was certain to come. The women of New York, and of course elsewhere, accus-

tomed to power and satiated with command, have at length resorted to brutality, and now we have a plea for the chivalry that should accompany strength. A correspondent of the New York World tells his story with brief pathos. He asks that women shall have a little mercy on the hapless men who have to support them and at the same time to travel on the B. R. T. "Last night," he says, "as I was about to board a Putnam Avenue car at the bridge entrance, encumbered with the parcels I had been instructed to bring home, a female some six feet in height; dressed in fashionable garb, roughly broke my grip on the hand-rail and thrusting her elbow under my chin brutally forced me back from the step while she jammed herself through the door, flattening out three other luckless males who had preceded her into the narrow passage. Have these women no chivalry, no compassion for the tired, overhurdled men?"

Now this sort of thing will have to stop. If unprotected men can not show themselves with safety on the streets and in public conveyances it is time for the police to interfere.

August Escoffier has honored America by a visit. For the benefit of the uninitiated it may be said that M. Escoffier is the greatest cook living, the consulting chef of the eleven Ritz-Carlton hotels scattered all over Europe, the owner of a restaurant at Ostend and the inventor of more new and delicious dishes than can be enumerated. He is sixty-two years of age, short of stature, ruficund of face, and keen of eye. The enthusiastic reporter says that his hair and drooping mustaches are white and his long, animated fingers "hespeak the strange combination of imagination, precision, and idealism." Asked as to his favorite dishes he smiles a kindly and pitying smile:

All carefully prepared dishes should be appetizing. But often the simplest ones are the best to taste. All good cooking is healthful. A good cook should not merely strive to be aesthetic or original. He should be scientific as well. In France no one has indigestion. Few have diabetes. These maladies come from food unintelligently chosen, prepared without skill.

It is a false idea that the French spend too much time and wit upon their cookery! As if one could! The French eat delicately. They spend much thought and brains upon the selection of their food; yes, and much time in eating it. But they eat delicately.

Other races I have heard of eat enormously of everything, which they swallow whole—dishes which have no sympathetic relation to each other—and then suffer from nerves and dyspepsia, and grow gray and wrinkled early, and die young and suddenly. The French do not die of their food. They live by it—no, not for it!—and pass peacefully away when very old.

I have invented hundreds of dishes, soups and sauces and desserts, novel ways of cooking game and scores of ways of serving different vegetables—I name some of my dishes after famous persons I have met, others after great events. Those brandied peaches with hot sauce and cold frosted cream I called after Mme. Melba. A strawberry extremet I invented recently I christened Victoria Louise for the daughter of Kaiser Wilhelm. I have evolved a menu for the emperor, and during the Franco-Prussian war, when I was taken prisoner by the Prussians, I cooked for the old Emperor Wilhelm, who would have liked to have kept me a prisoner for life.

This is gratifying news of the great French nation. We had supposed that Frenchmen did sometimes suffer from nerves and wrinkles, and did occasionally die young and suddenly, but if such things occur at all it is only amongst those who have neglected the divine science of cookery.

Escoffier is a firm believer in eggs, fish, and vegetables. The more substantial articles of diet, such as beefsteaks, have their place, but it must not be a prominent one. They should be eaten, too, with a critical eye to the wines that accompany them and the wines must always be exactly the right temperature. Burgundy, for example, "should have the temperature of a pretty woman's hand," while champagne on the contrary "should be like the water of a Norwegian fjord in February." Some foods are merely wasted when eaten by one who has been drinking ice water; and so on.

Simplicity in cooking is one of the great man's recommendations. It makes him sad to see how many good things are neglected or eaten raw, such as celery, lettuce, and dandelion. Nature, he avers, has done only half the work and has left the other half to the skill of the cook. All these things and many others should be cooked before they can appear in their full perfection. They are all delicious if carefully prepared with brown stock and cream.

Another thing that we neglect is the mushroom. It should be prepared after the formula that comes to us from Provence. Steep the young mushrooms for two hours in salt, pepper, and garlic. Then toss them into a stewpan over a hot fire with chopped parsley and a little lemon juice. Here is another hint of how to prepare eggs *à la mode de Venise*: Boil a glass of milk with a piece of butter the size of half an egg; add a little salt and a glass of flour, and stir quickly until it becomes very smooth and creamy, keeping the saucepan on the fire all the time. Let the mass cool, then add an egg and stir until it is smooth; then cool a hit and add another egg in the same manner until you have mixed five eggs with the flour and milk. When the paste sticks to the spoon prepare a plate of cheese—half Parmesan and half Gruyere—add half

the plate of cheese to the mixture and stir it well. Poach little teaspoonsful of the mixture in the way eggs are poached.

This sounds good and it would be hard to commend too highly a public spirit that thus sheds its beneficence as it passes. M. Escoffier is a welcome visitor to these shores, and we appreciate the rays of light that he throws into our culinary darkness.

The theft of the Irish crown jewels has caused a certain amount of apprehension as to the security of the British jewels. As every visitor knows, these are kept in the Tower of London, secured in an iron cage and watched by a guardian. An unkind rumor says that these are not the real jewels, which are kept in quite another place, and that very cleverly made imitations are used for the satisfaction of public curiosity. No doubt this is untrue, as such a secret could hardly be kept, but if the real jewels are actually in the cage that is shown to visitors their guardianship certainly seems to be very inadequate. The average hurglar would laugh at the bars of the cage, while the presence of a rather infirm warden would do no more than give zest to the enterprise. It is remembered, too, that these very jewels were once stolen and from this very room. Colonel Blood and his friends overpowered the watchman, opened the cage, and got clear away with the crown and the sceptre. It is terrible to imagine what might have happened to the British Constitution if these insignias of power had not been regained, as regained they were without very much trouble. But what has happened once might happen again, and so there is a movement for the better protection of an extraordinary and beautiful collection of jewelry that certainly does not seem to be of much use to any one, but that it would be rather awkward

to lose. While the iron cage would be quite ineffective against burglars, it is good enough to keep out honest men, as was discovered in 1841, when a fire broke out in the Tower and seriously threatened the safety of the jewels that were only saved at the last moment.

In connection with the crown jewels of Portugal there seems to be something of a scandal. When King Miguel abdicated, or rather was deposed, in 1834, the crown jewels, worth about \$2,000,000, were placed in the Bank of Portugal as the property of the nation. It is now said that a large portion of these jewels are missing, that they were, in fact, taken by the late king and sold in order to pay the royal bills. These rumors reaching the ears of the young king, he has ordered that an inventory be taken, and the result proves that the rumors were well founded. The missing jewels are valued at \$750,000, and although the royal administrator declares that the consent of the government was obtained, the authorities of the bank admit that they gave up the jewels at the request of the king himself, who wanted to pay his bills in order to avoid a scandal. After these facts became known, King Manuel announced his intention of refunding the value from his own private resources, and this has naturally attracted a good deal of admiration. But crown jewels that are kept in common safes, as was the case at Dublin, in precarious cages as at the Tower of London, and in bank vaults like those in Lisbon, seem to be missing their true purpose in life. They would look much better on the person of some pretty woman.

"Pop!" "Yes, my son." "Did mamma ever punish you?" "Well, she married me, my hoy."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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10:45 A	9:45 A	1:48 P	1:40 P	1:48 P	4:14 P
1:45 P	11:45 A	2:45 P	2:45 P	2:45 P	4:14 P
SATUR- DAY	1:45 P	4:15 P	SATUR- DAY	SATUR- DAY	SATUR- DAY
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Legal Holidays
Sunday Time

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A little pecuniary transaction had taken place between Jimmy and his grandfather. "You might just as well give me the other nickel," Jimmie said. "Minnie'll only waste it. She puts her money in the bank right away. I buy things with mine."

From a Paris newspaper is taken the following conversation in a police court: The president, addressing the prisoner, said, sternly, "It appears from your record that you have been thirty-seven times previously convicted." To which the prisoner answers sententiously, "Man is not perfect."

Wisdom and wit are about evenly balanced in an utterance of the chancellor of the exchequer which lately went the rounds in England. Mr. Asquith was recently speaking in a Welsh town, when he was somewhat rudely interrupted by a voice in the audience, which demanded to know his position as to woman suffrage. "That," Mr. Asquith replied, blandly, "is a subject I prefer to discuss when ladies are not present."

Edward Rice relates that when Herr von Bülow was in Boston, Napier Lowthion, musical director at the Boston Theatre, introduced him, saying: "Herr von Bülow, this is Mr. Rice, a Boston man, who knows nothing about music whatever, but who has written two operas." "So?" said Von Bülow, interrogatively. "Ve haf also in Europe a shen-tleman vat knows nothing about moosic, and haf written already plenty operas—Meestor Verdi."

Shirley Brooks, one time editor of *Punch*, was noted for his whimsical humor. "It annoys me," he said, one day, "if I am discourteously treated at the threshold of a friend's door. I remember once calling on some one, and the maid, in her rudest manner, told me he was not in, and shut the door in my face. I felt I must be revenged upon her somehow, so I returned after an interval of five minutes, rang the bell, and in my meekest manner mildly said: 'Did I say he was?'"

The story goes that a Gallican bishop was dining a good many years ago at Rome with a great prince of the church, who inquired about the situation of his diocese. "I am Bishop of Angoulême," said the Frenchman; "Bishop of the Department of the Charente," he added, seeing that the Ultramontane eminence, whose strong point was not modern geography, made no sign. At last a bright thought struck him. "I'm Bishop of Cognac," said he. "Ah, Cognac! Cognac! Cognac!" cried all the guests in chorus, "that's something like a bishopric!"

They were cross-examining, in a Chicago court recently, a bookmaker who had been caught in the toils for playing some other game than his own. The third sub-assistant district attorney was intent upon a conviction, however, and was doing his best, none too successfully, to shake the testimony of the defendant. "You're sure of that?" he yelled, as the bookmaker stuck to an assertion that did not suit the case of the state. "Sure, I am certain," came the answer. "You remember that you are under oath?" "I do that." "And you'd swear to this statement of yours?" "Swear to it? Why, Mr. Lawyer, and judge, your honor, I'd bet a hundred on it any day."

When Beau Brummell, the celebrated dandy, was, in consequence of his fallen fortunes, residing at Calais, he had occasion to visit Paris. Through the kindness of the consul at the former place, he was enabled to accompany a king's messenger to the capital, and thus travel free of expense. When the messenger returned, the consul was curious to know how he and his aristocratic companion had fraternized upon the road. "What kind of a traveling companion did you find Mr. Brummell?" asked he. "Oh, a very pleasant one, indeed, sir; very pleasant," replied the messenger. "Ah! And what did he say?" "Say, sir? Nothing! He slept the whole way." "Slept the whole way! Do you call that being pleasant? Perhaps he snored!" The messenger acknowledged that Brummell did so, but immediately, as if fearful of casting an improper reflection upon so great a personage, he added, with great gravity, "Yet I can assure you, sir, Mr. Brummell snored very much like a gentleman!"

One of Judge Wright's intimate friends in Keosauqua was the late Judge Knapp. Two men could not well be more dissimilar in appearance and individual characteristics. Judge Knapp was portly, hearty, and even bluff, while Judge Wright is somewhat slight of figure, suave, and affable. Judge Knapp used to relish telling an incident which he claimed occurred while Senator Wright was visiting at his house. The judge asserted that the senator had, after much practice, acquired the habit of being interested in every possible voter, and had learned to shake hands with each man he encountered. The senator was

the guest of the judge, and had hung his linen duster in the judge's hallway. One morning the judge rushed down to his office, and did not notice that he put on the senator's coat by mistake. Later in the morning the senator wanted that coat, but could not find it, and so proceeded to Judge Knapp's office, where he discovered the missing garment on the broad back of his substantial friend. "What are you doing with my coat?" blandly inquired the senator. "Your coat?" gasped the judge, twisting and squirming about to get a fuller sight of the straining duster; "well, that accounts for it!" And the judge sank into a chair, very red in the face, but evidently relieved of a great mental load. "Accounts for what?" "Why, ever since I left home I've been fighting an unaccountable desire to rush up to and shake hands with every d—d fool I saw on the street."

The celebrated French physician, Ricord, was one day walking along the boulevards in Paris, when he met an old gentleman who was very rich, but who was at the same time noted for his extreme stinginess. The old man, who was somewhat of a hypochondriac, imagined that he could get some medical advice from Ricord without paying for it. "Doctor, I am feeling very poorly." "Where do you suffer most?" "In my stomach, doctor." "Ah, that's bad. Please shut your eyes. That's right. Now put out your tongue, so that I can examine it closely." The invalid did as he was told. After he had waited patiently for about ten minutes, he opened his eyes, and found himself surrounded by a crowd, who supposed that he was crazy. Dr. Ricord, in the meantime, had disappeared.

THE MERRY MUSE.

True Courtesy.

Bill Jinks was the perillest man
That ever I did spy.
I've often seen him step aside
To let a freight train by.
—Harvard Lampoon.

The Copy Boy on Spring.

The day is warm and Passing fair
The sky is blue and deep
The breath of Spring is in the air
And the artists is asleep
Nobody's working Very hard
The Winds are fresh and soft
And the boss is wearing evry Day
The frown that won't come off.

The Tired reporters mosey out
Tew stroll off tew a Fire
And the foxy helleo gurl is got
A hairpin on the Wire
The Poet whiffs the air as if
It was Sum vital drug
And writes a rapsody of Spring
Which is the poet's Bug

The Porter cums along to sweep
A-dragging frum the Hips
And the clivvator boy's asleep
between infrequent Trips
The Boss is on the Job at 6
his taste is dark and Brown
And you have tew rise at 4 a. m.
if you want Tew beat him down

bijo But it is passing strange
what subtle poisons Lurk
in Budding spring tew disarrange
the strict routine of Wurf
It is as if the world had ceased
it's mad pursoot of pelf
by jimminy I woudn't mind
A few days off myself.
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Epitaphs.

AS THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN WRITTEN.

Here lies a man who seemed to think
His troubles he could drown in drink.
(He succeeded.)

Here lies a chap quite free from strife,
Who dared to contradict his wife.
(She's married again.)

A hypnotist below doth lie
Who looked a tiger in the eye.
(And the tiger won.)

Dear friends, here lie the bones of one
Who always carried a deadly gun.
(The other man drew fir-)

Below, a man quite safely lies
Who jumped a chap just twice his size.
(Take warning.)

Kind friends, stop here and please take note,
Here lies the fool who rocked the boat.
(Companies were rescued.)
—Indianapolis News.

Guess Who.

He is the press and the people, the sultan who rules the Turks; he is the bell in the steeple and he is the whole blamed works. He is the hill and valley, the dawning, the dusk, the noon; he is the large white alley, he is the man in the moon. He is the soothing slumber, he is the soul awake; he is the big cucumber that gives us the belly-ache. He is the fire that quickens, the company that insures; he is the ill that sickens, and he is the thing that cures. He is the ruling Russian and we are the groveling slaves; he is the Constitution and he's the United States.—*Emporia Gazette.*

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

There has been nothing in the social world for the past ten days save the entertainments for officers of the fleet or the other "strangers within our gates," but these have been sufficient to keep every one in the midst of a mad whirl.

By way of settling a question which has been more or less discussed by those who like to amuse themselves with minor matters, it is proper to say that while Admiral Evans and his family were in San Francisco they were the personal guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott at the St. Francis Hotel. At least a member of Admiral Evans's family, who presumably knew the facts, so stated to an *Argonaut* writer.

The wedding of Miss Katharine Kutz, daughter of Rear-Admiral Kutz, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. Kutz, to Lieutenant Arthur Philip Crist, U. S. M. C., took place on Saturday evening last at St. Paul's Church, Oakland, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Alexander Allen. Miss Gertrude Russell was the maid of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Eleanor Phelps and Miss Edna Orr. Ensign Frank D. McMillan, U. S. N., was the best man and Lieutenant Fred A. Barker, U. S. M. C., and Lieutenant Caldwell Thomas Turner, U. S. M. C., were the ushers. Lieutenant and Mrs. Crist have gone on a wedding journey and will go later to Bremerton Navy Yard, where the *Wisconsin*, on which Lieutenant Crist is stationed, has been ordered.

The wedding of Miss Edith Brown, daughter of Colonel Edward T. Brown, U. S. A., and Mrs. Brown, to Lieutenant George E. Turner, U. S. A., took place on Monday of last week at the home of Colonel John A. Lundeen, U. S. A., at the Presidio of San Francisco. The ceremony was celebrated at half-past four o'clock, the Rev. Father Wood officiating. Miss Marie Lundeen was the maid of honor and Lieutenant E. E. Pritchard, U. S. A., was the best man. Lieutenant J. G. Steese, U. S. A., Lieutenant H. A. Schwahe, U. S. A., Lieutenant C. A. Mitchell, U. S. A., Lieutenant C. J. Naylor, U. S. A., Lieutenant H. K. Loughry, U. S. A., and Mr. John Geary acted as ushers. Lieutenant and Mrs. Turner left for a month's trip to St. Louis and on their return will be at "The Highlands," in Ross Valley.

The Friday Night dance, under the direction of Mr. Edward M. Greenway, took place on Friday evening of last week at the Fairmont Hotel, in honor of the officers of the fleet. Assisting Mr. Greenway in receiving were Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mrs. Walter S. Hobart, Mrs. Francis J. Carolan, Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall.

Mrs. Merrill Miller and Mrs. Henry Glass entertained at a luncheon on Monday last at the Claremont Country Club in honor of Mrs. Victor H. Metcalf. About fifty guests were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained at a luncheon on Sunday last at the Burlingame Club, at which Mrs. Elinor Glyn was the guest of honor.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week, his twenty guests afterwards attending the Greenway hall.

Mrs. William Miller Graham was the hostess at a luncheon on Friday of last week at the Fairmont in honor of Mrs. Elinor Glyn. Those present were Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Sallie Stetson Winslow, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Walter Magee, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, and Mrs. Peter Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King entertained at a dinner on Friday evening last at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bowles entertained at a dinner on Tuesday evening of last week at

their home in Oakland in honor of the Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Metcalf.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week, they and their party going afterwards to the Greenway ball.

There has been an unbroken succession of receptions and smart affairs at the St. Francis since the fleet arrived. The other day about one hundred people were received on the mezzanine floor by Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Miss Laura Farnsworth, Mrs. Bernard Faymonville, and Miss Effie Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Fred Kohl entertained at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel on Friday evening of last week before the Greenway ball.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis entertained at a tug party on Wednesday of last week to view the entrance of the fleet into the harbor. Forty guests were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur K. Lee entertained at dinner Wednesday night at the St. Francis and Thursday Paymaster and Mrs. Z. W. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Dean, and Pay Inspector I. Lerr gave dinners for the naval officers who are living ashore.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin entertained a large number of guests at a tug party on Saturday last to view the naval review, the party afterwards cruising about the bay.

Mrs. Louis Findlay Montague was the hostess at a bridge party on Monday afternoon last at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mrs. Charles A. Belden.

Among those who entertained at dinner at the St. Francis previous to the naval ball were Major and Mrs. C. H. McKinstry, Mr. and Mrs. George McNear, Senator and Mrs. Belshaw, and Mr. Knox Mathews of New York.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William B. Bourn and Miss Maud Bourn have returned from New York, where they spent the winter, and have gone to their country place in Grass Valley for a stay of some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye of Washington, D. C., are expected to arrive in California in a few weeks for a visit of a month or two.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst has returned to her hacienda at Pleasanton, after a stay of a week in town.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett came up last week from Burlingame for a visit to Mrs. Russell J. Wilson.

Mrs. Edward Barron, Miss Marguerite Barron, Miss Evelyn Barron, and Mr. Ward Barron came up from their country home near Mayfield and were guests at the Fairmont during fleet week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott are at the St. Francis during the stay of the fleet in this harbor.

Mrs. Theodore Payne and her sons have arrived in Paris and will spend the summer motoring on the Continent.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and their sons are spending a fortnight at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett are spending a fortnight in town as the guests of Mrs. Poett's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Scheld of Sacramento have been visiting in town as the guests of Mrs. C. O. Alexander.

Mr. and Mrs. William Miller Graham of Santa Barbara have returned to their Southern home, after a visit of a week in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury came up from San Mateo and were here for fleet week.

Miss Genevieve Harvey of Galt came down last week and was the guest of Miss Elizabeth Livermore.

Miss Claire Nichols has been in town for the past ten days as the guest of Miss Alexandra Hamilton and Miss Helen Baker.

Miss Genevieve Thompson of Portland, Oregon, is visiting Miss Christine Pomeroy.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Dibblee have returned from a visit to the Dibblee ranch in Santa Barbara and are now the guests of friends in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight came up last week from Burlingame and spent the week at the Holbrook home on Van Ness Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierce of Pasadena have been the guests of the T. W. N. Drapers in San Rafael for the past ten days.

Mrs. George Ashton, Miss Helen Ashton, and Miss Bessie Ashton were, when last heard from, in Florence, where they are spending several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Randolph King left this week for Annapolis, where they will spend the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Madison of San Rafael were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Beaver at the latter's home in this city for some days last week.

Mr. Julius W. Raphael of San Francisco, with his friend, Mr. C. Fairchild of New York, are at the Fairmont. At the same hotel there are also many Eastern people who came West to see how San Francisco gives greeting to the fleet. Mr. J. E. Pills of Cincinnati, Mr. E. C. Cook of Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Collear and Miss Collear of Pittsburg are among the number. Also Mr. B. K. Miller of Milwaukee, Mr. Joseph Hund

of New York, Miss Emerick of Oswego, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Haskell of Auburn-dale, Mass., and Mr. G. W. Trotter of Syracuse, N. Y.

The St. Francis has entertained many distinguished naval guests during the past week. Besides Admiral Evans, there have been Admiral Swinburne, Admiral Schley, the hero of Santiago, Captain Richmond Hobson, and many noted officers of the line.

Mrs. Albert Gallatin and Mr. Albert Gallatin, Jr., were registered at The Peninsula, San Mateo, over Sunday.

Miss E. Marion Warren, heiress to the Dolbeer millions, is visiting Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland at The Peninsula, San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Glass, who have been the guests of Mr. Frank S. Johnson in San Rafael since the end of March, have returned to their home in Berkeley.

A distinguished party of friends were at The Peninsula, San Mateo, Sunday, consisting of Mrs. A. B. Hammond, Miss Alice Heron, Miss Gertrude Ballard, Miss Langborne, Miss Grace Hammond, and Miss F. Hammond.

Mr. and Mrs. William W. Chapin have been at the St. Francis for the past week.

Dr. and Mrs. E. D. Chipman of Ross Valley are with friend at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla, Miss Vera de Sabla, and Miss Leontine de Sabla will leave this month for Victoria, B. C., for a short stay.

Among the friends and relatives of navy men at the Fairmont are Mrs. Uriel Sebree, wife of Rear-Admiral Sebree; Mrs. Charles M. Thomas, wife of Rear-Admiral Thomas, now in command of the Atlantic fleet; Mrs. Chauncey Thomas, wife of Captain Thomas; Mrs. Mayo, wife of Captain Mayo, commander of the *Albatross*.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Rafael were Mr. Hutton, Mr. and Mrs. Greenblatt, Miss Greenblatt, Miss Ayer, Mr. and Mrs. L. Neustadter, of San Francisco.

Among the latest arrivals at the Fairmont to join in the fleet festivities are Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dorr, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Hayes, Mr. P. J. McDonnell, of Los Angeles, and Mr. Frank Abbott of Milwaukee.

Among recent arrivals at The Peninsula, San Mateo, were Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lange, Mr. George H. Fuller, Miss B. F. Smith, Mr. H. B. Worden, Mr. H. G. Martell, Mrs. J. Bazare, Miss Techau, Colonel George Filmer, San Francisco.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Normandie were Governor George Sheldon and staff, of Nebraska; G. E. Stallman, U. S. A.; Mr. and Mrs. L. Einstein and Miss Einstein, Fresno; Mr. J. A. Keyes, Santa Barbara; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stock, San Jose; Mrs. A. J. Beiersdorf, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Dewees, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Breuner, Sacramento.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Victoria were Mr. Isaac Bird, Merced, Cal.; Mr. W. L. Clark, Benicia; Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Bowers, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Pressey, Petaluma; Mr. M. A. Nurse, Sacramento; Mr. A. R. Waters, Santa Rosa; Miss Maud Campbell, San Jose; Mr. W. H. Curson, Woodland; Mr. C. P. Bailey, San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Thomas, Stockton.

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PERSONAL.
Army and Navy.
 The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:
 Colonel E. T. Brown, Field Artillery Corps, U. S. A., sailed on the transport *Sheridan* on Wednesday of last week for Manila for duty. He was accompanied by Mrs. Brown.
 Colonel Thomas Wilhelm, U. S. A., retired, inspector-general of the State militia, has completed his inspection of the National Guard of California and has filed his reports for transmission to the adjutant-general of the army.
 Major George McK. Williamson, quartermaster, U. S. A., is ordered, after the bids for the construction of the proposed wharf at Fort Mason shall be opened, to repair to Washington, D. C., and report to the quartermaster-general for temporary duty.

Lieutenant-Commander E. H. Durrell, U. S. N., is detached from the *New Jersey* and ordered to the *West Virginia*.
 Lieutenant-Commander M. H. Signor, U. S. N., is detached from the *West Virginia* and ordered to the *New Jersey*.
 Captain E. P. Jervay, Jr., Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., sailed for Manila on Wednesday of last week on the transport *Sheridan*.
 Captain Julius A. Penn, General Staff, U. S. A., is here on a tour of inspection of the military schools and colleges of this vicinity.
 Captain Henry W. Stamford, Signal Corps, U. S. A., is ordered relieved from treatment at the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, and to join his proper station.
 Captain Isaac Newell, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., is ordered to report in person to the superintendent of the United States Military Academy, West Point, New York, on August 22, for duty.
 Captain George S. Simonds, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at the United States Military Academy, West Point, New York, to take effect August 13, and he will then join his proper station.
 Surgeon Cary D. Langhorne, U. S. N., sailed on the *Korea* last week for Honolulu, where he is ordered for duty.
 Lieutenant C. H. Fisher, U. S. N., is detached from the *Louisiano* and ordered to duty with the Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant W. T. Tarrant, U. S. N., is detached from the *California* and ordered home.
 Lieutenant J. W. Schoenfeld, U. S. N., is detached from the *California* and ordered home.
 Lieutenant E. F. Eckhardt, U. S. N., is detached from the *Navajo* and ordered to the *Maryland*.
 Lieutenant T. A. Kettinger, U. S. N., is detached from the *Navajo* and ordered to the *West Virginia*.
 Lieutenant Arthur G. Fisher, U. S. A., recently promoted from second lieutenant, Fourteenth Cavalry, is assigned to the Thirteenth Cavalry.
 Lieutenant Charles L. Hall, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Robert S. A. Dougherty, U. S. A., upon the expiration of their graduating leaves of absence, will proceed to Fort Mason and report in person to the commanding officer of that post for duty with Company A, First Battalion of Engineers.

Lieutenant Frederic G. Kellond, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at Fort Reno, Oklahoma, and will proceed to join his company.
 Ensign J. D. Little, U. S. N., is detached from the *Wisconsin* and ordered to the *Rhode Island*.
 Ensign B. Dutton, Jr., U. S. N., now on temporary duty on the *Navajo*, will upon arrival at Puget Sound, resume duty on the *Kentucky*.
 Ensign H. R. Greenlee, U. S. N., is detached from the *Rhode Island* and ordered to the *Wisconsin*.
 Ensign J. N. Ferguson, U. S. N., is detached from the *Pennsylvania* and ordered home with leave of one month.
 Paymaster F. K. Perkins, U. S. N., is de-

tached from the *California* and ordered to the *Washington*.
 Paymaster W. A. Merritt, U. S. N., is detached from the *Washington* and ordered to the *California*.
 The Atlantic fleet will leave San Francisco on May 18 for Puget Sound.
 Seven companies of the Second Infantry, U. S. A., arrived last week from Manila, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel C. St. J. Chubb, U. S. A., of which four companies went to Fort Assiniboine, Montana, and three companies to Fort Thomas, Kentucky.
 The Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., commanded by Colonel Frederick A. Smith, U. S. A., arrived on Tuesday on the transport *Thomas* from the Philippines. Headquarters, band, and six companies are in camp at the Depot of Recruits and Casuals, Angel Island, and six companies at the Presidio of Monterey. On the departure of the Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., on July 3 for Alaska, the Eighth Infantry will take the posts thus left vacant.

Society Vaudeville.
 Rarely has there been a more interesting society vaudeville programme promised than the one that has been arranged for Thursday afternoon, May 21, at the Princess Theatre to raise funds for the organ at St. Dominic's Church, where Dr. Humphrey Stewart officiates. Chief among the attractions will be Robert Mantell, the Shakespearean actor, in a reading from "King Lear"; Mackenzie Gordon will sing two solos and also appear in the "Macaroni" trio with Mr. Charles Dickman and Mr. William Hopkins. There will be three one-act pieces, "The Folly of the Fool," performed by the members of the Jenne Morrow Long Dramatic School; "In the Soup," an operetta by George de Long, in which Mrs. Thomas Nunan, Mr. de Long, and Emil Kehrlein appear, and "A Desperate Case," by Charles G. Norris, a dramatization suggested by one of Frank Norris's hooks. Probably the feature of the afternoon's entertainment will be the double sextette from "Fantana," performed by the same young society people who made such a hit a year ago when they gave this number at the benefit of the San Francisco Maternity Hospital. Those taking part are: Miss Frances Stewart, Miss Edith Metcalf, Miss Ellen Page, Mrs. William Sexton, Miss Marion Lally, Miss Erma Herman, Mr. Emerson Warfield, Mr. Emil Kehrlein, Mr. Arthur Fennimore, Mr. Alan Macdonald, Mr. George Willcutt, and Mr. Charles G. Norris. Tickets for the affair will be put on sale Monday, May 18. They can be had at either of Sherman & Clay's stores and at the Princess Theatre.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Do you think people should be punished for gambling at the races?" "A lot of them are by having their money taken away from them."—*Washington Star*.

She—He tells me all his secrets. He—Well, you don't object to that, do you? She—Oh, I don't know. I think I'd rather find them out!—*London Opinion*.

The Maid—Do you believe it's unlucky to get married on a Friday? The Abominable Bachelor—Certainly. Why should Friday be an exception?—*Black and White*.

Tom—And when you proposed she gave you a sweet answer? Dick—She did, indeed. Tom—Ah, she said "Yes"? Dick—No, she said "Fudge."—*Chicago Daily News*.

Molly—When you spoke to father, did you tell him you had \$500 in the bank? George—Yes. Molly—And what did he say? George—He horrified it.—*Sketchy Bits*.

The Judge—Was your chauffeur guilty in this accident? The Prisoner—No, your honor, the victim was run over in entire compliance with the ordinance.—*Green Bag*.

"I can not live but a week longer without you!" "Really, duke? Now how can you fix on a specific length of time?" "Ze landlord fix on it, miss; not I."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"You Americans don't appreciate art," said the man from abroad. "We don't, eh?" rejoined the earnest patriot. "Why, we pay some opera singers more than we do baseball players!"—*Washington Star*.

"Pardon me," the photographer said, "but I think your smile is unnecessarily broad. It will show all your teeth." "Those teeth cost me \$60," growled the sitter. "I want 'em to show."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Nellie," called down the strict parent, giving his daughter's nightly caller the usual warning to get out, as the clock struck eleven, "I'm coming down there now!" "You needn't mind, father," was the unexpected reply, "Mr. Wells has wound up the clock and put out the cat."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

"Well, sir," said the old gentleman indignantly, "what are you doing round here again? I thought that delicate hint I gave you with my hoot just as you left the front door last night would give you to understand that I don't like you—won't have you—coming here." "It did," said the young man who was "after" the daughter, as a look of

mingled pain and admiration came over his face; "but I thought I would come and ask you—" "Ask me what?" "If you wouldn't like to join our football club."—*Stray Stories*.

Mrs. Baker—My husband costs me a good deal of money. Mrs. Barker—Yes, and he isn't very good to you, either. Mrs. Baker—I know it, but I got a dandy lot of wedding presents with him.—*New York Times*.

The Man—I'd give anything if you would kiss me. The Maid—But the scientists say that kisses breed disease. The Man—Oh, never mind that. Go ahead, and make me an invalid for life.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

"Well," said Kwoter, "you know, 'faint heart ne'er won fair lady.'" "Nonsense!" replied Miss Bright; "if the lady's heart isn't faint and she's willing to help him a little he can win every time."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Phyllis—What an awkward waltzer Charley Litewate is. Wonder he wouldn't take a few lessons. Maud—Why, he has. He told me that he took a regular correspondence-school course in dancing last winter.—*Sunday Magazine*.

Mrs. Browne—She's forever complaining, but I think she merely lacks stamina.—Mrs. Malaprop—Oh, no; she's got it; as you say, that's what the doctor calls her disease. She can't sleep, you know.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Jingle (to short, stout party)—Just had such a good time with that lady over there. Awfully flirty, don't you know. But now she won't even look at me. Short Party (just arrived)—How funny! She's my wife.—*The Tatler*.

"Who," she asked, "is that scrawny, how-legged, ridiculous looking person talking to Miss Rockingham?" "That is Count Brisczpicknitzel!" "Oh!" What an aristocratic, noble hearing he seems to have, now that he has shifted his position so that the light strikes him properly."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

The Judge—Is yo' name Immanuel Baxter? Immanuel—Yassah. The Judge—Well, you are charged by Officer Tucker with stealing a side of hacon at Walters's store last night. Immanuel—Ah wants ter file a alih. The Judge—What for? Immanuel—Ah don't know, seh; Mistah Reg'nald James—he's a col'd law-ye—he done tol' me ter say dat. The Judge—Oh, I see. But why didn't you steal a ham? They're better than sides. Immanuel—They wasn't no hams down dah. The Judge—Thirty days.—*Cleveland Leader*.

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Haverford.....June 6 Merion.....June 20

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT
Mesaha.....May 23 Minneapolis...June 6
Minnehaha...May 30 Minnetonka...June 13

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM—VIA BOULOGNE
Statendam...May 27 Ryndam.....June 10
N. Amsterdam June 3 Potsdam.....June 17
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Maiden Voyage, July 1 from New York.
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NEW YORK—DOVER—ANTWERP
Zeeland.....May 23 Finland.....June 6
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WHITE STAR LINE

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Arabic.....May 28 Baltic.....June 11
Celtic.....June 4 Cedric.....June 18
N. Y.—PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON
Majestic.....May 27 Teutonic.....June 10
Oceanic.....June 6 Adriatic.....June 17

BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL

Cymric.....May 23 Republic.....June 3
New York—Azores—Mediterranean
Cretic.....June 20, noon
Romanic.....July 3, 3 p. m.

Boston—Azores—Mediterranean

Canopic.....May 16, June 27
Romanic.....May 30, 10:30 a. m.
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S. S. Nippon Maru....Tuesday, June 16, 1908
S. S. Tenyo Maru (via Manila).....
.....Saturday, July 11, 1908

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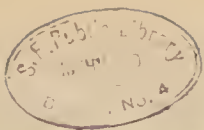


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The Argonaut.

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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - Editor

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The Presidential Outlook.

With the national convention only three weeks away, all the conditions point to the nomination of Mr. Taft. Of the 988 delegates who will sit in the convention, 563, according to figures compiled by Manager Vorys, have been chosen either under instructions to vote for Taft or under resolutions of endorsement or preference in his favor. If it were not that political history bids us remember the slip which so often comes 'twixt cup and lip, it might be said with assurance that already Mr. Taft is as good as nominated. But it is recalled that William H. Seward, James G. Blaine, and John Sherman each upon occasion was "as good as nominated" and that each in turn failed. A multitude of lesser incidents likewise impose upon every so-called "political certainty" an element of doubt. And yet it is noted that in recent years the art or science of political forecast has been a good deal developed as compared with earlier times. The increasing effectiveness of organization, the habit of sending delegates under instruction, the closer scrutiny of the press—these things have made the work of the political guesser easier and more nearly certain. No national convention of either party since the nomination of Bryan in

1896 has assembled with room for serious doubt in any informed mind as to what was going to happen. On the Democratic side Bryan was a certainty for months before the convention of 1900, and it was equally well understood four years ago that the Democratic nomination would go to Parker. Likewise, McKinley was a fore-ordained nominee in 1896 and in 1900, and four years ago no name but that of Roosevelt was considered for several weeks prior to the convention. The habit of late years is to leave as little as possible to chance; as nearly as it can be done, the cards are stacked and the conditions fixed before the roll-call. It goes without saying that recent practice has certain practical advantages, but it does not add to the dignities or to the respect of politics. A "programmed" convention is less interesting from any standpoint than a free convention—less in accord with the traditional theories of our system; less stimulating to the kind of interest in political affairs which makes for patriotism and the more wholesome sort of political spirit.

There would be a higher measure of assurance in the case of Mr. Taft if his strength were less obviously of the manufactured sort. His candidacy stands where it stands not upon its own legs, but because the whole powers of administrative influence and management have been exerted in its behalf. The Ohio delegates no doubt are for Taft because the people of Ohio want Taft; in most other cases the matter has been "arranged" either directly or indirectly through Mr. Roosevelt's influence. On the whole, while the Taft movement looms large, Mr. Taft himself distinctly has not grown during the campaign as a public figure. Personal qualities like his are neither to be obscured nor belittled; but even virtue and intellect in leading strings lose something of their dignity. The caged lion seems somehow less a king of beasts than the lion of the imagination. Mr. Taft standing by and for himself would be a figure to inspire the highest enthusiasm; Mr. Taft as a promoted candidate, while indeed a man for a' that, is hardly as imposing a figure as we could wish.

Mr. Taft's candidacy before the convention is stronger nominally than in fact, because it is made up of men who in large part—possibly for the most part—would be just as well pleased with some other man. We see how it is here in California. Our State delegation will go to Chicago instructed for Taft, although he is not, we venture to say, the personal choice of one man out of four in the delegation. Delegates who are for a candidate under arrangement count as high as any when it comes to voting, but they don't contribute to the preliminary campaign like those who are for a man because they really and truly want him as against everybody else. Your delegate under arrangement is far more easily approached by the friends of other candidates; he more readily conceives the logic of opposition; he is, no matter how firmly he may be bound by fixed arrangements, a possible recalcitrant.

At Chicago Mr. Taft's candidacy will be confronted by serious questions at the point of availability. Nobody will question Taft's personal character or his individual powers, but there will be those gravely to doubt the expediency of nominating him. For all that has been done by Mr. Roosevelt in the way of messages to Congress, personal conferences, and political arrangements, there are no indications that organized labor is well disposed towards Mr. Taft. The course of Mr. Gompers during the past month may be taken as evidence that the animosity held by organized labor towards Mr. Taft since his famous labor decisions of ten years or more ago is still cherished. Taft, it will be remembered, laid down the law as affecting labor with a logic and a definiteness which no special pleader can answer. But organized labor does not respect logic; what it wants is subservience. All these years since Taft's decisions were rendered, Gompers and his ilk have "had it in" for Taft, and there is nothing to

indicate that they have been brought to a kindlier feeling. Mr. Roosevelt in the special appeals made to Congress during the past three months has exercised to the limit his political art in the hope of helping Taft with the labor vote. But Congress has not consented even under the executive whip to make what Speaker Cannon has styled flesh of one class of citizens and fowl of another. In spite of the President's appeals and in the face of Mr. Gompers's rage, the laws have not been readjusted to meet the demands of organized labor for special privilege, therefore the Gompersites have not been placated. Presumably organized labor is as hostile now as it ever has been with respect to Mr. Taft.

Then there is the Brownsville incident. The negroes of the country have profoundly resented the action of the administration towards those companies of black troops arbitrarily dismissed from the service "without honor," and they do not forget that the order of dismissal was signed by Mr. Taft as Secretary of War. There have been diplomatic efforts to smooth this matter over, but there is no assurance that the thing has been accomplished. The negroes of the country are still resentful of what they deem a grievous injustice. The black vote is a factor of very considerable consequence in more than one northern State, and if it should be thrown against Mr. Taft with anything like unanimity the effect might be serious. As everybody knows, the black vote in the North, while pretty generally held to the Republican party, has always been more or less "assisted." The policy is likely to be different this year, among other reasons being this, namely, that the campaign managers will not have the money that has been in their hands in former years. The great corporations and men like the President's "practical" friend Mr. Harriman, will not be contributors to the campaign fund; and in consequence there will be less doing in behalf of the Afro-American and other patriotic elements whom it has been customary to "look after" during presidential campaigns.

But there are other considerations seriously affecting the availability of Mr. Taft. As the President's candidate he is involved directly in widespread animosities created by the administration during the past two or three years. Not all who dislike Roosevelt dislike Taft; but all who dislike Roosevelt, with some who do like him, resent the means which he has employed to promote Mr. Taft's candidacy. In every doubtful State, notably in New York, there is a considerable anti-administration sentiment—that is, a sentiment critical of the course of the administration and resentful of its dictation. We think it rather more than doubtful, in view of all that has occurred during the past three months, if Mr. Taft can carry New York. We think it questionable if Mr. Taft can carry California. And there are other States in which there exists a considerable body of anti-administration sentiment. All this and more will be to the fore when the delegates pour into Chicago, and it is possible that there will develop a situation in which the cool heads of the party may feel that it would be wise to name a candidate less obviously and positively subject to adverse possibilities. It is even possible that Mr. Taft himself may discover a situation in which he would rather not accept the risk.

There are current two distinct theories as to the immediate attitude of those great "interests" which Mr. Roosevelt has so antagonized during the past three years. According to one story, the President has bargained with the railroad corporations in behalf of Taft, promising them liberty to raise rates to meet the stress of the times in return for not opposing his candidate. It has even been hinted that the instruction for Taft on the part of California is in consequence of an understanding in which the President has had his due share. The other theory is that the great interests have determined to make no protest against the nomination of Taft, but will lie in wait to "knife" him in the voting

The argument supporting this theory is that the "interests" will be better pleased with a Democrat in the presidency than with a Republican—Taft for example—pledged to the Roosevelt policies. It is argued that Bryan, who beyond a doubt will be the Democratic nominee, is now really less of a "disturber" than Roosevelt. It is further argued that the Senate is bound to be Republican during the coming four years and that this fact will completely tie the hands of Bryan in the presidency.

Much of all this, of course, is mere gossip, but for all that it may be worth considering. Speaking for itself, the *Argonaut* now expects to see Mr. Taft nominated; and while it does not like the methods by which his candidacy has been promoted, it respects the man and believes he would make a fine President. In its view Mr. Taft is too big a man merely to reflect the aims and purposes of any other man; as President we believe he would be as independent as Mr. Roosevelt; far less noisy; far more respectful of the proprieties and dignities of the office, and far more considerate of the law. None the less, in view of the history of the past few months, we regard the nomination of Mr. Taft as extremely hazardous from the standpoint of party calculation. We believe he will be a very hard man to elect, and as between him and Mr. Bryan we regard the outcome, to put the matter delicately, as extremely uncertain.

The Cleveland Riots.

The latest outbreak of criminality masquerading under the name of labor is at Cleveland, Ohio, where some thousands of conductors and motormen have abandoned their work on the local street-car system and with clubs and stones have set upon others who have elected to remain at work. On Saturday of last week there was an almost exact reproduction in the streets of Cleveland of incidents occurring in San Francisco a year ago in connection with our street-car strike. Street-car men who declined to quit work were forcibly taken from their cars. Obstructions were placed upon the tracks; trolley wires were cut; tracks were ripped out; switch points were broken; many men were beaten and badly injured.

But Cleveland has as its mayor a man who knows his duty and is not afraid. His name is Tom Johnson, and all the world knows him as a man who never does things by halves and as one who never tries to carry water on both shoulders. Within two hours after trouble began in the streets of Cleveland Mr. Johnson issued the following proclamation:

Violence resulting in destruction of property and injury to persons having already occurred on the streets consequent upon the street railway strike. I have instructed the chief of police to preserve order and protect property with all the force at his command. I hereby notify the public that I will use the full power of the city to supply all necessary assistance to the police authorities, and I warn all persons that disturbances will not be tolerated and disorder will be met with force adequate to suppress it.

It is almost needless to report what effect this proclamation had upon the situation. It did not, indeed, end the strike, but it did halt riot and outrage. It put the controversy between the street-car company and the strikers in a shape to be adjusted upon its merits rather than by open warfare in the streets, and to the hazard of life and property. It asserted the authority and the dignity of the law and it commanded respect not only on the part of citizens generally, but on the part of those engaged in the quarrel. Of course it did not please the laborites, because they are never pleased and never can be pleased so long as they are in any way restrained. Their demand if they had the manly courage to put it into words is for license to riot at will, to commit any crime which passion or malice may suggest, to proceed unhindered in any course of violence and aggression which may suit the spirit or the caprice of the moment. None the less, organized labor itself respects the official who does not cover and cringe before it, who asserts his manhood and maintains the responsibilities and dignities of his place in accordance with his obligations. Organized labor, while it may resent the action of Mayor Johnson because it is its policy to resent whatever curbs its power—even organized labor will regard Mr. Johnson more highly than before.

The course of the mayor of Cleveland is a signal endorsement of principles which the *Argonaut* has again and again declared and whose enforcement is essential to the maintenance of the rights of all citizens including those who make up the forces of organized

labor. The essential function of government is to protect property and to safeguard citizens in their rights. Mr. Johnson as mayor of Cleveland uses the police powers under his hand (1) to protect property; (2) to protect citizens in their right to labor. Certain citizens have declined service upon street-cars and have abandoned their work, as they had a perfect right to do. But other citizens with equal rights have chosen to continue in the street-car service. The first group insists upon the privilege of compelling the second group also to quit work and has proceeded to violence in the enforcement of its demands. The duty of the authorities is plain; under their oath to enforce the laws they have but one possible course, namely, to safeguard property, to prevent violence and outrage, to protect citizens in their primary rights, which include the right to labor.

Nobody questions the right of workmen to quit their work singly or in the mass. Under any system recognizing the primary rights of citizens the right to quit any work whose conditions are unsatisfactory—the right to strike if you please—is a positive and even sacred right. But the right of one man or one set of men to quit work, to strike, is no greater than the right of other men to work. What becomes of the right of a man to work, a right guaranteed alike by the laws of nature and the laws of the land, if others may set upon him and enforce him to accept their own ideas or policies? There is but one possible answer to this question. When for any reason one group of men set upon and seek to enforce another group of men against their will, either to work or to strike, the hand of authority must step in and give that protection which the laws guarantee. Every resource must be employed, the whole power of society if necessary must be put forth to protect the man who elects to work in his right to work. Say to a group of citizens either that it must work or that it may not work excepting upon the consent of another group of citizens, then slavery, not liberty, becomes the rule of the country. And this is why it is, in the interest of the foundation principles of social order, that the powers of organized society must in common integrity be exerted as Mayor Johnson of Cleveland is now exerting them.

What happened in San Francisco last year stands in shameful and painful contrast with what has happened in Cleveland. A criminal and cringing mayor, instead of asserting the powers and maintaining the integrity of the law, instead of following a course in accordance with his sworn duty, adopted a policy of "hands off," a policy in shameless disregard alike of his legal and moral obligations. A craven chief of police, in personal sympathy with criminality, made a pretense of attempting to maintain the peace, but practically gave license to riot. No less than fifty persons were killed or maimed in our streets because dishonor sat in our mayor's chair, because cowardice and a shameless complaisance held authority with our police. Nor is it forgotten that in the very crisis of this trouble, one who would have the world believe him a champion of all the moral virtues—none other than Mr. Rudolph Spreckels—moved by malice and spleen against a private enemy, gave forth an infamous message of sympathy and approval for those whose crimes were staining our streets with the blood of victims—citizens whose whole offending was that they were seeking by honorable industry to earn their livelihood.

The Fleet.

After a stay of twelve days filled to satiety with spectacles and ceremonials, the fleet left us on Monday of this week. It will go up the Coast to Puget Sound for a brief stay, returning to San Francisco and remaining here or hereabout for some weeks before starting across the Pacific. When it returns it will be in the way of routine and the time will not be marked by special patriotic or social festivities.

Regarded entirely apart from the larger purposes of the cruise, the visit of the fleet to San Francisco has been an event of signal importance. It has done an immense service for us as a community by establishing, so to speak, a new historic landmark, something tending by its magnitude and by the scope of its interests to turn our thoughts away from our troubles and so to give us a fresh outlook. And, as well, the visit of the fleet has been an important contribution to the life of trade. A large fleet is of itself a prodigious consumer of commodities, all of which have to be bought in the market. Then Jack ashore is a liberal spender and in twelve days twenty thousand men with full pockets have turned a good deal of ready money into the channels of local trade. Furthermore, the presence of three

hundred thousand visitors from up and down and over the Coast during the stay of the fleet has meant much for San Francisco, not only in the form of restored social connections, but as a direct contribution to local business. All this, of course, quite apart from the essential motives and purposes of this extraordinary cruise.

The appeal in which some two hundred and more commercial organizations of the Pacific Coast States have combined, to the end that part of the Atlantic fleet may be retained permanently in Pacific waters, is founded in motives entirely sound. All the considerations which prompted the cruise into Pacific waters now urge the retention here of at least part of the fleet. Here is a new commercial world plainly destined to be the theatre of great events. The greatest world activities of recent years have occurred in and about the Pacific Ocean. What we may style the political advance into the Pacific has only fairly begun. Here is the immediate and the most promising field of the world's larger progress. The importance of the Pacific Ocean as related to the future of the United States is a thing impossible to be overestimated. And, all this being so, it behooves us as a nation not only to be prepared for emergencies, but to maintain in Pacific waters such an aggregation of physical powers as may serve to inform other and rival interests as to how far they may and may not go. The coming of the fleet was in recognition of the growth of the Pacific world, an act of assertion of American power and purpose, a sign of things more effectively interpreted by an exhibition of force than by the making of phrases. Some part of this fleet ought to stay here, if for no other purpose, for the maintenance of the ideas which its coming has impressed upon the world.

There is, we think, danger that the continued march of the Atlantic fleet across the face of the earth, marked merely by ceremonials and social gayeties, with its return as a unit to Atlantic waters, may tend to the effacement rather than the enforcement of the serious lessons of the cruise. A movement which, regarded as a piece of moral strategy, the world has accepted as profoundly significant, may easily be vitiated to the character of a mere holiday enterprise by overmuch visitation and pleasuring. There is need to be careful lest a large purpose finely achieved may now be spoiled.

The announcement that the fleet may return to Hampton Roads to participate in a grand review on Washington's birthday—the 22nd of February next—tends, we think, to belittle this whole movement. If this be done, its real motive will be to make a grand spectacular event, not, in truth, in memory of Washington, but in exploitation of Mr. Roosevelt. Coming nine days before his retirement from the presidency, it will smack of a design on the part of the President to give himself an unparalleled spectacular send-off. Such a spectacle, we think, will neither contribute to dignities of the country nor to the fame of its retiring chief magistrate. For his own credit and honor the President would better employ the navy as the interest of the country demands rather than to assemble it by his own orders to make a holiday for his own exploitation.

A Would-Be Dictator.

Samuel Gompers, a foreigner who assumes to be the political director of organized labor in the United States, has become insistent in his demands for special privileges in the form of discriminating laws in the interest of "labor." In a letter addressed on the 7th instant to Representative Brumm he takes a high tone of protest against the plan of Congress to adjourn on the 25th instant. He specifically "demands" the passage of certain measures, declaring that "labor insists that these measures shall be acted on before adjournment."

Here we have the spectacle of a man holding no official responsibility, a man with no rights save those of his own assumption, and a foreigner at that, taking the tone of a congressional boss. He "protests," he "demands," he threatens. He will have what he wants whether it be right or it be wrong and he will have it now; or he will direct his minions of organized labor to punish those who have the temerity to disobey.

Men and brethren of these United States, how long are we going to stand this sort of thing? How long are we going to permit this hold-up agent of organized labor to carry himself before the country as one licensed as a master of its courses? The assertion of this man calls for attention. Are we to live in a country dominated by the ideas of equality promulgated and enforced by our fathers, or are we to turn

over the making and administration of our laws to the insolent agent of a special class?

It is time we were giving to the pretensions of Mr. Gompers the quietus which they deserve. We have no choice—either we must resent the assumptions of this autocrat, rebuke him and retire him, or we must surrender to him. The *Argonaut* is not for surrender. It is for putting this blatant and assertive creature where he belongs. And if we don't do it we are unworthy of our heritage as sons of the founders of the republic.

Japan and the Invasion of India.

The sudden rush of Afghans through the Khyber Pass into India is interesting in more ways than one. While at first it seemed to be no more than one of those tribal incursions of the sheepskin-clad fighters against whom the Indian army wages incessant war, it was seen to be of special importance when Lord Kitchener himself took command. The gravity increased as it was realized that the attack was not by irresponsible tribesmen equally eager for paradise or plunder, but a deliberate movement upon the part of Afghanistan herself. A friendly Afghanistan as the most logical and effective barrier to Russian aggression from the north has been one of the cornerstones of British diplomacy, and although Russia is now both friendly and impotent, the portent of a hostile Afghanistan is not one to be viewed with equanimity by the wardens of the Khyber Pass.

But the incident is interesting in another way. The world is, after all, a very small place, and dwellers on the Pacific Coast may find something to arouse their attention even in far away Afghanistan and the grim desolations of the Indian frontier. This Afghan raid is precisely one of those emergencies provided for in the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and it may not be amiss to state just what that alliance is at a time when Captain Hobson and others are raising their mournful and monotonous voices and presaging hostile coalitions and imminent disaster. We might well suppose from the vaporings of "naval experts" that Japan and England are in offensive and defensive alliance against the whole world, or that in some sense they are blood brothers pledged to each other's quarrels whenever and wherever they may occur, whether provoked or unprovoked.

Nothing could be further from the fact. The alliance relates to just such emergencies as the one that has now arisen in India upon a small scale. It relates, in other words, to Asia and to Asia only. Under no imaginable circumstances could the agreement have any bearing whatever upon the United States or upon any trouble in which the United States could possibly become embroiled. This would have been evident even to the mind of Captain Hobson had he observed the formality of basing his opinions upon some semblance to fact, and to fact so easily obtainable. The vital clause of the agreement between Japan and Great Britain reads as follows:

If by reason of unprovoked attack or aggressive action, wherever arising, on the part of any other power or powers, either contracting party should be involved in war in defense of its territorial rights or special interests mentioned in the preamble of this agreement, the other contracting party will at once come to the assistance of its ally, and will conduct the war in common, making peace in mutual agreement with it.

Now the preamble referred to in the above clause sets forth the objects of the treaty in the following words:

- (a) The consolidation and maintenance of the general peace in the regions of eastern Asia and of India.
- (b) The preservation of the common interests of all powers in China by insuring the independence and integrity of the Chinese empire and the principle of equal opportunities for commerce and industry of all nations in China.
- (c) The maintenance of the territorial rights of the high contracting parties in the regions of eastern Asia and of India, and the defense of their special interests in the said regions.

What then could be more foolish than the current speculations as to the obligations of Great Britain in the improbable case of war between the United States and Japan? Great Britain has no obligations in the matter except those of international ethics and good will, and her treaty with Japan has no more bearing upon such a contingency than has Magna Charta or the Letters of Junius.

The alliance was of course designed for the better protection of India against Russia. It is exclusively Asiatic by intention and expression, and it is as clearly stated as human language permits. Whether Japan will feel herself obliged "at once to come to the assistance of

its ally" in the present difficulty in India is another matter and an interesting one, but the whole incident is not without its value to us if it should lead Captain Hobson and those of his ilk to be a little more circumspect before talking of a hostile British army in Canada and a hostile British navy in the Atlantic on the strength of a treaty that has no existence except in the gallant captain's exuberant imagination.

Editorial Notes.

The State Republican Convention last week resulted precisely as the *Argonaut* thought it would. That combination of muck-rakers, disappointed office-seekers, self-exploiting "moralists," vainglorious charlatans, renegade Democrats, school-boys, and school-masters otherwise self-styled Lincoln-Roosevelt Leaguers, for all their pretense and brag, made small show and accomplished nothing. The most favorable opportunity in recent times for reorganization of the party—if there be anybody seriously to desire it—was lost completely. How practically astute the League leaders are we may judge by the declaration now made that the Sacramento incident is simply a step towards final success. When these gentlemen have been longer out of their class-rooms and shall have had more to do with practical things they will know that a knock-out blow received in the solar plexus is not exactly an aid to progress. When they come to themselves they will find that they are not going ahead, but rather that they are lying prone at the bottom of the back stairs. Seriously let us remind the Leaguers that when they find a real issue and a real Moses there will be no trouble about achieving the changes which they so ardently propose. But no coterie of disappointed politicians, school-masters, and children, minus a real grievance and without leadership commanding respect, is likely to achieve anything worth talking about.

It is a curious fact that those who style themselves reformers in politics commonly go at their work by methods more arbitrary and offensive than the "regular" managers of political affairs ever attempt to enforce. At the Sacramento convention, for example, the Leaguers, in furtherance of their plans, undertook literally to "whip in" anybody and everybody who appeared to be in a position to aid them. In his own newspaper, the *San Jose Mercury*, and in a statement to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, Mr. J. O. Hayes has given a most interesting account of his experiences. Part of the Santa Clara delegation supported the "regular" candidates, while another section supported the League movement. The Leaguers assumed that Mr. Hayes was "in control" of the Santa Clarans and that he was trying to carry water on both shoulders by dividing the delegation. Upon this presumption they demanded of him that he turn the whole force of the Santa Clara delegation to their side of the fight; and when Mr. Hayes replied that he had no power over the Santa Clara delegates, that they were free men who voted according to their own preferences and judgments, he was not believed. In plain terms he was told that if he did not "deliver" the Santa Clara delegation to the Leaguers, his brother, Congressman E. A. Hayes, would through regular influences be defeated for renomination. This is pretty high-handed. We have heard of doings like this before, but never by methods quite so arbitrary. Your "regular" political leader may cherish his revenges, but rarely is there any procedure so raw as that which Mr. Hayes has described.

Another instance of this same arbitrary spirit is afforded by the proceedings of the Democratic convention at Fresno, where Mr. Theodore Bell has succeeded in wresting control of the party from Mr. Gavin McNab. Mr. Bell had not been in the saddle twenty-four hours before he undertook to read out of the party whoever had not supported his own gubernatorial candidacy two years ago; and so strong was his power that he actually succeeded in thrusting forth from the convention as a traitor one Goings upon a record of having bolted a party nomination two years ago. This pill was not swallowed by the convention without a good many grimaces, and probably another venture of the same sort would have put Mr. Bell's new machine completely out of working order. It appears to be a fixed rule in amateur politics to proceed upon gross assumptions and by violent methods; and this principle goes in both parties. This perhaps is one of the reasons why so-called reform movements come so inevitably and quickly to their Waterloo.

It is characteristic of General Otis of Los Angeles

that the failure of the Sacramento convention to elect him a delegate to Chicago has not disturbed his habitual poise. He did not seek the election, made no bids of any kind for support, asked no man to vote for him. Furthermore, his dignities, political and professional, are so high as to be above the level of such small matters as the favor or disfavor of a State convention. General Otis is not a Republican for self-exploitation, but upon considerations far more profound and important. And whether he be a delegate or not, he remains the preëminent figure of Republican journalism in California. Of course it was the element which cowers before labor unionism that brought about his defeat, albeit by a single vote. The whole effect of the incident is to further emphasize the position of General Otis as a foremost champion in the cause of industrial freedom, a status ten thousand times more significant and important than that of an instructed delegate to a political convention.

Of late years it has been the habit of those selected by California as delegates to the national conventions to go East in a body and in a kind of state which, however impressive in some respects, has been painful in others. The spectacle of a special train, subsidized at great cost, bearing the delegates, their retainers, and lady friends, decorated with banners on the outside and liberally stocked on the inside with California wines—not to mention other things—has not been an edifying one. That sort of thing belongs to a stage of civilization which California ought to have passed. An ostentatious "progress" of this kind across the continent is not only objectionable in itself, but further objectionable from a standpoint of expense. It puts every man chosen as a delegate in a position where he must contribute anywhere from a thousand to two thousand dollars to a foolish show or appear in the eyes of many to be mean. Practically it makes it difficult for a citizen to represent his State in a national convention unless he be relatively rich. Propriety and good taste alike demand that a custom which has become a burdensome tax and which tends rather to belittle California than to augment its dignities should be disregarded.

We have an interesting echo of old-time political ideas and standards in the withdrawal by Senators Bulkeley and Brandegee of their names as candidates before the Connecticut Republican Convention as delegates-at-large to Chicago. This action came immediately after the passage of a resolution instructing the delegates to be elected to support Taft and in avowed consequence of it. It was not that Senators Bulkeley and Brandegee stand in opposition to Mr. Taft. The question of personal preference entered not at all into the matter. The action of the senators rested wholly upon their unwillingness to go to Chicago muzzled and gagged by instructions. To do this they felt would be beneath the standards which as citizens and statesmen they set for themselves. There is much to be said for the theory which by their action in this matter the Connecticut senators have sought to sustain. The man who goes to a convention under instructions is in effect merely carrying a message. An instructed delegate is one without initiative and without opportunity—and it may be added without real dignity. The practice of instructing delegates now all but universal has robbed conventions of independent character, making them subordinate to the machinery of politics and tending inevitably to cheapen the quality of the delegates. It would be a good thing for our politics if there were more men so regardful of their dignities as to decline a hampered and merely perfunctory service.

Eighteen million dollars and upwards, the sum expected to be brought into the municipal treasury through the sale of bonds recently authorized is truly "big money." And where an amount like this is to be disbursed there will certainly spring up a multitude of jobs and jobbers. Even where there is entire honesty in administration, the tendency in the carrying forward of large and diverse projects is towards extravagance; and unless there shall be both exceptional caution and exceptional luck, there will surely be leaks and wastes. We have a city government which we are pleased to believe to be entirely honest, although it must be confessed that it is not notably capable as a strictly business organism. Mayor Taylor, the head of affairs, while the soul of honor and all kinds of a nice man, has never been a man of business, nor at his time of life is he likely to learn new tricks. On the whole, it would seem expedient to organize some sort of advisory board made up of citizens of known capability and

reliability, to keep an eye at once alert and friendly upon fiscal operations during the period in which the bond money is to be expended. We recall that something more than a year ago when Mr. Rudolph Spreckels began to pose as the guide, philosopher, and savior of society, he had a scheme for doing something like this with some other things connected with the idea of absolute sovereignty. Of late, however, we have heard nothing of Mr. Spreckels's plans and he has, we fear, been led to abandon them. There is reason to fear, too, that Mr. Spreckels's other and larger project of saving New York, Denver, and the rest of the world from errors and sins has fallen into abeyance. Perhaps after all not only San Francisco but the world at large will be left to save themselves through their own motives and energies. It is truly a pity that Mr. Spreckels should have so raised our hopes, if now we must move on blindly, unguided by the light of his dazzling morality and unstained by those exhilarating conceptions which he once modestly cherished.

Governor Hughes of New York has written a letter in which he makes it very clear that he does not want the vice-presidential nomination. He will not, he says, accept the nomination and if he should be nominated and elected he will decline to serve. This is positive talk and, plainly, the governor means what he says, but we can but remember that no man has ever yet declined a nomination for the presidency or the vice-presidency, though the matter has been a good deal talked about at one time and another. Mr. Roosevelt most distinctly and positively did not want the vice-presidential nomination in 1900, but he did not decline it, nor indeed have any thought of doing so after it was once bestowed. It would be a pity if, through the jealousies and resentments of politics, the vice-presidency should cease to command respect. The office, carrying as it does the presidency of the Senate, is really a great one in its definite duties, regardless of the larger possibilities connected with it. No man not entirely suited to the presidency ought to be thought of for Vice-President, and no man, however large his ambitions, ought to look with contempt upon the vice-presidency.

It is so rarely that the *Argonaut* finds anything worthy of respect in that system of circling which in these degenerate days calls itself journalism, that it takes real pleasure in commending the *Examiner's* enterprise in bringing Weston, the professional pedestrian, here to instruct the public in the art of walking and to stimulate its interest in this important but neglected exercise. True, this project is hardly to be commended as a movement in journalism, but it has its merits for all that. Mr. Weston is probably a practical rather than a scientific walker. None the less his visit and the inspiration of his example will certainly do good. Probably if he could induce every man, woman, and child in San Francisco to walk four miles a day there would be a multitude of doctor's offices to let. It is truly surprising that with all our enthusiasm and with our prodigious expenditure for "education" we fail to teach the rising generation those simple things most important to health, to character, and to success in life. Not one man in five hundred walks properly, breathes properly, sits properly in a chair, or stands properly on his two legs. And in a whisper let us add that no woman ever does any of these things properly. If Mr. Weston can succeed in teaching us how to walk, how to breathe, how to sit, and how to stand, then we shall have hope that some other Moses of universal beneficence may come along and teach our young people how to read intelligently and how to write a decent "hand."

Herbert Parsons, the well-known New Yorker, whose political utterances are presumed to coincide with the sentiments of Governor Hughes, has recently declared that if the anti-racetrack gambling bills were not passed at the special session, Governor Hughes would be compelled to become again a candidate for governor; that he would almost certainly be renominated, and that a campaign, fought on the anti-gambling issue, could have no other result than his reelection. This statement was considered in all quarters as the most significant utterance that has come from any of the State Republican leaders since the controversy over the measures began.

The *New York Evening Post* remarks that San Francisco in honoring the fleet is to a large extent celebrating itself as the "premier outlook of the United States on the Pacific, and we can easily understand why the people of San Francisco should have gone wild over the conclusion of a cruise that demonstrated the fact to the world at large."

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

The future of Governor Hughes of New York is still on the knees of the gods. The only man who knows anything is Governor Hughes himself, and the governor is attending strictly to business in a manner disconcerting to those who know no higher motives than those of ambition and who can recognize nothing higher in others.

But there is one point at least upon which Governor Hughes has spoken. He will not be a candidate for the vice-presidential office. Perhaps he has a shrewd recollection of the "shelving" game played by Senator Platt upon Governor Roosevelt in 1900. Hughes as Vice-President would be dehorned and innocuous, whereas Hughes as a second-term governor would be even more unpleasant to the "interests" than he is now.

The vice-presidential refusal is contained in a letter to General Stewart L. Woodford and the following passages are sufficiently unequivocal. The governor says:

I have not said anything publicly regarding the vice-presidency, as the matter has not been broached to me in a way which seemed to require any action on my part. But I do not desire to have my silence misinterpreted, and you, as a delegate to the convention, are entitled to an unequivocal statement. You are entirely right in your assumption as to my attitude. I should not care to be thought lacking in appreciation of the distinction of the office. But for reasons which are controlling and leave no room for discussion, and though I would be deeply sensible of the honor thereby conferred, I should not be able to accept, and would not in any contingency accept, a nomination for the vice-presidency. And even were I elected, I could not serve.

That matter, at least, is disposed of. There is an absolute finality in that last phrase, "even were I elected, I could not serve," that is not always to be found in such declarations. The *New York Evening Post* finds nothing surprising in this declaration:

For some weeks past there has been an increasing talk of the governor as the strongest possible candidate for the Republican vice-presidential nomination. Especially since the instruction of delegates for Taft has assumed such proportions has this talk been heard. Taft men themselves have been the chief spokesmen in the governor's favor. Taft and Hughes, they have frequently pointed out, would be the strongest ticket the convention could choose. It would absolutely insure New York's electoral vote for the Republican ticket, they argued. Their arguments found some favor in New York, but not among the governor's friends. These have said all along that if Governor Hughes were not nominated for the presidency he could consider no other office unless the situation demanded that he run again for governor. The "Federal crowd," on the other hand, have continued to believe that Hughes would accept the vice-presidency if it were offered to him. Some of them were outspoken about it.

In the meantime Governor Hughes, while having no intention to do anything of the sort, is plowing a deep and broad furrow through the popular mind in his own State. His recent tour was a triumph and there is nothing to account for it except sincerity, and this of course is a bewilderment to the politicians. Speaking of the manipulators, the governor said: "These people would rather have me deal with them in the back room of the executive chamber than come and talk to you—but I am a poor dealer." Then the audience cheered him to the echo. Speaking at Niagara Falls he said passionately:

"I have no ambition for myself. Why, if I'd been looking to serve my own interest, do you think I would have touched this racetrack issue? No; not any more than I would have touched a red-hot stove. If you doubt that, go ask the politicians—they'll tell you."

The governor has gone back to Albany with "no compromise" writ large all over him, while as for the politicians, the "petty satraps," the political "children," and the "manipulators," they are wondering how long their domination can last against such assaults as these.

The Washington correspondent of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* says that Republican leaders in Congress are working earnestly to prevent any break at the Chicago convention that might disrupt party harmony:

Conferences have been held at both ends of the capital among such men as Senators Aldrich, Hale, Allison, and Crane, and Representatives Payne and Sherman, of New York, Tawney of Minnesota, Jenkins of Wisconsin, and Smith of Iowa. In fact, meetings of small groups from this list have been of almost daily occurrence for more than a week. They have been directed to one end—a nomination on the first ballot, by which they mean William H. Taft. Though no definite result has been reached, they believe their efforts will be successful. Most of the men figuring prominently in this movement were numbered against Taft early in the campaign, but party policy and the necessity for harmony, which has been manifest in Republican ranks since the disastrous results of the Blaine-Conkling feud, have awakened a demand that personal desires be subordinated to the will of the majority. That the efforts of the group of leaders back of the harmony movement have not been barren of results is indicated by the fact that to a number of the conferences have been called such men as Senators Hemenway, Penrose, Cullom, Hopkins, and Depew, and Representatives Parsons and Vreeland of New York; Boutell and Mann, of Illinois; Burke and Dalzell, of Pennsylvania; Watson and Landis, of Indiana, and others who are backing the candidacies of Vice-President Fairbanks, Speaker Cannon, Senator Knox, or Governor Hughes. No attempt is made to disguise the fact that the real impetus to such a concerted movement in the interest of Secretary Taft is the refusal of Roosevelt sentiment to be snuffed out, and the danger of such a sentiment spreading to an extent that might make it difficult to control at Chicago. At the same time, it is said the movement is not hostile to President Roosevelt, who admittedly occupies the position of command in the Taft forces. He has made it perfectly plain that nothing can come of renewed calls for his renomination, which have been made in Texas, Utah, and California, as he is prepared to reject any proffer of support, no matter how extended. The uttermost limit of endeavor of Republican leaders who are striving to harmonize party differences is to eliminate all candidates for the nomination except Secretary Taft. But it is not anticipated that all of the candidates readily will agree to this plan. Supporters of Senator Knox particularly are said to oppose the plan. One of the other candidates contends strongly that no demand is immediate for agreement. At the same time, leaders in Illinois, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and New York are parties to the movement with the knowledge of the favorite son candidates from those States.

The *Outlook* considers that the contest, as it now stands,

resolves itself into Mr. Taft against the "favorite sons," each of whom has the support of practically no delegates except those from his own State, and in one or two cases not all of those:

The Nevada and New Hampshire conventions last week declined to endorse Mr. Taft, while not expressing preference for any one else, but North Carolina, Colorado, Tennessee, and West Virginia instructed their delegations for him, and Maine adopted a resolution of preference. The Pennsylvania State Convention endorsed Senator Knox and instructed the delegates at large to vote for him, praised Mr. Roosevelt's administration, and adopted a strong protectionist resolution, which admitted, however, rather reluctantly, the need of some revision. Mississippi's delegation is uninstructed, and some delegates are said to favor Mr. Foraker. In the Democratic party there are fewer favorite sons, only Governor Johnson of Minnesota and Judge Gray of Delaware having been endorsed by their State conventions, the latter against his expressed wish.

Pennsylvania is one of the States where the "favorite son" does not have everything all his own way. Of this we are reminded by the *New York World*:

The Knox boomers have been proudly calling attention to the fact that their candidate has an absolutely solid delegation from his own State. Now comes Louis Emery, Jr., who two years ago was the candidate of the Lincoln Republican party, endorsed by the Democrats, for governor of Pennsylvania. Emory is a delegate to the Chicago convention, and he announces that he intends to vote for Taft. The Knoxers are wild. Through Congressman J. Francis Burke, the special custodian of the Knox interests, they got out a statement saying that Emory's seat in the convention would be contested on the ground that he is a Democrat, was the Democratic candidate for governor in 1906, and can not sit in a Republican convention. Emory has been a Republican all his life. No one outside of Pennsylvania imagines for a moment that it will be possible to unseat him.

In the meantime the President's ardor is unabated. He has written letters to some three or four senators taking them to task for their favorable attitude toward Senator Foraker's bill restoring the negro soldiers who were dismissed in consequence of the Brownsville fray. The President says that he will veto the bill if it pass and that if it pass over his veto he will refused to be bound by it. Upon this point the *New York Evening Post* has something to say:

Yet on this simple and natural showing of facts, senators are outraged and angry, and are even talking about a resolution condemning Mr. Roosevelt's attitude! All this is absurd. As the President has repeatedly pointed out, power must be lodged somewhere, and "somewhere" means, of course, in the executive. And if power, then wisdom also. We must have somebody to tell us what is the wise and just and lawful thing, and it is ridiculous for senators to imagine that they can do this. It is plainly a function of the President. The Senate may rage, but the people understand the case perfectly. They knew what they were about when they elected Mr. Roosevelt to the presidency, and they desire him to keep right on instructing and correcting Congress. Some hasty gentlemen speak of his course as an innovation. On the contrary, it is a return to the practice of the fathers. Washington once addressed angry words to the Senate. Jackson took the position that he would not enforce any law which he thought unconstitutional. So why all this excitement about Roosevelt? The country put him in office to do exactly what he pleased; and what pleases him, simply delights it.

The lighter side of William J. Bryan's nature is just being revealed. When he first appeared in public life he was surfaced over with gloom, but he has been concealing the real Mr. Bryan; the humorous one. At a meeting of the reporters of the *New York papers* the other day a correspondent asked Mr. Bryan if he expected to be nominated. "Young man," said Mr. Bryan, "if Caesar had known you he would have revised that story of all Gaul being divided into three parts." At a public meeting an auditor asked Mr. Bryan if he believed in the Southern negroes having a vote. "Are you a Republican?" asked Mr. Bryan in turn. "I am not old enough to vote yet," replied the inquirer. "Well," said Mr. Bryan, "by the time you are, you might ask the Republicans whether the Filipinos will ever have a vote." Lightly referring to himself, Mr. Bryan said a few days ago: "In 1896 I was killed and buried. I know this, because I have often read about it. When I reappeared in 1900 the Republicans were puzzled. They didn't know whether it was a mistake about my being killed or whether it was just a case of resurrection."

Pedra Alvarado, the young man of Parral, Mexico, who became fabulously wealthy about ten years ago when the Palmillo mine developed a store of gold, has just distributed a fortune, equivalent to about \$2,000,000 in American money, to the poor of his country. This is what he calls his Easter offering. It is said he supplied more than 3000 poverty-stricken families with clothes, food, rent, medicines, and other necessities. This is only one of a half dozen instances in which he has distributed fortunes in charity. His wealth is estimated anywhere from \$100,000,000 to \$200,000,000, and fifteen years ago he was a miner. He has built fifty churches and more than 100 schools within the past eight years.

Eleanora Crawford, daughter of the novelist, F. Marion Crawford, and Cavalier Pietro Rocca were married in Sorrento, Italy, last month, at the villa of the bride's father. The civil ceremony was performed by the mayor of Sorrento and the consular agent of the United States. The religious ceremony took place afterwards at the Capucine Church. Only relatives were present. Cavalier Pietro Rocca comes of a well-known Neapolitan family that has large possessions in Sorrento. He is about twenty-three years old. His wife is the eldest daughter of the novelist and is eighteen years old.

Japan's exports in 1907 amounted to \$215,250,000, and the imports to \$247,100,000, a total foreign trade of \$462,350,000, or \$41,000,000 more than in 1906.

THE NEW DUEL.

Mr. Walter Winans Shows How Wounded Honor May
be Harmlessly Healed With Wax Bullets.

It seems almost a pity to forestall the delights of the coming Franco-British Exhibition and the Olympic games to be held in London, but as Mr. Walter Winans has no objection there is no reason why any one else should have any. Mr. Winans's contribution to the events of the occasion has been the talk of the clubs both in Paris and in London, and now that he has shown exactly what he intends to do and has allowed it to be talked of in the newspapers of England and France and has even given a preliminary performance, there is no reason for withholding a publicity that will give us the added delights of anticipation. Moreover, there is nothing to prevent us from experimenting for ourselves and so perhaps introduce a new variety of society entertainment.

Mr. Winans has perfected a novel way of fighting a duel and one that should give quite as full a satisfaction to wounded honor as the modes now in vogue. Everything is done in due form. The pistols are real and the gunpowder is of the good old-fashioned kind. The only difference is in the bullets, which are made, not of lead, but of wax. The bullet is intended to strike with just sufficient force to cause it to burst upon the clothing, leaving a mark in proof of accuracy of aim. Great care must be used in measuring the charge of powder, as a slight excess would cause the projectile to penetrate the skin. The element of danger is not therefore entirely banished and this may prejudice the new method in France, where dueling is usually free from every appearance of risk. Mark Twain, it is true, has pointed out that some day a French duelist is certain to catch cold as a result of exposure before breakfast to the early morning air, but then we can not expect to go through life entirely without danger, even on the "field of honor." The exact amount of powder to be used is, of course, a matter for experiment. Presumably it depends somewhat on distance and upon the weight of the wax bullet, but we can easily determine this for ourselves by initial trials upon our wives' relatives.

Mr. Winans was good enough to give an object lesson to a representative of the London *Daily Express*, who says that he received the warmest of welcomes. "It was difficult to think so amiable a man could ever find himself a duelist perforce. Gentle of speech, clear of eye, wondrously steady of hand, spare, lithe, and muscular of body, a man of middle age and ever-smiling face, whose brown moustaches were just streaked with gray—that was the man whose challenge to a pistol duel I had accepted."

He prefaced the actual duel by a demonstration of his own marksmanship that must have caused his opponent to congratulate himself that the bullets were only of wax, but that must also have left him somewhat apprehensive as to the accuracy of the powder charge. At fifteen feet distance Mr. Winans put a bullet through the middle of an ace of hearts. He then hit a eard held edgewise at the same distance and snuffed a candle at the first shot. Taking a Winchester rifle, he aimed at a small cardboard figure of a soldier and "killed" it ten times in six seconds. Then he threw a polo ball, hit it while it was moving, and kept it in motion by rapid shots.

The duel itself was the last item on the programme. The bullet was a big black one made of wax and measuring nearly half an inch in diameter. The pistol had a shield to protect the hand, while the faces of the duelists were guarded by masks with heavy glass eyepieces. The newspaper man took the position assigned to him. He says: "I thought of the ace of hearts, the bluebottle, the candle, the soldier, the polo ball, all the trophies and certificates in Surrenden Hall, all my past life and its vain boastings, all the future that was not to be, and last, but not least, of the coming bullet, coming at a velocity of nearly 100 yards a second—all that passed through my mind in a flash." But he remained unscathed; "the dog it was that died." Mr. Winans had missed, while the journalistic bullet had gone unerring to its mark, as was shown by the splash of wax over the spot where Mr. Winans keeps his heart. After the preliminary display of marksmanship surely Mr. Winans must have missed on purpose.

But he showed by the next shot what he could really do. The *Express* man says: "I could not help a tremor, however, as I faced that level barrel again; but I tried to aim true. 'One—two—three,' sounded sharply again. 'Bang! bang!' and I felt a sudden prod over my own heart. By all the rules I was killed, and I thought I ought to be lying prone. But another consideration brought me to my senses. 'You missed me that time,' laughed Mr. Winans. And so I had, for all my forced coolness. He told me he heard the bullet whiz wide of his shoulder."

No doubt these duels will provide an interesting feature of the forthcoming exhibitions. One or two fatal accidents to begin with would certainly insure their success if the police could be persuaded not to interfere. They are to be fought in every detail as though they were genuine. All the conventional ceremony connected with dueling will be carried through. There will be seconds, the paces will be solemnly measured, the duelists will take their stand back to back, and on the word being given they will wheel round and fire—that is to say, they must fire within the space of three seconds.

These dueling competitions will probably become international before the Olympic sports are over. Some

noted pistol shots from France and Belgium have announced their intention to participate and in this event Mr. Winans will represent America. If the idea "catches on" no doubt dueling will become a fashionable amusement in England, as it is in France, although it is hard to see that the particular charm of such encounters would be greater than that of the ordinary marksmanship displays that are more or less common everywhere. But time will show.

PICCADILLY.
LONDON, May 8, 1908.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Singer's Love.

There lived a singer in France of old
By the tideless, dolorous, midland sea.
In a land of sand and ruin and gold
There shone one woman, and none but she.
And finding life for her love's sake fail,
Being fain to see her, he bade set sail,
Touched land, and saw her as life grew cold,
And praised God, seeing: and so died he.
Died, praising God for his gift and grace:
For she bowed down to him weeping, and said,
"Live"; and her tears were shed on his face
Or ever the life in his face was shed.
The sharp tears fell through her hair, and stung
Once, and her close lips touched him and clung
Once, and grew one with his lips for a space;
And so drew back, and the man was dead.
O brother, the gods were good to you.
Sleep, and be glad while the world endures.
Be well content as the years wear through;
Give thanks for life, and the loves and lures;
Give thanks for life, O brother, and death,
For the sweet last sound of her feet, her breath,
For gifts she gave you, gracious and few,
Tears and kisses, that lady of yours.
Rest, and be glad of the gods; but I,
How shall I praise them, or how take rest?
There is not room under all the sky
For me that know not of worst or best,
Dream or desire of the days before,
Sweet things or bitterness, any more.
Love will not come to me now though I die,
As love came close to you, breast to breast.
I shall never be friends again with roses;
I shall loathe sweet tunes, where a note grown strong
Relents and recoils, and climbs and closes,
As a wave of the sea turned back by song.
There are sounds where the soul's delight takes fire,
Face to face with its own desire:
A delight that rebels, a desire that reposes;
I shall hate sweet music my whole life long.
The pulse of war and passion of wonder,
The heavens that murmur, the sounds that shine,
The stars that sing, and the loves that thunder,
The music burning at heart like wine,
An armed archangel whose hands raise up
All senses mixed in the spirit's cup,
Till flesh and spirit are molten in sunder—
These things are over, and no more mine.
These were a part of the playing I heard
Once, ere my love and my heart were at strife;
Love that sings and hath wings as a bird,
Balm of the wound and heft of the knife.
Fairer than earth is the sea, and sleep
Than overwatching of eyes that weep.
Now time has done with his one sweet word,
The wine and heaven of lovely life.
I shall go my ways, tread out my measure,
Fill the days of my daily breath
With fugitive things not good to treasure,
Do as the world doth, say as it saith;
But if we had loved each other—O sweet,
Had you felt, lying under the palms of your feet,
The heart of my heart, beating harder with pleasure
To feel you tread it to dust and death—
Ah, had I not taken my life up and given
All that life gives and the years let go,
The wine and honey, the balm and heaven,
The dreams reared high and the hopes brought low.
Come life, come death, not a word be said;
Should I lose you living, and vex you dead?
I shall never tell you on earth; and in heaven,
If I cry to you then, will you hear or know?
—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

The Lost Leader.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed:
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags—were they purple his heart had been proud.
We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!
We shall march prospering—not thro' his presence;
Songs may inspire us—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done—while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire:
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more devil's-triump and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins! let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad, confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
Ménace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge, and wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!
—Robert Browning.

A preliminary report on the treatment of tuberculosis by the administration of mercury has been made to the surgeon-general by Surgeon B. L. Wright of the navy, who has been conducting investigations at the naval hospital at New Fort Lyon, Colorado. Medical Inspector C. T. Hibbett says the subject is engaging much attention. The treatment is being applied personally by Surgeons Bucher and Wright. The clinic, it is said, is steadily growing by voluntary applications for treatment. So far the results are encouraging.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Senator Warren reported to the Senate a complete agreement of the conferees on the Army Appropriation bill, and it was adopted. It makes a flat increase of \$500 a year in the pay of officers and of 35 per cent in the pay of enlisted men.

Attorney-General Hadley of Missouri is being "boomed" for the governorship of that State by his Republican friends. He is the man who extracted some of the glamour from the reform uniform which Governor Folk put on when he became Missouri's chief magistrate. And now Governor Folk is—to use a Missouri part of speech—"gallivanting up and down the State," with a view of obtaining the senatorial toga now worn by Senator Warner.

The Canteen bill was defeated in the House by a vote of 167 to 46. In his speech in favor of the restoration of the army canteen, Representative Kusterman of Wisconsin said: "If this interference with personal liberty goes on pretty soon no one will be allowed to smoke in the Yellowstone Park except the geysers." "After all, though," privately remarked Representative Bannon of Ohio, "what difference does it make about the logic of the thing? In my district the voters think the Canteen bill is a measure permitting soldiers to put whisky instead of water in the tin can they sling on their backs."

Senator Crane is an enigma to the political reporters. They can not understand how a quiet, little, undemonstrative man, with a voice as soft as a child's, can be the power he is reputed to be. As one of them remarked after an effort to get the senator to talk on the political situation: "He's a 'sphinx' all right." Senator Crane is always gracious and approachable, but never voluble. He works through others, and is reported to have one of the best organized "gunshoe brigades" and "grapevine" outfits for political purposes ever gathered together in Massachusetts for a fight. He shakes hands and smiles and bows, but he permits the newspaper men to do most of the talking.

Speaker Joseph G. Cannon celebrated his seventy-second birthday a few days ago. He attended to his duties with his usual activity. When a member reminded him of his natal day, he said: "By Jove, I hadn't thought anything about it." Champ Clark, Democratic leader in the absence of John Sharp Williams, obtained recognition and called attention to the anniversary. He spoke of the long and honorable service of the Speaker as a member of the House and the high esteem in which he was held by the members of the minority. The Speaker replied with considerable emotion, thanking the members for their well wishes. "We're partisans," he said, "but we don't hit below the belt."

In the course of a speech in the House of Representatives last week, Mr. Rodenberg of Illinois paid his compliments to Mr. Bryan with sarcastic trimmings. "I would not," he said, "be surprised to find in the Democratic platform this year a declaration to the effect that the only clean, legitimate, untainted money in the United States is that which is derived from the lecture platform and from the publication of the *Commoner*, a newspaper which, with a becoming sense of modesty, seldom mentions the name of its editor oftener than 100 times in any one issue. I happen, however, to have here copies of the issues of the *Commoner* of February 28 and March 6, 1908, in the first of which Mr. Bryan's name appears by actual count 135 times, and in the latter 108 times, and it isn't a very large paper at that."

The New York newspapers—at least those which may be depended upon for intelligent and candid judgments—bear witness that Governor Hughes is attended, in his anti-gambling campaign, by every sign of popular favor. The sort of people who make up the strength of parties are rising all over the State to applaud his course, and to hold up his hands. Only the party bosses are aloof and sulking. Governor Hughes, it is pointed out, was elected without their help and has run his office without taking orders from them. That is enough for them. They have no patience with such a governor, and will do their best to thwart and undermine him. But Mr. Hughes himself, in his successive speeches, is showing a clearer and stronger grasp of this fact, and is plainly depicting the situation to his audiences.

Bryan and Taft have been telling the New York editors what they think of them. At a recent banquet of the Associated Press and the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, the Nebraskan accused the newspaper men of infidelity to the public, told them their editorial columns were bought, and offered them many pointed suggestions. One of Bryan's thrusts was: "There is not an evil of which we complain that could live for a year in this country if we didn't hire editors to chloroform readers while their pockets were being picked. It is only after the crimes are committed and the postmortems held that we get a look behind the scenes and know what has been done." The Secretary of War, however, was more kindly in his address to the members of the Sphinx Club. To present-day editors Taft paid some very pretty compliments when he pointed out that the moral awakening of the people could have been traced generally to an honest and outspoken press. Though unfortunate conditions existed at times, the Secretary said that the progress toward better things was uninterrupted and that the public pulse was quickened with a moral throb.

A PRIMEVAL PARADISE.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XIV.

Even during Arthur Alden's brief stay in the Bay City, he had grown so intimate with Eugene Yarrow that both looked forward with regret to parting. Therefore he hailed with pleasure Yarrow's sudden determination to go up the river as far as Sacrosanto—having, he said vaguely, some business there to settle for his father. On the day Alden had set for his departure the two young men lunched at the Oriental, and together went to the wharf of the Sacrosanto boats. Alden did not expect to see there the venerable brig in which his uncle had made the trip, but he was surprised to find an imposing side-wheel steamboat, the *Antelope*, with steam up and flags flying. Recalling the fantastic fares paid by the early pioneers, he could not help but smile when he heard the cries of the steamboat "barkers" at the gang-planks.

"Only one dollar to Sacrosanto by the magnificent steamer *Antelope*, the finest and fastest boat that ever turned a wheel. Only one dollar. Wide berth and curled-bair mattress. Walk right up, gents!"

From the opposite side of the wharf resounded the cry of the rival barker:

"Only four bits, gents! Four bits to Sacrosanto! Finest boat on the river, the *Helen Herndon*! Fastest and safest. Only four bits. Step right up and get your tickets. Pulls out in half an hour."

To Alden's remark that there could be little profit in such low fares, Yarrow replied:

"Yes, but that's the way in a steamboat fight. They break out every now and then, and fares go down to nothing. But when the opposition is withdrawn the fare will go up to ten dollars again."

"A man might save money by traveling on these boats instead of staying ashore," commented Alden.

"So the gamblers think. Some of them fairly live on these boats. They go ashore only occasionally to spend their savings. Then they come back broke, and go to work saving some more. To use their own phrase, they play the middle against both ends."

The whistle sounded. Just as the crew were standing by to haul aboard the gang-plank, a carriage drove up. From it emerged Judge Tower, following whom came Mrs. Lyndon. Then Alden's heart beat faster as he saw springing lightly from the carriage step the youthful figure of Diana Wayne.

"Look," said he to Yarrow, "there are the people we met the other evening at the opera. They must be going up the river."

"Why, it's Mrs. Lyndon and Miss Wayne!" exclaimed Yarrow. "Let's go down and meet them."

Alden was not over-suspicious, but he could not help thinking that Yarrow was not so much surprised as he might have been.

They hastened below and found the ladies still at the gang-plank, waving their farewells to Judge Tower. The young men made themselves useful in finding the ladies' stateroom, seeing to the disposal of their luggage, and securing seats for them on the promenade deck. But here an idea occurred to Yarrow.

"I know the captain of this boat quite well," said he. "I am going to ask him to let us stay in the wheel-house until dark. The view from there, passing through the straits and the big bays, is splendid."

"But isn't it against the rules?" queried Diana, doubtfully.

"Rules, Miss Wayne," replied Yarrow, sententiously, "are the inventions of small minds at which great intellects mock. I go to seek the skipper."

He returned in a few minutes with an invitation from the captain to make themselves free of the wheel-house, his only request being that they should not talk to the steersman.

A faint mist which had hung over the water was rapidly disappearing before a strengthening breeze.

"The day I entered the harbor," said Alden, "it was so clear that those two peaks seemed almost side by side. Yet they are many miles apart."

"That is Pico del Diablo over there," rejoined Yarrow, "and this on the left is the Peak of Tamalpais."

"The first I understand—it means, of course, the Devil's Mountain. But what is the other?"

"'Tamalpais' means 'the Tamal country.' The remnant of an Indian tribe still hangs around the mountain, after whom it was named. But Miss Wayne knows more about these Spanish derivations than I do. Oh, Miss Diana, do you know anything about the name of that point there?"

"Point San Quentin, isn't it?" replied Diana, turning, and looking from the point to Yarrow.

"Yes, but after whom is it named?"

"After Saint Quentin, I suppose. Why?"

"Very far from it," said Yarrow with a teasing laugh. "The drunken old Indian who was chief of the Tamal tribe had a name which to Spanish ears sounded like Quentin, so they called this point after him 'Punto Quentin.' But when the Americans came along, we thought no Spanish name complete without 'Saint' as a prefix, so we concluded to canonize him. And, to the amazement of Spaniards and Mexicans, canonized he was, without the sanction of the Vatican, and right in the face of that opposing advocate, Diablo, over there."

From their lofty perch the party found the view indeed magnificent. To the south stretched for forty miles the enormous bay with its mountainous islets; it narrowed to the north, where the shores converged into straits; beyond this barrier it widened out again into another great sheet of water in which were small islets

white with guano. On either hand lay apparently endless marshes from which, disturbed by the steamer's paddle-wheels, rose innumerable birds—flocks of aquatic fowl that darkened the very skies.

"I did not believe so many birds could exist in one spot on the globe," said Alden. "In the Atlantic States I have seen large flocks of water-fowl, but never anything like this."

"This is a new country," replied Yarrow, "and the men here are too busy to shoot; at least to shoot beasts and birds, although they do find time to shoot at each other. Ten or fifteen years from now these birds will nearly all be driven away. Then game-birds will probably be as scarce here as in the Atlantic States. Some of these species, now so plentiful, may even be utterly extinct in a few years."

"What a variety of species and sizes there seems to be!" exclaimed Mrs. Lyndon. "Have you ever done any shooting here, Mr. Yarrow?"

"Oh, yes; I have a little shooting-box up here in the marshes. A man may make as big a bag as he likes, for there is no limit by law or custom, other than his own sportsman-like instinct. There are no game laws and no close season. As for the varieties up here, I have myself shot canvas-back, red-head, widgeon, sprig, teal, spoon-bill, brant, and loon. I have seen wild swan, but never shot one."

The boat had passed through the straits into the next bay, and the shores were changing—it was no longer marsh, but rich valley land. Down to the water's edge came luxuriant fields of wild oats rising higher than a man's middle, dotted with magnificent live oaks. Roaming over the fields they could see bands of wild cattle and enormous herds of elk, deer, and antelope.

"This must be truly a sportsman's paradise!" said Alden. "But does no one farm this fertile land?"

"These great valleys are only scratched as yet," responded Yarrow. "The great Mexican land-owners hold hundreds of leagues of land, but they don't farm it; at the most they use it for pasturage. Over their lands roam thousands of cattle and horses, almost as wild as the antelope you see yonder. Then once a year they hold a *rodeo* and separate their stock."

"Oh, we're going to the *rodeo* at Plancha Grande this year," cried Diana. "And I'm going to ride in it. Won't it be fun?"

"A *rodeo*—what is a *rodeo*, Miss Wayne?" asked Alden, puzzled.

"How odd it seems that you don't know what a *rodeo* is," exclaimed Diana. "Now I've been familiar with *rodeos* ever since as a child I was strapped on a cow pony and followed the *vagueros* as they rounded up the great herd. Why, a *rodeo* is a round-up."

"But what is a round-up?" demanded the perplexed Alden.

"Dear me!" responded Diana. "I am afraid you're hopeless. A round-up is—why at a round-up all the animals in a district are gathered together by the *vagueros* or cowboys, and the different owners' cattle are separated and branded. The brand is sacred."

"But suppose some man without the fear of the brand code should steal a steer?" asked Alden. "What would happen to him?"

"In Texas, he would be hanged. Horse and cattle stealing there is punished with death."

"I should imagine that, under the rigid rule of the Vigilantes, it must be so punished here too," said Alden.

"Here, I believe, they do execute cattle stealers, but only in the grazing districts, where the loss of cattle means the loss of livelihood," replied Yarrow.

"And where the loss of his horse may mean to a man the loss of his own life," supplemented Diana.

"Then the offense is not punished so severely in the cities?" queried Mrs. Lyndon.

"No; in the cities the stealing of a saddle animal is not capital, for the offense is not so serious," replied Yarrow. "As Miss Wayne very justly says, to steal a horse from a mountaineer or a herdsman might mean the same thing as taking his life. But in the cities the Vigilantes usually inflict the death penalty only for murder."

Here Diana interrupted. "Look!" she cried to Mrs. Lyndon. "Look at that curious ribbon of green water bordering the banks!"

They had passed through the third bay, and were now in the delta of the two great rivers. Here, the water was a reddish-yellow, the color of the clay washed out of the hills by thousands of miners in their search for gold. Higher up, above the placer mines, the river was still crystal clear; there, silvery salmon flashed through pools and leaped up cascades in their mad instinct to reach the head waters. But here the water was turbid and red except for the two narrow bands of green on either river bank.

"How sharply defined it is!" said Mrs. Lyndon. "You can plainly see the line of meeting."

"It runs up the river nearly as far as Sacrosanto," here volunteered the captain, who had just entered the wheel-house.

"What causes it, captain?" asked Diana.

"It is the ocean tide; it runs up the river for over sixty miles," replied the captain.

"But why does it hug the banks?" asked Mrs. Lyndon.

"Because there the river current is weakest. The tidal current goes where it is easiest to go."

While the captain continued to hold forth to the two ladies on other peculiarities of the river, Alden and Yarrow resumed their conversation.

"You speak of differences in procedure between the Mountain Vigilantes and those of the cities?" said Alden. "Is there any affiliation between them?"

"None whatever. The Vigilantes in the cities have

usually been led by men of standing; they are outwardly orderly, and have kept up a semblance of legal form. But in the mountains the extra-legal executions have usually been conducted by wild and frenzied mobs with many revolting accompaniments."

"What class of men make up the Mountain Vigilantes?"

"Generally the worst class. In the cities admission to the Vigilantes is closely safeguarded, yet even there many tough citizens get in. But in the mountain towns the population is too floating to canvass candidates closely. The gamblers, thieves, and cut-throats soon saw that joining the Vigilantes made them safe. When admitted their next thought was that if there were to be secret tribunals, they had better make themselves the judges. They did it, and then set to work. The honest and upright citizens, those whom the vicious most feared, became at once marked men. Charges were cooked up against them—plots hatched—false testimony concocted—and in the twinkling of an eye the rogues were hanging the honest men."

"And what has been the result?"

"A reign of terror. In many mountain towns all the honest men have fled, leaving a community composed entirely of criminals."

"What a terrible picture!" exclaimed Alden, drawing a long breath. "Fancy living in a community wholly ruled by rascals—where to be honest excites suspicion—where the robber denounces his victim, and to suppress his testimony, has him hanged."

"Yes, it is a bad condition of affairs," said Yarrow soberly. "Very bad. I am sorry to say, too, that it exists in more than one place in the mountains. The very term 'Mountain Vigilante' now has a sinister sound. When honest men hear there is such an organization in a mountain town, they are apt to keep away. But let's drop the Vigilantes, and talk about something more pleasant."

And the two young men again joined the group on the other side of the wheel-house, where the ladies were cross-questioning the captain.

"And what's the name of that little town?" asked Diana, pointing toward a group of houses.

"It is called Benito," replied the captain.

"Little town as it is," remarked Yarrow, "at one time it was a dreaded rival of the bigger one, and struggled stoutly to be the metropolis of the Coast."

"For a while it looked as if it would be, too," added the captain. "When I first used to come up the river, Benito was a port of entry and a United States Naval Station. I was skipper of a brig on my first trip, and I remember a gun was fired to bring the brig to, while a man-of-war's boat came alongside to examine our papers and give us permission to proceed."

"Captain, my uncle was one of the early pioneers, and he wrote me that he came up the river on a brig, the *Euphemia*," said Alden. "Perhaps you commanded her."

"That's odd, too!" cried the captain. "Yes, I commanded the old hooker. On that trip I had strange experiences for a deep-water sailor. Every now and then the helmsman would run into the bank and get the brig's tops'ls afoul of a tree. Then I'd have to send men aloft to lay out on the yards, saw the limbs off the trees, and cut wild grape-vines out of the standing rigging."

"Perhaps you may remember my uncle—Judge Fox," ventured Alden.

"Never heard of him till long after," said the captain bluntly. "My passengers were jammed together heads and tails like herrings. I've heard of him often since, though. You'll see the old brig, sir, when we get to Sacrosanto, moored off the *embarcadero*. She's used for a prison now."

"And how soon do we arrive, captain?" queried Diana.

"Be there in a couple of hours, miss," was the reply.

Alden involuntarily sighed. In a couple of hours their pleasant voyage would end. That is, their pleasant party would be broken up. Miss Wayne—that is to say, all the others would get off at Sacrosanto, leaving him alone. A few days before he had no special interest in Sacrosanto; now he was conscious of a strong yearning to leave the boat, and stop in that primitive city. He said to himself that he would do so if he had the ghost of a reason for it. But what excuse could he give? They all knew he was going up the river to meet his uncle, whom he had not seen for years; that his uncle was expecting him; he had told them all about it. What a fool a man is, he reflected, to tell people all about his affairs! Had he not done so, he could have stopped off at Sacrosanto.

But here he checked himself. What did he want to stop at Sacrosanto for? Diana—that is, Miss Wayne—that is, the party—were not going to stop in the town—they were going to Captain Helmont's hacienda. At least, Diana—that is, the ladies were. As for Yarrow, he had some misty business to transact at Sacrosanto, but he never allowed business to interfere with anything whatever, and if Helmont asked him, Yarrow would surely go to the hacienda too. What good would it do, then, for him to remain in Sacrosanto alone?

Alden felt himself growing quite melancholy at the thought of parting with—well, parting with the party. He felt so gloomy that he became introspective. "What is the matter with me, I wonder?" he said to himself. He looked across the wheel-house at Diana. "I wonder if it's—but nonsense!" He dismissed the thought with a confident smile. That being thrown with a young girl a couple of times—a girl of whose very existence he was ignorant a week ago—that such a trifling incident should bring about a marked change in his

thoughts, his feelings, his desires—this seemed to Alden incredible. It was not logical—it was not reasonable—nay, more, it was preposterous.

When Alden had thus convinced himself by pure logic that he was utterly unchanged, he looked across again at Diana. She was standing at an open window of the wheel-house, leaning her arm on the window sill, and resting her cheek on her firm white hand. Alden reflected that he had never noticed before what a very pretty hand she had. She was looking out of the window, and did not observe his intent gaze, which, as he continued it, convinced him that he had also failed to notice what a very pretty neck she had. He glanced guiltily at Mrs. Lyndon, but she and Yarrow were busy talking with the captain, and did not heed him. Alden again fixed his gaze on the fair white neck, and noted the little curls growing at its nape—obstinate little curls—wrong-headed, reddish little curls, which persisted in crinkling up the wrong way, as if they did not belong to the heavy auburn masses above them. The breeze blowing down the river stirred the little curls, and as the vagrom breeze agitated the mutinous curls, so did these same little curls agitate the previously placid heart of the sober-sided Mr. Alden. That once logical young gentleman found himself gazing with a curious yearning at a pretty girl looking out of the window—a not unusual sight. It was with a keen pleasure that he gazed, and yet his feeling was tinged with a poignant pain, for with every whirl of the paddle-wheels he knew they were nearing their parting.

"Worst of all," he groaned internally, "is what she must think of me. We are to part here, and I may never see her again. Yet her only recollection of me will be of a young jackanapes who began the acquaintance by quarreling with her over a matter he knew nothing about! Fool! Idiot! Dolt!" And wrestling his eyes from the little curls, he gazed gloomily at the turbid river.

What further epithets he might have heaped upon himself were checked by Diana's turning and crying: "Oh look, look! What can that be?"

"Why, it's a bear!" shouted Alden.

Some gigantic animal it was, swimming in a clumsy, dog-like fashion. It miscalculated the steamer's speed and its own, and failing to cross her bows, fell into her wash; there its heavy body nearly capsized, and its clumsy efforts to ride the waves were highly diverting. A heated controversy broke out aboard as to whether it was a grizzly or a cinnamon bear, the verdict finally being that it was a grizzly.

"What an enormous animal! Did you ever see so large a bear before?" asked Diana. "But see—there are signs of a settlement. We must be nearing Sacrosanto."

"I was never so sorry to reach a place in my life," exclaimed Alden.

"And why?" asked Diana, in surprise.

"In the first place, because our pleasant party is going to break up here."

"But we shall all probably meet again," replied Diana. Her tone was provokingly calm.

"And in the second place," Alden went on, "because on our first meeting I was unwise enough to engage in a heated discussion with you, and I fear you have not forgiven me."

"Oh, it is not so bad as that," said Diana, laughing frankly. "On the contrary, I shall put you down as an unconverted heathen, and at our next meeting I may make you see the error of your ways."

"In the meantime, I shall carefully refrain from changing my mind."

"And why, pray?" returned Diana quickly.

"So as to give myself the pleasure of being convinced and converted by you."

"If you have such convenient beliefs that they are fixed or floating at your will, I don't think I'll waste time on your conversion," she retorted.

"Come, Diana," interposed Mrs. Lyndon. "Haven't you two made peace yet? We're all going to scatter here, so you might as well bury the hatchet. You and Mr. Alden may not meet again; anyway, you're going to be too far apart to quarrel."

Alden rather liked Mrs. Lyndon, yet he thought her remark about never meeting again was almost brutal. He looked at Diana, but she did not seem to notice it. She laughed, and said:

"We've declared a temporary truce, and Mr. Alden has promised not to become rooted in his erroneous views until I've had another chance to point out to him how mistaken he is."

"Don't be dismayed, Mr. Alden," said Mrs. Lyndon. "She is very argumentative, but she has signally failed as yet to convert either Judge Tower or myself. As for this insincere person here," pointing to Yarrow, "he professes to be convinced when she talks to him, and when I talk to him he pretends to share my views."

"Quite true. It is in pursuance of a wise and selfish policy," said Yarrow, oracularly. "Were either to convince me, the other would lose interest in me. Were you both to convince me, you would both lose interest in me. Continuing, as I do, receptive and unconvinced, I remain so much raw material for you to exercise your powers of persuasion on, and thereby retain the interest of both."

"Hypocrite!" cried Mrs. Lyndon.

"Not so," retorted Yarrow. "Call me a sybarite rather, for the process of convincing and conversion is so extremely pleasant that my mind vacillates constantly. Just at this moment, Mrs. Lyndon, I strongly incline to your side. But in an hour I may have abjured my error and be swearing by Miss Diana. I am like those chronic backsliders in the camp-meeting districts who get religion regularly in the spring and lose

it regularly in the fall. But here we are at the *embarcadero*."

All eyes were turned toward the landing-place. As they rapidly neared the shore, Alden could not help contrasting himself with this imperturbable man of the world. Yarrow always seemed at his ease, while he, Alden, was conscious that he was often painfully shy. Furthermore, Yarrow had a gift for small talk, while Alden knew that his own conversation, if perhaps edifying, was anything but sparkling. How he wished that he possessed some of the gifts of this fortunate youth—above all, that last, best gift, which comes only from one's fairy god-mother—magnetism.

They were now alongside the landing place of the new city of Sacrosanto. Mountains of miscellaneous goods, bales, and packing cases were piled up on the river bank; behind these were half a score of waiting stage-coaches, and behind them freight-wagons with lines of mule teams and long strings of pack-mules. The stamping of the restless animals made dense clouds of dust. Many emigrants were camped under the oak trees near the river, with their "prairie schooners." These canvas-covered wagons were drawn up in hollow squares by dint of the habits acquired in the Indian country; the yokes were staked inside the squares, and the tethered oxen were feeding there. Rows of gaunt and sunburnt women in sun-bonnets sat in rocking chairs, rocking to and fro and reading out of books that looked like Bibles. Lanky children ran about, playing "tag." Behind a tree one man, evidently the dandy of the encampment, was surreptitiously changing his shirt.

On the outskirts of the crowd, Diana's keen eyes saw some one waving a white handkerchief.

"Oh, look! It's Captain Helmont!" she cried, waving enthusiastically in return.

When the landing had been made and their luggage was ashore, they were cordially received by a stately-looking gentleman with a foreign air, to whom Alden was introduced as Captain Helmont of Plancha Grande.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Alden," said he. "I know your uncle, Judge Fox, very well. I met him on his first trip up the river, and since that time he has more than once acted as my attorney. Won't you come over and visit us at the hacienda?"

"You are very kind, and I should be delighted," replied Alden, which was strictly true. Here he hesitated, yet manfully went on; "but I have made all my arrangements for going up the river to Yubaville, and I can not very well change them."

"Our friend here, Mr. Yarrow, also had business arrangements to attend to," said Helmont, with the amused smile which Yarrow's talk of business engagements always brought forth. "Yet he has postponed them, and is coming to the rancho with us. Won't you change your mind and come too?"

Alden hesitated again, but only for a moment. "I could not very well throw my uncle over," he said, "particularly as I have not seen him for several years. I shall have to deny myself the pleasure of going with you, and believe me, it requires strong self-denial to refuse. Some time in the future, captain, I shall hope to accept your hospitable invitation."

Alden helped the ladies into the nearer of Helmont's two buckboards, bade farewell to them and to Yarrow, and with a distinct pang watched them whirl over the dusty valley until they were out of sight.

For a long time he stood on the steamer's upper deck, looking beyond the moving mass of coaches, freight-wagons, and mule-trains—looking off to the eastward where the buckboard had disappeared. At last the steamer started—first with a slow bell, and then with a "jingle-jingle" she forged rapidly up the stream. And although he was leaving behind him nothing but a frontier town he had never seen before and a frontier girl he had seen only twice, Alden felt inexplicably gloomy.

"What can be the matter with me, I wonder?" he said to himself. "Can it be possible that I am falling in—"

Here he stopped—his logical mind reasserted its control.

"But no," he said, firmly, "that is utterly absurd."

Yet he continued to strain his eyes out over the limitless valley.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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In September of this year Count Leo Tolstoy will celebrate his eightieth birthday. Plans are now making for its suitable commemoration. A central committee has been formed in Russia, under the best literary auspices, with the purpose of inviting representatives of all interests desiring to do so to assemble for the occasion in St. Petersburg or Moscow. An international address is to be presented to the distinguished octogenarian, and in his honor, too, it is proposed to issue a cheap edition of his principal works in the leading languages of Europe. A committee has already been formed in Paris to assist in the work, and it includes in its membership such names as Anatole France and M. Leroy Beaulieu. The British committee, now in process of formation, is to have Edmund Gosse for its president, and among the members are George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Bernard Shaw, J. M. Barrie, Maurice Hewlett, and H. G. Wells.

King Alfonso has pardoned three of the men implicated in the attack on himself and Queen Victoria two years ago. President Cabrera has already put to death over two score of his subjects for the recent attempt on his life, which causes the New York *Evening Post* to remark that evidently the trouble is not with the Spanish blood, but with the Central American climate.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Tiny La Roux, a Boston girl, claims to be the first woman in the world to ride and propel an airship, which is her own property. Her balloon ascensions are well known to New England people, who have pronounced them most successful. She is a little woman, weighing less than 120 pounds.

Frank B. Raynor, a life-saver at one of the New York stations, can have any office in the gift of President Roosevelt that he can fill, and without bothering his head with civil service either. He has a letter from President Roosevelt to that effect, which he would not change for the best job in Washington. He values it almost as highly as the gold medal awarded to him by Congress for bravery. Raynor won his medal and the President's admiration by saving two lives from the schooner *Cromwell*, which was wrecked off Bellport in 1904.

Dr. Norman Ditman is announced as the first winner of the Gibbs \$20,000 prize, offered by the New York Academy of Medicine for the best original research work on the kidneys. The prize fund was established in 1901 by Mrs. Sarah Gibbs, and was to be awarded triennially, but this is the first thesis the judges considered to come up to the high standard required. If the hypotheses advanced by Dr. Ditman stand the test—and it is to be expected that they will—they will bring about an entire change of base for the treatment of Bright's disease.

Thomas Edison has become a convert to a form of vegetarianism as the result of his study of the question of diet following his most recent illness. He has all the enthusiasm of a new convert in living up to the theory, and says he has come to the conclusion that all of the serious diseases of the stomach are the results of meat eating. The inventor has been recuperating in Florida, and on the return of the Edisons to their New York home Harold Edison, the nine-year-old son, was afflicted with mastoiditis in the same manner as the father and was compelled to undergo a similar operation to that which endangered the life of Mr. Edison.

One of the most picturesque and striking figures in the English woman suffrage movement is the Countess Markievicz. During the recent Manchester election she announced herself as the defender of the cause of 100,000 barmaids, who are affected by the Licensing bill. The countess is one of the best whips in Europe, and is an artist of merit. One of her pictures, "The Mother," was exhibited in the Salon a few years ago. She is a typical Irishwoman, full of fire, energy, and vivacity, and delighting in a fight. Her husband, Count Markievicz of Poland, is a painter of much ability, and this happy similarity of taste in husband and wife possibly accounts for much of her obvious joyousness.

The Countess of Sefton, who recently shot her first lion in Abyssinia, is by no means the only English society lady who has accomplished this unfeminine feat. Mrs. Alan Gardner, accompanied by her late husband, explored not only India, but the wildest and most remote parts of Africa, including Somaliland, in search of big game, and is one of the very few women living who have hunted both lions and tigers. Another adventurous sportswoman in society is the Duchess of Somerset, who has not only hunted bears in the western wilds of America, but perfectly revels in the rough life of camp and is an expert in camp cookery. Lady Delamere and Lady Hindlip, who are equally daring shots, spent their honeymoons among the big game in East Africa.

There is little doubt that Sir Gerald Lowther, now British minister to Morocco, will succeed Sir Frank Lascelles as ambassador at Berlin. Sir Gerald is only one among many Englishmen who owe success largely to the helpful companionship of an American wife, and it can be truly added, in this instance, to her personal beauty and unaffected charm as a hostess. Lady Lowther was Alice Blight, daughter of Atherton Blight of Philadelphia, and grand-daughter of Richard Greenough, the famous sculptor. She met Sir Gerald at Newport, where, with her equally beautiful sisters, she passed the summers. He was then first secretary of the British embassy at Washington, of which Lord Pauncefoot was then the head. They were married during the season of 1905 and have one child, a daughter.

Princess Stephanie of Belgium, who has just put a patent chafing dish and spirit lamp on the market in her own name, is no novice in the difficult pursuit of invention. The patent offices of Belgium, England, France, Germany, and Italy contain records of many of her labor-saving improvements and discoveries, but none have been so thoroughly placed before the public as her chafing dish, which is an improvement on all its predecessors. The princess, who is the second daughter of the notorious King of Belgium, will be best remembered by King Leopold's treatment on the occasion of her mother's death, when he drove her from the side of the bier where she had come to mourn her loss, into the streets, and refused to admit her to the palace or to permit her to attend the obsequies. The princess's estrangement from her father dates from her marriage, twelve years ago, to Count Lonyav, who was at one time attached to the Austrian embassy in London. Since then he has not permitted her to use the title of "royal highness," and has deprived her of her mother's legacy of £6000, and her rights and privileges, and has snubbed her in every possible way.

SAN FRANCISCO IN 1869.

Clark E. Carr's Entertaining Account of Conditions Forty Years Ago.

From the treasure house of his memory of the men who have made American history for the past half-century, and from the wealth of his recollection of stirring events in which he had a part during his life of seventy-two years, Clark E. Carr—soldier, diplomat, and author—has selected the most notable personages and the most striking incidents for his recently published volume, "My Day and Generation." Colonel Carr served through the Civil War, and he discusses, intimately, Lincoln, Baker, Sherman, and Ericsson; he has been active in the Republican party since 1856, and he writes reminiscences of Oliver P. Morton, Benjamin F. Wade, and the Hayes-Tilden campaign. He was United States Minister to Denmark for four years, and he gives us interesting side lights on the Danish court. Californians, however, and more especially San Franciscans, will be attracted to the opening chapter, wherein he describes a journey to this State in 1869. The railway had shortly before been completed across the continent, and his party, which included the war governor of Illinois, Hon. Richard Yates, was one of the first to take the trip.

The curse of unreasonable labor agitation then, as now, was a feature of San Francisco conditions, and Colonel Carr gives us his impressions of Kearneyism in the following words:

Dennis Kearney was in the zenith of his fame, speaking every night down on the sand lots. He was not what any one would call an able man—neither a profound thinker nor a reasoner. But he was a fluent and impressive speaker, and just the man to move and lead the laboring men who gathered about him. That was the first practical demonstration I ever saw made by organized labor, which has finally extended over the entire country. Before the adoption of this policy there were no distinctive classes such as exist in the old countries. We had no peasants. By crystallizing the laboring men together they are rapidly becoming a class by themselves, a peasantry under another name. Under the old régime, when we were all simply American citizens, the laboring man of today, by the force of his ability, industry, and initiative genius, became the superintendent, the manager, the "boss," and the capitalist of tomorrow.

"The Chinese must go" was the slogan of the labor agitator of 1869, and the author comments on the movement as follows:

At the time of our visit, the discussion of the policy of keeping out the Chinese, which culminated in the Exclusion Act, had begun to be a burning question. I saw many apparently intelligent American laboring men who were gradually drawn into the movement which finally carried everybody with it. I then thought and still think that the Orientals were needed to develop the country. Had they continued to be admitted under limitations and regulations that could have easily been imposed, California would now have rivaled New York and Pennsylvania in wealth, and there would have been unbounded prosperity all along the Pacific Coast. By the exclusion of the Chinese, California, Oregon, and Washington deprived themselves of the thing of all others they needed—labor. In the end the enterprising American laborers would themselves have become employers of that cheap Chinese labor which was such a bugaboo. Instead of California languishing undeveloped for half a century, the wealth of her mines and farms and forests and orchards and vineyards would have enriched her and her people beyond the power of calculation. We later saw literally thousands of bushels of fruit that would have commanded good prices in Eastern markets rotting on the ground, because of the inability to get help to take care of it, and still the people of the whole Pacific Coast, led by Dennis Kearney, seemed to be clamoring for exclusion laws to keep out the only available laborers.

The intense personality of William C. Ralston, the ill-fated president of the Bank of California, made a profound impression on the soldier-author and he terms him "one of the noblest and most generous of men":

The most potential man in San Francisco and on the Pacific Coast at that time was William C. Ralston, called everywhere and by everybody "Billy" Ralston. Whatever Billy Ralston said went everywhere, and with everybody. The great capitalists, all the "get-rich-quick" men, the bonanza men who had squeezed vast fortunes out of the Comstock lodes, and all the Virginia City miners, laid their money and stocks at his feet to be invested or hoarded as seemed best to him. He lived like a prince and was the most beautiful entertainer I have ever known. Ralston was of lithe figure, and quick and active in elucidating propositions, in coming to conclusions, and in carrying measures into effect. At our first meeting he told us our drafts would be honored for any amount we chose to draw. "You are far from home, gentlemen," he said, "and must not be troubled about money. Draw all you want." It was a dangerous offer to make to so young a man as I then was, and it encouraged me to draw more than I otherwise would have done. California was on a gold basis, while our greenbacks were at a discount from gold of about 40 per cent. We had to turn our money into coin, and it was a great hardship for us to get only 60 cents each for our dollars. The smallest coin recognized was the 10-cent piece, which we had to pay for a newspaper even, and nothing was sold for less than that amount.

San Francisco had just then begun to get the benefits of the vast mineral wealth which was being developed in the mines, and to realize what it meant to her. Men poor today, tomorrow woke up to find themselves bonanza kings with millions upon their hands, which they had no idea how to dispose of, or even take care of. In this dilemma they turned to Billy Ralston. He managed it all better than any one else could, but in the end it almost overwhelmed him. He bore the burden for

some time after we came home, about six years, when we heard that one afternoon, after the bank closed, he went, as was his custom, for a swim in the bay. He did not turn back as usual, but continued on until at last he sank out of sight forever. Mr. Ralston's heart and soul were bound up in San Francisco and the Pacific Coast, to the success and development of which he devoted his whole mind and might and strength.

Open-handed hospitality and lavish entertainment of visitors was characteristic of the bonanza days, as it was when the Spanish-Californians possessed the land. Colonel Carr writes interestingly of an excursion to San Jose:

We steamed out of San Francisco at eight in the morning on a special train, arriving at San Jose soon after ten. There was a fine commissary department upon the car, with abundant wines—none of them native, however, but of the choicest French vintages. At San Jose a sumptuous breakfast had been prepared at the principal hotel by direction of our host. When we finished our meal, we found carriages in waiting, and now began to see the fruits and flowers of California in all their luxuriousness. I had never before seen such luscious fruits grown in such abundance. The quantity was so great that it was impossible to gather the harvest. Our train moved back to San Francisco, but stopped at intervals at interesting spots, where we always found conveyances waiting to drive us to beautiful rural homes and grounds, with hospitable occupants, who had been warned that we were to visit them, waiting to receive and feast us. We visited dozens of these great places, at every one of which we were expected to partake of their bounty. At our journey's end, notwithstanding all the gastronomic feats we had already accomplished, we were set down to a table loaded with viands and dainties as delicious as could have been served at Delmonico's. These we were expected to consume, for we were now in our host's own country house, and we must show our appreciation of the entertainment. How we managed to survive all this I shall not attempt to explain, but I heard of no casualties.

Before the advent of the automobile, San Franciscans were great lovers of fast-stepping horses, and the richer residents owned magnificent stables. When the author's party was returning from San Jose their host pulled the bell-cord of the train without warning them of his intentions:

"I just want to show you a harn," he shouted, and we all got out and he led us up through an alley, calling to the sleeping grooms to wake up and let us in. Soon they had the whole building lighted—by gas, for of course it was before the time of electric light—and such luxury! Harness rooms of exquisite plate glass, floors of mosaic, stalls of rosewood and mahogany, everything the most costly that money could buy. The horses—a dozen I should say—lazily rose from their beds and stretched themselves to show their beautiful proportions. This place belonged to Mr. Hayward, a business man of San Francisco. Mr. Ralston drove back and forth every day to his country home, which was twenty-five miles from San Francisco. He had in his stables—I don't know how constantly worked and kept in condition for fast driving. Between his home and San Francisco on the road he constantly kept several stables with relays of horses. He himself drove four-in-hand at great speed, grooms in two or three minutes replacing his team with fresh horses at each of the relays, thus enabling him to make the drive in a very short time.

The visiting Easterners were invited to attend a meeting of the Pioneers and the author gives the following description of the gathering:

To be a Forty-Niner then was, and still is, a distinction. Being a Forty-Niner in California is equivalent almost to a seat in the nobility, a sort of peerage, one may say. These pioneers celebrated the anniversary of their emigration every year. Many had gone to their reward at the time of our visit, but many of them still survived. This year, 1869, was a great event, as it was their twentieth anniversary. Governor Yates was asked to address Forty-Niners, and as many of the pioneers had emigrated from Illinois, he was really delighted to have an opportunity to appear before them. The meeting was held in Metropolitan Hall, which was filled to its capacity by as fine and intelligent a body of men as I have ever seen assembled anywhere. I had heard the governor speak upon many occasions. He was always eloquent, and I may say brilliant, but I never heard him when he so approached sublimity as in his address to those Forty-Niners. I wish I could do more than faint justice to the splendors of that remarkable address, especially when the orator depicted the possibilities of the future development of the Pacific Coast, as in imagination he believed it would be attained. He told how the great cities of Europe had grown up on the western coast of that hemisphere and predicted similar development on the Pacific slope. When, twenty years later, I visited Los Angeles and San Francisco and Portland and Seattle, it seemed to me that Governor Yates had been moved by a spirit of prophecy. But the brilliant climax of the oration came when he pictured the possibilities of achievement in literature, art, and science among the peoples that were to come in that region. Toward these ideals, if they have not been attained, the people of the Pacific Coast are rapidly advancing. Governor Yates' auditors seemed to go mad over the oration. They could not contain themselves. They rent the air with shouts, cheering the speaker to the echo. They shouted and laughed and cried as he went on, and at the close there was every possible demonstration of enthusiasm.

Colonel Carr's volume will be given a royal welcome by students of the history of American life and statecraft. His estimates of the leading figures of forty years ago must be taken as authoritative. The author has not attempted any graces of style, and is at times almost garrulous, but he has, withal, given us an entertaining book, and one to be thankful for.

"My Day and Generation," by Clark E. Carr. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

CURRENT VERSE.

Success.

How do you spell Success?
Says the lover with lispng voice:
"I spell Success with my sweetheart's yes,
When she owns I'm her only choice.
Yes—
Success!"

How do you spell Success?
Says the actorina gay:
"I spell Success p-r-e-double-s,
When the critics push my play.
PRESS—
Success!"

How do you spell Success?
Says the capitalistic cove:
"I spell Success with a capital S
And a couple of strokes, by Jove!
S—
Success!" —Judge's Library.

An Old Song.

I will give you the Sun to wear
And the Seven Stars to crown your hair;
And the little new moon, so curved and sweet
Shall be the cushion for your white feet.

O better, sang she, than stars to shine,
Thy man's rough hand to take in mine!

I'll build you a palace of cedar wood,
You shall house you there as a princess should;
I'll hind the season you hold most dear,
And it shall be April all the year.

O better, sang she, the months of the snow,
And the two chairs set in the hearth's red glow.

There shall be music for your delight,
And laughter by day and a dream by night.
And pain and sorrow and Care's dark wings
Shall be forever forgotten things.

O better, sang she, the old unrest
To bring him back to my waiting breast.
—Arthur Ketchum, in June Smart Set.

A Song o' Love.

Oh, lay your hand in mine, sweetheart, and let us
go a-Maying,
The woods are full of blossoms and the world
is full of song,
And down each fragrant pathway a lazy breeze is
straying,
And with your hand in mine, sweetheart, the
way is never long.

Like summer is your sunny smile; like sunshine
are your tresses;
Like roses are your crimson lips (and honey
o' the bee),
And like an angel's whisper is the truth my love
confesses—
And, oh, my Love, 'tis summer time, and will
you marry me?

The honey bees are humming to the blossoms in
the grasses,
And the mocking birds are mating in the tangle
of the vine;
The world is full o' life and love, oh, dearest lass
of lasses,
And my happy heart is singing, "You are mine!
mine! mine!"
—Celia Myrover Robinson, in Woman's Home
Companion.

Henri Hirschmann is the composer of a new opera based on Hugo's "Ernani," which has been sung with great success at Liège. Hirschmann is a very popular composer in Belgium, although his fame has not spread to other countries. During the last two years more than 250 representations of his works have been given in Belgium.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

It would be interesting to know more of the methods for the supervision of fiction that have been adopted so successfully by the authorities of the Dayton Public Library. We learn that little more than half of the books issued have been novels, whereas the usual proportion is nearly three-quarters of the total demand. If this has been done without friction and without irritation, without an obvious paternalism in short, it is a notable achievement and one to be imitated. One of the worst ways in which public or private money can be spent is in the production of the fiction habit and this seems to be a deplorable tendency of the public library of today. A rule that no novel shall be purchased within two years of its publication might be unpopular, but it would be salutary and many a piece of fiction would then die a natural death before it could make its appearance upon the shelves.

Mr. Crewe's Career, by Winston Churchill. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

It is safe to say that this book will be read as widely and will be admired as much as any of its predecessors by the same author. But it will be admired for a different reason. A stern purpose is behind it from the first word to the last, and it is to be counted among the forces that make for political reform.

The hero of the story, in spite of its title, is Austen Vane, the son of Hilary Vane. The elder man is a corporation lawyer and a power in the political machine. The son, after sowing wild oats in the West, returns to his home, is called to the bar, and develops independent and anti-corporation ideas. He wins a damage suit against the railway company and is gradually forced to the front in the struggle against the interests, a struggle that culminates in the gubernatorial election.

The author has probably drawn extensively upon his Vermont experiences. His book is remarkable for its wealth of detail and its accurate survey of the field of State politics. Its intention is to show the precise plight into which democratic government has fallen in certain States and the extent to which government by the people still prevails.

As a study of political conditions Mr. Churchill's book is a remarkable one, but it is no less fascinating in its gentler aspect of romance. Victoria Flint, the daughter of the great railway magnate, meets Austen Vane by the bedside of the man who has been injured in the grade crossing accident and whose cause he decides to champion. From that point onward the love story of the two is told with great insight and delicacy to its fortunate conclusion. Mr. Churchill writes his hooks with deliberation and without haste, and as a result they have a perfection of finish that is rarely found nowadays. "Mr. Crewe's Career" will take its place as a thoroughly successful piece of work, a novel of serious import, a romance of real power, and a study of American life that is varied, real, and convincing.

Below the Cataracts, by Walter Tyndale. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$3.50.

The passing of the years does not detract much from the mystery of Egypt and of a civilization impressive in its grandeur and its advance. Its monuments are still a riddle to be read, as its wisdom is beyond the reach of the archaeologist's spade. But in this fine book we are asked to admire the ancient land of Khem from the standpoint of an artist who is quick to catch the magic of color, whether on the rock-hewn temples and tombs or on the phases of a modern life, picturesque, pathetic, and sordid, that we can hardly imagine to be the heir of a sublime antiquity.

The author tells us that he has spent some years in the Nile Valley and that he will be well rewarded if he can aid others to appreciate some of the wonder and the mystery by which he was surrounded. Certainly he has used his time well. His book would be a precious possession if only for its sixty full-page plates in colors reproduced from his own pictures. He has been rarely successful in representing the spirit of the cyclopean architecture which stands as firmly now as ever it did and he is no less happy in his portrayals of the native life of today. He makes no effort at recondite theories and he leaves the work of the scholars to be done by them, but everything that he says is well said, artistically and with sympathy. Those who have visited Egypt will rejoice in so elaborate a memento, while those whose lesser fortune has kept them at home may find adequate consolation in an unusually fine book.

On the Witness Stand, by Hugo Munsterberg. Published by the McClure Company, New York; \$2.50.

Professor Munsterberg has written a useful and suggestive, albeit a somewhat disquieting book. It leaves behind it the general impression that the testimony of the average witness is misleading and unreliable, that one of the last things he is competent to do is to state with accuracy what he has seen or what he has heard. This is probably well known to the capable judge, but at a time when the

public invades the bench with impunity, as well as the jury box, it is just as well that we should know the true value of the fetish called evidence upon oath.

One random illustration out of a hundred will explain the author's method of work. Using several Harvard students, he showed them a large sheet of cardboard on which there were fifty irregularly placed black squares. After five seconds exposure he asked for an estimate of the number of spots and the replies varied between twenty-five and two hundred. In the case of another card containing only twenty spots the replies ranged between seventy and ten. Showing his students a large clock face with a moving dial and allowing them to watch the dial for a whole minute, he found that their estimates of speed varied between the pace of a snail and that of an express train, the actual speed being about three inches to the second. And yet the casual opinion of a policeman as to the speed of an automobile is often received as the word of God.

The main divisions of the book deal with "Illusions," "The Memory of the Witness," "The Detection of Crime," "The Traces of Emotions," "Untrue Confessions," "Suggestions in Court," "Hypnotism and Crime," "The Prevention of Crime."

It will thus be seen that the author devotes his attention more particularly to the psychology of the witness. Now we should like to hear from him on the psychology of the judge and the bar—of course under an immunity contract.

Rose MacLeod, by Alice Brown. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; \$1.50.

We are grateful to the author for such a collection of strong characters. There is the delightful old lady Mme. Fulton, who in the sheer exuberance of juvenility writes a "best seller" made up of her reminiscences of eminent persons, all of said reminiscences being inventions wholly unadulterated with fact. There is Markham MacLeod, leader of the great revolutionary brotherhood, whose magnetic egotism conceals a greedy and ambitious selfishness. There is Rose, his daughter, whom he has beguiled into illicit union with a disciple and who comes to America to seek refuge among the relatives of her "husband." And there is Osmond, deformed in body but great in soul, who rescues Rose from the machinations of her father and wins for himself a beautiful and fascinating wife. The author has written a story in which there are no nonentities and nothing commonplace. To a large extent, although with artistic exaggerations, it reflects the great subversive movements that are going on just behind the screen of visible events. It might perhaps be advantaged by a greater brevity and condensation, but it is not among the books that are left half read.

The Daughter, by Constance Smedley. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is a very ingenious and readable story. Delia Willett is a young girl with views and humanitarian cravings. She leaves her parents and goes to London, becomes a suffragette, a Socialist, and other curious things, and at last writes to a millionaire and asks for a large sum of money to aid "the cause." The millionaire, being not without originality and having already fallen in love with Delia from a distance, replies that she shall have the money if she will prove the sincerity of her *sans culotte* ideals by marrying an artisan and living with him—according to Plato of course—for the space of a year. She agrees; the millionaire disguises himself as a mechanic and plays the rôle of husband in a tenement flat. Needless to say, Delia falls in love with her companion and the platonic ideal is honored in the breach rather than in the observance. These ideals always do fail somehow when contiguity is allowed to play its fell part. The incidents are well and delicately told, which might not have been the case, and although we can not always understand the illusions of Delia, she is all the more charming for her incomprehensibility.

The Golden Ladder, by Margaret Potter. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.25.

No doubt this story was intended to do good and to make "the punishment fit the crime," but on the whole it is more likely to tempt into the evil paths that it would denounce. It shows how a young man comes to Chicago from the country with the firm resolve to make a fortune and to be "successful." He begins by seducing, or being seduced by, his landlady's daughter, and when he offers to marry her she refuses, as she, too, has the success mania and prefers a theatrical career to union with a mere clerk. Eventually they both find themselves in New York. He becomes a millionaire by questionable practices and she is a demi-mondaine with a lucrative but precarious clientele. We can quite believe that such success as this has a bitter after taste, but the moral is not clear enough to convince the inexperienced or to dissuade the thoughtless. Morals nowadays have to be driven home with a club and not left to a subtle implication. The story is, however, fairly free from grossness and it has a sort of interest about it.



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Packed houses at the Princess have been the reward of Edwin Stevens's versatility in the Paulton musical comedy, "The Dear Girls." Mr. Stevens as Professor Roscius Muggeridge, proprietor of a school of acting, scores a tremendous hit. He also contributes four other distinct impersonations and is equally successful in all. Mr. Stevens is excellently supported by the Princess company. Cecilia Rhoda as Stella Pousetti and Sarah Edwards as Sihyl Featherwaite both win favor. Tine Marshall is pretty, lively, and engaging as Amelia Muggeridge. As Carl Ehrich, a wealthy German brewer, Oscar C. Apfel is at his best. Harold Crane is happily cast as Leonard Lavender, a young man about town. Arthur Cunningham's opportunities are confined to the last act, but he makes the most of them. Ben Lodge is very funny as Randolph Wery, a stage-struck pupil of the school of acting, and George Field is in his element as Tripp. Laura Oakley and the remainder of the cast do well in their respective rôles. In consequence of the immense success of "The Dear Girls," it will be continued another week, which will probably be its last. Extensive preparations are being made for the next production, which will be the famous musical eccentricity, "The Tar and the Tartar," in which Edwin Stevens will appear in the principal rôle.

It is unfortunate for the New Alcazar management that a previously made contract compels withdrawal of "The Rose of the Rancho" at the conclusion of its second week's run, in spite of its marked success. But it must be retired at the height of its popularity to make room for Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, who will inaugurate their season, supported by the regular stock company, on Monday night, June 1, in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." More than an average share of credit for the success of "The Rose of the Rancho" is due to the little actress who has the title part. Miss Barriscale came here practically unheralded, but many a well-known actress has failed to impress as she has done. Her hearty and dramatic ability would suffice to clothe with attractiveness an offering much less attractive than "The Rose of the Rancho." To miss seeing her and the play is to commit self-deprivation of a rare theatrical treat.

The programme at the Orpheum for the week beginning this Sunday matinee has an attractive appearance and gives every indication of success. Among the new features will be Salerno, whose juggling performance is wonderful and of a refinement and quiet humor which greatly enhance its effect. Salerno has done well in London, Paris, Berlin, and other European cities and will certainly be appreciated in San Francisco. Kennedy and Rooney, comedians and eccentric dancers, will reappear, after an absence of some years, with the merry skit, "The Happy Medium." Henry Keane and Olive Briscoe will present their latest success in the up-to-date farce, "A Trial Marriage," a timely and witty satire with the experimental marriage as a text. The Dixon Brothers, renowned musical grotesques from England, will also be an enjoyable novelty. This will be the last week of Mme. Mauricia Morichini, Mignonette Kokin, Galletti's Monkeys, and Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne. A new series of imported Orpheum Motion Pictures will terminate the performance.

This afternoon and evening Katherine Grey and her associate players will terminate a most successful engagement at the Novelty Theatre with a special production of Ihsen's "A Doll's House," and tomorrow (Sunday) evening the Frank Brothers' Yiddish Opera Company, direct from New York, will inaugurate a brief season. This organization, with a cast of twenty-two principals, has been in existence for twelve years and numbers among its members the best singers and players on the Yiddish stage. Jacob Frank, the principal comedian, is pronounced by Eastern critics to be the best Jewish character impersonator on the stage today and during his engagement at the Novelty he will appear in no less than twenty-five different rôles, affording a most wide range of characterization. His wife, Mme. Anna Frank, is also a most versatile artist, and their three children, Bella, Rebekah, and Abraham, are splendid singers and clever dancers. The repertoire for the opening week is as follows: Sunday and Thursday evenings, the four-act operetta, "Ben Shomron"; Monday and Tuesday, the musical comedy, "The Scholar"; Wednesday and Saturday matinee, the musical comedy, "The Inheritance"; Friday, the historical operetta, "Alexander, the Crown Prince of Jerusalem," and Saturday night the operetta, "Kol Nidre." The advance sale of seats has been very large and everything points to a most successful engagement of the Yiddish Opera Company.

Mr. Mantell will begin the second week of his engagement at the Van Ness on Sunday night by an imposing revival of "King Richard III," in which he will play the rôle of Gloucester, one of his greatest portrayals. He will repeat it on Monday and Saturday nights. His repertoire for the rest of the week will be as follows: Tuesday and Wednesday

nights, "Hamlet"; Thursday night, "The Merchant of Venice"; Friday night, "Othello," and Saturday matinee (by request), "Macbeth."

Holbrook Blinn, our San Francisco actor with an international reputation and for the past two seasons one of Broadway's greatest favorites, has been engaged as leading support for Mrs. Fiske for next season, opening at Belasco's Theatre, New York, early in September. In the meantime Mr. Blinn will pay a visit to his parents, Colonel and Mrs. Charles H. Blinn of this city.

William Collier collabored with Grant Stewart in the writing of the farce-comedy, "Caught in the Rain," in which Collier will appear at the Van Ness Theatre two weeks hence.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It is reported from Boston that an incidental result of the visit of Mrs. Humphry Ward is to be the first complete edition of her works. It will be published by the Houghton-Mifflin Company.

President Roosevelt's best-known phrase, "the strenuous life," has now been traced back to Swinburne, who uses it in his new drama, "The Duke of Gandia," but had long before established his claim to the phrase by introducing it into an essay on—of all men!—Wordsworth.

Professor Edward A. Ross of the University of Wisconsin, whose recent hook on "Sin and Society" not only had the indorsement of President Roosevelt, but is rapidly attaining a wide circulation, has been discussing the future of women factory-workers in America. In the larger centres he finds that 50 per cent of the young women earn their livelihood under extremely trying conditions and he believes that the rapid pace forced by modern competition constitutes a grave menace to the health and well-being of society.

Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, founder and president of the New York Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise, declares—having her claim on reliable, if grim, figures—that our Fourth's statistics "probably furnish a sadder commentary on human folly than that afforded by any other celebration in the world." The June Century will publish her condemnation of "Our Barbarous Fourth," with her suggestions for a saner and safer observance of the national holiday. Dr. R. O. Beard of the University of Minnesota will have an article in the same number on the pathological aspects of "Noise," and an editorial article will treat of "Offenses to Ear and Eye."

It is no small achievement to write two novels a year and find a constantly increasing public eagerly awaiting your next story. No present-day novelist has more steadily progressed in favor with the American reading public than E. Phillips Oppenheim, whose new novel, "The Avenger," will be brought out by Little, Brown & Co., his American publishers.

George Bernard Shaw proclaims for his new play, "Getting Married," that it has no plot—"nothing but Shaw talk." Every character is to be a Shaw. Every character is to argue a Shaw point of view. With characteristic modesty the author declares: "I have deliberately written a good play."

Although "As The Hague Ordains: Journal of a Russian Prisoner's Wife in Japan" was at the time one of Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.'s best selling books, still the announcement of Miss Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore as its author seems to have still further stimulated interest in it, and the publishers are already announcing the sixth printing of this vivid, and often witty, hook.

New Publications.

"Alpine Flora of the Rocky Mountains," by Stewardson Brown, is a hook for the botanist, but it is commended to the unsentimental reader by the unusual beauty of the 128 illustrations by Mrs. Charles Schäffer, most of them colored. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"A Comedy of Mammon," by Ina Garvey, is an amusing and racy sketch of some aspects of society life in London. It is a novel in diary form and may be safely read in those half-hours when there is absolutely nothing else to do. Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston.

Among the hooks of travel soon to be in demand with the approach of the vacation season is "Three Weeks in Holland and Belgium," by John V. Higginbotham, published by the Reilly & Britton Company, Chicago. The experiences are lightly and pleasingly told and not without humor, and the illustrations are good.

"The Master Knot," by Alice Birkhead, is the story of a girl who marries in order to save herself from humiliation and embarrassment and to escape a quandary that threatened to become a scandal. Unable to endure life in an Irish country village and repelled by her husband's sporting proclivities, she runs away to a French nunnery, only to find

that she is after all in love with her husband. There is some good character sketching and the hook is fairly readable. Published by John Lane, New York.

Charles Scribner's, New York, have published an edition of "The Essays of Francis Bacon," edited, with introduction and notes, by Mary Augusta Scott, Ph. D. It would be hard to speak too highly of the critical and appreciative introduction, while the notes are careful and comprehensive. Price, \$1.25.

The stage presentation of "The Servant in the House," by Charles Rann Kennedy, has attracted so much attention that its publication by Harper & Brothers, New York, will be welcomed by those who wish for a chance to praise or blame a play that is certainly novel and startling in its conception. Price, \$1.25.

The Death of George Chapel Wickware.

Just as the fleet was passing through the Golden Gate another of California's pioneers, George Chapel Wickware, passed away, after many weeks of illness.

He was born in Chittenden County, Vermont, January 27, 1827, and at the age of twenty-two came around the Horn on the sailing vessel *Robert Brown*, landing on Goat Island in 1849. He invested in real estate, which proved to be very successful, and from which he amassed a large fortune. About thirty-six years ago he served in the State assembly.

Literary writers have found Mr. Wickware a valuable source of information regarding the early customs in San Francisco. For thirty years he and his late wife made their home at the Occidental Hotel, but since the fire he has resided with his daughter, Mrs. E. C. Dake. Besides her he leaves another daughter, Mrs. O. F. Giffin of Pomona.

The funeral took place under the auspices of the California Society of Pioneers, of which body he was a charter member.

Damrosch Farewell Concert.

A special programme has been arranged for the farewell concert of the Damrosch Orchestra at Dreamland on Sunday afternoon, May 24, at which the Calvary Choral Society will assist. The works with chorus will be "Awake!" from "Die Meistersinger," "Grand March" from "Tannhauser," and two numbers from Gounod's "Redemption," with Mme. Mary Hissen de Moss as soloist. The orchestral numbers include Dvorak's beautiful symphony, "From the New World"; Goldmark's overture, "Spring"; "Andante Cantabile," by Tschalkowsky, and "Polonaise," by Beethoven. The orchestra will play at the Greek Theatre of the University of California this Saturday evening.

Seats will be on sale after 10 a. m. at the office of Dreamland Rink.

"The Merchant of Venice" is the bill for this Saturday's matinee at the Van Ness Theatre. "Macheth" will be played next Saturday afternoon.

Attention is called to a change in the timetable of the Tamalpais Railroad Company.



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Mr. Crewe's Career

"There is no danger that those who frankly like 'a good love story' will fail to enjoy Mr. Churchill's new hook. The love story is a golden one," says one critic.

"The character of Austen Vane is worthy of the sympathy with which Mr. Churchill paints it; and his Victoria is altogether the most charming of his heroines . . . it is clear that this popular novelist is growing in power . . . his people are people . . . and the atmosphere in which they move is that of a ripened and really admirable humor."—*The Nation*.

"Austen and Victoria are delightful; he strong, manly, high-idealized . . . she earnest, lovable, womanly . . . here is a strong piece of work, written in the limpid, Churchill diction, with an abundance of quaint humor, simple pathos, imagination which whips the hill-winds in between the covers and bids us see the wonders of that lovely North country—white with winter, black-browed by pines, silvered in moonlight, golden at mid-day and midsummer, and a galloping touch at every strenuous incident. The author adds to his fame."—*Congregationalist*.

Mr. Crewe's Career

By the author of "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," "Coniston," etc., has had the largest sale in advance and on the day of publication of any novel issued by its publishers. Cloth, Illustrated, \$1.50

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SHAKESPEARE AT THE VAN NESS.

By Josephine Hart Phelps

Shakespeare's true lovers have a treat before them. Shakespeare in repertoire, played by an actor of Robert Mantell's intellectual attainments and dramatic power, grows increasingly rarer. Here we have Lear, Macbeth, and Othello in a week, and four more notable legitimate rôles in prospect for the ensuing week.

Lear is the greatest rarity of them all. I do not recall a single previous opportunity of seeing the rôle of the fallen sovereign acted by a tragedian worthy of it, excepting during the elder Salvini's memorable engagement here; and that, alas, I missed.

People who saw "A Winter's Tale" played for the first time during the memorable Kidder-James engagement at the Columbia Theatre about eight years ago then felt, beautiful as the performance was, and intense the pleasure that it gave, that it was almost worth while not to have previously known it in stage guise, since the enjoyment was so rare and exquisite.

For this reason I looked forward with much anticipation to seeing "Lear" acted for the first time. I can not say, however, that the anticipated pleasure was equally keen, or, indeed, of a similar nature to that afforded by "A Winter's Tale."

Mr. Mantell uses the version of "King Lear" prepared by William Winter for Edwin Booth, and in this many of the gory horrors of the tragedy are mercifully eliminated. Even thus shortened, the play is long, and makes fatiguing demand on the sympathies. The gloom and grandeur of the theme, the dreadful cruelties practiced by the fell sisters of Cordelia, the relentless with which fate visits its most overwhelming reprisals on the age-whitened head of the shattered king, and the atmosphere of suffering and madness in the wild scene on the heath, all united in a totality of sombreness and woe that oppresses the heart. We pine for some mitigation, however slight, of the dark destiny that closes around Lear, but all in vain.

It is one of the most moving sorrows of tragedy, the incredulous anguish that visits the heart of the aged king when, after his fond dream of reigning through the sweet sovereignty of the affections, he experiences "sharp-toothed unkindness" from the daughters for whose benefit he has disowned himself. Yet no theatre-goer anxious to complete his Shakespearean gallery of living portraits can afford to let Richard Mantell's impersonation of Lear pass by unnoticed. Although unilluminated by the light of genius, the portrayal is a splendid and moving one, and fully invested with the sense of grandeur that should attend so sombre and tragic a representation.

In matters of detail, Mr. Mantell shows himself an actor capable of taking the infinity of pains which it has been declared amounts to genius. His Lear, in every way, seemed a hent, infirm, and aged man. His dimmed eye, his weakened voice, which, even in his wildest apostrophes, during the curse scene, and in the tempest on the heath, never failed to suggest the diminution of its manly resonance through the inroads made by age; his sagging lips, the palsied tremor of his head, all spoke of old age and decay. Yet with all these signs of weakness the representation was marked by the air of kingliness which Lear carries even in madness.

With Mr. Mantell, no one who dreads rant need fear the infliction. He does not affect noise, although the quality of his voice is such that his lowest-uttered syllables carry to the front. His reading is excellent, informed with thorough understanding, sympathetic, dramatic, and illuminative. Altogether he is a great acquisition in the field of Shakespearean drama, in which actors of repute, of dignity, and of accredited authority grow increasingly rarer.

Mr. Mantell has been surrounded by Mr. William Brady with a company the members of which, while lacking distinction or any especial reputation, are able to enter into the spirit of tragedy, and to recite the Shakespearean lines with the deliberateness, the dignity, and with something of the flowing cadences which are their due.

Miss Marie Booth Russell's impersonation of the treacherous Goneril promises well for her dramatic quality in more onerous rôles. She is a tall, commanding presence on the stage, with much of the physical equipment of the tragedienne; large, speaking eyes, strongly marked features, a voice of fullness and volume, and a mobility of feature that

was so apt in expressing the hypocrisy and baseness of Goneril's evil heart that it was easier to imagine her filling the rôles dedicated to tragedy queens than of those two gentle daughters of misfortune, Ophelia and the tender Desdemona.

Next to Mr. Mantell, the most notable male player in the cast is Mr. Guy Lindsley, who in the rôle of the king's fool had much silent acting to do, and who was especially successful, during the love test to which the mistaken monarch subjected his daughters, in conveying the idea of the faithful, far-seeing affection which the fool bore toward his royal master. Although no singer, Mr. Lindsley was also very happy in those scenes in which the fool, with double-edged jest and meaning quip, proved his right to wear the motley.

None of the other rôles were filled with any special distinction. The tender youth and conscientious endeavor of the sweet little undeveloped fledgling who played Cordelia, and the equally conscientious, somewhat tame, but well-spoken impersonation of Edgar by Mr. Francis McGinn, won the favor of the audience.

The good taste and artistic beauty of the first setting assured us that the production would be such as Mr. Brady's reputation had led us to expect. The many players of the minor rôles are trained to assist by action and expression in the prevailing emotion of the scene depicted. Especially was this noticeable in the curse scene, when all present seemed to share in the growing sentiment of pity, terror, and dread which animated the followers of King Lear. Miss Russell was a potent influence in this scene, and her face of shuddering terror when Lear launched upon his ungrateful child the thunderbolts of a father's wrath was like a sinister high light against a background of gloom.

The scene on the heath passed in almost total darkness. I thought it long and fatiguing, but I am told that even the genius of Booth could not make it otherwise. The darkness, the noise of the storm, the babble of Edgar simulating madness, and the stream of words in which the tottering intellect of Lear rises, in the moment of its fall, to its greatest sublimity of expression, all are blended into a confusion which makes more potent the suggestion of madness and coming doom.

It seems rather too much to endure in the confines of one play, tragedy though it be, the spectacle of such a parallelism of undesired sufferings as those heaped upon Lear and the faithful Gloucester. And similarly the noise of Edgar's simulated ravings becomes confusing and fatiguing in this long and trying scene, since the realization of all that Lear endures in the hour of his greatest suffering and profoundest humiliation, is almost all that we, too, can endure.

To the true tragedian, there can be, in one sense, no greater opportunity than is afforded in playing the character of Lear. The old king rises by slow gradation to a height of suffering at which he attains to the extremest majesty of woe. So great and limitless is his despair, that his infatuated folly, his fatal injustice toward the gentle Cordelia are forgotten. He stands in the memory like the stately but tottering ruin of some crumbling temple whose architecture still shadows forth the memory of past sublimity and grandeur.

But ruined fanes and crumbling temples speak drearily of time and mortality. The

sorrows of old age, alas, are less interesting than those of youth.

In the dear, romantic days when young theatre-goers carefully plan, debate, and discuss which of the great rôles they shall see their favorite tragedians play, it is easily conceivable that Lear and Shylock, who are old and silvered with age, would be many times passed by in favor of Hamlet and Romeo, who are young, with love and romance still in their grasp. So, although no Romeo is promised us, the tragedian who knows so well how to paint the hush of submission, the revolt of desperation, and the wild manifestations of madness in a feeble old man will probably draw a still larger following as Macbeth, Othello, and Hamlet.

Conservatory of Music.

The commencement exercises of the California Conservatory of Music and the Irving Institute took place on Thursday, May 21.

Miss Mildred Turner of Alameda was presented with the Kohler & Chase gold medal, Miss Seta Stewart of Berkeley with the Genns medal, both ladies being the best pianistes. Miss Clara Rogers, a violoncello pupil of Mr. Arthur Weiss, received the Bigler gold medal, and Mr. Charles F. Bulotti, a pupil of Hermann Genns, was awarded the Genns gold medal of the vocal department.

The graduates of the Irving Institute of which Miss Ella Pinkham is the principal, were Miss Sarah M. Benton, Miss Henrietta G. Kreutzmann, and Miss Ethel S. Sherman.

The programme of the evening was as follows: Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 22, first movement, by Miss Mildred Turner; two cello solos by Popper, Miss Clara Rogers; "Lohengrin's Farewell," by Wagner, Mr. Charles F. Bulotti, and Liszt's Sixth Rhapsodie, Miss Seta Stewart.

Henry Miller has started for this city and will soon be actively engaged in preparations for his appearance at the Van Ness Theatre. "The Great Divide" will probably be the opening bill of the engagement. A new play called "The Madstone" will have its première here.

Next Friday night Francis McGinn, leading man of the Mantell company, will play the title rôle of "Othello" and Mr. Mantell will be the Iago of the cast.

Robert Mantell intends to stage the play of "Richelieu," and will offer it as one of the bills of his third and final week at the Van Ness Theatre.



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WEEK DAY	SUN- DAY	WEEK DAY	SUN- DAY	WEEK DAY	SUN- DAY
9:45 A.	7:15 A.	1:40 P.	10:40 A.	7:25 A.	9:28 A.
"8:15 A.	"8:15 A.	2:40 P.	12:16 P.	1:40 P.	11:10 A.
1:45 P.	9:15 A.	4:45 P.	1:40 P.	4:14 P.	12:16 P.
SATUR- DAY	11:15 A.	"	"	SATUR- DAY	1:40 P.
DAY	12:45 A.	"	"	ONLY	3:10 P.
Tamal- pais only	1:45 P.	Tamalpais only	5:45 P.	ONLY	4:40 P.
"	3:45 P.	"	"	"	6:40 P.
"	7:45 P.	"	"	"	8:15 P.

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Reg. Sunday Night, May 24—Second Week

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Sunday and Monday, "King Richard III";

Tuesday and Wednesday, "Hamlet"; Thursday,

"The Merchant of Venice"; Friday, "Othello"

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Third week repertoire to be announced.

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Sunday and Thursday, "Ben Shmiron";

Monday and Tuesday, "The Scholar"; Wednesday

and Saturday matinee, "The Inheritance";

Friday, "Alexander, the Crown Prince of Jerusalem"; Saturday, "Kol Nidre."

Evening prices, 50c, 75c, \$1. Matinee, 25c, 50c, 75c.

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VANITY FAIR.

Queen Victoria was in the habit of pledging her maids of honor not to keep a diary during their attendance at court. The prohibition extended to any notes or memoranda of events in court circles, and who can doubt that the precaution was a wise one? The English court was a sort of rendezvous of the monarchs of Europe and to a great extent they were on the domestic footing that knows no reservations in the way of conversation. The idea that the maids of honor, always more or less in attendance, were only waiting to be released from their duties to rush to their diaries and to record from their frail memories such scraps of conversation as they could recall or imagine would have been a fatal restraint to intercourse. For this reason the keeping of diaries was forbidden, and although no doubt the rule was sometimes evaded, there have at least been no indiscreet disclosures. Some one once said that there were two ways of keeping a diary, faithfully and unfaithfully. An unfaithful diary was not worth keeping, but as for a faithful diary, there was no place on earth safe enough to hide it in.

All this is introductory to the interesting announcement that Lady Warwick is about to publish a volume of reminiscences. Lady Warwick is known in America as a Socialist. How far the socialism of a titled aristocrat must be a mere freak may be left to the imagination, but so far as America is concerned, Lady Warwick is simply an interesting personality and the subject of an occasional newspaper paragraph. But the announcement that Lady Warwick will publish her reminiscences has raised a perfect furor in England throughout her ladyship's own caste. For these many years, it seems, there has been "a chield among ye taken notes," and now, horror of horrors, she means to "prent 'em."

Lady Warwick has been very close to the heart of the aristocratic circles that she now vows to destroy. Very little in the way of scandal has been overlooked by eyes that have now become so critical. She disavows all intention to publish anything libelous, but it is small consolation to those who are involved to know that only the truth will be told about them. There are painful occasions when the truth is about the last thing that we desire and the society world is not eager to welcome a light upon some of its doings.

The occasion is really a serious one. To reveal official secrets is a punishable offense in England, and with a direct view to Lady Warwick's hook the government has asked Parliament to introduce some new and stringent punitive clauses into the bill. There is no chance that these clauses will pass, nor indeed any expectation of it, but this move on the part of the government is intended as a threat and a warning. It may be that some of the dreaded disclosures by the Socialist countess will have reference to state secrets, and if so it is as well to remind the daring author that the law is no respecter of persons and that indiscretion in state affairs is a crime.

It is to be hoped that society circles in New York are not becoming unduly elastic and that there is no relaxation of the severity with which credentials are examined. There was a time when the "Four Hundred" expressed something definitely numerical, and although things began to be a little vague some three years ago, when Mrs. Astor made it known that there were six hundred names on her visiting list, we continued to speak of the "Four Hundred" under the impression that the additional two hundred must be some kind of retainers, poor relations, or camp followers, a sort of outlying fringe who were not exactly in the promised land, although they were allowed to view its wonders from the giddy summit of Mrs. Astor's visiting list.

But now comes Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin with his assurance that our social aristocracy has increased and multiplied in the most disconcerting fashion. He says that its present strength is 1100, and this means an increase of 200 per cent in five years. This surely implies a deplorable lowering of standards somewhere and an invasion by a class of persons who a few years ago had no right to consider themselves as in existence at all. Professional people must surely have been admitted to the charmed circle, while the rigor of financial qualifications must have been relaxed. All these things are a sign of the times and of a breaking away from hoary tradition.

One of the immediate results, so Mr. Martin tells us, is the abolition of the single leadership. It was bad enough to be responsible for four hundred, but a very Napoleon of society would be needed for eleven hundred. Mrs. Fish is of the same opinion, for she says, "There is no leader of society now. It's too large to manage." And not only too large, but too insubordinate. The infusion of new blood means a breaking away from old traditions and a growing unwillingness to keep to the straight and narrow path. But Mr. Martin is filled with exultation. He feels something like the missionary who married a native woman and then reported to his home society that the church had doubled itself. "The attention of the world," says Mr. Martin, "being focused upon the developments of New York society," so great a growth will

naturally redound to the credit of the republic. The toiling millions will rejoice to find that an ever greater number of favored ones are filtering upward into those charmed circles where they toil not neither do they spin and where the costumes certainly surpass those of Solomon, in all his glory.

We have already referred to Maitre Escoffier, the "greatest cook in the world," but too much attention can hardly be given to a gentleman of such delicate sensibilities. In a world where gratitude has become a mere myth Maitre Escoffier delights to show his appreciation of such courtesies as gravitate in his direction. He has now left America, after a visit all too short, but so keen is his sense of a hospitality which has touched him to the heart that he leaves behind him a recipe for a new dish that is to be a sort of permanent benediction upon the land that received him hospitably. Let us leave the details for a moment and proceed at once to the dish created by the great man especially for American consumption and as a mark of the pleasant recollections that he will take with him. Here it is:

STRAWBERRY EDITH—Fresh strawberries rolled in vanilla sugar, flavored with curacao-kirsch-maraschino. Dish in Melba dish, covered with whipped cream, flavored with vanilla sugar and violet leaves crushed.

The reason for the name is wrapped in mystery. We may believe that somewhere in this land of ours there is an Edith who awakened a peculiar tenderness in the breast of Maitre Escoffier and upon whom he has conferred an immortality greater than she could ever acquire by writing a book, for example.

Maitre Escoffier stayed at the Knickerbocker while in New York. Just before his departure he placed in front of James B. Regan of the Knickerbocker, whose guest he had been for a week, a dish that made the hotel man pass his plate for more. There was no more. The chef had got out only a working model of the dish. Mr. Regan insisted that he had not had enough, whereupon the chef confided that he had simply tried the Edith on him to see how it went, with the intention, if it reached the right spot, of presenting to Mr. Regan the recipe for making it as a mark of appreciation of the courtesy that had been shown to him during his stay in New York. Then he handed to Mr. Regan a slip of paper telling the secrets of Strawberry Edith, including the Melba dish and the Kirsch. This done he departed from American in the satisfaction of having amply repaid his entertainer and conferred a public boon.

A writer in the New York World lets us into some of the secrets of Monte Carlo, that vast gambling centre that Europe is always talking about suppressing but never does—nor can suppress. The Prince of Monaco is a benevolent and mild-mannered man who has not the slightest personal interest in games of chance and who devotes his earnings—that are certainly ill-gotten—to the exploration of sea depths and to the enrichment of marine museums.

The Casino at Monte Carlo has passed through a whole season without a single sensational winning, but with quite a number of sensational losses. This fact is attributed to a change in the mechanism of the wheel, and that is all that can be said about it. The wheel has always been run with entire fairness. So far as anything upon earth can depend upon chance pure and simple it was the wheel at Monte Carlo. No one has ever dared to point at it the finger of suspicion, but none the less a slight change in the mechanism has utterly confounded the system players and saved the bank from the assaults of a whole season. Those who laugh at a "law of chance" and who look upon all system men as lunatics may explain the phenomena as best they can.

Let us look for a moment at the wheel itself, so that theory may be fashioned upon fact. The World writer explains it to us very clearly. The famous roulette wheel is a "horizontally revolving, hollow, inverted cone, with thirty-seven compartments around the outer edge." An ivory ball is sent whirling in a groove around the wheel. One of the compartments is numbered 0. The others are numbered from 1 to 36. The ball, after certain revolutions, drops into one of these compartments. If it drops into 0 the wheel takes all the stakes that have been deposited upon the various numbers. If a player has staked, let us say 10 francs, upon No. 15 and the ball drops into No. 15 the lucky player will receive thirty-six times 10 francs, or 360 francs, while the bank confiscates all the money that was placed upon other numbers.

Now this is all fair enough, with the understanding that the bank will always get the better of the aggregate of players in the long run. But there are some things that need explanation by those who maintain the impossibility of forecasting the operations of chance. The World writer points out some of these things and that he is accurate in what he says is well known to every one who has studied the mysteries of the great wheel. Thus it is a fact that after the ball has fallen upon zero, one or other of two numbers will usually win, either 27 or 9 will generally be lucky. We

will leave the explanation to those who can find no mysteries in figures or in anything else and content ourselves with recording the fact, and this is a fact. Then again, if 32 comes up, one of the numbers between 31 and 36 will usually follow. Never mind the theoretical contention that there can be no possible connection between the two events. Let us call it a coincidence, but it is a coincidence upon which it is safe to bet, as hundreds of players have found to their profit.

Every player at Monte Carlo has a system of some kind. Even the most hardened skeptic who risks something of value upon chance will find himself slipping insensibly into some kind of system, into some furtive observance of periodicity, or regularity, even if he does not slip further still into an attention to omens and presages. There is something in the human mind that persists in the effort to fathom the mysteries of chance and that refuses to admit that chance is really chance, always and all the time. The man who most loudly denounces the insanity of those who play by a system is simply denouncing the inferior systems of others. He has his own system, upon which he will wager his last dollar, but he says nothing about it.

Suicides during the past season have been unusually numerous, and there is nothing that the Monte Carlo authorities hate more than a suicide. The fact that a dead body has been found in the grounds with a bullet hole in the forehead has a distinctly dampening effect upon the enthusiasms of the players, who may recollect that only yesterday the dead man was their neighbor and that he was then just as full of high hopes as they themselves. And so every effort is made to prevent suicides and to hide them when they can not be prevented. A player who is known

to be in *extremis* is invited to visit the bureau, where some suave official will beg him to accept as a gift whatever sum may be necessary to carry him home. Under such circumstances Monte Carlo can afford to be generous. It "hurts business" when despair walks naked and unashamed through the gardens, while the discovery of a body in the grounds will frighten the players away from the tables in droves. Monte Carlo never admits the fact of suicide. If the details can be hidden, if the manner of death can be concealed from the public, although not the death itself, then it is a case of heart failure. But if violence is a patent fact, then it is a case of murder by highwaymen, or the simple story of a duel with some unidentified enemy. The World says that there have been fifty suicides during last season and this probably leaves out of account all the cases that have been hushed up. The most sensational case was that of Julius Kardos, a young artist from Budapest. He was known to be in difficulties and the authorities offered him \$200 to leave the place. He refused it, borrowed \$400 from a friend, and played it away to the last gold piece. Then he drew a revolver and shot himself at the table. No concealment was possible in this instance, and although play was very soon resumed, there were a good many who were restrained by a "spectre at the board" that was at least real enough to be effective.

The following incident is given as authentic by a head teacher in a London County Council: A teacher sent a message to a child's mother asking her to wash the youngster's clothes, as they were offensive. Back promptly came the reply, "My Jimmie aint no bloomin' rose—you larn him, not smell him."—*Chronicle*.

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STORYETTES.

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While a small boy was fishing one Sunday morning he accidentally lost his foothold and tumbled into the creek. As an old man on the bank was helping him out he said: "How did you come to fall in the river, my little man?" "I didn't come to fall in the river. I came to fish," replied the boy.

Little Ethel is the young daughter of a contractor in Philadelphia. One of her sisters has recently entered into an international marriage. Ethel was asked the other day by one of the teachers, "Whom did the ancients say supported the world on his shoulders?" "Atlas," answered Ethel. "Quite right," said the teacher, "and what supported Atlas?" "Oh," answered Ethel, "I suppose he had an American wife."

A. M. Downes, late secretary of New York's fire department, related at a dinner a fire story. "At the end of the first act of a drama," he said, "a man leaped hurriedly to his feet. 'I heard an alarm of fire,' he said. 'I must go and see where it is.' His wife, whose hearing was less acute, made way for him in silence, and he disappeared. 'It wasn't fire,' he said, on his return. 'Nor water, either,' said his wife, coldly."

A shooting party, putting up at Amos Libby's Maine camp, found their sport much interfered with by rain. Still, fine or wet, the old-fashioned harometer that hung in Amos's general room persistently pointed to "set fair." At last one of the party drew his attention to the glass. "Don't you think now, Amos," he said, "there's something the matter with your glass?" "No, sir, she's a good glass an' a powerful one," Amos replied, with dignity, "hut she aint moved by trifles."

Douglas Jerrold had a genius for repartee. Perhaps his most famous reply was to Albert Smith, whom he disliked and frequently abused. Smith grew tired of being made the butt of the other's wit, and one day plaintively remarked: "After all, Jerrold, we row in the same boat." "Yes," came the answer, "hut not with the same skulls." He hated snobishness, and when Samuel Warren one day complained that at a ducal house where he had dined he could get no fish, "I suppose," said Jerrold, "they had eaten it all upstairs."

Senator Fulton at his annual Oregon salmon dinner in Washington told a tipping story. "In Astoria," he said, "there used to be an old fisherman who brought me the first of every month a present of a splendid salmon from his master. I always gave the old fisherman a tip. But one morning I was very busy, and when the old man brought the fish I thanked him hurriedly, and, forgetting his tip, bent over my desk again. He hesitated a moment, then cleared his throat and said: 'Senator, would ye be so kind as to put it in writin' that ye didn't give me no tip this time, or my wife'll think I've went and spent it on drink.'"

Sir John Millais tells this story on himself. He was down by the banks of the Tay, painting in the rushes of his famous landscape, "Chill October," which has thrilled us all with the ineffable sadness and mystery of the dying summer. He worked on so steadily that he failed to observe a watcher, until a voice said: "Eh, mon, did ye ever try photography?" "No," said the artist, "I never have." "It's a deal quicker," quoth his friendly critic, eyeing the picture doubtfully. Millais was not flattered, so he waited a minute before replying, "I dare say it is." His lack of enthusiasm displeased the Scot, who took another look, and then marched off with the Parthian shot, "Ay, and photography's a muckle sight mair like the place, too."

William H. Hotchkiss, one of the directors of the American Automobile Association, said the other day in Buffalo: "I believe that a man, to love automobilizing thoroughly, must know all about his car—how to run it, how to clean it, how to repair it, how to take it apart. A friend of mine owns a small car. He has no chauffeur, and every time he goes out a breakdown occurs. No wonder. He said to me the other day: 'I took my runabout all apart yesterday.' 'Did you?' said I; and, knowing his impracticability, I added, seriously: 'Well, when you do that, you must always be careful not to lose any of the parts.' 'Not to lose any of them?' said he. 'No fear. Why, when I put that machine together again yesterday, I had nearly two dozen pieces left over.'"

"It's a great help to be able to size up the men you come in contact with," said a business man to his son; "hut it's more important still that you should first know yourself. For instance. A noisy hunch tacked out of their club late one night, and up the street. They stopped in front of an imposing residence. After considerable discussion one of them advanced and pounded on the door. A woman stuck her head out of a second-story window and demanded, none too sweetly: 'What do you want?' 'Is this the residence of Mr. Smith?' inquired the man on the steps, with

an elaborate how. 'It is. What do you want?' 'Is it possible I have the honor shpeakin' to Missus Shmith?' 'Yes. What do you want?' 'Dear Missus Shmith! Good Missus Shmith! Will you—hic—come down an' pick out Mr. Shmith? The resh of us want to go home.'"

Among the older rank of San Franciscans there is a citizen eminent in the world of finance and liberal enough in all large ways, who nevertheless is a little "near" when it comes to trifles. He is ready enough to accept those courtesies which still mark the meetings and greetings of the old-style San Franciscan, but he has rarely been known himself to stand treat. Recently he came upon a crony loitering, as if waiting for somebody, near the entrance to a well-known bar. "Hello, Boh," he said, "what are you doing here?" It was an opportunity long desired and the gentleman addressed made the most of it. "Well, John," he replied, "I'm just waiting round for somebody to come along and huy me a drink." "All right," was the reply, "I'll—I'll join you!"

THE MERRY MUZE.

The Sick Democrat.

I saw my doctor yesterday.
"Your trouble, sir," said he,
"Is mental and not physical—
You need society."

"Companionship—you're lonely;
In politics take part.
The members of your party
Should cheer your lonely heart."
Said I: "I can't find any."
Said doctor: "How is that?"
I sighed, and turned my face away:
"I am a Democrat."

—Walter Beverly Crane.

The Latest Lullaby.

Hush, my little one! Hush, my pretty one!
Daddy will rock you to rest;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
Here on your daddy's vest,
Mother will come to you soon, my dear,
Only a few hours yet;
She will come home when her speech is done—
Your Ma is a suffragette.

There, my little one! There, my pretty one!
Daddy has work to do;
He has all of the dishes to wash,
While he is guarding you.
Hush, my little one! Hush, my pretty one!
Daddy to work must get;
The house must be clean when Ma comes home—
For she is a suffragette.

Here is your hottie, my haby dear,
Whatever makes you cry?
Your mother's speech will be over soon,
She'll come to you hye and hye.
Drat it! I can't mop the kitchen floor
Until you nave ceased to fret;
Oh, I'll get the deuce when Ma comes home,
For she is a suffragette.

Perhaps there's a pin in your tummy, dear,
Well, Daddy will have a look;
I'll bet that speech of your Ma's, my dear,
Is as long as a legal book.
It can't be a pin, good gracious me!
The bread's in the oven yet;
Was ever a man so tried as I
With a wife who's a suffragette?

Hush, my little one! Hush, my pretty one!
Ouch! I have harked my shin;
I hear a click in the door, my dear,
Your mother is coming in.
And not a dish has been washed, my dear,
My rest I will never get;
It's a tough old life I've been leading, dear,
Since your mother turned suffragette.

—Detroit Free Press.

Too Much Toiling.

There are times I have to hustle and get out and use my muscle;
It's a cinch because a feller has to eat;
An' I've found few ways of gettin' what I want except by sweatin'.
For the game's a-growin' mighty hard to beat;
But it seems a shame this spoilin' all our bright glad days by tolin'—
This exertin' through our life's allotted span
As some people struggle through it. If I have to, I will do it.
But I like to take it easy when I can.

When the boss is keepin' cases I have got to show my paces—
Make a huff at doin' somethin' for my pay;
I must keep the dirt a-flyin', though I find it mighty tryin',
For there doesn't seem to be no other way.
But I always feel like kickin' when I'm shovelin' and pickin'
And I wish that there was somethin' I could plan
That would keep my hack from strainin', and no cussin' nor complainin'.
For I like to take it easy when I can.

It would be all right supposin' I could jest lie somewhere dozin'
And a-smokin' where a bit of sunshine fell,
With no big-mouthed drivin' bosses and no other cares nor crosses—
I believe I'd like to try it for a spell.
If they'd h'd the gruh and feed it to a feller when he'd need it
And stand by to keep the flies off with a fan,
With no call for any motion, that would be about my notion,
For I like to take it easy when I can.

—Chicago News.

A. Hirschman.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Society has been in a mad whirl since the arrival of the fleet and with entertainments, both public and formal and private and informal, the people of San Francisco are so exhausted with social delights that they are welcoming the quiet which will follow. The past week has witnessed any number of departures for country places or Eastern trips and by June 1 the town will be fairly deserted.

Mrs. S. B. McKee of Oakland has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Amy McKee, to M. Etienne Lancel, Consul-General of France in New York. June 17 will be the wedding day.

The wedding of Miss Olga Sutro and Mr. Phillip Irving Manson took place at the California Club on Wednesday evening, April 29. Rev. Dr. Nieto performed the ceremony. The bridesmaids were Miss Esberg and Miss Sussman. Dr. Adolf Baer was the best man and the ushers were Mr. Percival Kahn, Mr. Benjamin Lilienthal, Mr. Lloyd Ackerman, and Mr. Elias Hecht. After a southern trip Mr. and Mrs. Manson will stay at the St. Francis.

Miss Pearl King of Piedmont and Mr. Hubert Rembrandt Hill will be married May 28 at the home of the bride's parents.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Jennie Jewell Howard, daughter of Mr. Henry Cogswell Howard, to Lieutenant Burton Johnson Mitchell, Twelfth Regiment of Infantry, U. S. A., will take place on Thursday evening, June 4, at seven o'clock, at St. John's Church, Youngstown, New York.

The wedding of Miss Lily Hazard McCalla, daughter of Rear-Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. McCalla, to Lieutenant Dudley Wright Knox, U. S. N., was celebrated on Monday last at the home of the bride's parents in Santa Barbara, the Rev. Benjamin J. Davis, rector of Trinity Church, Santa Barbara, officiating. Lieutenant and Mrs. Knox have gone to Bremerton Navy Yard for the present.

Mrs. William S. Tevis was the hostess at a luncheon on Saturday last at the Fairmont in honor of Miss Florence Breckinridge. Among those present were: Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Carrie Redmond, Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Marguerite Le Breton, Miss Elena Robinson, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Kate Brigham, Miss Katherine Ferrin, Miss Alice Herrin, and Miss Gussie Houte.

Mrs. A. N. Towne was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday at the Fairmont, at which her guests were: Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Mrs. D. W. Earl, Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Mrs. Charles G. Hooker, Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. Gale, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. G. W. McNear, Mrs. William P. Morgan, and Mrs. E. B. Pond.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson was the hostess at a luncheon on Monday last, at which Mrs. Frederick Sharon was the guest of honor.

Miss Mary Keeney was the hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week in honor of Miss Marguerite Le Breton, at which her guests were Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Florence Breckinridge, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Miss Alice Herrin, Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith, Miss Marion Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, and Miss Helen Bowie.

Mrs. M. P. Huntington and Miss Marian Huntington entertained at an informal dance on Tuesday evening of last week at their Jackson-Street Home.

Mrs. James A. Robinson was the hostess at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week in honor of Rear-Admiral Swinburne, U. S. N., and Mrs. Swinburne. The other guests were: Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Miss

Elena Robinson, Mr. Frank Mitchell, Mr. Lansing Mizner, and Lieutenant Constine, U. S. N.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was the hostess at an informal tea on Sunday last at her home on Broadway in honor of Miss Florence Breckinridge. Miss Emily Wilson and Miss Mary Keeney poured tea.

Mrs. W. F. McNutt was the hostess at a tea on Monday last in honor of her guest, Miss Henrietta Brown of Denver.

Baroness von Schroeder and Miss Jeannette von Schroeder entertained at a tea on Tuesday afternoon last at the Hotel Rafael in honor of Miss Florence Breckinridge.

Miss Gertrude Jolliffe was the hostess at an informal tea on Wednesday afternoon of last week.

Miss Elena Robinson was the hostess at a tea on Wednesday last in honor of Miss Florence Breckinridge.

A pretty wedding breakfast was served at the St. Francis last week following the wedding of the popular war correspondent, Mr. Richard Barry, to Miss Elizabeth Mercier Odend'hal of Norfolk, Virginia. The ceremony, which was a great surprise to the friends of the young couple, was largely attended by the naval officers whom Mr. Barry accompanied on the battleship cruise, and Admiral Thomas gave away the bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins entertained a few friends at dinner in the café of the Hotel St. Francis Wednesday evening. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kohl, Mrs. William Kohl, and Mrs. E. S. Pillsbury.

One of the most pleasant social affairs of the past week was a dinner given last Thursday in the café of the St. Francis by Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Scott. The guests were Admiral and Mrs. Thomas and a number of friends. Besides the guests of honor there were present Major and Mrs. McKinstry, Mr. and Mrs. Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Schwerin, and Colonel and Mrs. Sweeney.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson and Miss Emily Wilson expect to leave within a week or two for Europe, where they will travel during the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall have closed their Pacific Avenue home and are at their country place at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and their sons will leave about the end of this week for their country place at Tahoe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun and Miss Martha Calhoun left on Saturday last for New York for a brief stay and on their return will be accompanied by Miss Margaret Calhoun.

Captain and Mrs. William H. McKittrick have taken a house in Santa Barbara for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase have gone to Stag's Leap, their country place in the Napa Valley, and will spend the summer there.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan left on Saturday last for New York and will spend a week there before going abroad.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and Miss Lydia Hopkins have been in town several days recently from Menlo Park and were guests at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Bowman H. McCalla has returned to her home in Santa Barbara, after a brief visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Bliss left this week for Lake Tahoe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Maurer of Berkeley are planning a trip to Mexico for the months of July and August.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckhee have returned from a visit to Dixon.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark are in San Rafael, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., was at Del Monte for a few days last week.

Miss Gertrude Jolliffe went down last week to Los Gatos to visit her sister, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt.

Mrs. David Henderson and daughter of San Francisco will leave for England shortly.

One of the prominent people who was at the Fairmont during the past week was Mr. George S. Waterlow of London, England.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan of Burlingame are at the Fairmont for a short time, preparatory to their departure for the East and then to Europe for the summer.

Mr. E. S. Farrington, one of the prominent public men of Nevada, is at the Fairmont.

Mr. J. H. Flagler, the great capitalist and promoter, whose feat in extending a railroad within short ferrying distance of Havana is thought by many engineers to rival the Panama Canal project, has just arrived at the Hotel St. Francis with Mrs. Flagler, Miss J. MacClanahan, and attendants. The party has been touring the West in Mr. Flagler's private car.

Mr. C. H. Gaunt, assistant general manager of the Santa Fé railroad, is registered at the St. Francis with Mrs. Gaunt.

Mr. D. T. McCabe, fourth vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad lines, accompanied by Mrs. G. S. McCabe, Mrs. H. H. Grey,

and Mr. G. A. Blakeslee, all of Pittsburg, are at the Fairmont during a short business visit to the city.

Mr. J. McD. Gardiner of Tokyo and Mr. C. M. Williams of Kyoto, Japan, are among those who have recently arrived and are at the Fairmont.

Mr. G. S. Garrett, well known in the electrical world of San Francisco, is among the recent arrivals at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Middlecoff of Los Angeles are at the Fairmont.

Colonel D. C. Collier of San Diego is at the St. Francis.

Mr. C. C. Leavitt and wife of Fresno and Mr. A. Heiser of Mendocino are among the visitors from the interior of the State registered at the Fairmont.

Among the guests at the Fairmont registered from Chicago are Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Schaffer, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes Hoge, and Mrs. B. S. Grosscup.

Among recent arrivals from San Francisco at the Hotel del Coronado are Mrs. G. A. Scoville, Mrs. George Leviston, Mrs. E. T. Phelps, Mrs. W. R. Longgrove, Miss Longgrove, Mrs. W. H. Smith, Mr. W. H. Smith, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Sachs, Mr. J. L. Hydes.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Del Monte were Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. William Curlett, Miss Helen Corbet, Miss Ethel Curlett, Mr. Aleck G. Curlett, Mr. F. C. Van Schaick, Mr. S. D. Talbott, Mr. John Eagan, Mr. C. H. Stanyan, Mr. A. P. Gannini, Mrs. Robert W. Van Walkenburg, San Francisco.

The following arrivals have been registered at the Hotel Victoria: Mr. J. F. Kane, Watsonville; Mr. Warren Sexter, Oroville; Mr. T. G. Hart, Fresno; Mr. C. P. Bailey, San Jose; Mr. J. L. Bryson, Sonoma; Mr. Isaac Minor and daughter, Miss Caroline Copley, Miss Elizabeth Chapman, Arcata, Cal.; Mr. W. E. Lawrence, Vacaville.

Among recent arrivals at the Aetna Springs Hotel, Napa County, are Mr. and Mrs. Donzel Stoney, Mrs. J. A. Code, Mr. John Bakup, Mr. A. A. Howell, Mrs. E. T. Houghton, Mr. Charles Novitz, Mr. John Stajer, Mr. B. B. Fitch, Miss Genevieve Cooke, Mrs. Alice May Sexton, Miss Wieland, Mr. W. H. Burt, Mrs. L. C. Sheldon, Mr. Charles Novak, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Bishop, Mr. W. R. De Lapp, of San Francisco; Mrs. Henry A. Butters, Miss M. Butters, Mrs. Richard Bahls and son, of Oakland.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hutton and Master Harold Hutton, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. McDowell and family, Alameda; Mr. A. J. McPike, Alameda; Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Woodward, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Budd, Miss Lucile Budd, Stockton; Dr. W. S. Taylor, Livermore; Mr. D. Bradbury and the Misses Bradbury, Los Angeles; Mr. J. H. Thompson, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Helm, Fresno; Mr. H. M. Ellis and Mr. B. Bills, Sacramento.

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from all points

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in many soaps, require free alkali to saponify them.

The rich, cool
lather of Pears' does
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are synonymous.

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PERSONAL.
Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Brigadier-General Charles Morris, U. S. A., was retired from active service on May 3 on account of having reached the age limit.
Colonel Brainard, U. S. A., chief commissary, Department of California, and Colonel Biddle, U. S. A., chief engineer officer, Department of California, have returned from a brief trip to Los Angeles.
Commander C. C. Rogers, U. S. N., is detached from duty as hydrographer, Bureau of Equipment, and ordered to command the Milwaukee.
Lieutenant-Commander C. M. McCormick, U. S. N., is detached from the Naval Station at Cavite and ordered to command the Albacross.
Major William Lassiter, Third Field Artillery, U. S. A., is relieved from treatment at the Army and Navy Hospital, Hot Springs, Arkansas.
Major Samsou L. Faison, Twenty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., upon expiration of his present leave of absence will join his regiment at Madison Barracks, New York.
Captain Clark D. Dudley, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., is ordered transferred from Troop L to Troop F of that regiment.
Captain Richard H. McMaster, First Field Artillery, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, has been granted leave of absence for two months, to take effect on June 16.
Captain William H. Bertsch, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., is relieved from recruiting service and from duty at Fort Slocum, New York, to take effect on August 4, and is ordered to then rejoin his regiment in the Philippine Islands. He will report at headquarters, Department of California, for temporary duty, pending the departure of the transport on which he may secure transportation.
Captain Houston V. Evans, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., on board the transport Thomas, is granted three months' leave of absence, which took effect May 15.
Captain George B. Pond, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted fourteen days' leave of absence, to take effect on or about July 24.
Captain Laurence A. Curtis, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., is detailed for general recruiting service and will proceed to Fort Slocum, New York, to report to the commanding officer of that post for ten days' instruction in the methods of examining recruits, and will then proceed to Springfield, Massachusetts, for duty. Captain Curtis is appointed as acting quartermaster for the time he is on recruiting duty.
Captain George N. Bomford, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from recruiting duty and is ordered to rejoin his regiment.
Lieutenant Robert C. Richardson, Jr., Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., is granted leave of absence from June 10 to and including September 15, with permission to go beyond the sea.
Lieutenant Wiley P. Mangum, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., having been found by an army retiring board incapacitated from active service on account of disability incident thereto, is ordered retired, to take effect on August 2.
Lieutenant Edwin J. Bracken, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., is detailed for general recruiting service and will proceed to Columbus Barracks, Ohio, and report in person on July 20 to the commanding officer of the recruiting depot at that post for instruction for a period of ten days in the methods of examining recruits and will then proceed to enter on duty at Roanoke, Virginia, relieving the officer on duty at that station.
Lieutenant Ralph A. Jones, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., is ordered to proceed at once to the Department of Rifle Range, Point Bonita, reporting upon arrival to the commanding officer for duty as quartermaster at that station, relieving Lieutenant Thomas W. Hammond, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., from that duty.
Lieutenant William C. Whitener, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted three months and twelve days' leave of absence.
Lieutenant Benjamin H. Pope, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted ten days' leave of absence.
Lieutenant Frederic G. Kellond, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., is granted leave of absence for one month.
Lieutenant William J. McCaughey, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has had Fort Bragg, Mendocino County, designated as his station while on duty in connection with the Progressive Military Map of the United States.
Lieutenant Omar Pinkston, Medical Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from further duty in the

Philippine Division and is assigned to duty in the Army Transport Service, with station at San Francisco.
Lieutenant George C. Bowen, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted fifteen days' leave of absence, which took effect on May 14.
Ensign W. L. Friedell, U. S. N., has had his orders to the South Dakota revoked and will continue duty on the Kentucky.
Ensign S. Doherty is detached from the Kentucky and ordered to the South Dakota.
Surgeon J. B. Denis, U. S. N., is detached from the South Dakota and ordered to the Virginia.
Surgeon C. H. T. Lowndes is detached from the Virginia and ordered to the South Dakota.
The following named officers, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., will, in compliance with instructions from the War Department, proceed as specified below to Vancouver Barracks, Washington, reporting in person to the commanding general, Department of the Columbia, for instructions: Lieutenant Philip Remington, from Department of Rifle Range, Point Bonita, in ample time to leave Seattle by first boat for Nome, about June 6, en route to Fort St. Michael, Alaska; Lieutenant Henry A. Ripley, from Fort McDowell, Angel Island, in ample time to leave Seattle by first boat for Nome, about June 6, en route to Fort Davis, Alaska; Lieutenant Edward E. McCammon, from the Presidio of Monterey, to be in ample time to leave White Horse on first boat going down Yukon, June 1 to 10, to Fort Gibbon, Alaska; Lieutenant John P. Adams, from Fort McDowell, Angel Island, in ample time to leave Seattle about June 1, en route to Fort Liscum, Alaska; Lieutenant Charles B. Moore, from Fort McDowell, Angel Island, to be in ample time to leave White Horse on first boat going down the Yukon, June 1 to 10, en route to Fort Eghert, Alaska.

Dr. Albert Abrams has resumed consultation practice, 246 Powell. Hours by appointment. Tel. Douglas 1419. Residence, Fairmont.

Berkeley Apartment

After May 23d, a sunny suite will be available for the summer and autumn months at Hotel Cloyne Court, Berkeley. For further particulars address
J. M. PIERCE, Manager.

FOR RENT—The log cabin at Carmel. Furnished; eight rooms; sanitary plumbing; outside bedroom; \$50 per month. Apply by letter. 1815 Vallejo Street.

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Very desirable furnished house, for small family, to rent for one year. Apply to J. E. G., care of G. W. McNear, 201 Battery Street, San Francisco.

Pedigree Angora Cats for Sale
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A Positive Relief For PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all ailments of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Deodorized after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free. GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N.J.

THE CITIZENS' ALLIANCE is now located in the Merchants' Exchange Building. Members are invited to call and leave their new addresses. The Alliance has opened a free employment bureau at 4 Van Ness, near Market Street. Read *The Citizens' Magazine*. First number appeared March 1. Price per copy, 10 cents.

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Table d'hote luncheon 75c; dinner \$1.00;
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QUIET RESTFULNESS, PURE BRACING AIR, instead of the city's noise and dirt. BEAUTIFUL ENVIRONMENT, with plenty to occupy one's mind and time, instead of monotony and uninteresting scenery. LOW SUMMER RATES, instead of high prices, perfect appointments and service, unexcelled cuisine.
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Collier (to child)—Is this papa's little boy or mamma's little boy? *Child*—Dunno; the judge hasn't decided yet.—*Life*.

She—It's funny you should be so tall. Your brother, the artist, is short, isn't he? *He (absently)*—Yes, usually.—*Town and Country*.

"Don't you ever get homesick, captain?" asked the passenger on the ocean liner. "No; I'm never home long enough," replied the captain.—*Exchange*.

Boy (who has been naughty, and sent out into the garden to find a switch to punish him with)—Oh, mummy, I couldn't find a switch anywhere, but here's a stone you can throw at me.—*Punch*.

Clevertown (who has hired a taximeter cab to propose in)—Say "yes," darling? *Miss Calumet*—Give me time to think. *Clevertown*—Heavens! But not in here! Consider the expense!—*Life*.

"How did you and your husband discover that you were affinities?" asked the pretty young widow. "Heavens! We never did. We just got married in a decent way."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

She (on her bridal tour)—Oh, Dan, I'm so unhappy. *Don*—Why, what is the matter, darling? *She*—If I am as much to you as you say, you can't be sorry your first wife died, and that makes you too brutal for me to love.—*Life*.

Doctor—The room seems cold, Mrs. Hooligan. Have you kept the thermometer at seventy, as I told you? *Mrs. Hooligan*—Shure, an' Oi hov, docthor. There's th' devilish thing in a toomhler av warrum wather at this blissid minnut.—*Judge*.

Mamma—Good gracious, Georgie! What is the matter with Freddie Jones? Is the child having a fit? *Georgie*—No, mamma. You know Freddie stutters, and we het he couldn't say "altitudinously" before Bohhie ran twice around the block.—*Puck*.

Towne—Do you helieve in dreams? *Browne*—I used to, but I don't any more. *Towne*—Not as superstitious as you were, eh? *Browne*—Oh, it wasn't a question of superstition. I was in love with one once, and she jilted me.—*The Catholic Standard and Times*.

"It's been a sinnah!" vouchsafed a recently converted brother, during an experience meeting in Ebenezer Chapel. "A heen-yus, low-down, contaminated sinnah for lo dese many

yeahs, and never knowed it!" "Don't let dat molest yo', Brudder Newcome," spoke up a sympathetically inclined deacon; "de rest of us knowed it all de time."—*Puck*.

Excited COUNTRYMAN (to huntsman, who is keeping the course)—There's one of 'em in the water! It's that gent what runs the Temperance Club. 'Adn't you better go and 'elp him? *Huntsman (not an abstainer)*—Oh, 'e's all right. 'E's in 'is helement!—*Punch*.

"Come, Willie," said his mother, "don't be so selfish. Let your little brother play with your marbles a while." "But," protested Willie, "he means to keep them always." "Oh! I guess not." "I guess yes! 'Cause he's swallowed two o' them already."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"John," she whispered, "there's a burglar in the parlor. He has just knocked against the piano and hit several keys at once." "I'll go down," said he. "Oh, John, don't do anything rash!" "Rash! Why, I'm going to help him. You don't suppose he can remove the piano from the house without assistance."—*The Throne*.

"Henry," faltered the young bride, as the great ocean liner rolled and pitched, "do you still love me?" "More than ever, darling!" was Henry's fervent answer. Then there was an eloquent silence. "Henry," she gasped, turning her pale, ghastly face away, "I thought that would make me feel better, but it doesn't."—*The Southwestern's Book*.

"I tell you," said one man to another as they emerged from the corridor of a concert hall. "I envy that fellow who was singing." "Envy him!" echoed the other. "Well, if I were going to envy a singer I'd select somebody with a better voice. His was about the poorest I ever heard." "It's not his voice I envy, man," was the reply; "it's his tremendous courage."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

"I don't know whether the pompadoored young lady who brings me my breakfast has been listening, or whether she thinks for herself," says the young man who takes his meals in a restaurant, "but she's getting to be almost funny. Yesterday I ordered liver and bacon, and then I waited and waited till I'd committed everything in the Washington Herald to memory. 'Come hither,' I said to her. 'I gave you my order half an hour ago. Do I get that liver?' She stopped chewing gum longer than I ever knew her to do before. 'You get it,' said she; 'but there were two orders in ahead of yours. You don't want your liver out of order, do you?'—*Sunday Magazine*.

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MONTGOMERY STREET STORE, Mills Building

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PLYMOUTH—CHEROKEE—SOUTHAMPTON
Philadelphia ... May 30 St. Louis ... June 20
New York ... June 13 Philadelphia ... June 27
PHILADELPHIA—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
Friesland ... May 30 Westernland ... June 13
Haverford ... June 6 Merion ... June 20

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT
Minnehaha ... May 30 Minnetonka ... June 13
Minneapolis ... June 6 Mesaba ... June 20

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE
Statendam ... May 27 Ryndam ... June 10
N. Amsterdam ... June 3 Poissdam ... June 17
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RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—DOVER—ANTWERP
Kronland ... May 30 Vaderland ... June 13
Finland ... June 6 Zeeland ... June 20

WHITE STAR LINE

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
Arabic ... May 28 Baltic ... June 11
Celtic ... June 4 Cedric ... June 18
N. Y.—PLYMOUTH—CHEROKEE—SOUTHAMPTON
Majestic ... May 27 Teutonic ... June 10
Oceanic ... June 6 Adriatic ... June 17
BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
Republic ... June 3 Cymric ... June 20
New York—Azores—Mediterranean
Cretic ... June 20, Aug. 1
Romanic ... July 3
Boston—Azores—Mediterranean
Romanic ... May 30
Canopic ... June 27, Aug. 8
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36 Ellis St., near Market, San Francisco.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

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S. S. Tenyo Maru (via Manila) ...
... Saturday, July 11, 1908
S. S. America Maru ... Saturday, August 1, 1908

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Notice is hereby given that Frank J. Harris, sentenced to State Prison at Folsom from San Francisco for five years for burglary in the second degree, has applied for a parole and his application is now on file.
May 11, 1908.

NOTICE!

Annual meeting of stockholders of the White Swan Mines Co., Ltd., will be held at office of company, 99 Folsom St., San Francisco, Cal., on Tuesday, June 2, 1908, at 10 a. m., for the purpose of electing directors, and the transacting of such other business as may come before the meeting. Stock transfer books will be closed May 30, 1908, at 10 a. m., and remain closed till 10 a. m. of day after said annual meeting is held.

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H. T. KINCAID, Secy.

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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Some Democratic Pointers.

During his recent visit at the East in connection with the President's convention of governors at Washington, Governor Johnson of Minnesota was made much of by Eastern Democrats who stand traditionally opposed to Mr. Bryan. In Washington, in New York, and elsewhere Governor Johnson received a kind of attention which must have surprised a plain man whose whole social, political, and moral make-up is a product of Western conditions and whose purposes are in tune with Western ideas. None the less, Governor Johnson is probably too shrewd to suffer under any misapprehension of motives. He must know that he stands not at all in accord with the ideas or the aims of the Eastern Democrats, that the warmth of his reception at the East is merely a measure of the Eastern antagonism towards Mr. Bryan and designed to embarrass and annoy that eminent statesman. As a matter of fact Governor Johnson is quite as "advanced" in his notions as Bryan himself, probably more so. There is no element in the Bryan scheme of political ideas which Johnson has not approved; while in some respects he has out-Bryanized even Bryan himself. It is recalled among other things that Governor Johnson has publicly declared himself for policies that would make it impossible for any one citizen

to have an income above ten thousand dollars per year. In truth, Governor Johnson stands today about where Bryan stood twelve years ago—before he (Bryan) became prosperous and before association with the higher-ups of the world had modified his ideas. Save for the fact that his is a new name, unprejudiced by past differences and contentions, Johnson would be no more acceptable to the Eastern wing of the party than Bryan himself.

Talk about Governor Johnson or anybody else besides Bryan in connection with the Democratic nomination is sheer nonsense. Bryan's nomination at Denver is as certain as anything in the future can be. If previous to two weeks ago there was any question about it, that question was removed by the action of the Alabama and California conventions, not to mention the more recent action of the Texas and West Virginia Democrats. Bryan is today as much the master of his party and as much its idol as he was eight years ago. True, the Eastern wing of the party is far from approving him, but its spirit was tamed by the pitiful figure made by the nominee of its own choice four years ago. If Bryan shall be nominated, as he surely will be, there will be no movement in the party against him and no bolt. The Easterners understand perfectly well, for all their criticism of Bryan's extravagances, that he is incomparably the strongest man in the party—not only with the party itself, but strongest in his ability to win Republican votes. The Eastern Democrats may indeed amuse themselves in baiting Bryan by ostentatious greetings to Governor Johnson, but this does not mean that anybody really expects Johnson to find favor over Bryan at Denver.

In 1896 Bryan carried the States of Alabama, Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Kansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, North Carolina, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Washington, and Wyoming—twenty-two in all, with a total electoral vote of 176—including one vote from California and one from Kentucky—as against 271 electoral votes for McKinley. Bryan's popular vote was 6,502,925 as against 7,104,779 for McKinley. In 1904 Parker lost five States previously carried by Bryan, namely, Colorado, Idaho, Missouri, Montana, and Nevada, with an aggregate electoral vote of thirty-two. To be elected Bryan must not only win back these five States or others equivalent to them at the point of electoral votes, but others sufficient to overcome the tremendous majority of Roosevelt with 336 electoral votes over Parker's 140. If political conditions regarded nationally were on anything like a steady-going basis the thing would appear impossible. And in truth it is only possible in view of the possible defection of New York from the Republican column due to causes which need not here be discussed with a general turn of the labor vote of the country away from Republicanism on the score of its fixed animosity to Mr. Taft, the probable Republican nominee. If those who assume to control organized labor can beat Taft they will do it. Then there is a large possible defection from Taft due to animosities, corporate and other, resting upon his affiliation with Roosevelt. It is not a matter about which anybody may be positive, none the less there is in the situation a sufficient basis for speculation with a reasonable ground for hope on the part of Mr. Bryan and his partisans.

All presidential calculations thus far publicly made have ignored the activities of Mr. William R. Hearst and his vest-pocket organization, the curiously misnamed Independence League. That a purely personal movement—we will not even for the sake of courtesy call it a party—created and owned by one man and that man a man of unworthy repute, can have any positive strength is of course unthinkable. But while Mr. Hearst's movement can not possibly do anything for itself it is easily conceivable that it may make serious havoc in the plans of Mr. Bryan. Practically every vote

won by the Hearst League, should Mr. Hearst name a candidate, will be drawn from the Democratic column. And if Mr. Hearst should contrive to get Senator La Follette, Mr. Folk, or some other popular radical to accept his nomination and make a forlorn-hope campaign, he might possibly play hob with everybody's calculations, especially Mr. Bryan's. That any really formidable man should associate himself with Hearst's politics it is not easy to believe. The whole scheme of the Hearst League is so manifestly a personal one, designed to promote the ridiculous ambitions of Hearst himself, that no man of character or any real political effectiveness is likely to be drawn into it. Still the Independence League, supported by the Hearst newspapers, backed by Hearst's personal following, and subsidized with Hearst's money, is an element in the situation which may not rationally or safely be disregarded.

San Francisco Redivivus.

Partly due to preparation for the fleet, but more largely to the general progress of reconstructive work, down-town San Francisco has rapidly been "taking shape" during the past few weeks. As for buildings, few are as yet fully constructed, but many are completed as to upper floors, while multitudes will soon be ready for office uses. As to the streets, regarded as a whole they are probably in better condition than at any time in the history of the city. And yet with all this colossal achievement, Van Ness Avenue continues to be the centre of that kind of business which makes the most stir and attracts the most people. The St. Francis and the Fairmont are both occupied and thriving. Shreve's new building at the corner of Post Street and Grant Avenue could easily be made ready within thirty days. If Van Ness Avenue were wiped out of existence business could make shift to accommodate itself in down-town quarters. Yet it is to be expected so far as general business is concerned that down-town regions will remain only partly tenanted for perhaps a year to come. While all the large retail houses, as for example, Shreve's, the White House, Nathan, Dohrmann & Co., Newman & Levinson, the City of Paris, the Emporium, Sloane & Co., Walter & Co., and a multitude of others, are arranging for down-town sites, none will move in until next year. All will remain in their present temporary quarters until after the coming Christmas season, while perhaps the dominating retail firms will not get down town until midyear, 1909. The White House, we are told, expects to occupy its new quarters at Sutter Street and Grant Avenue in midsummer of next year. The new Palace Hotel, vastly larger and finer than the old hostelry, will open its doors in the early fall of next year. Well ahead of the Christmas season, 1909, three years and a half from the date of the smash-up, San Francisco will be duly at home again. And then—when everybody shall be back in the old and familiar streets—we shall see a new San Francisco so far ahead of the old at every point of material convenience and elegance that we may find the courage to feel, as all visitors will surely say, that out of disaster there has come a city infinitely nobler than that which went down under the hurricane of fire in April, 1906.

Speculation as to the future fortunes of Van Ness Avenue naturally occupies many minds. The character of the avenue is bound to be affected profoundly by the events of the last two years. Probably in two years more there will be left no trace of present conditions. North, say of Post Street, everything which now makes the character of that thoroughfare will have vanished, leaving behind only the wreckage of temporary business occupation, and this, too, must soon be cleared away, since it will serve no useful purpose, but on the other hand will stand as an invitation to fire. The old residence character of the avenue is probably lost forever. The only notable restoration is the magnificent home of Mr. Claus Spreckels, which will soon be ready

for occupancy. With Mr. Spreckels it was a case where sentiment could afford to indulge itself, but we fancy few others will have the hardihood or the wish to replace precisely what was lost. The future probably will see Van Ness a stately avenue given over to theatres, clubs, high-class apartment houses, and the other uses which go in natural association with these things.

Another matter concerning which speculation is active is that of the present population of San Francisco. Before the fire intelligent estimates put San Francisco close up to the half-million mark. The exodus which began while still the fire was raging and which continued after a wholesale fashion for two weeks, left us with approximately 175,000. The return movement began immediately and has been steadily maintained ever since. Much the greater number of those who went away have returned, for new San Francisco, despite her crudities and discomforts, has the subtle power of old San Francisco to charm and to enchain. Along with those who have returned have come many new people, and this movement is particularly notable in connection with those classes which make most for the power of a commercial community. Business men in very considerable numbers have come to San Francisco, partly in promotion of new lines of business activity and largely to replace those veterans of trade who fell out of the ranks of active life when new and more strenuous conditions came upon us. It has been discovered that San Francisco now affords an extraordinary opportunity to young men with energy or capital, or both, to get in on the ground floor. Those who claim to be expert in these matters, estimating our population by the measures afforded by city directories, postoffice business, telephone lists, school attendance, etc., conclude that we have now within the limits of San Francisco approximately 450,000 persons. This estimate, we think, is not too high. True, a considerable area once occupied is now practically tenantless; but on the other hand wide regions at the western and southern margins of the city, hitherto the home of gophers and jack rabbits, have become populated. Especially to the southwest, beyond the old Mission district, there has grown up a new residence district of large proportions. It is confidently asserted and is probably true that much the larger part of the population of San Francisco now lives, in districts old and new, south of Market Street. The population of the city as a whole, we think, is not very far behind what it was on the 17th of April, 1906.

It is an interesting and important fact that while the transbay cities which gained so enormously in population immediately after the disaster have been and are still sending back "refugees" by the thousands, they continue to grow. Within a month after the fire the population of Berkeley, for example, had practically doubled. Month by month the strictly "city people" have been returning, but today Berkeley has more people than it had two years ago. The same story could be told of Oakland and other transbay cities. All are gaining prodigiously even while steadily losing to San Francisco those who are "coming home" as rapidly as conditions will permit. It goes without saying that any estimate of the population of San Francisco made with strict regard to municipal boundaries is misleading. The only fair way to count the population of San Francisco is to draw around the city a circle wide enough to include the various "bed-rooms" which lie to the north, to the east, and to the south. Today a circle drawn fifteen miles distant from Union Square would certainly take in the abiding places of 800,000 persons, all of whom can fairly be accredited as residents of what we may style the metropolitan district of San Francisco. The region here described independently of municipal lines is as populous certainly as it was before the disaster.

A fact which significantly attests the general condition as to population is that of land values. In certain parts of the burned district the level of values is lower than it was for reasons which hardly need to be explained. But at what may be called strategic points values are greater than before, even in the face of dull times. The truth is that nobody who has first-class down-town property has any disposition to sell it; and in fact almost no sales are made, although the woods are full of shrewd operators lying in wait for bargains. In the strictly residence districts, values are all that they ever were or something better; while in outlying regions like Richmond and the district beyond the Mission, values have advanced from 25 to 50 per cent

as compared with those of April, 1906. In Oakland and Berkeley, and in regions down the peninsula, values have been more than sustained in the established districts, while the areas of all these communities have been widely extended. Oakland and Berkeley, for example, have practically extended themselves to the extent of many square miles, giving to regions hitherto valued on the acreage basis fixed values on the residence-lot basis. To be sure, there is no great activity just now in real estate, for the energies of the community are being put into other things; nevertheless there is enough trading to demonstrate a generally higher level of values in districts devoted to residence than before the fire.

Insurance Funds and Investments.

In these days when San Francisco is requiring a great deal of money for rehabilitation and when money for any purpose is hard to get, there is a disposition here to scrutinize closely the attitude of great financial agencies toward San Francisco borrowers. The largest lenders of money in the United States are the great life insurance companies, into whose coffers, alike in times bad and in times good, there flows a prodigious stream of money which, of course, must find investment. The insurance companies of greatest income naturally have their headquarters at the East, and it is not unnatural, perhaps, that they should be more familiar with conditions close about and more ready to lend money near home than far away. This accounts for the fact that insurance money gathered from all over the country is for the most part invested in Eastern securities. California insurers, it is interesting to know, pay into Eastern insurance coffers \$10,500,000 annually, and the companies which receive this money return to us in the form of business expenses, premiums, and death losses \$6,200,000. The annual net value of California business to Eastern insurance companies is \$4,300,000. One great New York company alone received last year from its California clients \$1,898,042. The same company paid expenses and losses in California aggregating \$668,839. The net profit to this one company on California account was \$1,229,203.

Those who are actively engaged in finding money for the immediate needs of San Francisco think that the insurance companies which thus draw so heavily from California ought in the names of reciprocity and justice, as well as business common sense, to so broaden their outlook as to include this city. One insurance company, the Equitable, has done this voluntarily, having within recent months made considerable loans here. But other companies, including that which derives the largest income from California clients, declines, so we are told, even to consider the question of lending money "so far from home." It would seem that a business which yields a gross revenue of nearly two millions and a gross profit of nearly one million and a quarter ought not to be regarded as "far from home." It would seem that a business energy competent at the points of working up such a business and of engrossing its rewards, ought to be eager in some degree to cultivate so rich a field. In other words, it would seem that this particular insurance company and others drawing large revenues from California ought as a matter of business fairness, likewise of business discretion, to so adjust their lending policies as to make some return for favors received.

These matters are being a good deal discussed in San Francisco and in a spirit which is likely to be translated into reprisal. There is a widespread feeling that those who profit so largely in dealing with us ought to show appreciation of favors received by extending their investment operations to this field. There is a disposition here not merely to suggest to the Eastern insurance companies that they extend their investment policy to include San Francisco, but to insist that they do it.

The Democratic Purpose.

The declarations of the California Democratic State Convention are of national importance. The leader of that body was Mr. Bell, former member of Congress, candidate for governor, and also an aspirant for the chairmanship of the national convention and for the United States senatorship. This, and the convention's instruction for Mr. Bryan, invest the platform of the convention with even more than national interest, since the whole world is interested in a proposition to subvert the existing system of any great government.

That such subversion is the Democratic purpose is apparent. The platform declares for direct legislation.

All laws are to be enacted by direct vote of the people. It declares also for the "recall" of all elected officers. As Mr. Bryan is on record in favor of electing Federal judges by popular vote, the "recall" destroys the stability of the judicial branch of the government, while direct legislation abolishes the only function of the legislative branch, and the executive only is left of the three coördinate branches, so carefully devised by the framers of the Constitution.

Further than this, the new scheme involves the obsolescence of the Constitution itself. That fundamental law requires the conformity of statute law to its provisions, and of this the courts are to judge. But when we have direct legislation and an elective Federal judiciary and the recall, it requires no prophet to foresee that a judge who decides an act of direct legislation to be unconstitutional will be at once recalled and one put in his place who will set direct legislation above the Constitution.

Scanning the platform further, its antagonism to the constitutional equality of all men becomes apparent. This remarkable and revolutionary document says: "We favor the vigorous enforcement of the criminal laws against trusts," and "We favor such amendments of the anti-trust laws of the United States as shall entirely exclude labor unions and combinations of labor unions from their operation and effect."

This is a plain proposition to penalize A for an act which B is authorized to commit with impunity. The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that property must be taxed as such and equally, without regard to its ownership. The property of a rich man or a corporation must be valued and taxed the same as similar property owned by a poor man or an individual. This decision accords with the principle of equality of right and of responsibility which is the very foundation of our system of government. Carrying this principle over to the criminal statutes, it is plain that Congress is incompetent to say that an act is a crime when committed by one citizen and not a crime when committed by another citizen who belongs to a labor union. The Supreme Court will undoubtedly vacate such monstrous legislation.

That lawyers like Theodore Bell and others, claiming to be Americans, should endorse a proposition so at war with justice and with every principle of equality, is a most startling fact. It marks the progress of the revolution that threatens the government. It emphasizes the other demands of the platform for the destruction of our legislative and judicial branches. If the whole proposed scheme were at once put in operation, the executive branch of the government would preside over a seething anarchy and would soon give way to the Man on Horseback, come to bring order out of chaos.

The Ruef Fiasco.

To adequately set forth the causes of failure in the Ruef case it would be necessary to go over the long record of blunders and quasi-crimes by which the graft prosecution has lost public respect with nullification of its powers. The whole trouble lay in the moral weakness of the prosecution. The jury did not respect the motives of prosecuting agents whose animus was manifest throughout the proceeding. It did not fail to see that the case was being urged not because Ruef was a scoundrel, but for the shameful reason that he would not meet the wishes of the prosecution in the matter of certain persons against whom incriminating testimony, whether true or false, was desired. It questioned the good faith involved in the conviction of a man however grossly guilty to whom the prosecution itself had pledged immunity. It distrusted the testimony of accomplices confessedly guilty of unnumbered crimes and, even as they sat in the witness chair, under threat of punishment if they should fail to meet the requirements of the prosecution. It was no doubt to some degree infected with the distrust commonly felt for a movement avowedly inspired by moral purposes but manifestly false in its character, organized and promoted under calculations of private interest and malice and halting at no means essential to the carrying forward of its plans. Here briefly is the explanation. It is a thing so open that it may be seen by all men.

No great public cause was ever more hopelessly weighted down by influences which surely make for failure than that of the people of San Francisco against the criminals high and low who have debauched and plundered her. A case which if a right start had been made would not have been difficult has become inextricably confounded with gross motives and corrupted

by gross associations. It may now be doubted if those who began this movement could ever under any circumstances have carried it successfully; men so deficient in simple integrity, so little self-controlled, are rarely able to do anything calling for consistent and persistent moral power. But whatever these men might have done at the beginning, they are plainly incapable of doing any worthy thing now. In their hands the graft prosecution is a wreck; in truth it is worse than a wreck, for it may be likened to a derelict which flounders in the path of an orderly progress of things, which has become a hazard and a nuisance to the community which it once pretended to serve.

And yet the case as against Ruef and his associates in crime, including high-ups as well as low-downs, need not be abandoned as hopeless if only a shift could be made by which capable and honest prosecutors might be substituted for that coterie of self-seekers and incapables now holding authority under the debauched powers of the district attorney's office. The *Argonaut* has ventured now and again within the past year and a half to say what must surely happen under certain influences and in certain contingencies; and now upon the basis of such credit as it has attained as a prophet it ventures to say that any first-class lawyer of clean character and high motives—Robert Devlin, United States district attorney, for example—can today take up the graft prosecution, wrecked and discredited as it lies, and by clean methods and orderly procedures, relieved of the taint of "immunity," duress, and other forms of chicane, carry it to a complete success, creditable alike at home and abroad. Now as at the beginning public sentiment is for the punishment of offenders if it can be brought about by orderly and legitimate means. All that the situation now needs is moral credit with the legal capacity to carry the movement in the spirit of integrity and decency and by methods of moral and legal sanction.

If Mr. Langdon would do the city of San Francisco and the State of California a service, let him resign the prosecuting attorneyship and make room for a better man; or if this be a touch of virtue clean beyond his reach, let him dismiss the group of conspirators and bunglers who are operating in his official name and give over the job which they have so mangled and dishonored to somebody capable of carrying it with some decent regard for the moral purposes involved in it, and with some decent respect for the integrity of social order and the good name of San Francisco.

Editorial Notes.

Delegate George Knight spoke the voice of common sense a few days back when the California delegation to the Chicago convention held its first meeting. California delegations, he said, had been in the habit of sustaining a reputation for being wild and woolly by going to conventions in spectacular fashion with overmuch parade of wines, fruits, and flowers. He thought it would be in much better taste and more in keeping with the dignities of the State if the California delegates would proceed to the convention without any ostentatious display. So say all men of judgment and taste. It is time the "flying wedge" method of falling into the convention city were abandoned by Californians. That sort of thing may still do without serious reproach for the high mountain regions where the average citizen wears his trousers in his boots and picks his teeth with a Bowie knife. But California with its pretensions to civilization ought to assume a more conventional demeanor. Furthermore, as we have before remarked, the spectacular method involves two serious objections. It is so expensive as to impel men of moderate means to avoid convention service and it is so flamboyantly ridiculous as to make men of taste ashamed of the whole business and unwilling to participate in it. If there be those insensible to these considerations, so much the worse for them.

In the last days of the Ruef trial, as the jury was being driven between court-room and hotel, a shallow joker—one Creely, a horse doctor—called impudently out, "Don't convict my friend Abe Ruef." Very properly this vulgar joker was taken before the court and given a punishment severe enough, let it be hoped, to mend his manners at least at the point of restraining his tongue when next he comes into the presence of a jury. Judge Dooling is to be commended for having sharply rebuked this particular offender; but it must be said that his promptness in this instance tends to emphasize his indulgence in another which occurred under his own eyes during the progress of the Ruef case. If District Attorney Jerome had in a New York court

exhibited the fact that he had a pistol in his pocket and had gone so far towards using it upon opposing counsel as to call for restraint from one of his own associates, what would have been the attitude towards such a "play" on the part of the court? Really there is no need to answer the question.

An interesting exhibit of how far and how effectively presidential intrigue has gone in behalf of Mr. Taft was afforded last week by the abandonment on the part of Senator Foraker of his furious championship of the cause of the negro soldiers aggrieved by the President's arbitrary order of dismissal. Foraker is an intrepid fighter. He is the one man in the Senate who in season and out of season during the past two years has, so to speak, held his clenched fist in the President's face. Others have been resentful, but they have declared their feelings privately, all the while maintaining a certain diplomatic pretense of friendliness. But Foraker has hated the President and all his works and he has not cared who knows it. Early in the session Senator Foraker introduced a bill directing the reinstatement of the Brownsville soldiers, and he has urged it with great vigor accompanied by much plain speech not, in truth, because there has been any chance of its success, but as a means of nagging the President and of hurting Mr. Taft. Quite recently Mr. Foraker publicly declared that the Senate would not be permitted to adjourn without a vote on his bill. All this bluster accords badly with a request made by Mr. Foraker the other day on the floor of the Senate that the whole matter go over until next winter. The official explanation is that Foraker's change of programme is due to the generalship of Senators Aldrich, Hale, Allison, and Crane, who have read the law and the prophets of the Republican party to the senator from Ohio. They pointed out that, while it was perfectly proper for him to use the Brownsville affray to prevent the nomination of Mr. Taft, his nomination being now assured, further insistence on a vote would place Mr. Foraker in the position of seeking the injury of his party, from which he could, if he persisted, expect no further consideration. But this explanation is not widely credited. In fact, it does not "go" at all. It is recalled that the presidential faction immediately under control of Mr. Taft now completely occupies the "works" in Ohio, also that Mr. Foraker's official term ends on the 4th of March next. His one chance of reelection lies in conciliating the powers that be. In other words, if he would continue to serve the country as a senator from Ohio he must get into some kind of accord with the President and Mr. Taft. The indications are abundant that this consummation has been achieved through a "deal" by which Foraker has called a halt in his Brownsville campaign and under which there will be no serious opposition to his reelection next March.

Commenting in another column on the fiasco in the Ruef case, it is suggested that any lawyer at once honest and capable could rescue the anti-graft cases from the self-seekers and incapables who have debauched it and carry it to ultimate success; and in this connection the name of Robert Devlin, United States prosecuting attorney, is mentioned. And this reminds us that Mr. Devlin has found scant recognition for his very notable success in the land fraud prosecutions last year. Without the help of Mr. Burns or any other man with a "genius for developing evidence," without the aid of a newspaper clique, without the backing of millionaires, and without any other form of promotion or brass-banding, and against so effective a lawyer as Mr. Peter Dunne, who stands second to no man at the San Francisco bar, Mr. Devlin secured a conviction in the case of the United States against Dr. Perrin. In all the course of his experience and with all the aids at his command the redoubtable Mr. Heney has never achieved a success half so notable from a legal or any other standpoint. That Mr. Devlin's triumph in the Perrin case has been less applauded than the few and questionable successes of Mr. Heney may be due to the fact that he is not the type of lawyer who keeps in immediate touch with the newspapers or who regards his personal exploitation a matter of more importance than the successful conduct of his cases.

Gelbert Beaumont of Annabel Station, Oregon, has brought suit against J. W. McCullough, a coachman, charging assault and battery. The circumstances are interesting. The occasion was a wedding in which Beaumont's wife's sister played the pleasing and important rôle of the bride. As the newly-married pair were driving away from the house, Beaumont, who

seems to belong to that breed of natural-born fools, of whom there are far too many, rushed forward with his hands full of rice to throw at the couple inside. Whereupon McCullough, being a man of spirit and of action and luckily having a whip in his hand, employed it promptly and with fine effect. Beaumont was slashed right and left in a way he is likely to remember. Now he exhibits his wounds and demands damages. It is needless to say where the sympathies of all right-minded people will rest in relation to this case. If there is one special kind of chump above all other kinds of chumps for whom horse-whipping is none too good, it is the blamed fool who with hands and pockets full of rice is to be found at every wedding. Let us hope that the laws of Oregon are sufficiently in accord with common sense to render righteous judgment in this important matter.

Before taking too seriously Mr. Heney's furious reflections upon judges and juries whose opinions differ from his own and whose determinations have tended to his discredit, it is well to recall that Mr. Heney (or should we say Messrs. Spreckels and Phelan, since Heney is merely a "professional prosecutor"?) had his chance to put Abe Ruef in stripes but failed to do it. Ruef stood under conviction for the larger part of last year, subject any hour of any day upon motion of the prosecution—specifically of Mr. Heney—to sentence and commitment to the State penitentiary. But Mr. Heney took no action in the matter. Rather he connived in an arrangement under which Ruef lived in a so-called private prison, beautifully conditioned, served like a prince, with liberty to receive his friends and to come and go at his pleasure. Furthermore, during this time Ruef had in his pocket a formal contract of immunity signed by Mr. Heney, guaranteeing exemption from punishment. Still further, during all this time, Mr. Heney on the public stump lied about the whole business. For Mr. Heney now gravely to censure others, on the score of failure to punish Ruef becomes ridiculous or something worse in respect of the record. Up to this time the one opportunity that has come legitimately to clothe Abe Ruef at the State's expense—in stripes—has been in the hands of Mr. Heney; but instead of making the most of it, as in honor bound alike by his official oath and public pledges, he entered into a secret and shameless bargain with the convicted criminal, pledging himself to nullify the work of the court. Whoever else may have the right to complain because Ruef is not in prison, it certainly does not become Mr. Heney to open his lips in this connection. Perhaps in this as in his other furious explosions of disappointment and rage we ought not to censure Mr. Heney too severely. Perhaps, as his friends are forever claiming, he is not wholly responsible for his sayings and doings. Possibly his apologists are right—possibly the "strain" of the past year and a half has been too much for a mind prone to passion, wanting in discipline, lacking the poise of moral purpose, goaded beyond control by a sense of opportunities lost and tortured by the consciousness of public condemnation.

Neither Governor Hughes of New York nor Governor Johnson of Minnesota has, we think, done himself credit by declining the vice-presidential nominations in advance. As the *Louisville Courier-Journal* well puts it, it recalls the churlish child, who won't play at all if it can't play first. Somehow it tends to make us think less of both gentlemen. Contempt for the vice-presidency is not good sense and publicly to declare it is a gross violation of taste. The vice-presidency rightly considered is an office great enough for the abilities or the ambition of any man and the roll of those who have held it includes names which must stand forever imperishable.

Speaking at a reception tendered last week by the people of Sacramento to a Chamber of Commerce excursion party from San Francisco, Judge Peter Shields of Sacramento remarked with a wit not wholly untainted by sarcasm that, whereas the San Franciscans came nominally to get acquainted with the people of the interior, the people of the interior found it necessary to introduce the San Franciscans to each other. The thrust was a keen one. The men of San Francisco not only don't work together, they don't even know each other. We have allowed the spirit of individualism in alliance with the habit of selfishness, not to mention other motives of social alienation, to create a condition here with an atmosphere fatal to the kind of coöperative spirit which is so important in the development of a community. The men of San Francisco

need above all things to get together. Excursions like that of last week are important in their way, for there ought to be close acquaintance, with the mutual sympathy and good will which acquaintance breeds, between the metropolis and the interior; but the best result possible to be attained is that of closer affiliation among the San Franciscans themselves. It is now easy to see that the future San Francisco is to be a great, populous, and beautiful city. No combination of artificial conditions and circumstances can hold back San Francisco from its ultimate destiny; but the easiest, quickest, pleasantest, and most profitable method of promoting that destiny is for our people to work in harmony of purpose towards common ends. Nothing else would contribute so much to the welfare of San Francisco as the burial of the rivalries of interest, the jealousies, the bickerings, and even the warfare—for we have had nothing short of civil war this past year and a half—of the personal and business forces which go to make up our civic life. If the Chamber of Commerce, which appears to be taking on new energy, shall be able to bring our people together, to consolidate and unify our general aims and our working powers, it will do us a vast service.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

No Interruption to Southern Pacific Transbay Service on Fleet Day.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., May 25, 1908.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—In your issue of May 16 you editorially made the statement that "the ferry service, larger today than at any time in our history, completely broke down on Wednesday," referring to the great transbay movement in connection with the fleet celebration. From this statement I think an erroneous impression will be conveyed to the minds of many thousands of readers of the *Argonaut*, especially as its circulation is large in sections distant from San Francisco where the transbay transportation facilities of San Francisco are not generally known.

The Southern Pacific Company arranged ten-minute service in anticipation of the record-breaking one-day travel across the bay and this service was performed smoothly, without break, and met every requirement. On behalf of our management, I beg to say that we have not had a single complaint in relation thereto. Incidentally, it may be remarked that the largest local travel incident to any single celebration in the history of California was carried to and from San Francisco without accident and, so far as reports received from all sources indicate, in a wholly satisfactory manner.

Yours truly,
CHARLES S. FEE,
Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Company.

Italy is not usually supposed to furnish favorable soil for the suffragette movement. It is therefore a little surprising to find how strong that movement has already become. The Congress of Italian Women that has just been held in Rome is not so much the inauguration as the continuation and consolidation of a feminist effort that has already met with marked success. Although isolated groups had been working for the amelioration of woman's lot in Italy ever since its political regeneration, it was not till 1898 that a real Feminist movement made itself apparent. In Milan was founded the Unione Femminile, which now has more than 100,000 members. Turin followed suit, with that splendid society now ramified all over the peninsula, the Coöperative Feminine Industries; Tuscany, the Romagna, the Emilia, took up the example, until there exist now some twenty different sections, each autonomous in its methods and ideals, but all helping forward the social and ethical upraising of the land. It was to bring together these scattered sections, for the purpose of interchanging ideas and projects, that this Roman congress was called.

Mr. Asquith's name first became known throughout England not in his Parliamentary capacity, but as a lawyer. His success at the bar attracted the attention of Sir Charles Russell, later to be raised to the chief justiceship as Lord Russell of Killowen. It was in 1889, at the time of the Parnell commission, that at Sir Charles Russell's request, he became associated with him as junior counsel. By a lucky stroke it devolved upon him to conduct the cross-examination of John Macdonald, manager of the *Times*. This he accomplished in such a masterful manner as to win the universal plaudits of friends and opponents alike. His first reward came in the following year, when he was made queen's counsellor. From that time on he was a marked man among the younger Liberals.

Lecturing before the Association of Surgeons of Munich on narcotics, Professor Klein said that the process of reducing the sensibilities of patients with a view to making operations painless was known and practiced in the Middle Ages. Bishop Theodorus of Chervira wrote a prescription for a pain destroyer in the twelfth century which contained opium, morphine, and hyascum. A medical work printed in 1460 contains the first known treatise on inhalation, and we now inject under the skin the soothing mixture which in 1460 was inhaled.

Dr. Manning Fish of Chicago announces a new theory concerning pneumonia. He says the disease rests in the bony framework of the nose and that the seat of trouble in such cases is not in the lungs, as is generally supposed.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

The nomination of Mr. Taft may be just as certain as his campaigners say that it is, but these gentlemen are not likely to lose any of the moral advantages that come from positive and confident predictions. Mr. Hitchcock makes a showing of 584 delegates for Taft to 227 for the "allies," with 169 unpledged. If he has erred at all he maintains that he has erred upon the right side and that some whom he has classed as doubtful are not really doubtful at all. Lewis Emery of Pennsylvania, for example, was not classed among the Taft men, but he has now declared himself unequivocally as for the Secretary of War. On the whole, it would seem that Hitchcock's figures have at least the balance of probability as compared with the statistics of the allies, which give Taft 353, all others 231, unpledged 228, and contested 174. Something is evidently wrong here, since there are only 980 delegates in the convention, while the total of these figures is 986. But that the estimates should show such wide differences proves at least that the word certainty should be used, if at all, in a Pickwickian sense.

The Springfield *Republican*, in the meantime, does not despair for Governor Hughes. It points out with some bitterness that "the power of the Federal administration is directed just now to controlling the issue of the Chicago convention." On the other hand, "the effort of the governor of New York is directed solely toward advancing the interests of good government in the State which he was elected to serve."

The politicians regard the efforts of Governor Hughes as out of order. So they are from the viewpoint of the politicians. It is to be expected and believed that the people will not so regard them. The fittest man to champion the cause of the people upon the national field is the public official who has not failed the people within the limits of the public duty that has been intrusted to him. The most earnest and effective leader to succeed President Roosevelt now in the sight of the American people is Governor Hughes. Is he too good to be called to their service as the Republican candidate for President of the United States? This is the view which the politicians have been settling down to. They are ready to declare that there is to be no chance for Hughes in the Chicago convention.

It will be an indictment of the capacity of the people to respond to the highest type of executive service if the politicians, high or low, prove to be right in this estimate. The fundamental elements of popular government which the governor of New York State stands for at this time should not be overlooked in the midst of less dignified and important political aspects of the time, as, for example, the organized push for place and power, so well financed, and commanding as well the whole power of the national administration.

The Springfield *Republican* is not alone in its opinion that the neglect of Governor Hughes will be an indictment of the capacity of the people to recognize either merit or capacity.

When Colonel Watterson said that the Republican party was "split wide open," the New York *World*, hastening to join issue with the gallant colonel, replied that the differences were momentary only and that when the convention had finished its work "the magnificent discipline of the party will assert itself." Now the *World* pats itself upon the back with approval of its own sagacity and points out that "the swing to Taft" has begun. The business interests have been duly terrified by the threat of "Taft or Me" and are rushing to the support of what they hold to be the lesser of two evils. The *World* says that Hughes's candidacy is practically abandoned; so is Knox's; so is Cannon's. The Fairbanks campaign ended when Kentucky instructed for Taft; "the allied forces have gone to pieces."

The New York *Evening Post* takes very much the same view of the attitude of the "business interests"—rather an invidious term, by the way, seeing that the business interests include about ninety-nine men out of every hundred in the country. The *Post* finds the same explanation in the "Taft or Me" ultimatum:

"Wall Street," under which term is comprehended the entire down-town financial district, according to the information obtainable in Washington, was at first inclined to favor Cortelyou as its candidate. Later Mr. Cannon was a choice, but now it is believed here that practically all the opposition to Taft in the New York banking and financial community has been broken down. Unless usually well informed sources over here have gone astray, even the Standard Oil people have come around to the viewpoint that Taft will be the nominee. Some effective missionary work has been done south of Fulton Street. The dread and fear of Roosevelt has been a helpful and perhaps a controlling factor.

The *Post* argues lengthily from the text furnished by the California convention. This is proof strong as holy writ that the "interests" have been won over to Taft. "There seems to be no doubt," so we are informed from New York, "that the people of California would like to have four years more of Roosevelt. They are not opposed to a third term." There were definite reports in Washington that the California convention would endorse Taft, but not instruct the delegates. Then there was a huzz at the capitol and people began to whisper it about that the California delegation was laying a plan to start a Roosevelt stampede at Chicago:

California is third on the roll-call of States, and the first Republican State on the roll. If the "interests" were determined to prevent a stampede to Roosevelt, they would have brought about the results that have just been accomplished in California. There is no danger now that California will fly the track. It will start the hall rolling for Taft, and the present theory is that before the roll-call is ended other delegations, influenced or controlled by the "interests," will have swung to Taft in order that the third-term spectre may be laid once and for all.

The *Post* very truly says that a year ago the man who predicted that those who have been the victims of the President's fiercest tongue lashings would be found in line with the executive against some of the oldest, sanest heads in the Republican party would have been thought to be out of his mind. But politics, like adversity, makes strange bedfellows.

But the Taft managers are still in dread of a stampede at the convention. If anything should happen to the President, then Taft could not be nominated, while if anything should happen to Taft then nothing could prevent Roosevelt's renomination:

It is the fact that such a large part of the Taft strength

is held together by a common fear of Roosevelt that has made the Secretary's managers uneasy at every revival of the third-term scare. They are just as much frightened of a possible stampede in the convention as are the "interests." Mr. Hitchcock and Mr. Vorys and Mr. Harriman and Mr. Aldrich are leagued against a common danger. The thing that makes Mr. Taft acceptable to Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Harriman and the others is that his success will eliminate Mr. Roosevelt from further consideration as a presidential possibility.

There are plenty of people in Washington who believe that if anything should happen to Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Taft could not be nominated at Chicago, even though he has more than enough delegates instructed for him to insure his success. On the other hand, the same speculative politicians firmly believe that if anything should happen to Mr. Taft, Mr. Roosevelt's renomination could not be prevented.

President Roosevelt himself has said in reply to the criticisms aimed at him for designating his successor that if he had not made it publicly known that Mr. Taft was his choice for the nomination he could not have prevented his own renomination. Mr. Roosevelt has said this more than once. The idea is firmly imbedded in his mind that he had not made known his wish that Taft be nominated, he himself could not have avoided making another race for the presidency.

The case of Colonel Stewart, exiled to the Arizona desert by presidential decree as a "contentious person," is not exactly similar to the Brownsville affair, although it rests upon the same vexed point of executive authority. The Brownsville affair has had its serious effect upon campaign fortunes and it remains to be seen if similar forces will centre around the fate of the unlucky colonel.

Senator Rayner of Maryland has no intention of letting the matter drop. His speech in the Senate was an arraignment of the President, who may perhaps now wish that he had not defended his action and his authority over the army by saying "I am like the king." He meant, of course, that he is the commander-in-chief of the American army as the King of England is commander-in-chief of the British army, but his choice, to say the least of it, was an unfortunate one. It gives the Springfield *Republican* the opportunity to say that the English king exercises less authority in a year than the American President, whether Roosevelt or another, does in a day.

The New York *Sun*, reporting Mr. Rayner's speech, says that floor and galleries of the Senate were crowded and "there was much laughter over some of Mr. Rayner's sarcastic sallies at the expense of the President, and it was loudest when he suggested a parallel between the character of the President and the character of Colonel Stewart as the President had described it." Continuing its report, the *Sun* says:

In the course of his remarks Mr. Rayner had the clerk read the letter which he had received from President Roosevelt detailing the reasons why Colonel Stewart had been exiled to Arizona. It was a remarkable letter, in which Mr. Roosevelt, in reference to Colonel Stewart, used such terms as "grossly unfit," "a nuisance to the service," "temperamentally unfit to exercise command." Mr. Rayner rang the changes on Mr. Roosevelt's references to Colonel Stewart's "temperamental unfitness" and his audience was in a snicker every time he did so, the allusion being too pointedly directed to the President to be misunderstood.

Mr. Rayner was particularly effective when, after likening the treatment of Stewart to that of Dreyfus, he said:

"What does the President mean? Who are his advisers? Is a man entitled to a trial? The President says: 'I am satisfied he is guilty, and I do not want to hear the defense.' What would you think of a judge upon the bench who promulgated such a brutal decree as that?"

"It makes the blood boil to fever heat to see the President announce such a doctrine as that to the Senate of the United States. If the man is guilty convict him. If he is innocent acquit him. But the greatest felon in the land is entitled to a trial, and certainly this man ought to be entitled to one after forty years of distinguished service to his country. He got into a quarrel with a plumber. How many quarrels has the President got into with plumbers and everybody else? Suppose the President was sent to a place like this for every quarrel he got into and for every emphatic expression he made use of? This man is convicted because he was imitating the example of the commander-in-chief."

The New York *Sun* still resents all Republican references to the "inevitableness" of Bryan. It tells us that "the trick of forcing a card on your opponent is as old as the hills":

For months the Taft Republican organs have sung the song of the inevitableness of Bryan. Secretary Taft himself in his amiable manner has frequently taken up the refrain and announced that Bryan is to be the Democratic presidential candidate. The New York *Tribune*, which has just abandoned Governor Hughes as a presidential possibility, first piped the lay many months ago. All over this broad land the Taft organs have chanted the chorus and as convention time approaches the home county organ of the Secretary pounds the pedal.

With the Democratic newspapers winking, blinking, and sneering at Bryan and openly opposing him, declaring that he is the weakest candidate for the Democracy to name, and with 75 per cent of the Democratic leaders, city, State, and national, avowing that the great Gate Money Nebraska—some speak of him also as the Patent Medicine Democrat—is the Old Man of the Sea for them and the Democracy, the Taft organs and the amiable Secretary continue to chant the certainty of Bryan's nomination. They know an easy mark when they see it.

This is a little rough on Bryan, but although it was written several days ago the "inevitableness" is still sufficiently marked to attract the attention—even of Republicans.

It is estimated, says *Harper's Weekly*, that the annual aggregation of the circulation of the newspapers of the world is some 12,000,000,000 copies. To grasp an idea of what these figures mean one should be told that these papers would cover no fewer than 10,450 square miles of surface; that they are printed on 781,250 tons of paper; and, further, that if the number (12,000,000,000) represented, instead of copies, seconds of time it would take more than 333 years for them to elapse. In lieu of this arrangement, we might press and pile them vertically upward to reach our highest mountains. Topping all these and even the highest Alps, the pile would reach the magnificent altitude of, in round numbers, 500 miles. Calculating that the average man spends five minutes in the day reading his paper (a very low estimate), we find that the people of the world altogether annually consume in the reading of their papers an amount of time equivalent to 100,000 years.

LOVELY WOMAN ON THE WING.

A New York Correspondent Unveils the Mysteries of the Ladies' Waiting-Room.

Nowhere in this wide world, perhaps, does the flotsam and jetsam of human femininity ebb and flow in such a ceaseless tide as in the Grand Central station, New York. And if you cherish any *à priori* concept of a consistent type of lovely woman here is the place where you descend beneath the waters of disillusion to come up washed and made clean.

Death as a leveler is a hide-bound blue code as compared with the five-minutes-before-train-time revelations of the ladies' dressing-room.

Whatever is selfish or unselfish in human nature, this hustling for trains, elbowing your neighbor out of your way, crowding into the line out of your turn at the Pullman window, brings to the front in a woman's manner more than in a man's, because a woman loses her self-control when she travels. She is always nervous and excited for no more specific reason than that she is catching trains and has to run on schedule time. She may have an hour and a half to wait before her train is called and know that this is so by the big clock in the waiting-room, but she wears a hurried, harassed look and breathes in short chest breaths for fear she is going to miss it. Now a man will look at his watch, set it by the railroad time and—but that's another story.

In the outside general waiting-room a woman may sit and appear to possess her soul in patience, but within the sacred precinct of the dressing-room she keeps the Recording Angel busy. A woman can not spend five minutes here without unlacing her innermost character.

In this bustling crowd nobody knows anybody else, so it is just her bed-rock nature that comes out, her manners after twenty centuries of civilization being still so thin a veneer that the least bit of elbowing jostles all courtesy out of the reckoning.

It was a long weary wait we had settled down to, but when the five hours were over we were as much sadder and wiser about our sex as a lifetime of casual intercourse would have left us.

The curtain on this scene of disillusion was raised on the six-o'clockers. These women were, on the whole, a well-dressed, interesting-looking lot, out-of-town shoppers for the most part who had spent the day struggling over bargain counters, dressmakers, and the supercilious "saleslady." All were tired to the bone, of course, some keeping their own counsel, but many frankly garrulous over their trials during the day.

Each woman as she entered the dressing-room paused a fraction of a second to locate the mirror, and thirty-seven of the first thirty-eight women who entered made straight for it. Now the waves of disillusion begin to roll over you.

The soul of a woman shines through the way she does two things: says her prayers and "does" her hair. There were a home-going few who seemed satisfied when they ascertained the fact that their hats were straight—which meant being very much awry—readjusted a refractory lock of hair, gave a pat to a collar and a jab to a tie or a jerk to a belt.

Next were those just coming into the city. Here comes a woman who walks up to the mirror, puts her foot on a chair—the lower rung thereof—and takes from her stocking a powder-rag. Glancing furtively at her fellow-travelers to see if they are looking, she dabs the rag at her nose and each cheek, rubs it down hastily, readjusts her veil and, with a satisfied though somewhat apologetic air, turns away and is lost in the crowd.

An increasing boldness as to type, we notice, runs through these varying degrees of "making up." The next woman is younger than her predecessor, and to her the travel-traces are more objectionable. She is better dressed, her hat tilts at a more aggressive angle, and her manner is more assured. In a "it's-none-of-your-business" manner she walks up to the mirror and lays down her umbrella and porte-monnaie. There is a swish of silk linings, a glimpse of open-work lisle thread, a French-heeled foot, and with due deliberation this fair bird of passage assorts the stores in her stocking. These are a few banknotes, the inevitable powder rag, a tiny comb, a *pâte-brun* pencil, and a bit of a rouge sponge. She takes off her hat and veil, hands them to the white-aproned maid in attendance, and into the serious business of over-lay she plunges. She has come from Bridgeport and is on her way to Chicago. What does she care who watches her? With careful forethought she dampens her fingers with her tongue and massages cheeks and nose just enough to give the powder a fair hold. Then on goes the powder in generous dabs. Now quick with the rouge! Coolly enough she went at it when it was only powder she was applying, but what woman ever possessed the courage of her convictions to the extent of confessedly using rouge? One cheek gets a trifle rosier than the other and there is a bit of a splotch on the lower lip—the light is not good in her corner, so she does not see it. Grabbing her hat and veil, the ceremony of adjusting, readjusting, jabbing hat-pins, and tying her veil is gone through with absorbing interest. The reflection in the mirror gives back a rosier, brighter face as she nods approvingly toward it, but the improvement, although she does not guess it, is not the artificial color, but the air of self-satisfaction she now wears. She has still an hour and ten minutes to wait, but she is getting nervous and restless. She is so afraid she is going to miss her train because—she doesn't know just why, but she is sure she will.

Tired women with children are, of course, numerous.

The fact that she has one little toddler clinging to her skirts and another in her arms is no bar to the little woman from Derby coming into town to see the store windows. She, with her New England thrift, has risen early, dressed all four of the children, cooked the breakfast and washed up the dishes by candle-light and come in to town to do a round of "window-shopping." All day she has been doing it industriously, now she is going back to her village tired, nervous, over-wrought by the noise and excitement. The children, also tired and out-of-sorts, have every one misbehaved in various ways, been punished *pro tem* and threatened with something more lasting when they reach home, and are therefore peevish and sullen. But she will do the same thing next year in the same way, except that she may have a fifth olive-branch to care for. As she lays the baby down, the toddler, sticky and dirty-faced, sets up a howl for a little mothering. A middle-aged woman, motherly-looking and plainly dressed, from whom one might expect human things, turns, glares at the tired little woman, the howling toddler, the fretful baby and the sulking older ones, draws aside her skirts and turns her back upon the disconsolate family party, and *mirabile dictu* it is the young woman with the roses-of-her-stocking cheeks who is touched by the scene and tries to amuse the little howler.

It is so much cheaper than to go to a hotel, that even women of pretensions to form stop in the station dressing-room instead of going up-town to a hotel. Here they have a maid at their disposal—a thirty-eighth of one at least—so here they make their toilet for the nonce. One woman who is going to stay in town all night has worn her "nightie" under her blouse and petticoat so she may be encumbered with nothing but her card-case. To the usual kit in her stocking she has added her tooth-brush, so she is ready for a week's tour.

The little thirty-eighth woman who comes into the dressing-room and does not look at the mirror, sinks listlessly into a deep chair and lets her umbrella lie where it fell. Eyes turn curiously or sympathetically toward her as their owners' hearts direct them. Women offer her a stimulant from their bags, and every woman who has a bag has a bottle in it, it would appear. But incidentally discovering it through the kindness of their hearts, it were not fair to discuss it.

As others come and go the little thirty-eighth woman is forgotten. The ceaseless tide sweeping young and old, high and low, rich and poor, has run the gamut of human experience between two train-calls. After about twenty minutes' utter devitalization little thirty-eight arouses herself and looks at her watch. Now to business! This is no trivial undertaking to be met in the free-for-all mirror where the light is not strong enough. Slipping into a corner near a window she takes the hand-mirror, before which she draws up a second chair. Off comes her hat, out comes her hair-pins, up comes the notion-stock from her stocking. She is beginning with the process of over-lay in its first stage when we turn our interested eyes to a group of young girls who troop in arm in arm, fresh as the roses of May. Here is no need for powder-rag and rouge. It is on a tour of inspection they penetrate this sacred precinct. Ethel notices Gladys chewing gum with the soul-content nothing else can give. "Oh, where do you keep it?" she asks in surprise. "I keep it in my hair," rosy young Gladys answers innocently; "I don't ever put it in my stocking any more; I don't think it's nice."

Meantime the work of the thirty-eighth has gone steadily on. The pins having been taken out of her hair, a fluffy pompadour and a coil were carefully laid on the chair in front of her, brushed and fluffed, the thin growth on her head skewered into a flat little knot and the false "crowning glory" carefully replaced.

We might have asked if there has been some sort of black magic practiced here had our eyes not strayed at intervals to the window where the process of rejuvenation was going on. Fluffy of hair, pink and white of skin, dewy of eyes and ruby of lips, the weary little woman on the shady side of thirty-five emerges from the alchemy of her stocking, twenty-four at the outside. The brim of her hat that drooped is now turned up in festive fashion, showing a blue lining with a pink rose nestling coyly against the fluffy locks. The fresh white gloves must have come from the other stocking, being guiltless of daub of rouge or smutch of black. With a gay little nod toward the mirror for a final assurance, the little figure bustles off and mingles with the crowd. The saints defend her on her way!

The accommodating maid who has fastened hooks, tied shoes, brought fresh towels, helped unpack grips and suit-cases, arranged veils, supplied needle and thread in emergencies, given critical opinions as to the angle of a hat, the sweep of a skirt, furnished pins to conceal a rip or a tear, met innumerable emergencies during the long day, received usually an absent-minded "Thanks" for her services. Occasionally some woman tipped her with a nickel, a very few gave her ten cents when she had sewed up a rent or taken care of a child, but at the end of the day there were more pennies than anything else in her pocket. Why? A man, for the some amount of service, would have given three or four times the tip. It can not always be that a man has more money to spend, and we are bound to admit the charge of parsimony in most cases at least. For instance, a woman whose suit-case was lavishly pasted with signs of foreign travel, who herself suggested opulence from top to toe, who had called the maid to her from another woman, bidden her unpack her suit-case for clothes-brush, comb, and other articles, pack it up again, brush her hat and coat for her, gave her two

pennies. But during her remaining half-hour wait that same woman bought copies of *Life* and *Vogue*, paying ten cents for each, and which she merely glanced through, then dropped upon the floor. Twenty cents invested in a minute's diversion and two cents for service well done!

On the other hand, during a temporary lull of the inflow, a thoroughbred young woman whose hard-and-fast tailor-made lines enabled her to pass the mirror with a minimum of attention, dropped into a chair and lost herself instantly in Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." The roomful of fellow human beings, after a high-headed survey, ceased to exist for her until a pair of chubby little legs wobbled too close to the danger-line and tumbled flat over Minerva's faultlessly shod feet. The mother's mortified eyes saw too late, but she rushed with ineoherent apologies to pick up the offender. What did this student-girl do? Dropped Kant, picked up the sticky, mussy baby and handed it over to the dazed mother with a smile, beaming and illogical, that pure reason knew nothing about.

All of which bears out the basic assertion that if you cherish any *à priori* concept of a consistent type of lovely woman, it is here you go down under the waters of disillusion and come up washed and clean. NEW YORK, May 21, 1908. M. S.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Secretary Taft says he has always been for woman suffrage, but the time is not ripe for it yet. "But is he for ripening it?" asks a suffragette.

Vice-President Fairbanks will officially represent the United States at Quebec during the visit there of the Prince of Wales, July 22 to 29.

John Morley and Sir Henry Fowler have taken their seats in the House of Lords under the respective titles of Viscount Morley of Blackburn and Viscount Wolverhampton.

Just before his departure for Panama Secretary Taft wrote to Senator Burrows, chairman of the committee on privileges and elections, expressing hope that a national publicity law for campaign contributions would be enacted at this session of Congress.

Congressman Charles E. Littlefield of Maine, speaking at a banquet at the Union League Club in Brooklyn, characterized congressmen as the most cowardly class in America, and quoted Speaker Cannon as saying that "the only thing more cowardly than a member of Congress is two members of Congress."

Secretary of Agriculture James H. Wilson, who has held his Cabinet portfolio longer than any member of the President's official family, according to intimate friends, will retire in the near future. Should Mr. Wilson resign before the expiration of President Roosevelt's term in March, 1909, there is little doubt that his successor will be Gifford Pinchot, United States forester.

Because of the many contests to be settled the subcommittee of the Republican National Committee in charge of the arrangements for the national convention expect it to last five days, or from Tuesday, June 16, to Saturday, June 20, and have let contracts for music accordingly. The Right Rev. P. J. Muldoon, Roman Catholic Bishop of Chicago, will deliver the prayer at the opening of the convention.

In one of the bitterest clashes between floor leaders in Congress that have marked the present session of denunciatory oratory, Representative Williams said in reply to charges of political dishonesty made by Representative Payne: "If there is anything that is a stench in the nostrils of all humanity, it is the city of Philadelphia. It has such a bad smell that even the Republicans themselves could not stand it all the time."

Between 300 and 400 letters, it is announced, are received daily at the White House asking President Roosevelt to run again. It is said that the President was so angered by the defeat of his battleship programme in the Senate that he declared to a senator who had stood by him in the fight: "If I could have foreseen how things were going to frame up I would never have made that election night pledge, and I would never have reiterated it three months ago."

Although Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth has reconsidered her intention to stump the Eighth Ohio Congressional District in favor of Ralph Cole of Findlay, who seeks reelection to Congress, the Countess of Warwick will take part in the campaign. At the beginning of her battle for votes for E. G. Wharton of Kenton, the Socialist candidate, she will address a mass meeting of 15,000 negroes. The countess is expected here in August. She has written Mr. Wharton that she will make two speeches in each of the six counties in the district. The negroes hold the balance of power in the district.

"Persons who would rather see the devil nominated than Roosevelt are working for Taft," was the assertion of United States Senator Benjamin R. Tillman on the deck of the steamship *Canopic* as he was leaving for Italy with Mrs. Tillman in the hopes that his health will improve. "Who is going to be the Democratic nominee for President?" was asked. "Why, man, Bryan is going to be the next President. Lots of persons are out for Taft because they are afraid of Roosevelt. That's the sum and substance of the whole situation. They take Taft because he is the only thing in sight."

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XV.

Alden found that Yubaville differed greatly from his mental pictures of the place. It was no longer a mere mining camp—it was taking on some of the attributes of a settled town. Tents and shacks and canvas huts had given place to houses—all of wood, it is true, but some of them pretentious structures. It had grown to be a busy, bustling place, with almost as much excitement around the steamer landing as he had noticed at Sacrosanto. Here, too, the steamers found stage coaches waiting for passengers who were booked for the more remote mining camps in the mountains.

To his uncle Alden was setting forth his impressions of Yubaville the day after his arrival. "I had no idea that Yubaville was so settled a place," he remarked.

"Towns grow rapidly here," replied Fox. "You must have been surprised at the appearance of things down below after what you had heard from me of that feverish city at the Bay."

"I was indeed. I found it equipped with all sorts of luxuries which one would expect only in older cities—among other things, opera performances with crowded houses."

"Yet the old life still exists there, side by side with the new," commented Fox.

"For example, the gambling saloons still thrive, but under cover. When you arrived I suppose they were all in the open."

"Oh, yes—in full sight of the passers-by, on the ground floor. We could hear from the street the cries of the dealers and the jingle of the coin."

"Now they are all hidden, but I was shown some of them in full blast in back rooms upstairs."

"So I have observed on my visits to the city. The moral sentiment of the community has banished gambling—from the first to the second floors," remarked Fox dryly.

"But is not the community more strict with the gamblers? Have not their licenses been raised since the early days?"

"Yes, they used to pay fifty dollars a month and twenty-five extra on Sunday. This last touch was due to a confused feeling of righteousness and thrift on the part of the pioneers. In these later and more moral days the sentiment of the community has fixed their license at five hundred dollars a month with nothing extra for Sunday if the gambling is out of sight."

"The theatres there surprised me too—when you arrived, uncle, there were no theatres running, were there?"

"No—unless a minstrel show could be called theatrical. The only amusements then were cock-fighting and bear-baiting."

"Now, there are eight or nine theatres; among them, I hear, are three foreign ones, and the city seems to have more foreign restaurants, foreign newspapers, and foreign residents than Boston."

"Yes, it is a remarkably cosmopolitan city. I suppose, Arthur, you noticed the abundance of foreign coins?"

"I found them still circulating, but no longer at free-and-easy exchange rates. French francs no longer pass for a quarter—they are reduced to twenty cents, and coins of other countries also pass at something like their real value. I bought a fifty-dollar slug out of a heap in a money-broker's window, but slugs no longer pass current, I am told, and are taken only for bullion."

"So with the five and ten-dollar pieces of private coinage. They are not received as coin, and even as bullion they are tested carefully, owing to the presence of undue quantities of alloy."

"I was told that your friend, Senator Burke, made his large fortune out of this private coinage."

"So I have heard," replied Fox, looking somewhat disconcerted. "But I wouldn't say much about it if I were you. Nowadays it sounds singularly like counterfeiting. But in those early days everybody winked at it—in fact it was necessary, for there wasn't enough coin current. But Burke only got a start that way—he really made his fortune speculating in real estate."

"A lucky purchase of city beach and water lots out in the bay, which turned out to be the new harbor front, made him very wealthy, I hear."

Fox looked at his nephew attentively. "I see you have heard a good deal about Burke. Well, he is a political leader down at the Bay, and his name is in all men's mouths. You met Burke?"

"Yes, he was very kind, looked out for me, generally, and as he happened to be out of town he sent a friend to meet me at the steamer—a young man named Eugene Yarrow."

"Yarrow—Yarrow," repeated Fox. "Hum—he's the son of old Yarrow, the rich commission merchant, I believe. Rather a loafer, isn't he?"

"I should hardly call him that," said Alden somewhat resentfully. "He isn't in any business, it is true, but as he is wealthy I suppose he doesn't need to work. He might be called an idler, perhaps."

"In this busy community every man who isn't a worker is a loafer. The only other idlers are the gentlemen behind the bars. Still it is true that young Yarrow is rich in his own right; his mother left him a fortune, and his father will leave him more. Burke tells me that Yarrow is devoted to Diana Wayne."

he does seem to be attracted by her, but most people are—she is a very attractive young lady."

His uncle looked at him keenly, and Alden felt his countenance changing slightly. "You have met her then?" asked Fox.

"Yes, a couple of times; she was on the boat coming up as far as Sacrosanto with her companion, Mrs. Lyndon."

"Meet Tower too?"

"Yes."

"Miss Wayne is the ward of Judge Tower," said Fox slowly, "and Tower is my bitterest enemy. I hope you will not enter into friendly relations with any one so closely connected with him."

Alden did not reply, and after a moment's pause his uncle, without noticing his silence, went on:

"Well, it is not probable that you will be thrown much in contact with her and her friends. She belongs to the ultra Southern circle. They affect to look down on us of the North, and call us 'Yankees' and 'mud-sills.' Their men are all office-seekers and office-holders. Their women are frivolous, brainless creatures, devoted to dress and fashion."

"What is the cause of the enmity between you and Judge Tower?"

"It is without cause, so far as I know. A few days after I reached here, when this was a helter-skelter mining camp, I called a meeting to elect town officials. You see, Arthur, the idea of the town meeting is in my New England blood. The miners nominated me for alcalde, or mayor, and at once elected me. Tower had been ambitious to fill this office, and his defeat embittered him. Ever since then he has opposed me in every possible way, both personally and through his followers. One of the most bitter of these, a man named Bandy, is on the bench."

"In that position he might cause you trouble."

"Yes—he has already endeavored to annoy me, and will probably repeat it. But the most serious collision I have had was with Tower himself. Some time ago when a woman was lynched here, he accused me of being a party to it. It was a lie! I had nothing to do with it. I was not present at the affair."

"What!" exclaimed Alden, in horror. "Did I understand you rightly? Did you say a woman was lynched here?"

"Yes, she stabbed a miner who had accidentally stumbled against her."

"A woman! Lynch a woman! My God!" cried Alden, "why this is horrible."

"Oh, she was a person of no consequence—a Mexican woman—the wife or mistress of a gambler. Still, these lynchings are very deplorable affairs—they ought not to be encouraged. Besides, it has a tendency to stir up the Mexicans against us Americans. Already I hear continually of the deeds of a band of Mexican outlaws who have sworn vengeance on all Americans for the death of this woman. Yes, it is a bad business."

"I don't wonder the Mexicans are trying to avenge such a shocking crime—I can't say that I blame them. But some innocent person, as usual, will probably suffer for it—perhaps you or I."

His uncle winced slightly as he replied: "Let us hope not. Their vengeance will probably take the practical form of robbing the miners' sluice-boxes, or stealing the gold-dust from their tents, or holding up the mountain stages for the express boxes, which are generally loaded with gold-dust and bars. So they may perhaps kill an express messenger or a miner now and then. But not people like you and me."

"Talking of miners, uncle, you did not try your luck in the mines, did you?"

"No. Like all the other youthful adventurers, I intended to, but my ardor cooled when I reached the mines. There I saw that gold-digging was exactly like any other digging—digging ditches, digging cellars, digging sewers—in short, it is the lowest, hardest, and meanest labor known to man. As for the miners, they struck me, generally speaking, as being the type of men you find digging elsewhere—ignorant, uneducated, uncouth, drunken, vulgar."

"The newspapers differ with you about the honest miner."

"Yes, I know they do. There's a lot of scribblers here from journals back in the States, who are trying to throw a glamour of romance about the miners. But it will be a failure. The diggers are anything but romantic. They are all of them greedy, most of them quarrelsome, and many of them dishonest."

"You don't paint a very rosy picture for an intending gold-miner," remarked Alden, smiling.

"No, but a truthful one. As for you, Arthur, I strongly advise you to waste no time in gold-digging. You are unfitted for it in every way, physically and mentally. You can do better work with your brains than with your hands; you can occupy yourself more profitably than in hunting for hidden metal in a hole in the ground. The back-breaking work of the digger would incapacitate you in a few days. The exhausting labor, bad food, and exposure break down laborers who are as strong as bulls. You would surely give way. This district is full of broken-down miners; there are no hospitals, no nurses, and very few physicians. As a result many useful human animals are dying like sheep with the rot."

"Then what would you advise me to do?"

"Do that for which you are fitted. You are a law student—practice law. You have the gift of speech—go into politics. The miners are all the time quarreling over their claims; let them dig the gold, and then you take it for settling their disputes. The miners are

so greedy for gold that they have neither time nor inclination for filling the public offices. So you take office, and let them work for you."

"But is it possible for a newcomer like myself to obtain an office?" asked Alden in surprise.

"I was elected alcalde of this town a few days after I came here. You can do as well—not here, perhaps, but in some smaller mining camp. I could get a county judgeship now if I desired it, but I prefer to practice law, at which I am putting by money and at the same time making myself known. I shall enter the race for the United States senatorship—not that I expect to get it, for there are many candidates, headed by two bitter rivals, Burke and Wyley. But I shall receive a few votes, and may make some kind of a bargain by which I can secure from the successful candidate the promise of his support for a Federal judgeship. That is my ambition—for the present at least."

Alden looked at his uncle in surprise. The older man's eyes were sparkling, his face was lighted up with animation. Cold, selfish, self-centred as he was, he became like an enthusiastic youth when his personal ambition was touched.

"If you follow my advice," Fox went on, "you can probably help me in my career and I certainly can help you in yours. Now, for example, I would like to have you leave in a few days for some mining camp—say El Dorado or South Fork. There, by merely announcing yourself as a candidate, you can secure the nomination for the legislature. At the capital you will have a vote in the coming senatorial contest, and that will mean much for both of us."

Alden hesitated. "I shall be glad to follow your advice, but I don't know whether I'm fitted for a political career. I've never had any particular inclination that way. I think I prefer the law."

"What if you do? What better way to make yourself known than by going into politics? You'll be better known after a week in politics than after a year in the court-room. Then, when you're well known, you can abandon politics if you don't like it."

"Then you think the outlook is favorable for a young attorney up here?"

"It could not be better. There is a dispute over the title to everything, from the miners' petty claims to the vast Mexican ranchos."

"And how are they settled? Is the law silent amid arms?" asked Alden.

"At first the miners settled their disputes with guns; then they drew up a code of mining regulations which the courts will probably approve in the end. The title to other lands will be fruitful of litigation; it involves all sorts of questions—grants by Spanish governors, grants by Spanish viceroys, grants by the Mexican Emperor Yturbe, grants by Mexican presidents, governors, and alcaldes, lands claimed under 'settlers' titles,' and so on."

"And what will be the outcome of this legal labyrinth?" asked Alden, in amazement.

"Litigation—more litigation—and then litigation still. It will go on for half a century. But before that time the Mexicans will be paupers, and the Americans will be quarreling over their lands."

"Doesn't it seem hard for the Mexicans to lose their patrimony thus?"

"Well, they don't deserve to keep it," declared Fox. "They're a worthless lot; they're all desperate gamblers; they play away everything; they mortgage their land recklessly—in short, few of them in ten years will have a rood of land left."

"Surely some of them will be wise enough not to gamble away their land."

"Precious few—even if there are some, they'll lose their land in other ways. The old Mexican grants are very loosely drawn. Frequently the *sobranite*—which means the over-plus, or error of a hasty or rough survey—may include thousands of acres. Think of such a gigantic error—what a chance for dispute! Then their boundaries are always absurd—an oak tree—a pile of stones—the crest of a ridge—and the like."

"Is it possible that any of their deeds fix such extraordinary boundaries?" asked Alden.

"Nearly all of them do. And our shrewd American lawyers will find unnumbered ridges, countless piles of stones, and myriads of oak trees. Here's another loophole: there used to be a Mexican governor up here—one Micheltierra—who is now a seedy bummer around the billiard-saloons in Mexico City. For a hundred dollars Micheltierra will sign you any sort of a grant you like. It isn't a forgery exactly, for the signature is genuine and Micheltierra was once really governor. The actual date when signed and the nominal date may not be the same, but that is pretty hard to prove."

"But are such methods approved of?"

"Not approved of exactly, but—er—winked at," suggested Fox. "Suppose a church gets a hundred-vara lot as its share of the swag when some church members are dividing the plunder of a Mexican family; do you think the church will discipline the generous members? Nay, verily not. So with the municipality down at the Bay—certain communities, according to Mexican law, held lands in common, or pueblo lands. Now that city never was a pueblo, and she never owned any pueblo lands. But when land there became extremely valuable it was suddenly discovered that the city ought to have had pueblo lands; then that she must have had pueblo lands; then that she did have pueblo lands."

"How was the job worked?"

"Well, a knot of sharp Shylocks hatched the plot. They cooked up a lot of fictitious Mexican grants, with later deeds, making a complete documentary chain. These they swore through—pretty hard swearing it

was too. Then they laid claim to an enormous tract of land on the outskirts of the city, already covered a foot deep with other claimants' titles."

"But to whom did the land really belong?"

"God knows! At all events the sharp Shylocks claimed it, and generously voted a thousand odd acres of it to the municipality for a public park. That settled it. The city had its mouth full of plunder and was silent. The pueblo steal was accomplished."

"But will the steal stand the scrutiny of the courts?"

"I should hate to pass upon it. If I get on the Federal bench I shall urge the folks down at the Bay to procure an act of Congress passed legalizing it."

"But will an act of Congress legalize a steal?"

"Oh, yes—the land was conquered territory. Besides, an act of Congress will legalize almost anything. In England, you know, there are many blackguards who are gentlemen by act of Parliament."

His uncle's cynical tone made Alden sigh as he thought of his student's dreams of a legal career—of the profession of the law—of the ideal relation between attorney and client—of the altruistic advocate seated in the forum in his pure white toga, while the distressed client came plucking at his sleeve—of the advocate rendering service to the needy before the tribunal without money and without price—of the modest honorarium which he accepted from the wealthy. Truly, his uncle's talks concerning courts and lawyers in the new State did not sound much like a realization of his dreams.

"Do the courts here follow the procedure of those in the Middle and New England States?" he inquired.

"We are now preparing codes here, based principally on those of New York State. We have already in force, of course, a practice act and other working laws. Still you will find that the courts here differ greatly from those in the older States, like New York and Massachusetts. The bench here is not on a dais, and the judges do not wear gowns. The procedure is primitive, perhaps, but the forms of law are followed."

"When can I attend court here? I am curious to observe the procedure, and the way judges, attorneys, and juries comport themselves."

"You can have your wish, and we will start at once," replied his uncle looking at his watch. "I am due to appear before the court of sessions this morning in the case of *Helmont vs. Duncan*. This man Duncan is trying to locate a mining claim on Captain *Helmont's* land—land which he has owned for ten or twelve years. You met *Helmont*, I believe you told me?"

"Yes, I was introduced to him at *Sacrosanto*. He was very cordial, and invited me to visit him at his rancho."

"When you have a chance you'd better accept his invitation. He's a good man to know. His interests are numerous, and he is one of the largest land-owners in the State. But he gravely imperils his holdings by his stubborn opposition to making himself an American citizen. He has a curious dual status. He is a Swiss citizen and he holds his lands by Mexican grants. During his long tenure under the Mexican governors he was rated by them as a Mexican citizen. This in a way weakened his status as a Swiss citizen. Now he has no government to which to look in case of need. He ought to become an American citizen at once. His property interests are at stake."

"How can he do so at once? It takes time."

"I got him to take out his first papers some years ago."

"But why does he object to becoming an American citizen?"

"I believe he used to be an officer in the Swiss army, and he has some absurd notion of loyalty which restrains him," said Fox, with a semi-sneer.

"It seems quixotic, but really his dislike to forswear his allegiance to his native country rather excites my sympathy. Would you not feel the same if you were asked to abandon your American citizenship in a foreign country?"

Fox looked closely at his nephew before answering. "Possibly I might," he replied at last, "but these are academic questions into which it is scarcely worth while to enter. Here we are at the court-house."

The court-house was a modest one-story structure, and Alden saw that his uncle had by no means understated its simplicity. There was no dais, no drapery, and the judge certainly wore no gown. In fact, the room being warm, he did not even wear a coat. As court had not yet convened the judge was seated with his feet on the table, his hat on, and an unlighted cigar between his teeth.

So surly was the scowl with which he greeted them as they entered that Alden murmured to his uncle:

"Is that the judge? Who is he?"

"Yes, that is the judge—the man Bandy of whom I spoke," Fox replied in the same low tone.

In a few moments the court began its deliberations. This was signified by Judge Bandy removing his hat, although he allowed his feet to remain on the table. While the calendar was being called the judge's demeanor impressed Alden with the belief that the court had apparently been drinking. Later, when the case of *Helmont vs. Duncan* was called up, his belief was corroborated. Fox arose, and made a preliminary motion, which the court promptly denied. Fox opened the practice act, arose again, and with his finger on the page, asked permission to read a certain section.

Glaring at him, Judge Bandy exclaimed in a truculent voice:

"The court knows the law. Take your seat, sir."

"I wish to note an exception to the ruling of the court," protested Fox.

"Mr. Clerk," shouted Judge Bandy, "I fine that attorney two hundred dollars."

Fox gazed in astonishment at the irate judge, and said in an undertone:

"Very well, sir."

With a new outburst of rage Judge Bandy cried, "That is contempt of court. I fine him three hundred dollars."

Here Fox made another attempt to stay the torrent of fines, when Judge Bandy with still greater excitement, bawled:

"I fine him four hundred dollars, and commit him to the custody of the sheriff for twelve hours!"

Once more Fox took the floor long enough to say:

"It is my statutory right to appeal from any order of the court, and it is no contempt of court to give notice of an exception or an appeal."

But Judge Bandy interrupted him by shouting at the top of his voice:

"I fine the attorney five hundred dollars and commit him for forty-eight hours! Let the deputy sheriff take him from the court-room at once."

To the amazement of Alden, his uncle without further protest submitted to this arbitrary ruling, and silently accompanied the deputy sheriff from the court-room. When Fox inquired of the deputy where he was to be taken, the deputy replied:

"Well, judge, old Bandy he said to put you under lock and key, and to put the bracelets on you if necessary. But I guess it aint necessary. I won't take you to jail. I'll take you to your own office, and when we git there I'll jest turn the key in the door and leave the key with your friend here. That-a-way, ye see, I kin tell Bandy that I done what he told me to do."

So the accommodating deputy did. When the two found themselves back in Fox's office Alden asked if his uncle intended to submit to such high-handed procedure.

"He has me legally under arrest," replied his uncle. "The best thing for me to do is to take legal steps to free myself. I wish you would go at once to the county judge, Laun, who is a friend of mine, and make formal application for a writ of *habeas corpus*."

"But I am not yet admitted to the bar here, sir."

"That makes no difference. I am convinced that Judge Laun will grant the writ. Go immediately."

Alden hastened to find Judge Laun, who was trying cases in his court-room. Laun stopped other proceedings and at once granted the application. Fox was brought before the bar of Laun's court by a deputy, and there promptly discharged.

While this rapid procedure was in progress Judge Bandy was evidently kept informed of the course of events, for he had summoned a posse and sent a deputy sheriff to Judge Laun's court-room with orders to arrest Fox, and—if necessary to enforce the process of his court—to arrest Judge Laun also. Just as Fox was about leaving the court-room of his friend, the Bandy posse, headed by the deputy sheriff, rushed in with their order. The moment it was read to him Judge Laun took from his desk drawer a navy revolver. Cocking it, he leveled it at the Bandy sheriff, and ordered him to throw up his hands. This done, he fined him two hundred dollars for contempt of court; then, appointing a bystander as temporary bailiff and elisor, he directed him to disarm the Bandy sheriff, imprison him, and eject the rest of the Bandy posse from the court-room. The new bailiff summoned a posse from among the bystanders, and the Bandy posse was at once thrown out.

"Is there any other business before this court?" inquired Judge Laun, still gripping his revolver.

Nobody said anything. Apparently there was no further business.

"In that case, this court stands adjourned until next law and motion day," declared Judge Laun, putting his revolver in his pocket instead of in his desk.

Leaving the bench he joined Fox, saying to Alden: "We had better accompany Judge Fox back to his office. If you'll walk on his left, Mr. Alden, I'll take his right. Put your revolver in your coat pocket, so as to have it handy."

When told by Alden that he was not provided with a pistol, Laun said in surprise:

"Good God, man! It's plain you're a newcomer. You'd better get one."

"I was in the same frame of mind when I first came here," remarked Fox. "I was so unused to carrying a weapon that it was some time before I got in the habit of it."

"And what kind of a gun do you pack now?"

"A ten-inch Colt's," said Fox, "in my hip pocket."

"Well, until this little trouble with Bandy is settled, I'd advise you to get a sack coat made like this I wear. You see, I've had special pockets made, one on each side, for carrying derringers in. That way, you can shoot through your coat without being observed. It's true that two derringers hold only two shots, while two revolvers have ten or twelve. But if you're close up to a man you can fire through your coat before he has a chance to get his gun out. And if you plug him in the belly with one of these heavy derringer bullets, he's never much account after that. Useful little pistols—they'll send a ball through a two-inch plank at fifteen yards. Get a pair, Fox, and have a sack coat made like this—you may find it useful."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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According to Viceroy Tuan Fang there are 1930 opium shops in the Shanghai foreign settlements, and he wants orders from Peking to close them.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Political, diplomatic, and journalistic circles in England are awaiting with interest the homecoming of Sir Robert Hart, the masterful chief of the maritime customs service of China, who was just sailed from Shanghai for a year's leave of absence. If he can be persuaded to talk freely he will have important things to say on some of the biggest questions that now confront the world.

H. L. Bridgman has been appointed by President Roosevelt to be the delegate of the United States to the Arctic Exploration Congress, to be held in Europe this summer. Mr. Bridgman is the publisher of the Brooklyn *Standard Union*. He has been much interested in Arctic exploration for many years and was the historian of the Peary expedition of 1894 and in command of the Peary relief expeditions of 1892 and 1902. He was delegate to the Arctic Congress of 1906 at Brussels.

The Rev. Thomas Lord of Horncastle, the oldest minister of the gospel in the United Kingdom, reached his 100th birthday a fortnight since, and is still preaching. The king sent him a telegram of congratulation through Lord Knollys. Mr. Lord was born two years after Pitt and Fox died, and was a grown man when George IV was on the throne. Mr. Lord was married three times, and achieved the unusual record of celebrating his golden wedding and three years over with his second wife.

The Countess of Warwick as a Socialist stump speaker in America next autumn is the latest announcement extraordinary. She will speak, in the beginning, for the Socialist candidate for Congress in the Bellefontaine district in Ohio, but she will scarcely be able to avoid branching out after she gets started. The Countess of Warwick is a genuine English aristocrat, and she was a great friend of the present king in her younger days, when his majesty was Prince of Wales. She figured in the celebrated Tranby Croft affair, when there was card-playing and some one cheated; and being known then as Lady Brooke, and being responsible for the publicity the affair attained, in spite of the prince's connection with it, she was nicknamed "the babbling Brooke." The countess is undoubtedly a woman of fine character and splendid abilities.

Hall Caine is writing his life-story in *M. A. P.* He tells in the initial installment how he first saw life by driving with his uncle, at the age of five, from the lonely homestead behind Snaefell to what he thought must be "a vast and mighty city." It was Douglas, with its ten thousand inhabitants. His first nickname was "Hommy-beg," the Manx for "little Tommy." His grandmother christened him thus. "I think I must have been much in her company," he says, "for I have the clearest memory of countless stories she told me of fairies and witches and the evil eye. My Manx grandmother was a poet." One of the most curious of the customs Hall Caine witnessed in his youth was the "service" conducted in church by the people, without the clergy, on Christmas Eve—Oiel Verree, the eve of Mary. The people sang carols of by no means reverent tone—"the raciest paraphrase of the incidents in the Old Testament"—and the clergy were powerless to stop the observance of the ceremony.

Joseph Leiter, whose "sky-rocket" career in the wheat market made him famous, is about to marry Miss Juliette Williams of Washington. She is the daughter of Colonel Williams, now stationed at Fort Dupont, Delaware, and a niece of Bishop Williams. The wedding will take place in Washington early in June. The honeymoon will be spent at the summer home of Mrs. L. Z. Leiter at Manchester-by-the-Sea. In August Mrs. Leiter will accompany the young couple on visits to Lord Curzon, her son-in-law, and Lady Suffolk and Mrs. Colin Campbell, her daughters. It was the "Leiter corner," it will be remembered, which disturbed the price of foodstuffs all over the world some years ago and caused the Leiter name to be execrated wherever bread was eaten. The corner collapsed, and young Leiter's father devoted a good share of his fortune to paying the young man's losses. Since that time young "Joe" has been devoting himself to a coal mine in Illinois, in which his family is interested.

Gabriel D'Annunzio, whose latest play, "The Ship," has scored a tremendous success in Rome, takes more pride in his fame as a Beau Brummel than as an author. His greatest achievement is the carrying of deep violet tinted umbrellas, of which he prodigally possesses eight, for the purpose of most effectually offsetting his particular brand of complexion. He has certainly carried foppery to the extreme, spending most of his leisure time in his dressing-rooms, of which he needs two, with his obsequious valet, to whom—and his tailor, of course—he is a god. His servitors have no light task looking after, for instance, one item, of six dozen day shirts. His undergarments are of the choicest, finest spun silk and cost him three thousand dollars. His collection of silk and linen hose extends to twelve dozens, being kept up to that average number constantly. His street gloves number four dozen pairs and are of the finest make, from models. He needs half that number of white gloves for evening wear. He has many eccentricities, among them that of designing his own coffin and mausoleum, both gorgeous affairs. His tomb he has placed on the banks of the Pescara near his place of birth, which he has famed in song.

EARLY DAYS ON THE FRONTIER.

An Englishman's Experiences Among the Border Ruffians of the Far West.

A strange, wild story of an adventurous career is told by Robert H. Williams in his memories of the Far West, "With the Border Ruffians." The stirring dramas the author witnessed, and participated in, can never be reenacted, and Mr. Williams's fascinating volume is a genuine and valuable contribution to the scant trustworthy literature of the frontier.

In 1852 the author exchanged the peace and quietness of an English country home for the risk and stir of life in the wildest of the Wild West. During the subsequent sixteen years he was in turn rancher, gambling-saloon owner, cattle raiser, Indian trailer, Confederate soldier, lieutenant in the Kansas Rangers, and captain in the Texan Rangers. From 1852 until 1854 Mr. Williams led a backwoodsman's life among the primitive folk of western Virginia. But the daring young adventurer soon tired of a pastoral existence and he fared forth to Kansas, where, at the time, human life was not valued "at a pin's fee," but where fortune awaited him who survived. Kansas was full of excitement in 1855 over the burning question whether the territory, then recently opened for settlement, should be slave or free. Mr. Williams resolved to throw in his lot with the South and joined a company of mounted rangers. Shortly after he settled in Leavenworth he was asked to assist in the arrest of one Cline, who was wanted for horse-stealing. Mr. Williams gives the following account of the experience:

I confess I did not like the job, but having once started on it, one could not turn back; even at the risk of being shot. My companions, Smith and Pearson, hitched their horses to the snake fence of Cline's cabin and I dismounted and stood with my reins over my left arm, about twenty paces from the door. Under the cavalry cloak I wore, I held my six-shooter ready for action. Pearson, as agreed, walked into the cabin to tell Cline some one wanted to buy some of his corn. Directly he saw who wanted him he stopped, and the constable pulled out the warrant. Cline vowed he would not be taken by us, or twenty men like us, and declared if I didn't clear out he would shoot me like a dog. By this time he had his six-shooter out, and there was no time to be lost if I wanted first innings. It was now or never I saw, his life or mine, and as I naturally preferred my own, I let drive two barrels, and hit my man in the right arm and side. Down he fell, and the bullet he had meant for my head whistled over it. Pearson, who held the man in great dread, shouted to me to fire again, and finish him; but I couldn't shoot a helpless man on the ground, blackguard as he was.

But Cline recovered and was even elected sheriff, so young Williams prudently sold his ranch and started for Texas. The Comanches, the Lepans, and other Indian tribes were very active in the late '50s, and the cattle men of the Lone Star State were in continuous warfare with them. After years of experience in Indian fighting the author says:

Indian-hunting, in my experience, is not what one would call pleasant sport; there are so many things you must not do. For instance, you mustn't stop to kill any game, however much you want meat, for your shot may alarm an Indian scout; you mustn't make a fire in the daytime lest the smoke should give warning to the watchful foes; and then, you must press on as fast as you can ride on the trail, to have any chance of catching them. For these Comanches are horse-Indians, and ride active, wiry ponies bare-backed. All the provisions they carry is a little jerked beef; their arms are bows and arrows and lances, and, being wholly unencumbered with clothing, they got over the ground, whether mounted or dismounted, at a surprising rate. I could fill many pages with accounts of their murderous doings, for in those days they had the whole frontier of three or four hundred miles at their mercy. Indeed, for the time being the wretches had things pretty much their own way; killing, scalping, and mutilating solitary cow hunters, or massacring defenseless women and children in lonely ranches.

The author declares the Vigilance Committee of San Antonio, which he styles a "Texas Mafia," murdered scores of citizens on the slightest pretext. As an instance, he relates the following:

The evening I returned from my first "cow-hunt," I was sitting on the porch, resting and enjoying the lovely evening, when a two-horse ambulance, with five men in it, drove up. A man named Jack Atkins I had met before, and he asked for drinks of whisky. He said they had a rare hunt after a horse-thief; had found him at last at Fort Clark, where he had enlisted for a year's service, putting his (Atkins's) horse in as his mount. They had recovered the horse, and they were taking the thief into San Antonio. But his manner as he said it aroused my suspicions; besides, I knew him as a prominent member of the Vigilance Committee, so I said, "I hope you are not going to hang the poor wretch before you get there." "You've hit it, my boy, first shot," he answered with a laugh; "you get your horse, and come along to see the finish." No suspicion of the near-impending fate that awaited him seemed to have dawned upon the prisoner. The human ghouls who had brought him along more than 250 miles had played cards with him at each camp, and now were going to murder him in cold blood. The young prisoner told me he had bought the horse from a Mexican, whom he would produce at his trial. His trial, poor fellow! In less than half an hour the brutes would hang him! I watched them in the crimson glow of the setting sun, until they disappeared round a "mott" on the prairie, and then with a feeling of utter helplessness, turned back to the house. At daylight I was on horseback, following the trail of the ambulance; feeling sure at

one moment of what I would find and the next hoping the murderers might have relented. Thus hoping, fearing, I rode on for about three miles, and then saw what I really expected: the body of the young man hanging from a China-tree hard by the trail!

Another incident illustrates the character of the Shawnee Indians, with whom the author was much in contact. He often danced with the Shawnee girls and was once a little embarrassed when a remarkably handsome partner produced a flask of whisky from her pocket and pressed him to join her in a drink:

Amongst the curious scenes I witnessed about this time, the most curious was the hanging, by his own people, of a Shawnee Indian who was supposed to have committed a murder. Though his crime was in reality a mild form of manslaughter, the Shawnee council, which by United States law had the power of life and death over its own people, wished to maintain and exercise this right, and so insisted on hanging the poor wretch. Not that he seemed to mind it in the least, for he was the least excited of all the performers in the tragedy. The platform under the gallows, in which was the drop, was occupied by the chiefs of the tribe and local preachers, who, for about two hours or so, "improved the occasion," whilst the victim sat in a chair, apparently utterly indifferent to what was going on around him. Round the gallows stood a crowd of white men and some Indians.

The former threatened a rescue, and frequently called upon the doomed man, who sat on his chair unbound, to jump, and they would save him. Though these calls were made in his own tongue, and he must have understood them, he gave them no heed whatever, but sat impassive as a statue.

When the preachers had exhausted their eloquence and came to a pause, the man arose, placed himself on the drop still unbound, and waited for the rope to be adjusted. A white man named Paris married to an Indian squaw, who was the Shawnee sheriff, stepped forward, slipped the rope over his head, drew the bolt, and the Indian was launched into eternity without a cry, or a struggle, or effort to save himself, though his hands were free.

Countless thousands of the now nearly extinct buffalo roamed the prairies before the railroad was built across the continent, and Mr. Williams relates this incident:

One night on the "Big Blue" we had a bad scare. It was just after sundown, and we had corralled the wagons, and all hands were busy cooking at the fires outside the circle. A little way off, in the gathering gloom, we could see the scouts and cattle-herders rushing the animals along the corral, as fast as they could drive them with frantic yelling and much cracking of whips. At first I thought the Redskins were upon us, but as the mob drew near we could hear the cry of "Buffalo, buffalo!" and realized the situation. The fires were made up and every man stood ready with his loaded rifle and six-shooter. The cattle came lumbering into camp at the top of their speed, and close at their heels followed the vastest herd of buffalo I had ever seen. The sound of their trampling was like the distant dull roar of the surf on the sea beach. If we couldn't turn them aside, they must surely overwhelm us by sheer weight and pressure of numbers. The whole multitude was on the move to pastures new, and, as was their custom, traveled at a steady lope or canter; the hindmost following blindly the lead of those in front. However, just as the sea of clashing horns and gleaming eyes seemed as though it must roll over us, wagons, cattle, and all our fires, the shouts of the men, and the volley of rifle shots we discharged, turned the front rank, or rather split it in two. For several hours the buffalo streamed past us, so close that we could see the shine of their great bright eyes and the dim outlines of their shaggy forms. There must have been tens of thousands of buffalo in that one herd, and now there isn't a single one on all those wide plains!

As a Confederate officer, the author was not sent to the front, but he had plenty of perilous adventures along the border. One exciting skirmish was with the California raiders:

An expedition was organized to attack a body of three or four hundred Californians who had established themselves at Fort Lancaster, in the southwestern part of the State, where they were assuming a threatening attitude, and attracting to themselves many deserters from our service. We took our time on the march to Fort Lancaster, for we had seven hours to do the distance. It was just after three o'clock when we reached our halting-place and the moon was all but down. Away on the hilltop I heard a single revolver shot, and following on it instantly a volley from a hundred rifles; then yells and screams of terror, and desultory firing. For a brief space this went on, and then down the brushy slope, on our right front, came the Californians, helter-skelter, a mob of fleeing, panic-stricken men, whose one thought was to get to their horses and escape. Coming out on the clearing I found, as far as I could see in the dim light, an open space between the horses and the foot of the slope, which the fugitives must cross. As soon as, judging from the sound, they had gathered pretty thickly there, I ordered the boys to fire a volley. Of the Californians we found in all some thirty-five dead and twenty wounded, those able to move having gotten away into the brush. A strong scouting party was sent out to follow the enemy, but soon returned, reporting that they had crossed the river into Mexico, whither we did not pursue them. There, we heard afterwards, they met with a hot reception from the ranchers and people of the settlements, so that many were killed and the rest scattered to the four winds of heaven.

Mr. Williams tells the story of early days on the frontier with commendable vigor. He has, perforce, been compelled to draw a lurid picture; but the period was one when lawless men were a law unto themselves, and did such deeds that one shudders as he hears the recital. The volume is edited by E. W. Williams.

"With the Border Ruffians," by R. H. Williams. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

CURRENT VERSE.

A Song of Beauty.

Oh, sing me a song of beauty! I'm tired of the stressful song,
I'm weary of all the preaching, the arguing right and wrong,
I'm fain to forget the adder that under the leaf lies curled,
And dream of the light and beauty that gladdens the gray old world!
Oh, sing of the emerald meadows that smile all day in the sun!
The ripple and gleam of the rivers that on through the meadows run!
The birds—let them sing in your singing and flash through the lines you write,
The lark with his lilt in the morning, the nightingale charming the night,
The butterfly over the flowers that hovers on painted wing—
All these, let them brighten and lighten the beautiful song you sing!
Though under the leaf the adder of death and of gloom lies curled,
Oh, sing, for a space, of the beauty that gladdens the gray old world!
—Denis A. McCarthy, in New York Sun.

The Peak and the Bloom.

A beautiful peak reared its head to the sky,
And a little flower bloomed at its feet, very shy,
The peak was patrician, and haughty, and said,
As it touched the white clouds with a toss of its head:
"Those travelers are coming to gaze on my height
And hark in my grandeur and bathe in my light;
They'll leave the low valley, and scorn the pale flower,
As they climb to my glory and sing of my power!"

It waited and waited, afar and alone,
With its head in the snows of its difficult zone,
While the travelers dismounted beside a clear stream
At the base of the mountain to rest and to dream—
And all that they told of at home the next day
Was the beautiful flower that they saw by the way,
So modest and gentle and dainty and shy,
At the foot of the peak with the dew in its eye!
—Baltimore Sun.

Love and I.

Love and I went wandering all on a summer day,
The red rose gave us greeting, the lilies lit our way,
And high above each lucent pool, a mated bird sang clear:
"Love is the lord of life and death at the flowering of the year."

Love and I went wandering an Indian summer day,
In every orchard apples burned, and every wood was gay;
Yet in a sheltered nook we heard a laggard robin flout:
"Love is the lord of life and death when flowers have come to fruit."

Love and I fared forth again all on a bitter day,
The good green world that laughed before all grim and icy lay;
And low beside a cottage-hearth we caught a fleeting breath:
"Love that has gone through life with me abides with me in death."

Love and I go faring on through fine or stormy weather,
Or smooth the way or rough the way we follow it together,
And ever from the shining heights, a faery voice we hear:
"Love ruleth life and time and space—and love is always near."
—Martha McCulloch-Williams, in June Ainslee's.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

An English court has decided that a novelist has no legal claim against a publisher who buys the manuscript of a novel and then "cuts" it to suit his own views and convenience, so long as the alteration is not unreasonable in its nature. He may even change its title.

The novelist in question was Mrs. Humphreys—better known as "Rita." Among the witnesses for the defense was Mr. Clement K. Shorter, editor of the *Sphere*, and formerly editor of the *Illustrated London News*, the *Sketch*, and the *Tatler*. Mr. Shorter said that he had frequently purchased novels and was of the opinion that he was at liberty to do practically what he liked with them. He had "cut" a story by Robert Louis Stevenson and had changed its title. The decision has been received with some interest.

The Sword Decides, by Marjorie Bowen. Published by the McClure Company, New York; \$1.50.

This is a good illustration of the historical novel that is now successfully asserting its claim to attention. The scene is laid in Naples in the year 1344. Andreas of Hungary is on his way to join his unseen wife, Giovanna of Anjou, Queen of Naples, who dreads his approach and prepares to resist his claim to a joint sovereignty. Andreas finds a contemptuous wife and a sullen populace. With the authority of the Pope at Avignon he makes good his position and Giovanna withdraws to the convent at Aversa, beguiles her husband by a pretense of submission, and has him assassinated just at the time when his heart is tender toward her. Then comes Andrea's brother, Ludovic of Hungary, and we see the final chapters of vengeance with Giovanna insane and the city delivered over to a foreign soldiery and plague.

The author shines brightest in tragic description. The character of Giovanna, beautiful, scornful, and diabolic, is finely drawn. Not soon to be forgotten is the murder of Andreas, fighting like a caged tiger, forcing his way into his wife's room, clinging in his despair to her dress and her hair and strangled with a cord wrenched from her bed. Equally powerful is the picture of Giovanna's intermittent insanity, at one moment proud and regal and then groping on the floor trying to wipe up imaginary blood stains. Sometimes realism becomes a little brutal but not wantonly so, and we are at least grateful for portraits of Andreas and of Ludovic that are heroic and faithful.

The American Constitution, by Professor Jesup Stimson. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.25.

This scholarly book comes at a time when the real meaning of the Constitution is in danger of being obscured by infraction on the one hand and by ignorant apathy on the other. The author defines the Constitution as being the permanent will of the people as opposed to the laws which are the temporary acts of their representatives. He protests against the idea that the Constitution is merely a technical document or that it lacks any of the alert vitality proper to a charter of freedom. The Constitution is the direct affirmation of liberties won after centuries of conflict against tyranny, and it must remain an essential to American freedom so long as tyranny continues to grow from the soil of human ambitions.

This useful volume shows us the whole field of operation covered by the American Constitution and its precise effect in dividing the powers between legislative, executive, and judicial, and between the Federal government and the States. The concluding chapter deals lucidly with interstate commerce, the control of trusts, and the regulation of corporations, while the proposed changes in the Constitution are critically considered in a chapter to themselves. A word of special praise should be given to an ingenious diagram showing at a glance the division between State and Federal powers in their various departments.

Katharine Trevelyan, by Louise Maunsell Field. Published by the McClure Company, New York; \$1.50.

This book will be read with interest by those who are curious as to the lives of the very rich and the very fashionable. Probably no more intricate or detailed account has been given in the form of fiction and, it may be said, none more clever and vivid. We have an endless succession of dinners, dances, receptions, and house parties. There are social leaders and debutantes, those who have arrived and those who are still climbing. There is no sensationalism, no monkey dinners, no apparent struggle for situations, no evidence of inaccuracy or insincerity, while the story itself is a good one and well told.

Among the characters Katharine Trevelyan is almost the only woman who does not inspire either contempt or abhorrence. Wealthy, intellectual, with mental and moral aspirations, and therefore with a disgust for her environment, we can only wonder why she does not turn her back upon the reeking menagerie in which she finds herself and employ her time in some more worthy way. And

poor Katharine makes the worst marriage of the lot and is as readily beguiled by a few cheap platitudes as a mouse by a baited trap. Even pretty little Nell Wylie with a sort of withered innocence about her is inadequate relief from the swarm of heartless and detestable harpies who live in an atmosphere of card sharpening and divorce that seems hardly to belong to the world of real men and women.

The Secrets of Beauty and Mysteries of Health, by Cora Brown Potter. Published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco and New York; \$1.75.

The name of the author is the most eloquent praise that could be given to this book, but if a further recommendation is needed it is to be found in the sub-title, which reads: "Practical Suggestions for the Right Care of the Person, Together With a Collection of Valuable Receipts Pertaining to Health and Beauty, Gathered During the Author's Stage Experiences and Travels in All Parts of the World."

There seems indeed no reason why we should not all be beautiful, those of us at least who belong to the only tolerable sex. That there are still some women who are less beautiful than others is to be accounted for by the fact that this book has only just been published and that there are still some who have not read it. Anything more persuasive and inclusive it would be hard to find. There seems to be no physical imperfection without its remedy, while the many photographs of the author herself in her various impersonations show us to what heights we may aspire if we faint not by the way. The typography and binding of the book are luxurious.

Through the Magic Door, by A. Conan Doyle. Published by the McClure Company, New York; \$1.25.

This is preëminently the book for the young student who wishes to know the things of good repute in English literature. Dr. Doyle—in spite of his unholy liking for the prize-ring—is among the safest of guides, knowing and loving books so well that his enthusiasms become contagious. A more charming volume of literary causerie has never been written.

The author follows no particular plan. He glances over his shelves and talks casually and delightfully just as the spirit moves him, just as he might to a young friend who had sought his advice. Nearly every book that he mentions can be purchased at the second-hand store round the corner. There are no formalities of criticism, nor displays of scholarship, nothing but the easy conversation of a cultured man of the world whose enthusiasms are always wholesome—or nearly always—and whose advice is unfailingly valuable.

The Young Malefactor, by Thomas Travis. Ph. D., with introduction by Judge Ben B. Lindsey. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is preëminently the book for those who wish to study juvenile criminality from its scientific rather than from its sentimental aspect. But it contains nothing in defense or in mitigation of the atrocity of attempting to cure, by means of ordinary imprisonment and punishment, a social malady of which the physical basis is far more pronounced than the moral. A great many of the author's revelations are horrifying, and while the problem seems to grow discouragingly large as we descend into its depth, we are at least persuaded that it is one for the surgeon far more than for the policeman, and that material science has hardly yet had a chance to say its first word in a remedial activity from which the greatest good may be expected. Judge Lindsey's approval, expressed in a thoughtful introduction, will commend the book widely.

The Isle of Maids, by M. T. Hainsselin. Published by John Lane, New York; \$1.50.

Two young college men of means in search of an ideal vacation which must include nature and solitude sail away for one of the lonely and uninhabited islands of the Mediterranean. Not until after their boat has been stolen do they discover that a bevy of young Greek maidens have made the same selection, and a very pretty romance is thus forced, as it were, upon all parties concerned. True love never does run smooth, even in the Mediterranean, and so we have jealousies, kidnapping by invading brigands, a vendetta, and all those other light and pleasing incidents that vary the monotony of life in southern Europe. The book is to be recommended to those who love a light and delicate romance.

Stories of Wagner Operas Told for Children, by Elizabeth M. Wheelock. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

The number of admirable books now available for children is a matter for congratulation at a time when the dismally comic supplement is abroad in the land. The child who does not know the Wagner stories stands outside of Eden, and these magical romances have never been told in better form than by Elizabeth M. Wheelock. The child who will not revel in them must indeed be inferior.

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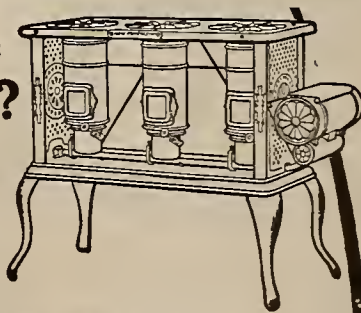
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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It is not often that an author gains such a prominent position in political life as Björnsterne Björnson has won in Norway. Whenever, in any district, the Left feels itself in a critical position he is sent for, and he keeps his sleigh ready for such emergencies. An amusing story is told concerning a recent political meeting. A Conservative candidate had just mounted the stage to speak when he saw that Björnson had arrived. "Under these circumstances," he laconically declared, he would not care to speak. The poet promptly took his place and won a decisive victory for the Radicals.

A member of one of the reigning houses of Europe, the Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch of Russia, has come into the field as a novelist with the publication by Messrs. Collier & Co. of a book written by him, entitled "Never Say Die."

Lieutenant T. Sakurai's remarkable account of the Port Arthur campaign, "Human Bullets," of which the Houghton-Mifflin Company have already sold seven editions in the English translation, will be published very shortly in Berlin in a German translation by Captain Schingeling of the Krupp Company. A French translation has been made by Baron Colonel Corvisart, attaché to the French embassy.

The honor which has been paid to Professor William James in the publication of a book of essays by his pupils, dedicated to him, has been spoken of in several of the papers as something unique. As a matter of fact, in September, 1906, the former students of Professor Charles E. Garman of Amherst College issued a volume in his honor, entitled "Studies in Philosophy and Psychology," published by the Houghton-Mifflin Company.

Tolstoy is talking the book he is now at work on into a phonograph, as he finds writing irksome. The book is to be a reader for the great masses, and will he, he declares, his most useful though not his greatest work.

John Murray, the publisher, has obtained a verdict of \$37,500 damages against the London Times, which accused his firm of extortion for selling the letters of the late Queen Victoria at a high price. This case has been an incident in the war between the Times and the book publishers of London, which began when the Times inaugurated a book club scheme in connection with subscriptions to the paper, and it has attracted much attention in London.

Marion Crawford's new book, "The Prima-donna," has sent people back to "Fair Margaret," and compelled the printing of a new edition of the earlier book. These two stories are apparently the most popular ones that Mr. Crawford has written since his "Saracinesca" series.

The fourth edition of Frank Danhy's "The Heart of a Child," which has just been brought out, is already exhausted, and the fifth edition is now on the press. The third edition was exhausted within a week of publication.

New Publications.

"In Greece with the Classics," by William Amory Gardner, has been published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York, have published "Lyrics and Landscapes," by Harrison S. Morris, an unusually meritorious book of verses. Price, \$1.10 net.

Ada Woodruff Anderson has written a stirring romance of the Pacific Northwest in "The Heart of the Red Firs." Little, Brown & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

Scholarly, sympathetic, and readable is "The North Italian Painters of the Renaissance," by Bernhard Berenson, which is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"Christmas," edited by Robert Haven Schaffer, is a well-selected collection of the best lyrics, carols, essays, plays, and stories of our greatest holidays. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; price, \$1.

The muses would not have grieved had the publishers "declined with thanks" H. E. Warner's "The Cricket's Song and Other Melodies." The volume is handsomely printed and bound by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Price, \$1 net.

Nature lovers, as distinct from nature fakers, will rejoice at the announcement that a new volume by John Burroughs has just come from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York. It is entitled "Leaf and Tendril," and is a collection of cheery, out-of-door sketches and essays.

Of the making of hooks of travel on Italy, Sicily, and Greece there is no end. Those who have made the classic tour, however, will be entertained by T. R. Sullivan's recently published sketches, "Lands of Summer," Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York, are the publishers, and the price is \$1.50.

"The Supreme Gift," by Grace Denio Litchfield, is the story of a girl who is first overwhelmed by the bankruptcy of her wealthy father and then makes heroic efforts to atone

for the widespread misery that it causes. There are some dramatic incidents in a simple and well conceived plot. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

John Corbin, author of "Which College for the Boy," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York, have just published, disclaims any intention of wishing to advise parents where to send their sons. He believes, however, that the choice is seldom made with sufficient knowledge, and he aims to show the personnel of leading institutions, their traditions, and what they are actually doing. Mr. Corbin does not hesitate to criticize sharply when he thinks censure is deserved.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon open their summer season at the New Alcazar next Monday evening with J. M. Barrie's comedy, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," in which they will be supported by the cream of the Alcazar company.

It is the story of a fifteen-year-old English girl marrying a soldier, Colonel Grey, accompanying him to India, and becoming the mother of three children, a boy and two girls. The little ones are sent to England while in their infancy, and their parents do not see them again for many years. They are full of parent love as they return to the old country, but with the children it is somewhat different. Never having really known their father and mother, whatever filial affection they possess is instinctive, and they look upon the coming family reunion with feelings akin to dread.

Amy, the older girl, is a romantic-minded maiden, and her brother, Cosmo, is at the age when a boy hates to be coddled. So they plan how they will receive their parents, the confab developing some of Barrie's most delicious humor. The upshot of the reception is that the mother is led to believe the children care only for their father, while he is chagrined that their love is not shared by her.

When an old friend of the family, a young man, arrives to welcome the returned couple his innocent conversation with the mother is overheard by Amy, who resolves to save the family honor by visiting the apartments of the man and imploring him to abandon his supposed liaison. While she is awaiting him her parents arrive and she hides, but a portion of her dress is seen by the mother, who immediately concludes that she and the young man are holding illegitimate tryst. So she resolves to save her daughter. The true state of affairs is finally understood by all except Amy, who is left to imagine that she has been the instrument of preventing a scandal.

Mr. Kelcey will play the father, Miss Shannon the mother, Miss Bond the romantic-minded daughter, Mr. Glendinning the son, Miss Brownell a girl friend of Amy's, Mr. Hickman the friend of the family, and the minor parts will be in capable hands.

Edwin Stevens will begin the last two weeks of his engagement next Monday night at the Princess Theatre, when "The Tar and the Tartar" will be presented. Most elaborate preparations have been made to insure its success. Mr. Stevens will appear as Muley Hassan, the tar. Arthur Cunningham will have a rôle as Cardamon, an Arab chief. Charles E. Couture has been secured for the rôle of Yussuf. Christine Nielsen will be added to the Princess company for this production and will be cast as Marina, a Circassian beauty. Virginia Cameron, the Berkeley society girl, will have an opportunity to distinguish herself as Taffeta, the Moorish fishermaid. Sarah Edwards, Oscar C. Apfel, Ben Lodge, Arthur Trobridge, William Leonard, Myrtle Dingwall, and Grisella Kingsland will contribute to the success of the performance. The musical comedy, "The Dear Girls," will conclude its prosperous run this Sunday night.

"The King Maker," a musical comedy in two acts, will be given its premiere at the Princess Theatre Monday night, June 15. The book and lyrics are by Waldemar Young, W. C. Patterson and Race Whitney, and the music is the composition of R. H. Bassett.

The chief new attraction of the Orpheum programme for the week beginning this Sunday matinee will be Willy Panzer, the famous acrobat and contortionist, who in conjunction with his own company will present an entertainment that has proved a success in the principal music halls of Europe. George Felix and Lydia Barry, with the assistance of Emily Barry, will introduce a skit entitled "The Boy Next Door." De Witt, Burns and Torrance will be seen in Frank De Witt's creation, "The Awakening of Toys," one of the best vaudeville acts ever produced. The management has arranged to extend Mme. Morichini's engagement another week, which will be her last. She will present a new programme to include the famous "Waltz Song" from "Romeo and Juliet." It will be the last week of Kennedy and Rooney, Keane and Briscoe, and Dixon Brothers. Salerno will also conclude his engagement with this programme. A new series of Orpheum Motion Pictures will be an interesting finale to a delightful entertainment.

Mantell has played to immense audiences during the past few nights at the Van Ness Theatre, attesting his ability to make Shake-

spearean productions attractive to modern theatre-goers. The third and final week of his engagement, beginning with Sunday night, will see the house sold out at every performance. On Sunday and Friday nights "King Lear" will be staged for the last times. On Monday and Wednesday nights Mantell will appear as Cardinal Richelieu in Lord Lytton's play. Other plays to be staged during the week are: Tuesday night, "King Richard III"; Thursday night, "The Merchant of Venice"; Saturday matinee, "Hamlet"; Saturday night (farewell), "Macheth."

William Collier in his latest farce-comedy hit, "Caught in the Rain," will be presented at the Van Ness Theatre, commencing Monday, June 8, by Charles Frohman. Albert Perry, John Saville, Rignald Mason, William H. Post, Charles Poore, Thomas Beauregard, Ah Sam, Emmett N. Whitney, Ellen Mortimer, Helen Collier-Garrick, Jane Laurel, and Anne Bradley are in the supporting cast.

"King Lear" will be the Sunday night production by Robert Mantell at the Van Ness Theatre.

Daniel Frohman will pay a visit to San Francisco with the company headed by his wife, Margaret Illington, to appear at the Van Ness Theatre in "The Thief."

"The Great Divide" will probably be the opening bill of the Henry Miller season at the Van Ness Theatre. This play of the West has had a most substantial success and Miller will give it an elaborate production at the Van Ness.

Miss Elliott's New Playhouse.

Maxine Elliott, who has been in almost every theatre in the United States, from the one night stands to a season on Broadway, will pay particular attention to the comforts of the actors in the new house which is to be built on Thirty-Ninth Street, just west of Sixth Avenue, in New York City. The Elliott Company, at the head of which is Miss Elliott, has purchased the property. Miss Elliott proposes to have a big window in every dressing-room and a commodious greenroom, in which the players may lounge when they are not on the stage. She is also going to provide for the fat people of New York, for the seats are to be three inches wider than the regulation theatre seat. The aisles will be wide and the corridors will be much larger. Most important of all, she will see that the house is so constructed that there will be real ventilation throughout it. The new enterprise, which is to be known as the Elliott Theatre, will be under Miss Elliott's management. When she is on the road the Shuberts will be in charge. Though it will not open till January 1, when Miss Elliott will appear in a new play by Clyde Fitch, arrangements already have been made for the appearance of Julia Marlowe, Mme. Nazimova, and Mary Manning.

On the Matoppo Hills, in South Africa, where stands in a commanding position the great equestrian statue, "Physical Energy," by the late British artist, George Frederic Watts, there is being erected a temple to the memory of Cecil Rhodes. For the ramps of the flight of steps leading to this building, J. M. Swan, R. A., is modeling eight huge lions, which should rank in importance with the group by Watts. Mr. Swan was recently in South Africa, in connection with this commission.

The Santa Fé Railway will have one of their popular thirty-dollar excursions to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado on June 20.

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FINALE
TO A
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AT THE NOVELTY AND ALCAZAR.

By Josephine Hart Phelps

"A rose-colored dream" is what Kearney, the government representative, called the California paradise that the Gringos found at San Juan, as pictured in Belasco's popular "Rose of the Rancho." Mr. Belasco has taken pains to invest with appropriate atmospheric warmth and color the Spanish California of the fifties. There are songs and roses, the tinkling of guitars, tenor serenades, hours with inky hair shaded by lace mantillas, noon-day siestas, tinkling fountains, coquettish under rose arbors, the chiming of mission bells, laughter of idle girls, the coming and going of caballeros, vaqueros, and duenas, and over all a faint, pervasive flavor of Spanish accent. I do not know whether Mr. Belasco is responsible for this last touch. When people are speaking their own language an accent should be an invisible quantity. But as "The Rose of the Rancho" is really atmospheric melodrama, we need not quarrel with the judgment that sanctions one or two illegitimate effects in heightening the prevailing richness of local coloring.

Truth to tell, the atmosphere is the principal impression left upon the mind. There is, of course, the wooing of the proud but receptive rose by a good-looking Gringo; that and her subsequent subjugation takes one act. A Spanish merry-making, the ceremony of the espousal of the rebellious rose, and her repudiation of her unwelcome Spanish suitor, ending with a declaration of independence to her stiff-necked parent, takes another. The third has some exciting features, and the play has an effective close. But in spite of the appeal to the imagination to which we in California should respond with especial warmth, in spite of the historical background of truth to the main incidents of the play, in spite of the undeniable charm with which the author has dowered his thorny Spanish rose of the rancho, the general effect of the dramatic side of the piece is that of thinness, and almost tameness. The play, in fact, seemed to me to drag a little.

We must not forget that Belasco, in the successful pursuit of atmosphere, gave, of intention, a lazy, *dolce far niente* leisureliness even to the currents of the busier life of San Juan. The water-carriers dawdled, the gold-braided beaus napped under shady arbors, the caballeros and vaqueros paused to consume innumerable cigarettes, between ghostly admonitions the mission padre slept under the lazy chimings of his bells, and over each act and word brooded a peaceful, sun-warmed absence of all haste or urgency.

But the Latin, no matter how lingeringly he dallies over work, is quick and intense in emotion. Nevertheless, the gay "spark from Monterey" did not once reach to intensity of mood over the filching of his sweetheart by the intrusive Gringo. He was altogether too busy contributing to the atmosphere. Juanita, little spitfire as she is in the moment when she loses faith in her Gringo lover, is very American in her propensity to cover up each evidence of earnestness by a jest, or a sudden reversion to frivolity. This is a regular Belasco trick, and a very popular one, because it is such a thoroughgoing bit of Americanism.

The incident of the "jumping" of the Castro's claim to the rancho by an unscrupulous American invader is attended with a circumstance which ought to be, but is not, strongly dramatic. Kinkaid, the claim-jumper, backs his demands by the invincible argument of physical might. He has one hundred armed "boys" with him, who dip freely into the Castro cellars and cast longing, bearded eyes at the pretty Spanish belles. This arbitrary method of enforcing unscrupulous and illegal demands is, of course, authentic. In "The Rose of the Rancho," the Gringo hero, in an almost vain effort to save the Spanish owners their lawful claim, succeeds by a trick in holding back Kinkaid all night. During this term of waiting the "boys," inflamed with drink, call loudly for the Spanish beauties who have gathered to the interrupted fiesta and are restrained with extreme difficulty from violence and rapine.

A somewhat similar circumstance is used as the main incident in D'Annunzio's "Daughter of Jorio," and, although much emphasized and intensely disagreeable in the impression left, is at least dramatic. But for some reason Belasco has failed to make this situation, so potentially dramatic, quite telling enough, and a certain tameness attends the frequent announcements that the "boys" can no longer be "held back."

A lively breath of excitement in the closing act clears the air somewhat, but on the whole I left with a feeling that "thought and affliction, passion, hell itself"—for the passing of the Spaniard's glory was hell enough to the proud owners—Belasco had "turned to favor and to prettiness."

The New Alcazar company has apparently had its ranks appreciably increased to meet the heavy numerical demand made by the play. There are, however, but four acting rôles: the "rose of the rancho," played by Bessie Barriscale, the new ingénue, Kearney, her Gringo lover, acted rather heavily by Bertram Lytell, the Spanish mother of "the rose," acted with black-browed melodramatic stress by Adele Belgarde, and Don Luis de la Torre, acted with his usual careful attention to detail by Howard Hickman. A little character sketch of a Mexican mulatto, done very well by Herbert Farjeon, contributed a further dramatic heightening to the already richly toned atmosphere.

Bessie Barriscale, as the prickly rose in whose veins runs Yankee blood, is a brisk little actress with a lot of temperament which assimilates better with the Yankee dowry from the rose's father than the Spanish warmth from her hot-tempered mother. Miss Barriscale is scarcely Carmenesque, but, to use a frequently employed term of commendation among women, she is "cute." She seems rather too self-conscious of her "cuteness," but that fault may pass away with the rôle, for it strikes me that "the rose of the rancho" has a power of egotism.

Miss Barriscale not only depicted the Spanish heroine on the rampage very efficaciously, but pleased by her acting of Juanita's coquettish, and has already won the favor of the Alcazar patrons, who give ample evidences of an approval for the play that is not at all tempered by any sense of the criticism herein expressed.

The settings of the play, although a little effulgent in coloring, are well in harmony with the local and architectural characteristics of the place and period represented, and the gold-braided braveries of the Spanish gallants, the picturesque dress of the dependents and the Spanish costumes of the black-haired girls lend a tropical warmth and brightness to the stage that make of it a memorable picture.

"Arms and the Man" is not as joyously diverting as "You Never Can Tell," which is farce, pure and simple, and doesn't pretend to be anything else. Being authored by Shaw, "Arms and the Man" can not be other than a specimen of cleverly written literature. But the author has mingled the serious and the burlesque so confusingly that there is a resultant clash. One moment we are, presumably at least, in a sentimentally sympathetic attitude. In the next we are rudely yanked out of our mood of soft sentiment into one of satirical amusement, or else be out of the running. It is the same old game. Shaw, the incorrigible, must and will trick his public into taking him seriously, and then—b-r-r-r!—comes the regulation douche of cold water.

The ensuing state of discomfiture is not favorable to a wholly satisfactory reception of the play. People are certainly interested; they are unquestionably amused. But the amusement is only moderate, and the interest, which is so keen in Shaw's other plays, is on a lessened tension.

Richard Mansfield made a success of the play, but Mr. Mansfield had become such a celebrity on the American stage that apparently he could make a success of anything even—speaking from a dramatic standpoint—of an impossibility such as Peer Gynt.

Katherine Grey resumed her own old rôle of Louka, which she had played when in Mansfield's company, thus relinquishing the more juicy part of Raina. Miss Katherine Emmet was the gainer by the transaction, and as she gave a very bright and spirited bit of portraiture as Raina no one need grumble. But all the same, it was a curious sensation to witness long and important scenes transpiring, unbrightened by the presence of the leading member of the company.

The play was acted throughout with a thorough comprehension of the half burlesque, half sentimental spirit required. The rôle of Captain Bluntschli—whose name indicates his post as apostle of common sense, and administrator of cold, unromantic facts, being undertaken by Harrison Hunter with that actor's usual happy faculty for getting at the very heart of the author's intention. Mr. Hunter has a face made for the stage, and, as the blunt Swiss captain, perfectly indicated that practical warrior's half-humorous, half matter-of-fact recognition of the preponderance of pose in the moods of romantically inclined people, who dicker habitually with sincerity.

Katherine Grey's Louka was pretty, impetuous and intense, but of secondary interest. Doubtless Miss Grey has chosen this less important rôle because Louka's ardors appealed to one of her deeply dramatic temperament.

As Sergius, the self-acknowledged poseur, Robert Warwick did an excellent bit of burlesque, throwing himself into the part with the exhilaration natural to a player whose post as leading man obliges him to tune his voice habitually to the note of sentimentality. Alfred Hickman's Nicola was an admirable picture of studied servility, and as an Armenian père and mère Ina Hammer and Ira Hard completed a group of impersona-

tions whose merit was such that I was conscious of a lingering regret that I was not seeing this small but choice band in a piece which could not so ruthlessly play with and trick my poor, abused sensibilities.

The Late Mrs. Herman Shainwald.

The death of Mrs. Herman Shainwald, which occurred on Thursday, 21st inst., has shocked and grieved a wide domestic and social circle. So quickly did an attack of pneumonia contracted by exposure on fleet day do its work that few even among intimates knew of her illness until its dread culmination. Although in recent years Mrs. Shainwald had suffered much from ill-health and had lived much abroad, her interest in and her close connection with San Francisco, her home, was warmly cherished. She was a lover of beauty in art and in life and a singularly refined taste gave to her character a special tone and dignity. Her friendships were generous and sincere; her kindness and courtesy unfeigned; her sympathies and her charities dependable as the sun. That one so loving, so endowed, so prepared for the service, the charm and the joy of living should untimely pass out of life is indeed a cause for grief.

The practice of tipping is undoubtedly on the increase, but it is wholly unregularized. Whim or good nature on the one hand, and parsimony or ignorance on the other, are left to their own sweet will. In the United States Baedeker, for example, no rule is laid down. It is merely stated: "Tipping the waiter is, perhaps, not so general as in Europe, but is usually found serviceable where several meals are taken at the same place." Compare this with the grauated schedules of Trinkgeld given with precision in the German Baedeker. With us the whole question of tips is at haphazard. It has been decided that army officers are entitled to include reasonable tips to porters and waiters in their expense accounts, but for the rest of Americans the tip bloweth where it listeth.

The mysterious subterranean galleries of Welbeck Abbey, built by the eccentric fifth Duke of Portland and so widely advertised in the Druce case, have been thrown open to the curious public. Having been confirmed in his title and estates by the collapse of the litigation instituted by the Druce claimant, the present duke is so overjoyed that he yielded to the general desire by ordering that visitors be admitted to the pleasure grounds, riding school, and underground rooms at Welbeck, except on Sundays or when the family is in residence at the Abbey.

Martin Beck, general manager of the Orpheum Circuit, has purchased the exclusive producing rights of "The Van Dyke" from Arnold Daly. This is the one-act play which Daly presented at the Berkeley Lyceum in the fall. Mr. Beck has added the playlet to the repertoire of Katherine Grey, now at the head of the Novelty Theatre Company. The piece will be used as a curtain-raiser to "The Reckoning" later on.

The comedy of contemporary American character by Percy Mackaye which Margaret Anglin will play on her return from Australia is entitled "Mater." Mr. Mackaye is now writing for Henry Miller an American drama, which, it is said, will "deal poetically and in a spirit of comedy with a significant phase of modern civilization not as yet treated on the stage."

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VANITY FAIR.

It is perhaps permissible once more to refer to Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin, who says that there are today 1100 persons in New York society and that they have no leader. If Mr. Martin continues to express himself with the sound common sense that characterizes his latest utterance he will gravitate toward the society helm whether he wishes to or not.

Mr. Martin seems to think that if society is to continue to have any reputable meaning and any real sway it will be by a process of excision as well as of addition. New blood is all very well in its way, but had blood will counteract and contaminate it. It is all very well to relax the money test and to make manners the *sine qua non* of admission, but the had manners already in society must either be corrected or those who display them must be weeded out. Let there be no extravagance in the text from which he preaches, and he does not mean so much the extravagance of expenditure, had as that is, as the extravagance of display. There must be no more ridiculous entertainments, no more monkey dinners and idiocies of that variety. Originality, he would have it remembered, is commendable but perilous. The line between originality and sheer naked vulgarity is of the thinnest. Genuine hospitality can never become vulgar because unselfishness lies at the heart of it.

And so good behavior is the one essential inculcated in the gospel according to Mr. Martin. It sounds easy to be well behaved, but actually it is one of the hardest things upon earth unless it originate in the heart rather than in the head. It is only the semblance of good behavior that can be learned; we can acquire no more than the external polish that is always so pitifully transparent unless it rest upon good feeling, an innate courtliness, a desire for self-effacement, and a detestation of prominence and conspicuousness. Wealth does not necessarily produce had manners, but it gives them opportunity. And so if we want to get into the eleven hundred that is the successor to the four hundred Mr. Martin is good enough to tell us the chief essential to success, and it is to be good-mannered, to be tactful, to have one's self perfectly in hand all the time. He warns us that "if you feel seedy you must not act seedy"; still less, presumably, must you talk seedy, nor insist upon describing your favorite ailments to your friends, nor indeed talk about yourself at all if it can possibly be avoided. Real breeding is shown by a skill in persuading other people to talk at their best, for while it is possible to shine and even to fascinate as a talker, the art of listening, if it can only be acquired, pays far greater dividends.

The New York lingerie stores are doing their best to supply an outfit of undergarments consonant with a fashion that demands a figure so slight as to make superfluities impossible. It is a matter somewhat difficult to handle without embarrassment and it can be only the strongest sense of public duty that persuades the New York *World* to venture holdly into these uncharted seas and to speak without reservation or blushes.

It seems that only two articles of underclothing are necessary to the woman whose exterior is to be without reproach. But let the *World* speak for itself so that the Recording Angel may make no confusion in his debit account:

The combination of corset cover or brassiere and petticoat drawers makes only two articles of underclothing necessary, that and the very short, fine linen chemise worn under the corset. The combinations of corset cover and petticoat drawers are called chemilette. Ruffles on anything but the long petticoat are prohibited. Even the very thin woman wears a smooth and well-fitting chemise and brassiere, and such ruffles as she needs are sewn into her frocks or put on extra.

As much care is taken in cutting and fitting undergarments as in tailoring a coat, and not an extra crease or fold is permissible, either around the waist or above it.

The modern chemise is a wide real lace yoke to which the body of the chemise is attached. And its cost is anywhere from \$50 to \$150 or \$200. The modern nightgown sometimes has long sleeves entirely of lace and made over a small undersleeve of sheer linen, and, varying with the value of the lace used, its price is from \$75 to \$1000.

Of course garments of this kind are never washed, but are sent to the cleaner's, and the care demanded in keeping them in perfect order adds another big item to their expense.

Chemilette is a good word, although it is not in the French dictionary. We shall try to remember that it means a combination of corset cover and—the other thing that is mentioned by the *World* and that may be copyright for all we know to the contrary. A combination of this kind is a little hard to imagine, for those unused to such gear, but no doubt it's all right. After all, it is not our business to imagine, but only to record the news.

We always assume that the man who lives for a hundred years knows the exact cause of his longevity, and when he tells us that the whole secret is a cup of hot water before breakfast or an avoidance of tobacco, or keeping the Sabbath, we assume that he knows exactly what he is talking about and determine to go and do likewise. Of course the venerable centenarian knows no more of

the reasons of his longevity than why he has red hair or a Roman nose, but we never fail in our respectful attention to what he says.

The same holds good of beauty recipes. The beautiful woman always attributes her good fortune to her own discrimination and good sense and never to the act of God, as the insurance policies say. She has used Smith's face lotion, or Robinson's hair wash; she goes to bed at nine o'clock or rises at six; she never drank coffee, or she never told a lie. Her beauty is never due to the law of averages or the perplexities of heredity. As soon as a woman is acknowledged as a beauty we confidently assume that she can tell us exactly how she did it and she usually makes a confident attempt to do so.

Of course there are exceptions. The beauty contest craze has invaded England and a queen of all feminine graces has been selected in the usual way. But she does not know how she did it and she seems sadly perplexed about the whole business. In reply to the inevitable and pathetic inquiries for her "secret" she says: "I was born in Yorkshire, and have lived in Lancashire and Scotland. I have never worried a bit about making myself look pretty. Mother is prettier than I am. We use any nice soap that is handy, and we never use anything for our faces. I like tea, coffee, and cocoa, and sometimes drink a little claret. I eat lobster and cucumber."

There is not much satisfaction here for any one but mother and the grocer. This young lady seems to have selected all the pet subjects of denunciation, from coffee to cucumbers, and to have had a gay time with all of them. Would it not be safe to assume that this most beautiful beauty owes something at least of her good looks to her indifference and to her modesty? There is only one way in which we can improve upon nature's endowment and that is by a cultivation of kindly thoughts about others to the exclusion of thoughts about ourselves. Beauty would not be so rare as it is if women would but give this formula a fair trial. But they won't.

There is a well-known medical specialist who ought to be put upon his tailor's free list for the rest of his life. He says that there is no such tonic for worn nerves as a new suit of clothes:

"The mere fact of being smartly dressed is a strong mental stimulant, and the man who is shabby and knows it is often less capable than his well dressed mental inferior."

"To the average man shabby or ill fitting clothes are a source of constant worry, which frets away his energy and takes the keener edge off his wits."

"I most strongly condemn the practice of providing lunatics in public asylums with ill-fitting old clothes, for the mentally afflicted when recovering his or her reason can not but be worried and upset at having to wear what are very often grotesque costumes."

"The general impression is, I think, a true one—that the man in a disgraceful hat, baggy kneed trousers and a shocking coat who can appear quite self-possessed among a number of smartly dressed people is either a millionaire or a man of extraordinary brain power."

"Few men can get along successfully in life without the moral support of smart clothing."

But think of the cost of it. The usual prescription is not nearly so expensive, but then of course the new suit will be harmless.

Mme. Jacques, if our memory may be relied upon, is a native of San Francisco, although now living in New York, and we will not willingly see her "turned down" by the war office as though she were a mere nobody. Mme. Jacques has invented a corset for the special benefit of army officers who have so far enjoyed the good things of this life that practice rides have become a weariness to the flesh, both their own and that of their horses. The surgeon-general will have nothing to do with these corsets and Mme. Jacques is therefore interviewing all the prominent officers of the War Department that she can get hold of. She is determined to benefit the military forces of her country, and if they are unwilling to be benefited then it must be done against their wish.

Mme. Jacques is going the wrong way to work. It is not publicity that she needs, but secrecy. Very few officers would like to receive official orders from the war office to wear a corset, but there may be a good many who would like to avail themselves of that resource of civilization if they could do so unostentatiously and with the knowledge of no one but their Maker—and Mme. Jacques. This is a case for diplomacy and not for the high hand of officialism.

Now that the season for sea bathing is close at hand it may be as well to glance at our frivolous friends in France and see to what extent they will rise to the occasion. First of all, the term "bathing gowns" must be discarded as belonging to an old and barbarous age. The correct expression is now "wave frocks."

And there must be quite a number of them. No self-respecting woman will now think of showing herself at a watering place without an adequate supply of costumes for bathing. She might accidentally get wet and then where would she be? And so there must be a "seven-o'clock gown," a "midday" gown, a "beach" gown, and a "padding" gown. And there must be caps and hats, shoes, and stockings to match each one of them. The "seven-

o'clock" gown, as its name implies, is for the early morning, and is made of bright red serge trimmed with hands of white silk spotted with red. The "midday" frock is much more elaborate. The edge of the short skirt and square-cut bodice is to be hand embroidered in white and mauve water lilies and this is probably the closest introduction to water that it will ever get. With this goes a mauve waistband, mauve shoes and stockings, and a frilled granny cap in sea-green silk, tied with mauve ribbons. The "beach" gown is a fleecy wool garment made in semi-Princesse style to slip over the bathing gown

for a couple of hours' sun-bath. The "deep sea" gown is of simple design made of scarlet or blue jersey, and is intended for the small minority of "bathers" who do not mind getting damp. A pretty little "padding" dress is built of gray Sicilian, with a short kilted skirt, a full bodice, turn-down muslin collar and cuffs, a smart scarlet tie, belt, and cap. Accordion-pleated "wave frocks" will also be great favorites.

Of course, great pains should be taken not to wet any of these creations. They are intended for "bathing" in and should not be put to other uses.

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WEEK DAY	SUN- DAY	WEEK DAY	SUN- DAY	WEEK DAY	SUN- DAY
9:45 A.	7:15 A.	1:40 P.	10:40 A.	7:25 A.	9:28 A.
8:15 A.	2:40 P.	12:16 P.	1:40 P.	11:10 A.	1:40 P.
1:45 P.	9:15 A.	4:45 P.	1:40 P.	4:14 P.	12:16 P.
SATUR- DAY	9:45 A.	2:45 P.	4:40 P.	SATUR- DAY	1:40 P.
11:15 A.	12:45 A.	5:45 P.	4:40 P.	ONLY	3:10 P.
Tamal- pais only	1:45 P.	Tamal- pais only	5:45 P.	ONLY	4:40 P.
14:45 P.	3:45 P.	14:45 P.	5:45 P.	ONLY	6:40 P.
	14:45 P.		14:45 P.	ONLY	8:15 P.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A new story told of F. Marion Crawford in a London paper is that he was seated at a dinner next to a loquacious lady who talked with him of the immortality of the works of certain authors no longer among the living. Said the lady to the novelist: "Have you ever written anything that will live after you have gone?" "Madam," Mr. Crawford replied, "what I am trying to do is to write something that will enable me to lie while I am here."

The judge listened intently to the man's story. The man was the plaintiff, and had charged his wife with cruel and abusive treatment. He was a small man, and his wife—well, it was at least evident that the charge rested on a basis of possibility. After the plaintiff had finished his testimony the judge decided to ask a question. "Mr. Frouhle," said he, "where did you meet your wife, who has treated you this way?" "Well, judge," returned the man, somewhat meekly, "you see it's this way. I never did meet her. She just kind of overtook me."

There can not be much satisfaction in "goin' around and lickin' the editor" when the latter not only makes copy out of the encounter but pictures himself as the hero as well. The following vivid pen-picture is taken from the editorial columns of an Iowa journal: "There was a blow. Somebody fell. We got up. Turning upon our antagonist, we succeeded in winding his arms around our waist, and by a quick manœuvre threw him on top of us, bringing our back, at the same time, in contact with the solid bed of the printing-press. Then, inserting our nose between his teeth and cleverly entangling his hands in our hair, we had him!"

Not long ago there entered the office of the superintendent of a trolley line in Detroit an angry citizen, demanding "justice" in no uncertain terms. In response to the official's gentle inquiry touching the cause of the demand, the angry citizen explained that on the day previous as his wife was boarding one of the company's cars the conductor thereof had stepped on his spouse's dress, tearing from it more than a yard of material. "I can't see that we are to blame for that," protested the superintendent. "What do you expect us to do, get her a new dress?" "Nor, sir, I do not," rejoined the angry citizen, brandishing a piece of cloth. "What I propose is that you people shall match this material."

A prominent citizen of Washington was traveling over a line of railway with which he was unfamiliar. At a certain point the road passes a fertilizer factory, the odor from which is offensive. It is particularly disagreeable to a lady who is compelled to make the journey daily. As a protection from the obnoxious atmosphere she is accustomed to carry a bottle of lavender salts. As the train approaches the factory she produced the vial as usual, unstopped it and applied it to her nostrils. Presently the odors from the factory began to permeate the car. The Washington man endured it as long as he felt that he could. At last he rose to his feet, and approaching the lady, said in his most polite manner: "Madam, may I request you to replace the stopper in that bottle?"

The ship upon clearing the harbor ran into a half-pitching, half-rolling sea, that became particularly noticeable about the time the twenty-five passengers at the captain's table sat down to dinner. "I hope that all twenty-five of you will have a pleasant trip," the captain told them as the soup appeared, "and that this little assemblage of twenty-four will reach port much benefited by the voyage. I look upon these twenty-two smiling faces much as a father does upon his family, for I am responsible for the safety of this group of seventeen. I hope that all thirteen of you will join me later in drinking to a merry trip. I believe that we seven fellow-passengers are most congenial and I applaud the judgment which chose from the passenger list these three persons for my table. You and I, my dear sir, are—Here, steward! Bring on the fish and clear away these dishes."

A doctor, now eminent, was at one time serving as interne in one of the Philadelphia hospitals, as well as holding his own with a coterie of rather gay friends. On a certain morning, the physician awoke to find that he had sadly overslept. Sleepily donning his attire, he hastened to the hospital and soon a stalwart young Irishman claimed his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn, and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all." "The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling beside the cot and laying his head on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing his eyes and listening attentively for sounds of pulmonary congestion. A moment of silence. "What will I be sayin', doctor," finally asked the

patient. "Oh, say anything; count one, two, three and up, that way," murmured the physician, drowsily. "Wan, two, three, fure, five, six." When the young doctor, with a start, opened his eyes, Pat was continuing weakly, "tin hundred and sixty-nine, tin hundred and sivinty, tin hundred an' sivinty-wan."

Little Johnnie, aged six, had been to church and had displayed more than usual interest in the sermon, in which the origin of Eve had been dwelt on at some length. On his return from the services, there heing company to dinner, he had also displayed a good deal of interest in the eatables, especially the mince pie and cakes. Some time afterward, being missed, he was found sitting quietly in a corner with his hands pressed tightly over his ribs and an expression of awful anxiety on his face. "Why, what on earth is the matter?" asked his mother in alarm. "Mamma, I'm afraid I'm going to have a wife."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Spring Fever.

Jumpin' ginger! can't jes' say
What's a-ailin' me ter-day;
Feel like cussin', "Durn th' school!"
Jes' ez balky ez er mule.

"Lazy ez er loot," sez pa,
"Biliious; needs er dose," sez ma.
Nuthin' seems ter go jes' right;
Mean ernough ter pick er fight.

"Hey, what's doin', Bobby Green?
Looks yer feared o' bein' seen.
Goin' a-fishin' in th' brook?
Where'd you hide yer slate an' book?"

"Golly, bet they're bitin' fine!
Got ernother hook an' line?
Gee, you have, an' squirmers, too!
Jes' you wait; I'll go with you.

"'Taint no use ter allus slave;
Might ez well be in yer grave.
Teacher sez ter seek life's joys.
Gosh, but how she'll flay us boys!"

"My, but I'm a-feelin' gay!
Never saw er finer day.
Durn sight nicer by this pool
Than a-sweatin' there in school!"

—Judge.

Pass It On.

THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT:
Such rawness in a student is a shame.
But lack of preparation is to blame.

THE HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL:
Good heavens! what crudity! The boy's a fool.
The fault, of course, is with the grammar school.

THE GRAMMAR PRINCIPAL:
Would that from such a dunce I might be spared!
They send them up to me so unprepared.

THE PRIMARY PRINCIPAL:
Poor Kindergarten hockhead! And they call
That "preparation"! Worse than none at all.

THE KINDERGARTEN TEACHER:
Never such a lack of training did I see.
What sort of person can the mother be?

THE MOTHER:
You stupid child! But then, you're not to blame;
Your father's family are all the same.

THE PHILOSOPHER:
Shall father in his folks' defense be heard?
No! Let the mother have the final word.

—Puck.

Overheard at Hampton Roads on December 16 last: "When my fleet shall have passed from my Atlantic Ocean to my Pacific Ocean, and when it shall have returned from my Pacific Ocean to my Atlantic Ocean it will have crossed my equator four times."

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Every one's thoughts are turning to the country nowadays and the air is filled with plans for the summer season either here, in the East, or abroad. There has been but little of social note within the past few days, but the return of several of the warships in the near future will bring a fresh season of gaiety.

When the fleet came in and official festivities filled every hour, there was but little time for private entertainment of the officers by their friends, but now that state functions are finished, there will be affairs galore of an informal nature and teas aboard ship will be a daily occurrence, thus giving more opportunity for genuine enjoyment.

The engagement is announced of Miss Anna Foster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster of San Rafael, to Dr. Lawrence Draper of San Francisco. No date is announced for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Sue Nicol, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Nicol of Stockton, to Mr. Robert Hayes Smith of this city. Their wedding will take place on June 24 in Stockton.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Irwin Spalding of Honolulu have announced the engagement of their daughter Edith to Lieutenant Manuel M. Yarett, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A. The marriage will take place in August at St. Andrew's Cathedral, Honolulu.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Beatrice Fife, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Fife, to Dr. Edmund Shortlidge, U. S. A., will take place on Wednesday, June 17, at St. Paul's Church.

Miss Helen Baker will be the hostess at an informal dance at the summer home of the Bakers in Sausalito on Tuesday evening, June 2.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard entertained at an informal luncheon on Sunday last at the Burlingame Club.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin was the hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday last at her home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was the hostess at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week at her home on Broadway in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon. The other guests present were Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Miss Florence Breckinridge, Miss Genevieve Harvey, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. Frank King, and Dr. Harry L. Tevis.

Mr. Robert M. Eyre entertained at a box party on Wednesday evening of last week, at which his guests were Mrs. C. O. Alexander, Miss Edith Simpson, Miss Lucie King, Mr. Benjamin Lathrop, and Mr. Roy Pike.

Monday, May 25, being the anniversary of the birth of the Prince of Wales, the loyal Britons who are in San Francisco gathered around the banquet board in the Red Room of the Fairmont to celebrate it in a fitting manner. There were about seventy-five guests present, including most of the Englishmen prominent in the life of the city.

Mrs. Thomas G. Ashburn of the Presidio entertained at dinner before the "hop" in honor of the Misses Morrison of San Jose.

The stay of the actor, Mr. John Drew, and his leading lady, Miss Billie Burke, at the Fairmont was full of social gaiety. Many dinners of a more or less informal nature were given to them.

The luncheon of the Papyrus Club in the Red Room of the St. Francis Thursday afternoon was attended by about thirty ladies. The decorations were simple but very pretty.

Dr. J. W. Shields entertained a party of eight at dinner in the Green Room of the St. Francis on Friday evening.

Mrs. C. S. Sperry, wife of Rear-Admiral Sperry, gave a luncheon on Saturday to a number of ladies at The Peninsula in San Mateo. Mrs. Sperry will remain at The Peninsula until the return of the fleet from Seattle.

Mr. J. E. Green was the host at a dinner given to a number of gentlemen in the Red Room of the St. Francis last Saturday evening.

Mr. E. de Saba and family were luncheon guests at The Peninsula on Saturday.

About twenty-five ladies and gentlemen attended the banquet given by the Amour Club in the Green Room of the St. Francis last Monday evening.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon and Miss Florence Breckinridge, who have been at the Fairmont since their return from Europe, will move to their new home at Menlo Park about June 15.

Miss Alice Griffith will leave next week for the East, where she will spend the summer months.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Miss Marg-

aret Newhall, Miss Marion Newhall, and Miss Elizabeth Newhall will go a little later to the Yosemite Valley and then to Tahoe for a stay of some weeks.

Mrs. William H. Crocker and her family will arrive from New York about the middle of June and will go to their country place at Burlingame for the summer.

Mrs. William S. Tevis and her sons are at their country place at Lake Tahoe, but Mrs. Tevis will return to town in a week for a brief stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Josselyn, Miss Mary Josselyn, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, and Miss Myra Josselyn will go abroad in August to remain for some months.

Mrs. William B. Bourn and Miss Maude Bourn returned to their summer home in Grass Valley on Tuesday last, after a stay of a few days in town.

Miss Dillon, Miss Edith Chesebrough, and Miss Helen Chesebrough have been the guests of Mrs. J. Athearn Folger at Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin are spending a fortnight at Paso Robles.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson have been among the recent arrivals at Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, who have been staying at Del Monte, have returned to their Burlingame home.

Miss Cora Jane Flood has returned from an Eastern visit and is the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. James Flood, at their country home at Menlo Park.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale and Miss Bertha Sidney Smith will leave within the next fortnight for Europe, where they will join Miss Helen Sidney Smith, who has been abroad for several months past.

Mrs. William Bourn, Sr., Mrs. James Ellis Tucker, Mrs. Alston Hayne, and Miss Ida Bourn have closed their home on Broadway and are at their country place at St. Helena for the summer.

Mrs. Louis Parrott has arrived in Washington, D. C., and is the guest of Mrs. Henley Smith until June 1, when they will both go abroad for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hammond (formerly Miss Mary Langhorne), who have been in Switzerland during the winter and spring, went recently to Paris and will leave there en automobile for a tour of the Black Forest.

Mr. Richard Tobin sailed on the *Lusitania* on Wednesday last for England.

Mr. and Mrs. Lansing Kellogg have been motoring through Northern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker, who have spent the winter in Los Angeles, will be at their Burlingame home for the summer months.

Miss Julia Langhorne and Miss Mary Keeney spent the week-end at Menlo Park as the guests of Miss Florence Hopkins.

Miss Laura Hamilton and Miss Alexandra Hamilton will leave shortly for New York and will sail from there for England, where they will visit relatives for the summer, going in the autumn to the Continent, where they will remain during the winter.

Mrs. Wenban, Mrs. William Shaw, Mrs. Dean-Magee, and Miss Ethel Magee have taken a cottage at Burlingame for the summer months and will go down very shortly.

Miss Linda Cadwalader went last week to San Mateo to visit Mrs. R. P. Schwerin.

Miss Florence Dunham has been visiting in Sacramento as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Simmons.

Mrs. Edwin W. Newhall will leave next week for the East and will remain away for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Schmiedell and their family will spend the summer months as is their custom, at their country place at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre are in Paris for the month of June.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson was the guest of friends in Colusa last week.

Mrs. J. F. Houghton and Miss Houghton will go on June 1 to the Hotel Vendome, San Jose, where they will spend the summer months.

Judge and Mrs. Ralph Harrison have returned from a stay at Santa Barbara.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge will spend the summer months in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Damrosch were the guests during their visit here of Mrs. Casserly and Miss Margaret Casserly at the home of the latter on Buchanan Street.

Mrs. James W. Sperry and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Carrigan are at the Sperry country place in Sausalito for the summer months.

Miss Helen Wheeler will leave next month for her country place in Mendocino County, where she will spend several months.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl will spend the summer at their country place at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Montgomery Currey and Miss Edith Currey were in town last week from their home at Dixon, and were the guests of Mr.

Samuel Buckbee at his home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt Allen have returned to their home in San Anselmo, after spending the winter months at the Fairmont.

Mrs. George B. Sperry went up last week to her country place at Alta for a brief stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin are in San Rafael for the summer months.

Mrs. A. L. Tubbs is spending a few weeks as the guest of Captain and Mrs. Joseph L. Oyster at Palo Alto.

Mrs. Mary P. Huntington and Miss Marian Huntington will leave shortly for Europe, where they will spend the summer motoring.

Miss E. T. Bull was a guest at The Peninsula for the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Haebler, who have been at the Fairmont for some time, registering from Germany, have gone for a few days' visit to the Yosemite Valley. They will be at the Fairmont on their return to the city.

President David Starr Jordan, Mrs. Jordan, and their son Knight were guests of the St. Francis during the past week.

The Misses Morrison of San Jose, who have been at the Fairmont for the past fortnight, have returned to their home.

Mr. Scribner, head of the great publishing house of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, has been a guest at the Fairmont while in San Francisco.

Colonel Frank H. Ray of New York is at the St. Francis with Mrs. Ray and Miss Etta Boyd.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Peltier of Sacramento were guests at the Fairmont for a few days on their return from Pasadena.

Mrs. Edward T. Houghton of San Francisco and Mrs. Henry A. Butters and the Misses Butters of Oakland have engaged cottages at Etna Springs for the summer.

Mr. David R. McQuinnand, Mr. James H. Barnes, Mr. Kenneth Macintosh, Mr. W. H. Jewett, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. McEwan and family, all of Seattle, and Mr. J. C. Stone of Portland are at the Fairmont.

Among the guests at the Fairmont recently were Mr. Edwin Gould and Mr. William H. Taylor of New York. Mr. Gould is the president of the Southwestern Railroad.

Among recent arrivals at the Grand Central Hotel were General T. McGregor, Benicia, Cal.; Captain J. A. Hutton, U. S. A.; Commander W. S. Hogg, U. S. N., and Mr. A. S. Tozier, chief engineer of the Ocean Shore Railway.

Among the recent guests at the Fairmont were Mr. W. W. Middlecoff, Mr. George H. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Bryan and Miss Bryan, Mr. E. R. Baldwin, Mr. J. A. Maxfield, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Benedict, of Los Angeles, and Mr. James W. Weill of Pasadena.

The following arrivals are registered at the Hotel Victoria: Mr. John Markley, Yuba City; Mr. W. H. Weeks, Watsonville; Mr. George C. Sellar, Sacramento; Mr. R. S. Sumner, Denver, Colo.; Mr. Will C. Topping, San Diego; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Magill, Sacramento; Miss N. Tully, San Jose; Mr. J. L. Spellman, Portland, Oregon.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Normandie were Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Prichard and child, Mexico; Mr. and Mrs. Sig Sor-nenberg, Mrs. Archambeau and Miss Archambeau, Portland, Oregon; Mr. and Mrs. D. Steiner, Mr. M. A. Katz, Shanghai, China; Mrs. H. F. Jurs and child, Denver; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Lamareaux, Isabella, Tenn.; Mr. B. P. Scudder, Mr. Harold Jones, U. S. N.

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tiful SANTA CLARA VALLEY. Must be seen to
be appreciated. For further information the
owner refers, by permission, to the editor of
the Argonaut, San Francisco, Cal.

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army
and navy people who are or have been
stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U.
S. A., commander of the Department of Cali-
fornia, left on Sunday last for a ten days' trip
through Washington and Idaho for an un-
official inspection.

Major Lloyd M. Brett, First Cavalry, U. S.
A., having arrived here and reported at Army
Headquarters, Department of California, is
assigned to temporary duty with station in
this city, pending the departure of the first
available transport on which he may secure
transportation, when he will stand relieved
and will sail for the Philippines.

Lieutenant-Commander M. L. Bristol, U.
S. N., is detached from duty on the *Connecti-*
cut and ordered home to wait orders.

Lieutenant-Commander M. Johnston, U. S.
N., is detached from duty in command of the
Albatross and ordered to report to the com-
mander of the Third Squadron, U. S. Pacific
Fleet, for such duty as he may assign.

Lieutenant-Commander C. M. McCormick,
U. S. N., is detached from duty at the Naval
Station, Cavite, P. I., and ordered to com-
mand the *Albatross*.

Captain H. McCrear, U. S. N., is detached
from the command of the *Georgia* and or-
dered home.

Captain E. F. Qualtrough, U. S. N., is de-
tached from duty at the Navy Yard, Wash-
ington, D. C., and ordered to command the
Georgia.

Captain Frederick E. Johnston, paymaster,
U. S. A., is ordered relieved from duty in the
Philippines, to take effect at such time as will
enable him to sail for San Francisco from
Manila, as soon as possible after his relief as
paymaster by Captain Harold Hammond, U.
S. A., who will sail for Manila on July 5.
On his arrival in this city Captain Johnston
will report to the adjutant-general of the army
for orders.

Captain Henry T. Ferguson, commissary,
U. S. A., is detailed as commissary at man-
euver camps at Nacimiento Ranch, Cali-
fornia, and American Lake, Washington, and
will report by letter without delay to the com-
manding general of the departments in which
the camps are located.

Captain Frederic H. Sargent, commissary,
Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., Fort McDowell,
has been granted fifteen days' leave of ab-
sence, which took effect on May 23.

Captain Evan M. Johnson, Jr., Eighth In-
fantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, has
been granted leave of absence for four
months, to take effect on completion of his
examination for promotion.

Captain Traber Norman, Eighth Infantry,
U. S. A., Fort McDowell, has been granted
leave of absence for four months.

Captain William M. Parker, Twenty-
Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., is ordered to re-
port in person to Brigadier-General Frederick
Funston, U. S. A., president of an army retir-
ing board at San Francisco, for examination
by that board at such time as may be desig-
nated.

Captain C. C. Carpenter, U. S. M. C., is
detached from the *Connecticut* and ordered to
the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Boston,
Massachusetts.

Lieutenant Martin K. Metcalf, U. S. N., is
detached from the *California* and ordered to
command the *Farragut*.

Lieutenant Wallace Bertholf, U. S. N., is
detached from duty with the torpedo boats
and destroyers in reserve at Mare Island and
ordered to the *California*.

Lieutenant R. C. Davis, U. S. N., is de-
tached from duty in connection with the
First Submarine Flotilla, in command of the
Grampus, and ordered to the U. S. Naval
Hospital, Mare Island, for treatment.

Lieutenant S. C. Rowan, U. S. N., is or-
dered to duty as aide on the staff of the
commander, Second Division, First Squadron,
U. S. Atlantic fleet.

Lieutenant William Walter Erwin, Ninth
Cavalry, U. S. A., having reported at head-
quarters, Department of California, is as-
signed to temporary duty there with station in
this city until the departure of the transport
sailing on June 5, when he will stand relieved
from such duty and proceed to Manila.

Second Lieutenant Charles S. Tarlton, First
Infantry, U. S. A., is ordered to report in
person to Brigadier-General Frederick Fun-
ston, U. S. A., president of an army retiring
board at San Francisco, at such time as may
be designated for examination by that board.

Lieutenant Albert Lee Sneed, Twenty-Fifth
Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant Homer Havron
Slaughter, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A.,
Lieutenant Henry John Weeks, Twenty-Third
Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant Leonard H.
Drennan, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., and
Lieutenant Thomas Clement Lonergan, Eigh-

teenth Infantry, U. S. A., have reported for
duty at Army Headquarters and are assigned
to duty with station in this city pending the
departure of the transport sailing from this
port on June 5.

Lieutenant Charles F. Herr, Twenty-Second
Infantry, U. S. A., is granted leave of absence
for twelve days, to take effect upon his relief
from duty at Whipple Barracks, Arizona.

Lieutenant Dean Halford, Twenty-Second
Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, has
had the leave of absence for ten days granted
him extended ten days.

Lieutenant Edgar Simpson Miller, Twenty-
Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., is assigned to tem-
porary duty at Army Headquarters, Depart-
ment of California, pending the sailing of the
transport which will depart from this port on
June 5, when he will stand relieved and pro-
ceed to Manila, Philippine Islands.

Lieutenant Frederic Test, Twenty-Second
Infantry, U. S. A., Sacramento, California, is
relieved from further duty in connection with
the Progressive Military Map and will return
to his proper station.

Passed Assistant Paymaster A. S. Brown,
U. S. N., is detached from duty on the *Phila-*
delphia and ordered to the Navy Yard, Puget
Sound, as assistant to the general storekeeper.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among the arrivals from San Francisco at
the Hotel del Coronado were Mr. W. L. Bam-
bridge, Mr. W. H. Snedaker, Mr. W. G.
Wilding, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Epstein, Mr.
and Mrs. J. C. Johnstone.

A distinguished party of visitors were re-
gistered at The Peninsula, San Mateo, on
Thursday, being Mr. Stewart Edward White,
the author, Mr. and Mrs. Joel R. Fithian, and
Mr. Edward Brunson. The party were mak-
ing their way overland by automobile from
Santa Barbara to San Francisco.

Among the guests registered at the Aetna
Springs Hotel during last week were Mr. C.
B. Terrill, Miss Levenson, Mr. and Mrs. Mar-
riott, Mr. E. Levenson, Mr. C. E. Wilson, Mr.
James D. Gilbert, of San Francisco; Mr. Wil-
liam M. Hatfield, of Oakland; Mr. and Mrs.
W. P. Plummer, of Sausalito.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs
during the past week were the following:
Mr. and Mrs. Fulton G. Berry, Fresno; Mr.
Frank H. Horton, Berkeley; Mr. and Mrs.
Fred Dodd, Oakland, and from San Fran-
cisco: Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Rudgear, Mr. Thomas
F. Butler, Mr. Alfred G. Platt, Mr. and Mrs.
Fred L. Hilmer, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Reiser,
Mr. S. H. Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. Jules Cler-
fay, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Bellew, Mr. William
J. Carpenter, U. S. A.

Among the guests from San Francisco
registered at the Hotel Rafael during the week
were Mr. and Mrs. S. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs.
Cooper, Mr. J. C. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. L. Kel-
logg, Mr. E. E. Wheeler, Mr. William Bosley,
Mr. G. D. Corey, Mr. F. King, Mr. H. Baker,
Mrs. F. H. Buck and party, Mr. and Mrs.
Newman, Mrs. and Miss A. Satter, Mrs. and
Miss Sussman, Mr. and Mrs. Crane, Mrs. J.
H. Cutter, Mrs. L. Hansberger, Mr. and Mrs.
Weil, Mr. William Forbes, Miss M. Howard.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Del Monte
from San Francisco were Mr. and Mrs. Cuy-
ler Lee, Mrs. W. R. Jones, Mrs. Alexander
McCrackin, Mr. and Mrs. George Almer New-
hall, Miss Margaret Newhall, Mr. Athole Mc-
Bean, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Moore, Dr. and Mrs.
J. W. Likens, Mr. Robert Bruce, Miss Bruce,
Miss Mary L. Bruce, Mrs. Clinton Macon, Mr.
and Mrs. C. B. Sanders, Miss Lotta Woods,
Mr. James Gorden, Mr. and Mrs. Horatio P.
Livermore, Mr. S. B. Bogart, Mme. Blanche,
Mr. T. L. Bell, Mr. W. J. Miller, Mr. and
Mrs. George S. Fish, Dr. and Mrs. S. J. Gor-
don, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Miss Elena
Robinson, Miss Herrin, Mr. A. Z. Nowell,
Mr. A. P. Robinson, Mr. Edward E. Potter,
Miss Turner, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Clark.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Customer—Have you an oil painting of John D. Rockefeller? *Clerk*—No, ma'am; no one has. He has never been done in oil.—*Leslie's Weekly*.

"I should never have thought that studying would have cost so much money." "Yes, father; and if you only knew how little I have studied."—*Judge*.

"And when," said Mrs. Nuvoreesh, "those French pheasants came by singing the Mayonnaise, it was too deeply touching for words."—*Success Magazine*.

"Do you ever meet Dr. Rybold?" "Often. He and I—er—are thrown together a good deal. We travel on the same suburban trolley line."—*Chicago Tribune*.

The Caddy (as the colonel misses the ball for the sixth time)—Go on, mister. Say it. Don't mind me. I've been in the business for three years now.—*The Sketch*.

Mrs. Hoyle—I've found out where my husband spends his evenings. *Mrs. Doyle*—Where? *Mrs. Hoyle*—At home. You see, I had to stay in myself last night.—*Horper's Weekly*.

Irate Passenger (as train is moving off)—Why didn't you put my luggage in as I told you? *Porter*—Eh, man, yer luggage is no sic a silly as yerself. Ye're i' the wrang train.—*Tit-Bits*.

Affable Borber—You're very bald on top, sir. *Self-Conscious Customer (much annoyed)*—What if I am? You needn't talk so much. 'Ow about that squint of yours?—*London Totler*.

Old Lady (to conductor)—Would it be dangerous, conductor, if I was to put my foot on the rail? *Conductor*—No, mum, not unless you was to put the other one on the overhead wire.—*Punch*.

Woman—Now that I have fed you, are you going without doing your work? *Tramp*—Oi couldn't wurruk on an impty stomach, mum; an' Oi nivir wurruk on er full one. So there yez be!—*Smart Set*.

An Unfortunate Misunderstanding—"I had to leave my last situation because the missus said they were going to lead the sinful life, and they wouldn't want any servants about the place."—*Punch*.

Mr. Chicago—I saw your daughter Marie last evening, and she looked quite pale and fagged out. Is she delicate? *Mrs. Pittsburg*—No, indeed! There is not a girl in society as indelicate as Marie.—*Judge*.

Little Morgie (after watching her small brother devouring several large sections of chocolate cake)—Mamma, isn't it funny how much larger Jimmy really is than he appears to be from the outside?—*Judge*.

"Can you be trusted with a secret?" he asked. The woman drew herself up proudly. "You have known me for ten years, haven't you?" she replied. "Yes." "Do you know how old I am?"—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Smith—What's that piece of cord tied around your finger for? *Jones*—My wife put it there to remind me to mail her letter. *Smith*—And did you mail it? *Jones*—No. She forgot to give it to me.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Teacher (in geography)—There are so many people in China that every time you breathe some one dies. (To small boy puffing vigorously)—Harry, what are you doing? *Horry*—I'm killing Cbinamen.—*New York Sun*.

"If ye please, mum," said the ancient hero, in an appealing voice, as he stood at the back door of the cottage on Monday, "I've lost my leg." "Well, I aint got it," snapped the woman fiercely, as the door closed with a bang.—*Victoria Eagle*.

"See the Funny Young Man! What is he Wearing?" "That is a Monocle, my Child." "And why does he wear only One Glass?" "Gee, but you have a mean Disposition! Wouldn't you leave him one Eye to See with?"—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Yes," said the old man, "my daughter is still studying French. "But she can't speak the language at all, can she?" remarked the friend. "She couldn't at first, but now she can speak it just enough to make herself unintelligible."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"In your paper this morning, sir, you called me a 'bum actor.' I want an explanation." "I shall be happy to explain. That word 'actor' was inserted by the proofreader, who thought I had omitted it accidentally. I shall take care that it doesn't happen again."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Never mind, dear," he said, reassuringly, as she raised her sweet face from his shoulder, and they both saw the white blur on his coat; "it will all brush off." "Oh, Charlie," she burst out, sobbing, hiding her face again upon his whitey shoulder; "how do you know?"—*Somerville Journal*.

"Tbiss, then, Miss Jones," said the young man as he started for the door, "is your final decision?" "It is, Mr. Wick," said the young girl firmly. "Then," he replied, his voice betraying an unnatural calmness, "there is but

one more thing to add." "What is that?" she asked, toying absently with the lobe of her shell-like ear. "It is this," he muttered; "shall I return those black satin suspenders by parcels' post, or will you have them now?"—*Life*.

They were on their honeymoon and were climbing the Schnupfelgapienspitzen peak, and she stood above him some twenty feet. "What ho!" he gasped. "What do you see?" "Far, far below," she cried, "I see a long white streak, stretching like a paper ribbon back almost to our hotel!" "Ha, ha!" he ejaculated. "I'll bet it's that blessed hotel bill overtaking us!" And they proceeded onward and upward.—*New Haven Register*.

Rules for Newspaper Writers.

When the situation clamors for a pardonable lie, Please begin your observation with "As No One Will Deny."

With a modest little, bashful little effort to deceive, Kindly use the introduction, "We Have Reason to Believe."

When the information's doubtful, be no whit dismayed thereat, Finding refuge in the sentence, "'Tis an Open Secret That —."

You may search the very marrow of your controversial foes

With that phrase of cold disparagement, "As Every Schoolboy Knows."

And a fraud will seem as pious as a missionary tract

With the prefatory label, "It Is an Undoubted Fact."

So, by paying close attention to a few such rules as these

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Friesland ... May 30 Westernland ... June 13
Haverford ... June 6 Merion ... June 20

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Oceanic ... June 6 Adriatic ... June 17

BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
Republic ... June 3 Cymric ... June 20

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Cretic ... June 20, Aug. 1
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Boston—Azores—Mediterranean
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Harris, sentenced to State Prison at Folsom
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glary in the second degree, has applied for
a parole and his application is now on file.
May 11, 1908.

NOTICE!

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Swan Mines Co., Ltd., will be held at office of
company, 99 Folsom St., San Francisco, Cal., on
Tuesday, June 2, 1908, at 10 a. m., for the pur-
pose of electing directors, and the transacting of
such other business as may come before the meet-
ing. Stock transfer books will be closed May 30,
1908, at 10 a. m., and remain closed till 10 a. m.
of day after said annual meeting is held.
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H. T. KINCAID, Secy.

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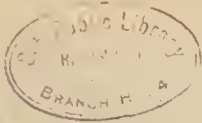
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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Vice-Presidency.

The outcome of the Chicago convention is now all but an assurance. The candidacy of Mr. Taft has attained a development where it moves forward by its own powers and gathers strength with each day. The tendency in politics, as in other things, is for all elements to move up towards a winner. Mr. Taft is apparently a winner and the politicians large and small are scrambling into the band wagon. Nothing of course dependent upon future action is positively assured; in the immediate instance the "favorite sons" are still holding up their heads, but there is little hope and nothing like real expectation anywhere outside the Taft camp.

In this situation interest naturally turns upon the vice-presidency. The custom has been when a Western man has been nominated for the presidency to bestow the vice-presidency upon New York, for two motives—first, the political uncertainty of that State and the desire to conciliate sentiment there, second to get a man competent by his associations and affiliations to "induce" money for campaign purposes. The first of these motives is intensely alive this year. If it were possible to put Governor Hughes on the ticket it would unquestionably be done, in spite of the fact that Mr. Roosevelt doesn't like the governor. It is thoroughly appreciated that Hughes's name would be a

tower of strength not alone in New York, but the country over. Every candidate, from Taft to Uncle Joe Cannon, has figured upon the possibility of bringing in Hughes as the second name on the ticket, and talk to that end was silenced only by the positive declaration two weeks ago by Mr. Hughes himself that he would not accept the vice-presidential nomination if it were tendered him and would not serve if he were elected. And even in the face of this unconditional refusal, there are still suggestions in many quarters that Mr. Hughes be "made" to take the nomination.

Perhaps the most likely of vice-presidential figures today is Mr. Fairbanks. The one practical point of objection to him appears to be that of geography, since he hails from a State adjoining Taft's own State of Ohio. This would be giving both nominations to the same section of the country, a matter which to many politicians seems objectionable, although nobody has taken the pains to explain precisely why. The real objection is that the Taft people don't like Fairbanks, partly because he has been a rival candidate and partly—well, just because. But Mr. Fairbanks, regarded as a vice-presidential candidate, has many points of real strength. In spite of the newspaper jokers he is a fine and capable man, and it is universally conceded that he has made an exceptional presiding officer for the Senate. He hails from a State none too certainly Republican and he is not without friendships where friendships for the ticket may be needed. And, as somebody has put it, his "selection would offer some variation from the unalloyed Rooseveltism of the rest of the party programme." It has been pointed out that the nomination of Mr. Fairbanks would break one notable precedent, namely, that no Vice-President has ever been nominated as his own successor.

The name of Secretary Cortelyou figures prominently in vice-presidential speculation. Cortelyou is a citizen of New York, and with Taft as the presidential nominee New York this year will be a very uncertain State. Cortelyou has made many friends in New York since he came into the Treasury Department, and in large part among classes where friendship for the ticket is most to be desired. He is strong with the financial men of New York City, and it is said by those who ought to know that to an exceptional degree he has the friendship of the labor leaders throughout the country. The objection that a ticket made up of two Cabinet members would be carrying Rooseveltism too far is met with the declaration that Cortelyou has really been at odds with the President with respect to the radical features of the latter's programme this year and a half or more. A Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post, speaking of this phase of the matter, says:

Cortelyou has never subscribed unreservedly to "my policies." He has kept on good terms with the President and their personal relations have remained friendly, but Mr. Cortelyou is no longer called in for consultation on matters of wide importance affecting the policy of the government, or of the Roosevelt administration, as a political entity. The Secretary of the Treasury is far and away more conservative in his politics and in his views of governmental policies than is the President. The knowledge of this fact, it is said, would help the Republican ticket in the Eastern mercantile and financial centres where "Rooseveltism" is viewed with so much dread and fear.

Other names more or less discussed are those of Governor Guild of Massachusetts, Governor Fort of New Jersey, and ex-Governor Murphy of New Jersey, although no one of these names excites special interest. Governor Guild is in bad health and could not make a campaign; furthermore, Massachusetts is practically certain to choose Republican electors under any circumstance. Governor Guild's name, therefore, would add nothing to the strength of the ticket. Governor Fort, if we may believe the most trustworthy correspondents, is shy at the point of strength in his own State, which has given its official endorsement to ex-Governor Murphy. Up to date this endorsement is the only cir-

cumstance worth mentioning in Murphy's candidacy, which is hardly a possibility.

It has not been the practice of Republican politics to name the vice-presidential candidate in advance. The custom has been to reserve this nomination until all other convention contests are done with, then to bestow it where it may be presumed to do the most good. The vice-presidential nominee, therefore, is quite as likely as otherwise to be a dark horse, so very dark as to have escaped observation previous to the day when the nomination is made.

Since the above was written the telegraph brings word that Mr. John Hays Hammond, the well-known mining engineer, has decided to become a candidate for the vice-presidency. Not only from the Californian standpoint, but from many other standpoints there is much in this candidacy to be commended. Mr. Hammond is not only a very able man, but one widely and intimately acquainted with the affairs of our own country and of the world. He is a man of high character; he stands at the head of a great profession; he has judgment, public confidence, industry. As a candidate he would appeal powerfully to political elements in the East likely to be only half friendly to Mr. Taft, while in the great mining regions of the West he would be greeted by an enthusiasm practically boundless. It goes without saying that in California, where Mr. Hammond was born and where his professional reputation was first established, his nomination would be a matter of universal gratification, and that it would vastly strengthen the Taft ticket.

Stupidity is Not Reform.

Last week commercial and other organizations representing, it is said, three-fourths of the property of San Francisco and a very large proportion of water consumers, went before the San Francisco Board of Supervisors and asked for an adjustment of water rates upon a basis slightly higher than that of recent years. The purpose of this appeal was to put the water company, now in serious financial straits, in a position of sufficient financial strength to develop its system properly and to give the city what it now lacks, namely, adequate protection against fire. The appeal was also urged in the name of justice, upon the ground that those who have invested in the company which provides water for San Francisco should have a fair return upon their money. The supervisors listened to the argument, which was plain enough, and then without explanation denied the appeal. We continue to pay the old water rates; likewise we remain as before without adequate protection against fire and as before we are "cinching" the owners of the Spring Valley system. Incidentally, we are paying insurance rates high beyond all reasonable parity due to the hazards involved in inadequate water supply.

Again, application was made recently by the United Railroads for a renewal of its temporary permit to operate the side tracks on Market Street between the junction of Sutter and the Ferry with electricity. The original franchise to the Sutter Street Company, be it remembered, is for the operation of cars over these side tracks by horse power, and when the change was made to electricity shortly after the fire, temporary permission was given to run cars over these tracks by electric power instead of horse power. Under this permission, the side tracks have been made to serve not only the Sutter-Street line, but several others, to the great expedition of the service with corresponding advantage to the public. In their wisdom the supervisors determined to grant the privilege asked upon two conditions: (1) the payment of \$1000 per month rental for the privilege of using electric power; (2) concession to any other street-car company which may choose to avail itself of the privilege of the right to use the tracks though they are the private property of the Sutter-Street line. A modified proposal to eliminate the second clause of this project and to per-

mit the use of electric power under a month-by-month permit at a monthly rental of \$1000 was voted down. Therefore there is a deadlock between the street-car company and the supervisors. The car company is running horse cars up and down the Market-Street side tracks for the purpose of holding its franchise rights and by this means checking and blockading the traffic of half the city. The public which makes use of the Sutter-Street line, instead of passing by direct car to and from the Ferry, suffers the inconvenience and delay of a transfer in the midst of a thronged thoroughfare at the junction of Sutter and Market Streets. In the meantime the city gains nothing, since the car company pays no rental.

It would appear that our board of supervisors has so far mistaken its mandate as to assume to save the people of San Francisco from themselves. Apparently it is determined to bait every corporation, good or bad, which has anything to do with public service. The board is probably honest, likewise it is undoubtedly stupid. It is pursuing a technical and foolish course tending to no public advantage, but on the other hand to public injury and vexation. And, let us add, it is pursuing a course tending to make the very name of reform odious. Acts like those above set forth, illustrative of an arbitrary spirit, of unwillingness to deal fairly, and of business incapacity, will naturally help the buccaners of professional politics—the Ruefs, the Schmitzes, and the Gallaghers—to get back into power. This is precisely what will happen if the board of supervisors shall continue its ridiculous and stupid course of stifling enterprise and blockading public progress.

Some Labor Legislation.

We have had the Socialists in politics during many campaigns, and they are with us again, with Mr. Debs as their presidential candidate. We are all familiar with their basic principle, in its concrete expression, "Everything is everybody's." The revolution they propose means the subversion of existing government and its substitution by an utopia. The danger involved is so remote that it excites no apprehension. But there is a real and present danger which may well cause widespread anxiety. Organized labor, under the leadership of Mr. Gompers, is already in the field with a campaign upon principles that are so far-reaching in their destructive effects that public opinion needs to be aroused and drawn to their study.

One of the measures favored by this labor campaign is known as "the Peary bill," introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. Peary of Maryland. By way of premise it is necessary to state that the right of men to labor is by the common law a property right, held by all our courts to be subject to contract and under the protection of the law. In the same way the right to do business is a settled property right, protected by law and subject to the jurisdiction of the courts. This property right to do business is the foundation of all production. Under it the people of this country produce billions of dollars' worth of merchandise, for domestic consumption and export, which is the annual output and increase of the national wealth.

Mr. Peary's bill proposes to destroy these two property rights. It says: "And for the purposes of this act no right to continue the relation of employer and employee, or to assume or create such relations with any particular person or persons, or at all, or to carry on business of any particular kind, or at any particular place, or at all, shall be construed, held, or considered or treated as property, or as constituting a property right." This means that no employer or employee has a property right in a labor contract, that a laboring man has no property right in his labor, and that no business man has any property right in his business, and that any combination can attack and destroy it at will, by violence, intimidation, and duress, and the courts can not protect him, for he is an outlaw with no rights judicially enforceable. As the courts can protect property rights only by the writ of injunction, when the same are assailed by force and combination, it will be seen that this Peary act ends at once the controversy over the use of the writ against threatened violence or the boycott.

We have, then, the spectacle of organized labor demanding that this great producing and commercial nation shall outlaw the instrumentality by which its resources are developed and its commerce maintained. The courts uniformly hold that a man engaged in an unlawful business can not recover damages for injury to the same. Counterfeiting is an outlawed act. A counterfeiter can not prosecute for the theft of his dies,

nor recover their value. His premises devoted to his unlawful vocation may be burned and no action lie for arson. The Peary bill proposes to put every business man in the same status as the counterfeiter of the currency, leaving him remediless and outlawed.

The proposition is so startling as to stagger full comprehension. The programme of socialism is mild and beneficent in comparison. It is favored by Mr. Gompers together with the proposition to exempt labor unions and combinations of labor unions from the penalties of the anti-trust laws, and the whole system proposes to erect in this country the most abhorrent system of inequality ever conceived by man. Already notice is served by Mr. Gompers upon candidates for Congress that they are to feel the vengeance of organized labor at the polls if they do not specifically commit themselves to the support of this appalling scheme.

This country has prospered heretofore by its protection of the property rights which Mr. Gompers attacks in this proposed legislation. This republic has become the asylum of men who desire broader and better use of the property right to labor, and the efficient protection here of the property right to do business has attracted the enterprise of the nations, to be wrought upon our great natural resources. What will be our fate when these rights are destroyed need not be left to the imagination.

Why Not?

The old cry that the churches are dead is to be heard no more from the pulpit of Christ Presbyterian Church of Chicago. Rev. Snyder, pastor. Here is an enterprising man who studies the wants of his people and who is keen-sighted enough to know what they want before they tell him. We have seen the rise and fall of that other Chicago church which established a free-lunch counter where after sermon and prayer-meeting light refreshments might be served as after any other social gathering. But Rev. Snyder, taking his cue from Genesis, begins at the beginning and builds his hopes—on the first command in the Garden of Eden.

In accordance therewith Christ Presbyterian Church, along with its well-equipped kitchen from which holy oyster stews and consecrated strawberry shortcake may be served, has added a room for the furtherance of acquaintance among the young people of the parish. "It will supplant the beer garden and other reprehensible places of meeting," the Rev. Snyder explained to the brethren, "and is to be furnished with 'cosy corners,' 'dim lights,' 'Japanese screens,' and whatever else the heart of the young person may dictate."

Finding the societies in the church for young men and young women a promising meeting-ground, the shrewd Mr. Snyder, imbued with the "follow-up" system, proposes to supply the settings for the next stage and follow up the mutual interest aroused in the "look-out" committee of Epworth League and Christian Endeavor societies until "that fellowship of Christian love so like to that in Heaven above" is reached. And even beyond this "snare of the fowler" lies Mr. Snyder's broadening visions of the marriage boom sure to follow; marriage fees, baptismal gifts, the phenomenal growth of the "cradle roll" of Christ Presbyterian Church, and the unprecedented prosperity of the Sunday-school.

Dragging people into the church over the coals of hell-fire is conceded to be an antedated method, and we for one are with the man who succeeds in substituting for the harrowing

"Oh, sinners, fear the wrath of God
And to the Savior turn,
Flee those eternal fires where you
Shall burn and burn and burn,"

the thrilling strains of the Lohengrin march.

A Discreditable Condition.

The fact that one battleship has been able by a close scratch to get up to the navy yard at Mare Island is deemed important enough to call for an interchange of congratulatory telegrams between the commander of the fleet and the department at Washington, likewise for a display of big type in the daily newspapers. Really it would seem that so small an incident should be regarded as a matter of course. There is no real problem about the channels leading to Mare Island; all that is necessary to make them what they ought to be is a little dredging, which could be done at less cost of energy than that expended any day in the week in talking about the matter.

The most serious trouble is not in getting large ships to Mare Island, but in handling them after they arrive there. The dock and the shops are good enough in

their way, but it is too small a way. Contingencies liable to come about any day, with so large a fleet in our waters, will find us wholly unprepared because the plant at Mare Island is inadequate—not big enough, to put it plainly. Nor is the situation at Bremerton much better. The dry dock there is larger, to be sure, but even that is too small for the larger ships. Admiral Evans, discussing this matter, informed the editor of the *Argonaut* that the main argument against the coming of the fleet to Pacific waters was the deficiency of our dry-dock facilities, and that this condition was a positive reason why the larger part of the fleet at least must promptly return to the Atlantic.

The British docks at Esquimaux, near Victoria, afford a resource which might be employed in an emergency, but it is one which our government would be very loth to make use of. To be sure, there is no discredit in using the facilities of a friendly foreign country at places far distant from home; but the same sentiments do not apply when it comes to going around the corner, so to speak, from a home port. We ought to have on our Pacific seaboard every facility essential to the maintenance of an American fleet of the largest ships, and the meaning of this is that we ought to have not only one great naval station, but two at the very least. Both Mare Island and Bremerton ought to be so enlarged in their facilities as to be available for any necessity possible to arise in connection with the maintenance of a fleet of large vessels in Pacific waters. And while the government is about it, there should be established a navy yard adequately equipped behind impregnable fortifications in Hawaii.

Among the several important demonstrations made by the coming of the fleet is this, namely, that shore arrangements hitherto made in connection with naval armament in the Pacific Ocean are pitifully and even shamefully insufficient. The situation as respects to Mare Island is ridiculous. The arrival of a battleship at the principal navy yard of the United States in Pacific waters ought not to be an incident rare enough and surprising enough to call for an interchange of congratulatory telegrams across the continent.

The Record of the Session.

The country has learned not to expect much from a session of Congress which immediately precedes a presidential election. In these quadrennial periods the mind of Congress is not on its legitimate work, but upon the projects, schemes, intrigues, and diplomacies of politics, large and small, which enter into or which in any degree may be connected with the coming battle. Whatever else your member of Congress may be, he is unfailingly a politician, else he wouldn't be where he is; therefore the doings and the speculations which precede a national campaign have for him a keen professional and personal interest—this in addition to that natural interest which he shares with every intelligent citizen. The purpose of the session as regarded both by Congress itself and the executive is less related to legislation than to creation of political capital.

In addition to the ordinary impulses and purposes of a session immediately preceding a presidential campaign, the Congress which assembled at Washington last winter lay under special motives tending to inaction. For various reasons the Senate was not in sympathy with the House and, since these things are always reciprocal, the House was not in sympathy with the Senate. And since we are dealing with the truth rather than with diplomacies, the President had come to distrust Congress, while, on the other hand, he had come to be heartily disliked by Congress. On top of all, the President had in view a distinct set of political purposes bearing small relationship to the interest of his own party as an organism and none at all to the interest of individual senators and congressmen. No sooner had Congress come together than the general disaffection was emphasized and increased by the impassioned moods of the President and by his manifest purpose either to make Congress do his will or, failing to do it, to put itself before the country in a position calculated to involve it in discredit. By a tacit understanding the dominant men of Congress determined to do nothing; do nothing became the spirit of the session. Literally nothing of any good to the country, to Congress as an institution, or to its individual members has been done. Whether, on the other hand, the purposes of the President have been promoted or balked by the resistance and the paltering of Congress remains to be seen.

Because a Congress means to do nothing does not imply that all pretenses of activity are laid aside. Between 5000 and 6000 bills were introduced the first day

of the session and the flood was steadily maintained to the end. At the same time no real progress has been made in the work of legislation and no measure of real importance has been enacted, excepting the currency bill passed in the closing hours of the session, a measure patched up out of an unrelated dozen proposals, without consistency and almost without coherency, designed not so much to accomplish any worthy and beneficent public service as to answer the popular demand for "something" to meet a possible financial emergency. Whether the measure finally enacted is to be a help or a hindrance in times of stress can not be foretold; the bankers of the country, who ought to know something about such matters, have no faith in it; Congress itself has no clear understanding of the measure to which it has given the force of law. The measure as it stands is rather a political than a financial expedient; it is nothing better than an undigested, unintelligent response to a popular clamor, intended chiefly if not wholly for political effect. Nobody pretends seriously to be satisfied with it; few assume to understand it at all, and nobody has any real expectancy of practical good to come from it.

The only other large national question to which any attention at all was given was that of the tariff; and this question was raised only that it might be slighted and postponed, all to the end of claiming before the country in the coming campaign that the tariff policy is to be reformed "by its friends." Just enough was done to stand as a pledge for "inquiry" into tariff abuses next year; and at the same time it was given out by Senator Aldrich and Representative Payne, chairmen respectively of the Senate and House Committees on Finance and Ways and Means, that tariff inquiries will not begin until after the election, this being one way of saying that the thing will be taken up in the political spirit and that nothing serious will be done. The perfunctory mood with which the work is to be undertaken is manifest in the following statement made recently by Representative Dalzell of Pennsylvania, who shares with Chairman Payne of the Ways and Means Committee the honors of stand-pat leadership in the House. Said Mr. Dalzell:

The proposed tariff inquiry will be restricted in character, and not thrown open to the general manufacturing, importing, and exporting interests. It will be confined to the government experts in the various departments. There is no necessity for upsetting the business interests by inviting everybody who wants to say something to come before our committee. An inquiry of this sort could not be concluded in the comparatively limited time the committee will have. Besides, this will not be necessary, as the committee can get all the information it wishes from government sources.

In the meantime the course of Congress in reaching so deeply into the treasury as to make the national expense account outrun the national income tends—and by calculation no doubt—to make a situation highly unfavorable to any measure tending to diminish the public revenues. Tariff reform will be met by a situation which will make it appear inexpedient to cut down any part of the national income derived from tariff rates. This is precisely as the stand-patters wish it to be. There is, we fear, small prospect of any serious reform next year, in spite of assurances which Mr. Taft has given the country of his wish and purpose, in the event of his election to the presidency, to readjust the whole tariff scheme in the interest of equity.

Another interest of the session has been the conflict with the President. Not since Jackson's day, and hardly then, has there been an effort so open and determined on the part of a President to determine the course of congressional action. Mr. Roosevelt's proposals, to be sure, have been political rather than strictly legislative, although this purpose has been rather artfully disguised. What the President has wanted he has not wanted for itself, but rather as a means of conciliating and cajoling certain political elements. He has recommended, he has pleaded, he has raged, and he has threatened, nevertheless Congress has done practically nothing. Some few among the non-essential and least important of his demands have been grudgingly yielded, but viewed broadly, the presidential scheme of legislation has been defeated not indeed by rejection of bills embodying the President's ideas, but by a stolid policy of inaction. In respect of Mr. Roosevelt's effort to win over the organized labor of the country by concessions to its demands, the do-nothing policy of Congress is to be commended. There is neither morality nor decency in an attempt to bribe organized labor to vote the Republican ticket by giving it grants of special privileges. But as respects a multitude of other suggestions, Congress is clearly censur-

able for its failure even to consider seriously recommendations made in good faith and to good ends. The suggestion for an increase in our naval establishment is a case in point. Nor is Congress relieved of blame by the fact that the President has sought by intemperate and violent utterances to enforce action.

It is likely to be remembered to the discredit of the session just ended that while it has neglected the business of legislation, while it has been childishly resentful towards the President, and while it has persistently played politics, it has been unprecedentedly busy at the point of passing out public money. In the face of the fact that public revenues are declining, in sympathy with the universal business depression, a greater aggregate sum has been appropriated than ever before at one session of Congress. It is declared that the appropriations for the session will run close to fifty millions beyond the billion-dollar mark. This vast output of money is due in large measure to the greater demands of our military and naval establishments, due to the greater responsibility we have assumed in connection with the Philippine Islands, Porto Rico, Cuba, etc. The army this year calls for \$98,000,000. With thirty-nine days yet to go for the fiscal year, the navy has cost \$106,000,000. The pension charge for the year is \$139,000,000. These enormous expenses, coupled with a marked decline in the national income, tend to rapid depletion of the cash balance in the national treasury. Recently it has been running down at the rate of about five million dollars per month. On May 21 the available cash balance was \$242,000,000. As matters are going, by this time next year it is certain to be below the two hundred million mark—indeed it is likely to be too close for comfort to the hundred million dead line which tradition has fixed upon as a point below which our available cash fund should not in prudence fall.

A Mischievous Concession.

Among the moral and political degeneracies of this campaign year—and the list of them is not a short one—nothing appears to the *Argonaut* so serious as the flirtation between the administration and labor unionism. In his efforts to placate organized labor in behalf of Mr. Taft, the President has gone so far as practically to discredit his former position as a firm upholder of freedom in the industries. Under the lead of Samuel Gompers organized labor has demanded everything. It wanted an employers' liability law, a law providing compensation for government employees injured in the discharge of their duty, an anti-injunction law, and an amendment to the anti-trust law exempting organized labor from the provisions of that act and legalizing the boycott. All these demands, excepting only the employers' liability law, have been denied in the sense that Congress has not acted upon the specific bills embodying them. Congress has practically denied to labor unionism the thing which it insists upon and defied it to do its worst. But the President has taken another tone. He has not only harkened to the suggestions of the national labor leaders, but has called them into counsel; and he has even gone so far as to berate Congress for not passing certain of Gompers's bills which he (the President) had previously recommended in an insistent message.

Now, although Congress has not acted upon the dictation of organized labor, we have an effort to enforce discriminating practice favorable to the unions by order of certain minor officials. On Saturday last, for example, the Interstate Commerce Commission, acting presumably upon the advice of its secretary, Edward A. Mosely, promulgated a rule to the effect that none but union men shall receive appointments as inspectors under the safety-appliance act. The excuse given for this enforcement of the "closed shop" principle is that it will make the unions responsible for the men who hold inspectorships. This, in view of the fact that unionism never makes itself responsible for anything, is mere pretense. The real purpose of the order is first to array the forces of unionism in support of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Second, to throw a sop to unionism with the aim of mollifying it in its attitude toward Mr. Taft.

The mischief of all this is that in one way or another the "concessions" made to organized labor by the President, by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and by certain departments and bureaus will have to be nullified. The people of the United States will never consent permanently to yield special privileges to any one class. In the long run we will have equality of right and privilege. To loosely paraphrase a famous remark this country can not endure on a basis which makes

flesh of one class of citizens and fowl of another. President Roosevelt stated the case justly three years ago in his discussion of the Miller incident in the national book bindery. His more recent attitude toward the aggressions of organized labor is far less worthy and creditable.

Editorial Notes.

It is current gossip at Washington that Secretary Root is slated for the Chief Justiceship in the event of the election of Mr. Taft to the presidency. Chief Justice Fuller, who came to the bench in 1888, was born in 1833, and is therefore seventy-five years of age. For five years he has been available for retirement upon his own motion under full pay, but he has held on in the hope of a Democratic administration which would, of course, name a Democrat to succeed him. Being a Democrat, he has felt a certain obligation to his party as well as a natural desire to be succeeded by a man holding his own political way of thinking. If Taft should be elected, he will come into office when Judge Fuller is seventy-six years of age, and with the certainty of so long a period of Republican rule before him, it is believed that he will not longer play the waiting game. It is only natural that he should wish in his last years respite from labor with time to travel and to pursue other private purposes. In the event of his retirement, Taft, it is said, will nominate Root. The work of the bench would suit Mr. Root perfectly. He is a lawyer not only by training, but by nature, and he has the judicial temperament in a high degree. Furthermore, he loves Washington, so much so that his wife is quoted as saying that her husband would be willing to live there as a policeman if no better job offers. As Chief Justice Mr. Root would give strength to the Supreme Court both at home and abroad. No better appointment to the Chief Justiceship could possibly be made.

A committee of one of the local labor organizations has asked in the name of small would-be investors whom it represents that some part of the bond issue soon to be put out by the city be in denominations of \$25, \$50, \$100, \$250, and \$500. The motive of this request rests upon the desire of many workmen to invest their savings in these securities. The point is well taken. By all means bonds should be issued in such denominations as will make them available to small investors. Nothing is more to be desired than that the workingmen of San Francisco, men of small means, should acquire a fixed stake in the community. This will be good alike for the investors and for the city. One of the serious problems of the time is that of the investment of small capital. The greater number in any modern community are wage-earners and a large proportion of these are small savers. A problem which presses upon multitudes of persons is how to place small sums so that they may earn a fair interest and at the same time be secure. The man of large means has no difficulty in placing his capital; there are bonds, mortgages, stocks, real estate, and a thousand-and-one uses for his capital promising both profit and security. But no such opportunity waits upon the small capitalist—the man or woman who saves five, ten, twenty, or even fifty dollars per month. The school-teacher, the clerk, and the small professional man can usually find no way to make use of their savings excepting to deposit them in a bank, where the interest is small and where the security—as many depositors have reason to know—is not always what it pretends to be. It is this situation which gives to the promoter of wild-cat mining stocks, questionable town-site boomers, exploiters of rubber plantations, and other like confidence operators their opportunity. We venture the assertion that one at least out of every five school-teachers in San Francisco is a subscriber to some questionable investment scheme under a plan which calls for a fixed portion of his or her monthly salary. Hundreds of insinuating "promoters" range the country over seeking the small investor and they not uncommonly find him to his sorrow. More and more the people of this country serve corporations and other business organizations, getting their income in the form of wages. The opportunity to invest these small accumulations in sound securities would be a boon to this class and at the same time an invitation to thrift with the patriotism which thrift inevitably produces.

Young Mr. Bell is finding the Donkey hard to ride. All he wanted was to be the grand boss of the party, to name the delegation to Denver, to be himself chairman of the delegation, and later, upon arrival at Den-

ver, to be chairman of the national convention. There was, of course, the senatorship later on, but that is a chronic ambition not chargeable in fairness to Mr. Bell's new status as managing head of the party organization. But it seems there were envious ones of low degree who begrudged to Mr. Bell these simple dignities, holding that a party boss ought not to "hog" everything. And there were enough of this manner of thinking to break the Bell slate to the extent of electing not Bell himself, but Delegate Fitzgerald of Oakland, a McNab man, chairman of the delegation. There are those anxious to wager that when the party wheel next turns round the canny Gavin will come up smiling, repossessed of the "works." It is a case where prophecy might seem gratuitous.

Eighteen patrolmen, so it is said, were under detail at one time last week to "protect" Messrs. Spreckels, Burns, and Heney, costing the municipality at the rate of \$1800 per month. This assignment was made by a subservient police department in response to appeals based on the claim of the gentlemen above named of being "shadowed" by detectives. It is curious how the shoe pinches when it gets on the other foot. It is only a little while back that the prosecutors were shadowing everybody, having at one time, so it was boasted, no less than eighty men on its secret staff. Shadowing, which was a virtuous performance when done in promotion of the Spreckels-Phelan-Heney programme, becomes the most heinous of offenses when employed either actually or in imagination by the parties of the second part. Just why anybody should wish to shadow the worthies of the prosecution is not apparent; and by the same token it is not apparent how being shadowed can harm one whose goings and comings are beyond reproach; nor is it apparent why eighteen policemen should be employed at public cost to "protect" three men who are not in the least danger from anybody.

The possibility, or at least the probability, of a plague epidemic in San Francisco appears to be passed. An official report states that no cases have recently been developed and that of a vast number of rats caught in the month preceding May 23, only six exhibited symptoms of infection. The condition of the city with respect to the dangers of plague and of other dangers connected with conditions of filth is better than at any time for many years. The plague campaign has not only been entirely successful as related to the immediate purpose for which it was waged, but it has been worth all that it cost in establishing new standards of cleanliness with better practice in building and a more thorough system of garbage destruction. In ordering our house, so to speak, against the plague, we have fortified it against other diseases originating in careless habits and have probably made San Francisco in a sanitary sense the most perfectly safeguarded city in the United States.

The substitution of Congressman Burton of Ohio for Senator Beveridge of Indiana as temporary chairman at Chicago is a fairly positive indication that there is to be no officially-promoted effort to stampede the convention for Roosevelt. Beveridge is an enthusiastic Roosevelt boomer; his individual hopes lie not in Taft, but in Roosevelt. A speech from him as temporary chairman of the convention, it was feared, would tend to arouse a stampede. Mr. Burton, on the other hand, is a Taft man on the basis of personal favor and choice. Furthermore, he is a man of more character and weight than the windy Indianan. It is eminently a proper thing under the circumstances that Burton should be the temporary chairman and as such make the opening speech of the convention.

An effort promoted by that organ of enterprise and virtue—easy virtue, to be specific—the rotten *Bulletin*, to organize a popular movement in support of the aims and methods of Spreckels, Phelan, Heney, *et al.*, has not attained any great development. The attendance of the first grand rally was made up of two preachers, one yellow journalist, one labor agitator, one Christian Science healer, and one artist, with two others, character and occupation undefined. Even this group of stalwarts was not ready for action, for when resolutions "warmly supporting the cause" were introduced action thereon was postponed, only one member of the delectable group being opposed to delay.

The general inclination is to scoff at the suggestion contained in a printed interview with Senator Platt that President Roosevelt contemplates succeeding either of the New York senators.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

It is almost painful to observe the enthusiasm with which every alternative to Mr. Bryan is received by a substantial portion of the Democratic press. For example, the hopeful prominence recently attained by Johnson of Minnesota is the cause of a perfect outbreak of jubilation on the part of Democratic organs who profess to think that a Moses may at last have appeared who will lead them out of the wilderness, not so much of Republican government, as of the Bryan monopoly of leadership. The *Chattanooga Times*, for example, does not know exactly why people should be so much interested in Governor Johnson, and perhaps it would be hardly polite to suggest that it is because comparisons are playing their usual odorous part. But the *Chattanooga Times* has no doubt at all that Governor Johnson is "catching on" and it must be due to "a sort of unconscious absorption of the man's wholesome democracy":

We are inclined to think this admiration for a man who has sprung into national fame only within the past two or three years comes from a sort of unconscious absorption of the man's wholesome democracy as expressed at sundry times in his speeches, extracts from which have from time to time found their way into print. For example, he said to a gathering of Democrats: "If the Democrats at Denver present the right kind of a platform I promise that if the Peerless Leader or any man from the East or West or North or South is made the nominee I will do all in my power to elect him."

The *Raleigh Times* is even more outspoken. Its utterances suggest a sigh of infinite contentment as Governor Johnson's credentials become more and more apparent. Here at last is a man who makes no appeal to "magic and spells," who has nothing but good will for his opponents and who is actuated only by patriotic and party loyalty:

The governor did not say the party owed him any honors in the nation, or even that his own State of Minnesota owed him any honors. He did not throw one fistful of mud or make one disparaging remark about any of the party's men of presidential stature that had been mentioned for the presidential undertaking. He said he knew Mr. Bryan and admired him. He said he had read more or less about Judge Harmon of Ohio and believed him to be one of the strongest and most upright public men the great Buckeye State has ever produced for the nation. He had his good word, too, for Judge Gray, the favorite son in Delaware, and recalled his valuable services in the Senate and on the commission that brought peace to the coal strike region in the memorable winter of 1902-03. He was willing to support any one of these men on a platform that the best sense and spirit of his party could indorse—and he said so.

Democrats and Republicans alike, men from the South and North and West and East, are always prone to love the straight, fair-spirited fighter. They believe, and rightly, that such a man has been found in the Democratic governor of one of the strongest Republican States in the naturally Republican West. It is the manhood, the frankness, the straight-from-the-shoulder honesty of this man Johnson which has brought him to the front of the stage in less than two short months from the day he admitted, in less than 200 words, that he would take the nomination if the party ordered it and would try his hardest to be elected for the sake of the party believers and party friends that had honored him.

Governor Johnson himself seems to be hopeful, but then hopefulness is a part of the stock in trade of the statesman. In conversation at Richmond, Virginia, he said there was a magnificent opportunity for the Democratic party, but it must be by the adoption of a sane Democratic platform, "which, after all, is more to be considered than the man." What he means by a sane Democratic platform is not left much in doubt. Government ownership of transportation companies is, for him, out of the question, and he goes on to say that at the moment there is no man in sight to advocate such a measure. Things were different a year or more ago, and he no doubt referred to the time when Mr. Bryan electrified and consternated his Madison Square audience with a vision of government ownership of pretty well everything worth owning. Governor Johnson "took strong ground against it" at the time and would do so again if such proposals were still in the land of the politically living, which they are not. He is convinced that they can never again become a national issue. Never is of course a very long time, but Governor Johnson meant well. A strict regulation of interstate commerce is enough for him and a proper State control of interstate traffic.

The tariff he would place as the paramount issue and closely following this is the "new Federalism." If the Democratic party wishes to win—and the Democratic party does wish to win—it must place tariff revision in the forefront of the battle. "Our two victories in fifty years were won with that as a battle cry." Compare this with Mr. Bryan's repeated assertions that the Cleveland victories were due to financial and industrial unrest. There may be no very serious differences between the two theories, but they illustrate the minds of those who advance them and the difference between constructive and destructive habits of thought. Mr. Bryan attributes Democratic success to national misfortune, while Mr. Johnson would ascribe it to a party fidelity to established party policies.

The Johnson leaders in Washington believe that the tide is turning in favor of their man and that Bryan will not have the "walk over" at Denver that his friends anticipate:

Democrats, among them three-fourths of the Democratic senators and many of the Representatives in Congress, who do not believe that it would be wise to nominate William J. Bryan this year, are rejoicing over the result of the Florida primaries, in which the avowed Bryan candidates were defeated. They think that the tide may be turning. The South holds the key to the situation, and the cordial welcome given Governor Johnson, Bryan's most promising rival, and his candidacy is cited as an indication of the change of sentiment. Bryan is not nominated. Of a total of 670 delegates already elected, Mr. Bryan has 410, and 260, instructed and uninstructed, are opposed to him. Of those yet to be elected, 126, it is said, will go to Denver uninstructed. At most the Nebraskan would have but 616, when it takes 668 to nominate.

But then the friends of Judge Gray of Delaware are not without their great expectations, but they seem rather inclined to build on a rotten foundation. Organized labor, they say, is placing increased emphasis on its preference for George Gray for the presidential nomination, but if Judge Gray's sup-

porters were wise in their day and generation they would recognize this as one of the things to be concealed rather than paraded. Every ounce of advantage gained in this way will be counterweighted by a pound of detriment. Judge Gray's organization at Washington says:

It is well known that the United Mine Workers of America look upon Judge Gray as their best friend outside of the organization. Recognition of this sentiment was shown in the Pennsylvania convention, when the coal mining counties voted solidly for the Delawarean. That which is true of the miners of Pennsylvania is ready to be emphasized also in the mining districts of West Virginia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Alabama, Kentucky, Ohio, Kansas, Oklahoma, Wyoming, Washington, and Colorado if an opportunity shall be given by the nomination of George Gray.

"We have expressions of sentiment from the great miners' leaders," said Peter A. O'Boyle, permanent chairman of the recent Pennsylvania convention, "and this will be made manifest in letters and votes at the proper time."

Not only is Judge Gray the favorite of the mine workers, but is regarded also by all the other organized trades as a just and generous friend.

"I regard Judge Gray," says Charles P. Ruth of Philadelphia, national organizer of the International Association of Bricklayers, "as a man who is absolutely fair to labor and who has a broad and deep understanding of the wrongs and rights of all workmen. In him organized labor would find the most powerful friend it has known in American history."

To be "absolutely fair to labor" means to be absolutely unfair to every one else. The influence of labor in politics is one of the superstitions of the day, but one that is fortunately wearing a little thin. When Mr. Littefield of Maine was confronted with Mr. Gompers's hostility he was assured that he might just as well save himself the trouble of running for Congress, but he was triumphantly elected none the less. So it has been all over the country. Labor, as such, does not want to go into politics, and whenever it has been persuaded to do so it has been beaten, whether its activity has been municipal or national. Somewhere or other Mr. Gilbert tells that

Every boy and every girl
That's horn into this world alive
Is either a little Liberal
Or else a little Conservative.

Now Mr. Gompers tells his followers that they must be neither Republicans nor Democrats, but something entirely different. Great national questions must no longer interest them unless such questions have a direct bearing upon their pocket. They must have no views upon traditional party policies unless such policies will affect the most sordid considerations of life. The working men of the country have never listened to appeals of this kind and they never will. A few undesirable citizens will no doubt cease to be Americans at Mr. Gompers's bidding, but the rank and file will vote as their broad party allegiance may demand. And as for the others, their support will be a detriment to Judge Gray or to any one else, as their hostility would be an advantage. If Judge Gray actually has the support of Mr. Gompers, the less he says about it the better it will be for him.

In the meantime Mr. Bryan goes on saying that the wicked trusts have determined upon his overthrow and upon wresting the nomination from him. He says that his friends in Alabama "had the Steel Trust to fight, and in Pennsylvania they had not only the Steel Trust but several other trusts." Their name is legion and they have as many horns as the Beast in Revelations. To this the *New York Times* replies by a general denial. So far from the trusts wishing to see some other man get the Democratic nomination, they want to see Mr. Bryan get it:

He was baffled in the attempt to secure instructed delegates from Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, and New York. That shows how he stands with the Democrats of the East. He failed in Pennsylvania not because trust money was used against him, but because the leaders of the party in that State know his weakness. He would have failed in Illinois but for the exigencies of a fight for the control of the State machine. The leading Democratic newspapers of the South, almost without exception, have opposed his nomination: Senators and Representatives from Southern States have not concealed their conviction that another candidate should be named.

The *Times* sees no cause for jubilation in the Alabama success. It is indeed remarkable that almost without organized effort some 40 per cent of the primary votes should be cast for Johnson. The Bryan strength was in the rural and farming counties, "where there is less interchange of opinion." In the cities, where new ideas are hospitably received and canvassed, opinion was against him:

He will, of course, if nominated, have the electoral vote of Alabama, but if in that unchangeably Democratic community there is so much opposition to his candidacy, what will happen to him in the doubtful States further north? He has no chance whatever of carrying New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, or West Virginia. It can not be said that he is certain of all of the four States of Colorado, Idaho, Montana, and Nevada, which he carried in both his previous campaigns. What is the outlook for Mr. Bryan in Kentucky, which was carried by McKinley in 1896, and which, although it gave Bryan a plurality of 7975 in 1900, went Republican by 18,000 plurality last fall?

The transfer of former Democratic States to the Republican column is the bitter fruit of Bryanism. These fruits are still ripening all over the land. For it is not merely a matter of opinion but a matter of proof that the Democrats distrust him, and are tired of him. He has not gained, but lost, since his last campaign of disaster and defeat. At this moment, when his friends are insisting that his nomination is assured, States are refusing to instruct their delegates to vote for him at Denver, and when instructions are secured it is only after prolonged struggle against determined opposition.

We are reminded that never before in its history has the Democracy been in such a situation, where a candidate unacceptable, undesired, and certain of defeat has been forced upon it by the adroit powers of organization.

It speaks well for progress in the Philippines when provinces there save up money for the erection of schools. Bulacan province has \$5000 on hand for a trade school and only asks the insular government for a like sum.

Not less than 30,000,000 yen (\$15,000,000) is yearly spent by foreign visitors in Japan. Some estimates put the amount at 40,000,000 yen.

THE DIRECTOIRE GOWN.

The Revival of an Old Costume Nearly Causes a Riot in Paris.

There are certain French women of a gratifying propriety who say that they will never, never, never wear the new Directoire dresses. Mme. Jane Hading, that model of womanly grace, that bright and particular star of the French stage, is one of them. Mme. Marcelle Lender is another. Mme. Lender loves the sheath dress in its clinging perfections, but she draws the line at the slit-up skirt with its hint, and even more than a hint, of mysterious loveliness beneath. There is a limit to all things and in this case the limit has been reached.

But it is safe to say that the Directoire gown will be worn and by the very classes who now denounce it. If the world of fashion can really defy the decrees of Paquin and of Margaine-Lacroix then indeed we are within sight of the millennium and had better order our ascension robes. The women of France will do as they are told and women in all other parts of the civilized world will follow suit. These protestations have a brave sound about them, but they signify nothing at all. Discipline, mesdames, must and will be preserved.

Of course there need not be extravagances. The young women who were arrested at Longchamps had been attired by their houses in the extreme mode. They were intended to show the limit so that imitators might make such modifications as pleased them. But to speak of the display as indecent is mere foolishness. The policemen who arrested the now famous four made an egregious display of themselves, far more so indeed than their victims, and the officer who thought it necessary to wrap his captive in his own cape has acquired an unenviable reputation for modesty that is certainly strange to an eminently patriotic police force and that will not soon desert him. All four were promptly discharged by the magistrate as soon as he knew that they were dressmakers' models and that they were doing no more than illustrate a new mode. The spasm of modest fervor was still-born, but the Directoire gowns remain. More power to them. Are the women of today any better than the women of the Directory? Last year we had Empire dresses. Now we go back in history for a few years and find ourselves at the Directory. Presently the costume of Mme. Defarge and of the *sans culottes* will be *de rigueur*. Why not? But in the meantime the Directory is so much more picturesque. To talk of the Directory gown as being injurious to health is merely childish. When have women allowed any consideration of health to stand in the way of a fashion decree? Moreover it is not harmful to health. The combination undergarment, homogeneous, continuous, and equable, is far preferable to the excessive clothing of the lower part of the body with suffocating and riotous petticoats, while the upper part is allowed to take care of itself.

It is Mme. Margaine-Lacroix who is immediately responsible for the short-lived tempest in a teacup. To an interviewer she expressed herself as surprised that any one should take exception to a costume that was worn a hundred years ago by some of the best and the greatest women that the world has ever known. For the benefit of her visitor Mme. Margaine-Lacroix instructed three of her models to attire themselves in the Directoire gowns and to parade her salon. The interviewer says they seemed to be sheathed in silk scabbards. There was a long train and the material was held in position over the hips by a large and handsome buckle. On the left side the gown was slit up from the hem, the edges being held together by buttons to below the knee. At that interesting point the division was allowed to open. "Now, really," said Mme. Margaine-Lacroix, "how can anybody discover anything offensive in such gowns? You can see that they are only slightly open below the knee on the left side, and the background is of black silk. I have much too great a regard for my art to allow anything offensive to emanate from my firm. This dress is peculiar inasmuch as it must be worn without either petticoats or corset. It is worn over a sort of silk combination fitted with whalebone." Reminded by a representative of the *London Daily Mail* of Mme. Sovel's opinion that only women with fine figures could wear such a costume, Mme. Margaine-Lacroix became a little indignant. "It is a great mistake," she said. "I maintain, on the contrary, that owing to the whalebone silk upon which the dress is fitted it is possible to give absolute purity of line such as can not be obtained otherwise. Therefore, even a woman with a poor figure will look well in these 'sheath' dresses." Mme. Paquin's costumes are somewhat less pronounced, but they are all in the Directory style. M. Worth holds himself somewhat aloof, recalling the fact that some forty years ago his house made a dress in the ultra Directory style for a lady who wore it at a reception at the Ministry of Marine and was promptly expelled. But then there may have been some other reasons for that. In the meantime Mme. Sovel, La Belle Otero, and Mlle. Arlett Dorgère have all ordered "scabbard" gowns.

It may be an unworthy suggestion, but it is said that the women who object to the Directory gowns do so actually on the score of the lingerie that is thus threatened with abolition. Frenchwomen love a judicious display of this fascinating part of feminine attire, but the Directory gown will be its death blow. It is impossible with anything more elaborate than silk tights reaching from the bust to the ankles. It was indeed the old Directoire dresses that first called into use the combination garments that have persisted ever since that day. Hitherto it has been only the professional

beauty in France who has dispensed with petticoats and lingerie, but all the world must now follow suit if the new mode has actually come to stay. And that it has actually come to stay, at least for the period ordinarily allotted to a new fashion, is the opinion of many in the French capital who are well qualified to judge.

PARIS, May 21, 1908.

ST. MARTIN.

OLD FAVORITES.

Bonnie Banks O' Loch Lomond.

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

O ye'll take the high road and I'll take the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye;
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond,
'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomond,
Where in the purple hue the Highland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloamin'.

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleepin';
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again
Though the wae'fu' may cease from their weepin'!

—Old Scotch Song.

The Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi.

Rabbi Ben Levi, on the Sabbath, read
A volume of the Law, in which it said,
"No man shall look upon my face and live."
And as he read, he prayed that God would give
His faithful servant grace with mortal eye
To look upon His face and yet not die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the page,
And, lifting up his eyes, grown dim with age,
He saw the Angel of Death before him stand,
Holding a naked sword in his right hand.
Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous man,
Yet through his veins a chill of terror ran.
With trembling voice he said, "What wilt thou here?"
The angel answered, "Lo! the time draws near
When thou must die; yet first, by God's decree,
Whate'er thou askest shall be granted thee."
Replied the Rabbi, "Let these living eyes
First look upon my place in Paradise."

Then said the Angel, "Come with me and look."
Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred book,
And rising, and uplifting his gray head,
"Give me thy sword," he to the Angel said,
"Lest thou shouldst fall upon me by the way."
The Angel smiled and hastened to obey,
Then led him forth to the Celestial Town,
And set him on the wall, whence, gazing down,
Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living eyes,
Might look upon his place in Paradise.

Then straight into the city of the Lord
The Rabbi leaped with the Death-Angel's sword,
And through the streets there swept a sudden breath
Of something there unknown, which men call death.
Meanwhile the Angel stayed without, and cried,
"Come back!" To which the Rabbi's voice replied,
"No! in the name of God, whom I adore,
I swear that hence I will depart no more!"

Then all the Angels cried, "O Holy One,
See what the son of Levi here has done!
The kingdom of Heaven he takes by violence,
And in Thy name refuses to go hence!"
The Lord replied, "My Angels, he not wroth;
Did e'er the son of Levi break his oath?
Let him remain; for he with mortal eye
Shall look upon my face and yet not die."

Beyond the outer wall the Angel of Death
Heard the great voice, and said, with panting breath,
"Give back the sword, and let me go my way."
Whereat the Rabbi paused, and answered, "Nay!
Anguish enough already has it caused
Among the sons of men." And while he paused
He heard the awful mandate of the Lord
Resounding through the air, "Give back the sword!"

The Rabbi bowed his head in silent prayer;
Then said he to the dreadful Angel, "Swear,
No human eye shall look on it again;
But when thou takest away the souls of men,
Thyself unseen, and with an unseen sword,
Thou wilt perform the bidding of the Lord."
The Angel took the sword again, and swore,
And walks on earth unseen forevermore.

—Longfellow.

Farewell, But Whenever You Welcome the Hour

Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour,
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain,
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.
And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, he it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles—
Too hest, if it tells me that, mid the gay cheer
Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he were here."
Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she can not destroy;
And bring back the features that joy used to wear,
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled—
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

—Thomas Moore.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California has been nominated as Theodore Roosevelt professor in Berlin for 1909 by the trustees of Columbia and appointed by the Prussian Ministry of Education.

Over £100,000 is to be spent in Melbourne and Sydney in entertaining the officers and men of the American battleship fleet.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Senator Foraker is now being bombarded with protests from negro citizens against his action in agreeing to a postponement of the Brownsville vote. They were not prepared for so sudden a change of policy on his part.

It is figured that three or four hundred of the delegates to the Republican National Convention in Chicago will be Federal office-holders. The like of this has not been seen since 1892 at the convention in Minneapolis.

Speaker Cannon has a cigar twenty-two inches long and two inches thick, which cost \$30. It is said to be the most expensive "smoke" ever rolled up. It was presented by the National Association of Piano Manufacturers.

Judson Harmon, as Democratic candidate for governor of Ohio, announces that he is in the fight to stay until November, which means that the presidency no longer tempts him. Rainbow chasing is not Mr. Harmon's best suit, and he knows it. If he could have made a decent run for President, he might be elected governor in a State where he is well known.

Most prominently mentioned as among the names likely to be heard as candidates for Senator Platt's seat are: Ex-Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff, Representative Fassett, E. H. Butler, and ex-Governor Black. In about the same class are put Representative Herbert Parsons and ex-Representative Litauer. Secretary Root and Mr. Cortelyou are also spoken of, but very guardedly.

Rear-Admiral Evans, looking none too well, but saying he was as "fit as a fiddle," called on President Roosevelt upon his return to Washington. The President congratulated the admiral on his successful trip with the battleship fleet to the Pacific Coast, and told him that he had endeavored to secure for him the grade of vice-admiral, but had been unable to get Congress to take the view he did.

To Sir Henry Fowler belongs the distinction of being the first Methodist who has ever been created a peer of the realm. Anglicanism is of course strongly represented in the House of Lords, and there are more than forty Roman Catholics. It is a curious coincidence that another Methodist preacher's son, R. W. Perks, Sir Henry Fowler's former partner in business, is now the senior Wesleyan Methodist member of Parliament in the House of Commons.

That President Roosevelt has authorized no one to speak for him regarding the anti-race gambling legislation pending at Albany was the only comment obtainable at the White House regarding the report from Albany that the President had privately expressed himself on that subject. President Roosevelt's policy, it was stated, has universally been to interfere in no way whatever with State legislation, and it was added that he has made no exception to that policy in the present instance.

William Jennings Bryan, in an address in Kenosha, Wisconsin, said that in his opinion there was only one Republican candidate for President who could really be considered as a representative of the reforms the people demanded, and that was Senator LaFollette. When asked if he did not think President Roosevelt talked too much and acted too little he answered: "What could a person do whose hands were tied behind his back by a lot of highwaymen and had nothing left but his voice?"

Senator Johnson says with much positiveness that he never heard the slightest intimation that President Roosevelt sought to interfere in the Democratic primaries in Alabama, and he denies having made any statement to that effect. The subject was never mentioned even as a joke, he says. He regards as absurd the statement that the President sought to control the election as between Bryan and Governor Johnson. "I would like to see the President try to interfere with Democratic primaries in Alabama," said Senator Johnson.

In an interview with a Washington reporter Secretary Taft comes out with charming candor on every subject but that of his candidacy. To the questions "Do you think you will be nominated on the first ballot?" "Is there any truth in the report that the allies are going to throw their strength for Roosevelt?" and "Who is to be the candidate for Vice-President?" he answered: "I would not like to venture a prediction as to the time for the completion of the Panama Canal, though it seems pretty sure that the excavations will be completed within four years at the outside."

Secretary Taft was recently entertained at an old-fashioned Southern barbecue at historic Belle Meade, and in the course of his address on the Philippines said: "The Roman Catholic Church in the Philippines is in a deplorable condition from a property and financial standpoint. Its losses during the revolutionary war were heavy. The deprivation of its priests by the circumstances which I have referred to interfered greatly with its usefulness and influence. This is a most unfortunate matter for the islands, viewed from a purely governmental standpoint. The Roman Catholic Church must always be the most important influence for the uplifting of the Filipino people and its prosperity will always make for the good of the Filipinos."

THE ROAD TO EL DORADO.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XVI.

The proceedings in the Yubaville court-rooms seemed to disturb Judge Fox less than his nephew. On Alden they had made a profound and disagreeable impression. Yet when he attempted to speak of them, his uncle put the matter aside with an attempt to treat it lightly. Still, it was apparent that he had not relished his nephew's presence at his humiliation. So, when Alden's plans came up for discussion, Fox warmly urged his nephew to leave Yubaville, where, he said, there were few openings for a young lawyer.

Alden soon found Yubaville becoming distasteful. His uncle had fallen in public opinion since the courtroom trouble; furthermore, the contemptuous attitude of Bandy and his following toward Fox seemed to reflect on Alden himself. Therefore when his uncle came to him one day, urging him to establish himself in the town of El Dorado, distant a day's journey, Alden hailed the offer with enthusiasm.

Fox gave him some details about the town. "El Dorado," he said, "is situated on the other side of that ridge of mountains lying to the south of us—one of the numerous spurs shooting out from the Nevada range and dividing the fringe of the great valley into lateral valleys. Through each valley large streams run into the great river, all of them lined with rich placer diggings. Wherever the diggings have not been mere pocket placers towns have sprung up, of which El Dorado is one."

"Is it a good place for a young lawyer?"

"There could be no better. There is continual litigation about the miners—also among the various claimants to land grants. Then, with very little trouble, you can secure the legislative nomination—probably merely by asking for it."

"I am afraid that a newcomer like myself would be set aside for a better-known man," said Alden modestly. "That doesn't follow—it isn't so much your palpable merit that will get you the nomination as the fact that most of the men in these new mining camps are too busy to run," replied Fox bluntly.

Alden winced.

"It would be wise for you to announce your candidacy as soon as you get your shingle out," went on Fox. "It can do you no harm in any event, and will aid you as a lawyer. As I have hinted to you, I am among the dark-horse candidates for the United States senatorship. Already I have five votes promised, and if you secure a seat in the legislature I suppose I may rely on you for a sixth."

"My dear uncle," declared Alden warmly, "that in itself will make me more disposed to try for the nomination than the honor of securing a seat. If I am nominated I shall work hard for my own election mainly to bring about yours, if I can. I did not know that you had senatorial aspirations."

Judge Fox coughed. "I may as well admit," he replied, "that I can scarcely be said in all sincerity to have senatorial ambitions. I do not deny that I would be proud to occupy a seat in the United States Senate, but in the present condition of politics here that is impossible. I merely wish to have myself mentioned for the office—it is a good thing for an attorney in my position, and helps to make me known. Then, again, if I can hold together six or eight votes long enough to throw them to the candidate who needs them most, he can make it worth my while."

Alden looked at him interrogatively. "I don't think I understand you? In what way, do you mean?"

"I mean that there may be a deadlock; then, as there are several candidates for senator, my six votes would be valuable to one or the other of them. I could easily make a trade. For example, Burke is the leader of the northern wing of our party. Now, if I find that Burke is a trifle short, he might start a stampede to himself with my delegates; thus I can throw him my votes in exchange for his support for a Federal judgeship. So you see my ambition is not senatorial."

"A judicial position would certainly be more congenial, and permanent as well; if you are appointed district judge, it would be for life."

Fox paused reflectively. "I do not confine my ambition merely to the post of district judge," he said at last. "It is not impossible that such a position might lead to a higher judicial one. To be quite frank, Arthur, I hope that some day I may obtain a seat upon the bench of the United States Supreme Court."

Alden looked at his uncle; as once before, he was surprised to see Fox's cold face suffused with a glow of enthusiasm. It was plain that if this crafty and calculating lawyer had a weakness, it was his ambition to rise high upon the bench.

The conference soon led to the decision that Alden should try the rising town of El Dorado. It did not take him long to pack up, for he had not brought much in the way of impedimenta with him from the Bay. What he heard of staging in the interior impelled him to travel light, for he was informed that the stage-coach on which he was to travel "over the divide" from Yubaville to El Dorado would carry no trunks. This did not alarm him, for all of his luggage was contained in two large carpet-bags.

Yubaville was near the head of navigation on the Uva River, hence was a great starting point for stages. Every morning, at an early hour, a dozen or more coaches were drawn up in front of the hotels and stage offices. They varied in equipment. The more preten-

tious carried mail, express, and treasure, and were usually Concord coaches; they seated nine inside, and several outside by the driver, who tooled six horses. The "mud-wagons" were merely mountain-wagons with canopy tops, usually driven with four horses. Most of the passengers, like Alden, were equipped with light or little luggage—generally a roll of blankets with a few necessities inside. It was an animated sight when these coaches started off in various directions for the mountain towns. They set forth practically together, for it was their custom to start as early in the morning as possible, thus making a good mileage before the heat of the day. Some of the stages were full; some half empty. To his surprise Alden found that he was the only passenger for El Dorado; it gave him doubts as to the importance of that incipient city.

Fox came down to the stage office to bid his nephew farewell. When Alden climbed up to the seat behind the driver, Hank Bedell, he was formally presented by the judge. Hank acknowledged the introduction with dignity, yet with a certain affability. Just as Hank cried "All aboard!" two men came out of the express office carrying the Wells-Fargo treasure box, which seemed heavy. Hoisting it up, they placed it in the boot under the driver's feet. Then one of them climbed up on the box-seat beside the driver; from his seat behind, Alden was again introduced, this time to Buck Venner, the Wells-Fargo messenger, whose duty it was to guard the treasure-box. Venner was a determined-looking man, with a thin face, closely compressed lips, and a cold eye. He scanned Alden curiously and critically; then, seeing that he presented no particular points of interest, Venner scrutinized the horses. With shouts of farewell, the cracking of the whip, and a noisy rattling of the hubs, the big Concord coach rolled out of the town and into the open country.

At first Alden thought he would devote his attention to the landscape, but he soon found that his most pressing task would be to hold himself in place. The road was merely an apology for one; as the coach rocked and rolled and reeled on its springs, and bounced into and out of the chuck-holes, Alden found himself rising up from and returning to his seat with regularity and violence. The driver seemed to keep himself stuck to the seat in some way, while the express messenger, his gun across his knees, had hitched the apron-strap around his leg, thereby keeping himself anchored.

Alden looked with interest at the "sawed-off shotgun" lying across the messenger's knees. It was a double-barreled gun of large calibre, and when he asked with what it was loaded, the laconic reply was:

"Buckshot."

"Does the gun kill?" inquired Alden.

"At short range it's a sure pop. Even at long range a single buckshot, if it hits a feller in the eye, is sure to fix him; near the heart, it's mighty apt to."

"Do the stage-robbers use the same kind of weapon?"

"Yes, some of 'em do, and some of 'em carries Henry rifles. The road-agents aint got no right to carry these guns. This kind of a gun aint much use for game, and no man had ought to carry one except sheriffs and Wells-Fargo messengers. But sheriffs usually carry magazine rifles for long-range work. We don't have no long-range work; when we've got to protect the express-box it's always in a hurry and always at short range. The road-agents mostly carries rifles. Mebbe one of a gang will carry a shotgun for close work."

"But how do they know when you're carrying much bullion in the box? For example, are you carrying much today?"

The driver turned and stared fixedly at Alden, while he and Buck exchanged glances and smiled. It was evident to Alden that he had committed a dreadful breach of stage-coach etiquette.

"Really, I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion. "Of course you don't know how much is in the box any more than I do."

"I don't know how much there is—mebbe there aint any at all," replied Buck. "The company puts in dummy bullion sometimes, when they're afraid the road-agents has got onto some heavy shipment. But they don't tell the express messengers nothin' about it. We're guarding lead instead of gold, then, but we got to guard it all the same."

A silence fell upon the three men as they reached the foothills and the animals slowed down to a walk. Clouds of thick dust rose up from under the hoofs of the horses. The men on the stage were silent, but the vehicle itself was not. Above the jingle of harness and the slight woodland noises rose the rattling of the wheel-boxes—a curious, clattering roar. This monotonous wooden reverberation carried far, for ahead of them Alden saw a dense cloud of dust resolving itself into a procession of enormous wagons. Already the drivers were looking back, and preparing to stop on the "turn-outs" to let the coach pass by.

"How do they know we're coming?" asked Alden.

"Heard our talkin'-boxes—you kin hear 'em quite a ways," replied Hank.

"Talking-boxes?"

"Yep—they loud-rattlin' wheel-boxes. You must 'a' heard 'em, if you aint deaf."

"What do they call them talking-boxes for?"

"Cause they makes so much noise, I reckon. It's done a-purpose. Ye see, the down stage kin hear our talkin'-boxes a half-mile off, an' we kin hear theirs, so we jest natcherally look out for to meet on a turn-out. Same way with them teamsters—you seen how they heerd our talkin'-boxes, and are gittin' ready for us to pass 'em."

Alden looked closely at the driver to see if he was

merely hoaxing a passenger, but Hank looked perfectly serious. So Alden asked again:

"Is there any other reason for making the wheel-boxes so noisy?"

"Well, the noise is mighty useful to the man that's drivin', too. Ye see, I know the sound of each of them four wheel-boxes. To you, they all sound the same, I reckon; but to me, each one sounds different. If that near hind box was to begin to talk different, I'd pull up and examine it right away. Mebbe I'd save a hot box by doin' it, and a hot box aint no joke, mister."

Again Alden looked at Hank suspiciously, but his face was impassive. And around and over and under them, filling the air, roaring down the ravines, and echoing back from cañon to cañon, sounded the dull monotonous rattling of the talking-boxes.

The rattling bad by now warned the wagons, the first of which were drawn up by the side of the road. These were the great freight-wagons which climbed the mountain roads from the river. Connecting with the steamboats, they carried provisions, clothing, and all manner of supplies to the mines. These wagons were generally driven in "trails" of two or three—that is, with all of the horses or mules hitched to the leading wagon, and the trail-wagons coupled on behind. The gigantic vehicles flared out at the tops like inverted pyramids, rising to a height of some twelve feet above the road, and were covered with canvas or tarpaulin. They were drawn by strings of twelve to twenty animals, usually mules. This train of animals was driven by a "jerk line" instead of reins. A long line of braided rawhide ran from the bit of the near leading mule through the turrets of the harness to the succeeding animals until it reached the driver. He controlled the leading mule by jerks indicating to it to stop, to go ahead, or to turn to right or left. An iron "jockey-stick" ran from the near leader's hames to the off leader's bit—this pushed or pulled his head as his mate moved in answer to the "jerk-line." The long line of mules followed the leader in the most docile fashion. On each mule's hames a bow of bells was attached, the jingle of which added notably to their daily tale of miles.

This, the first of the many wagon-trains they passed, Alden regarded with much curiosity. He was diverted by the driver's continual change of position. Each man had a seat high up on the left-hand or near corner of his leading wagon. To this he often climbed with his jerk-line wound around his wrist. When wearied of this elevated post, he would descend and seat himself in the riding saddle cinched on the back of the near wheeler. When tired of riding, he would vault from the saddle without stopping his lumbering, creaking wagon-train; then, on Shanks's mare, he would trudge by the side of his animals until he wearied of walking. These teamsters, in their attempts to diversify their positions and to divert themselves by the happenings of the road, were like so many boys. From their tall wagon-tops they could look far ahead and around them. Every teamster carried two revolvers strapped in his belt. With these he would, ever and anon, take a pot-shot at a chipmunk, a squirrel, or a jack-rabbit, scared out of the roadside manzanita or chapparal by the jingle of his mule's bells. Sometimes the leading mule would pause and sniff in so warning a way as to throw the whole line into confusion and terror. The first wagon-string they met had stopped, but the bells were jingling, and the line of mules had fallen into disorder. The teamster quickly descended and ran to the head of his animals. There, coiled up in the soft warm dust, just ahead of the leaders' noses, a big rattlesnake lay, his flat ugly head poised high, his yellow eyes gleaming, his wicked fangs showing, and the whirr of his rattles sounding on the air. The driver quickly cocked his big revolver, and sent shot after shot into the writhing mass of snake. Then, with a jingle of bells, a creaking of whiffle-trees, and a clanking of trace-chains, the wagons fared on.

As the stage passed the teamster roared a cheery greeting: "Hello, Hank! How are you, Buck?" Thus shouted the charioteer as he walked with swinging gait by the side of his mules. Just as the stage was leaving him behind, he vaulted into the saddle of the near wheeler, with the air of a postillion in a royal coach parade.

"What do they carry in those wagons?" inquired Alden of the driver.

"Pretty much of everything that the miners wants has got to come this way. The freight ginly comes up the river from the Bay, and then gits hauled by freight-wagon over the grade."

"Is that the only way they have of bringing freight?"

"I don't know no other way 'ceptin' by pack-trains—mules and burros. They're runnin' yet—we'll meet lots of pack-trains today. But they can't compete with the big freight-wagons, and if white men was runnin' 'em they'd have to quit. But them greasers that runs 'em don't want much pay, so they hang on."

Alden questioned the driver about these masses of freight slowly climbing over the mountain range. Hank, usually not conversational, became on this topic reminiscent and almost voluble. He talked freely and minutely of the freight, its character, and its destination—of the appalling freight charges—of the costly and luxurious things which were thus carried on burro-back mile after mile—of the feverish silver city, its foundations honey-combed with tunnels and shafts, to which most of these freight-trains ran. And when at last Hank had talked his topic out, a silence fell on the three men, while the horses, at a running walk, were climbing an easy stretch of grade.

The driver's story, uncouth but vivid, set Alden to wondering. How amazing it was, the vast sums of

money this road had set in motion—from the time it was painfully blasted out of the granite mountains until now. He pondered over the enormous cost of hauling these supplies over the mountains; of the millions in bullion carried from the mines down to the assay office; of the millions in coin carried back to pay off the workmen in mills and mines. What hundreds of tons of staples, of food, of provisions, of clothing, were carried over these roads in freight-wagons and on mule-trains. What quantities of gold-dust, of "coarse gold," of amalgam, of bullion, of ingots of silver and bars of gold, were brought down from mines and mills to assay-offices and mint. What fortunes in twenty-dollar pieces went back to feed the faro-banks, the roulette-dealers, the poker-sharps, the whisky-sellers, and to buy champagne and diamonds for the frail ladies in silk and velvet who whirled up from the Bay to the mines, to return with full pockets flitting back to the Bay.

From these musings he awoke with a start as they encountered the first pack-train—a band of some fifty animals. It was headed by a tall, slab-sided mule, an ancient animal whose tinkling bell seemed to hypnotize the beasts that followed. Strung along the line of animals were five Mexicans on saddle-mules; their duty it was to adjust pack-saddles if they slipped, or help the mules if they fell, which they rarely did, being extremely sure-footed. The loads these animals bore simply amazed Alden. Some of the larger ones, said Hank, carried as much as four hundred pounds; the loads rose to such a height above the animal, and protruded so far on either side, that often one could see only the mule's ears and tail. The expertness required to adjust the packs on the *aparejos* was dwelt upon by both Buck and Hank; they also dilated on the droll sights when the mules were being packed, and when each mule would carefully blow himself up to prevent his girth being cinched too tightly. Then, when these swollen mules would deflate themselves, girths would slip, and *aparejo* and load would fall. Mountains of commodities filed by, as Alden looked down from the stage-coach—mountains of sacks of flour, of barley, of sugar, of bacon, of dried fruit, casks of liquors, cases of wines, boxes of tobacco and miscellaneous goods—all seeming to be traveling on their own legs like centipedes, for little was visible of the mules save their absurd tails.

The pack-train was left behind. The tinkle of the leader's bell had died away. More and more slowly the horses traveled as the grade became steeper. The character of the vegetation was changing.

"We seem to be getting higher up—aren't we nearing the top?" inquired Alden of the driver.

"Yes. We'll be on the divide in half an hour."

"When we get over the divide," said the messenger, "them wheel-boxes 'll make sich a noise goin' down grade that I can't sleep. I went to bed late last night, and I think I'll git inside an' try an' take a nap."

Without stopping the coach, he swung off the box, opened the door, and swung down and inside.

After the messenger had disappeared Hank became a trifle more communicative about the express-box.

"You asked a while back how much we carry in the express-box," he confided to Alden. "Well, when we've been goin' the other way, I've carried at one time as much as two hundred thousand dollars in gold dust and bricks."

"That doesn't seem much."

"Don't seem much, hey? Why it would weigh nigh to a third of a ton."

"And do you carry much this way?"

"No, this way we don't carry much. When we do it's gin'ly coin to pay off the fellers that works in the stamp-mills, and the underground men, for they won't take no checks. Talkin' about this trip, I heard the express agent tell Buck that there's about twenty-five thousand dollars in this here express-box."

"What can you do if you're held up?"

"Do? Why, nothin'. Us drivers ain't paid to fight—that's the express messengers' job. It's their funeral—taint ours. Anyway, the road-agents never tries to shoot the drivers, and the drivers always does what the road-agents tells 'em to."

"So you're not expected to fight?"

"Sure, son. The express company gets paid for carrying gold-dust, the express messengers gets paid for purtectin' it, and we drivers gets paid for drivin'."

"How do the robbers get at the box?"

"They gin'ly yell at us to throw it off. Then I tell 'em to come and take it."

"But suppose they won't do it? What then?"

"That depends—if there aint no messenger aboard, then I got to throw it out. Sometimes we got a messenger and sometimes we aint. If there's a messenger aboard it's his lookout. Ye see, in this here business, every man's got his own job."

"Do the robbers have any trouble opening the express-boxes—they seem very strong?"

"Blast 'em open."

"Did the express company ever try to make the boxes a permanent part of the coach?"

"Yes, but they give it up—the road-agents blew the stage all to pieces gittin' at the gold-dust."

The talk died away, and again a silence fell. The only sounds were the harsh rattling of the wheel-boxes and the jingling of the harness as the horses slowly climbed the steep grade. Little could be seen ahead, as the road was lined with a dense growth of pine and tamarack. Along the roadside a little stream chattered down the grade up which they had come. The coach reached a bend in the road, and as the leaders swung round, the driver hooked the brake-bar forward with his heavy boot, saying:

"Here we are at the divide."

As he set his brake the panting horses stopped, their legs braced slightly forward on the steep down grade, while the coach rested with braked wheels exactly on the crest of the ridge.

"There," said Hank, pointing with his whip to a trickle of water oozing out of the red clay bank of the road cutting. "Ye see that spring there? Well, that water follies the grade we're goin' on now, and empties itself into the North Fork of the American, while that little stream over yan"—pointing behind the coach—"empties into the Uvas River."

While they were idly gazing at the two little streams, rising so close together, emptying so many miles apart, a voice suddenly rang out:

"Throw out that express-box!"

Startled, they both looked up. By the roadside, in front of a big pine tree—behind which he had evidently been ambushed—stood a man; a sack was drawn over his head and shoulders, with holes cut for mouth and eyes. Rude as was this mask, it gave him so strange and so alarming an aspect that even the tired horses stirred uneasily—their harness jingled, and they started as if to pull the braked coach. At the sound the masked man cried, this time more sharply:

"Halt! Throw out that box!"

His arms, thrust through slits in the sack, were free, and he kept the two men covered with a weapon which Alden, with a start, recognized as a saved-off shotgun. Gazing at the gaping barrels, for the first time he realized how deadly was the weapon—he seemed to see the shining buckshot—he flinched as he reflected on the almost certain death which would follow if even one of those hammers fell. He strove to speak, but his throat felt dry, and he could not articulate.

To Alden it seemed that many minutes passed, yet it was only a few seconds between the two challenges of the bandit. While he was uttering the second challenge and before it had fairly left his lips, a shot was fired from the inside of the coach—it was the unmistakable dull roar of a shotgun. An answering shot came so quickly that it sounded almost like an echo, were it not that the second sound was the sharp crack of a rifle. A faint puff of smoke from behind a tamarack tree showed whence it had come, and it was followed by a swarthy face peering from the tree.

The moment the shot was fired from the coach window Alden saw the first bandit start, and grip his gun convulsively, while the sack over his head and face suddenly turned a dingy red. The shotgun which he held went off—he could scarcely be said to have fired it—and fell to the ground. Then came the hoarse scream of a man in agony, but whose it was Alden did not know. It might even have been his own, for as these happenings flashed before him, like lightning pictures in the dark, he saw the blood pouring down over his shoes. Not until he saw the blood did he feel any pain—not until then did he realize that he himself had been shot in the legs and feet with buckshot from the dying robber's gun.

He heard the fall of a heavy body in front of him, and a groan, then the clatter of the brake-rod. He leaned forward and looked over the seat. The driver had pitched heavily to the floor of the foot-board, mechanically or unconsciously kicking off the brake-rod as he fell. His face was white as tallow.

As the brake-shoes left the wheel-tires, the heavy coach lurched forward against the wheels, already trembling at the roar of the guns so close to their ears. Snorting with fear, they bounded forward against the swing horses, and in a second the six terrified animals had started down the steep grade with the ponderous coach thundering behind them.

"Say, you!" yelled the driver to Alden. "Ketch hold of them lines! God, man! Ketch-a-hold! We'll go over the grade if you don't get 'em!"

Alden leaned over—he seized the reins, and held them uncertainly in his hands. Such was the harsh clatter of the wheel-boxes, such the straining and rocking of the heavy coach, that it was difficult to hear or be heard. At the top of his voice Alden shouted:

"I can't drive six horses!"

"You got to drive!" yelled back the driver. "I'll show you how. You got to drive—my hands are all shot up. Git your foot on the brake!"

"I can't!" shouted Alden. "My legs and feet are full of buckshot. I can't work the brake, but I'll try to drive."

"Well, you got your hands all right—you drive. I'll brake and you drive!" yelled Hank. And the plucky driver climbed to where he could get at the brake-rod with his foot.

It was time. So terrific was the speed that the heavy coach almost rocked itself off the road and over the grade into the abyss beneath. But before many minutes Hank succeeded in getting it under some control, although he did not arrest the frightened horses; the many shots fired after the coach warned him that the stage robber had several companions, so the wild race down the mountain was slackened only enough to keep the coach on the road.

It was Alden's first mountain stage ride, and every minute he thought it would be his last. Under the directions of Hank, he guided his horses skillfully enough, on long straight stretches keeping them in the middle of the road. But the road ran around many sharp corners where it made elbow-like bends in crossing the numerous ravines. Every time he reached one of these angles, Alden obeyed orders, and swung his horses sharply out and in. But when at every bend he would meet his leaders hurtling out at him cannon-ball like, his heart was in his mouth. The sensation in

making these short, sharp turns, when descending a mountain grade behind six partly broken horses, is at all times exhilarating and sometimes startling. But such a ride when the coach was under little control and the horses under none was terrifying. For the two men, weakened from loss of blood, had but partial control. It was with gasps of relief that they found the coach at last was on an easier grade, betokening a return to the foothills. And at last they saw signs of habitation—a settlement—of a town.

"There's El Dorado!" muttered Hank, nodding toward it.

"Thank God!" ejaculated Alden. And in all his life he never uttered a more fervent prayer.

They passed the first outlying cabins, with the horses still on their wild run. At the stage station Alden feebly attempted to rein them in, while Hank made an even weaker attempt to work the heavy brake. But past the station they whirled, and it was not until the loungers shouted to some men up the road that the horses were headed off and brought back.

"What's the matter with you, Hank?" cried a hostler. "Who's your new driver?"

"I don't know his name," replied Hank. "But he's all right, you bet, and he's clear grit for sure. Road-agents held us up at the divide—they shot us up—his feet and my hands are full of buckshot. So he had to drive the horses, while I braked."

Willing hands seized hold of the two wounded men, and they were tenderly lifted down from the blood-stained box-seat.

"But where's the express messenger?"

"Yes, where's Buck?"

"D—n him, I don't know," cried Hank angrily. "Before we got to the divide he went and hid himself inside. I think he sort of suspicioned a hold-up. I think mebbe he's inside there now—hidin' under a seat."

The leather curtains of the coach were drawn, although the day was warm. One of the hostlers turned the handle and opened the door.

A man fell forward, as he did so—a man who had been crouched behind the curtain. He pitched out through the door, and fell on his face at their feet. In his hand was still tightly clutched his shotgun—the gun with which he had shot the masked bandit ere the hidden bandit had killed him. For it was a dead hand that clutched the shotgun—Buck Venner had fired his last shot.

"My God!" cried Hank, "why, there's poor Buck! Shot dead too! Shot through the head! That feller with the rifle got him! And me to say that he was a coward! I take it all back! Yes, Buck, every word of it! I take it all back! That's one on me!"

The words were trivial—almost foolish, perhaps; but the tone and manner expressed genuine grief and keen remorse. Alden's own eyes grew moist as Hank mourned over the dead body of the brave man with whom he had traveled so many dangerous roads and weary miles.

"Haven't you got any idea who the man was that held you up, Hank?" inquired the stage agent, anxiously.

"'Fraid not," replied Hank, moodily. "He had a mask made out of a sack and I couldn't see his face. The way he talked, it sounded to me like he was a greaser though."

Here Alden intervened: "The other man," said he, "the one who shot from behind a tree and killed the express messenger—I caught a glimpse of his face for a second, and he looked to me like a Mexican."

"Then they both was greasers!" exclaimed Hank.

"Boys, it must be that Basquez gang!"

"That's right!" said the sheriff, who had just come up. "I heard today that a gang of greasers had stampeded a bunch of horses out of Bulger's corral down the road, stole 'em, and left their own worn-out mustangs runnin' loose. Their horses look like they come a long ways. It's probably the Basquez gang, run out of the southern country, the pursuit of them is so hot."

"We'll make it hot for them here, eh, sheriff?" cried a bystander.

"That's what we'll do, boys," replied the sheriff. "And now, boys, I want a posse, and I want it right away. I want every man that's got a horse and a gun. I want at least a hundred of you. I want scouts all over the mountains, on both sides, and all the trails and passes guarded. I want those greasers. I want 'em alive or dead." He turned to the express agent. "How much will Wells-Fargo give for each man, Joe?"

"The company has a standing reward of five hundred dollars for any express robber," replied the agent. "But for Basquez himself or his head the company has offered three thousand dollars and the State two thousand dollars."

"Do you hear that, boys?" cried the sheriff. "How's that, eh? Five thousand dollars for the boss greaser, and five hundred dollars apiece for each of the others. Don't forget that?"

"Yes, sheriff," said the express agent, "that's all right. The reward's all right, and I hope the boys will get it. But, boys," he said, looking around the circle, "don't forget this either." And he pointed to the stiffened body of Buck Venner, the faithful express messenger, who had died at his post.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The city of London proper covers one square mile, and the value of the property within that area is estimated at \$1,250,000,000, which, it is claimed, establishes it as the richest district in the world.

INTRIGUE AND TRAGEDY.

Mr. Oppenheim Sustains His Reputation by a New and Strong Romance.

In "The Avenger" Mr. Oppenheim has given us another good story, and he manages to make his stories very good indeed by ingenious plot and the force of stirring and continuous action. Mr. Oppenheim's romances are never of the kind that are dipped into and laid aside. He captures his reader with his first chapter and the spell is broken only with the last.

The Queen of Mexico, virtuous and unfortunate, is persecuted by her worthless husband, who seeks to obtain a divorce on the ground of some youthful love letters that she once wrote to an admirer. But these letters are in the hands of Morris Barnes, a black-mailer, who accepts an income from the queen for their suppression while at the same time treating with her enemies for their delivery. The queen's friend, Louise, tries to purloin the letters from Barnes's room, but by mistake she finds her way into that of Herbert Wrayson on a lower floor. Explaining her mistake with difficulty, she is allowed to go, but a couple of hours later, at midnight, Wrayson sees her descend from the upper part of the house, although he knows that Barnes has been out the whole evening and has not yet returned. Then comes the dramatic incident upon which the whole story turns:

He was not conscious of any movement, but when she reached the landing he was standing there on the threshold, with the soft halo of light from behind shining on to his white, fiercely questioning face. She came towards him without speech, and her veil was lowered so that he could only imperfectly see her face, but she walked as one newly recovered from illness, with trembling footsteps, and with one hand always upon the banisters. When she reached the corner she stopped, and seemed about to collapse. She spoke to him, and her voice had lost all its quality. It sounded harsh and unreal.

"Why are you—spying on me?" she asked.

"I am not spying," he answered. "I have been asleep—and woke up suddenly."

"Give me—some brandy!" she begged.

She stood upon the threshold and drank from the wineglass which he had filled. When she gave it back to him, he noticed that her fingers were steady.

"Will you come downstairs and let me out?" she asked. "I have looked down and it is all dark on the ground floor. I am not sure that I know my way."

He hesitated, but only for a moment. Side by side they walked down four flights of steps in unbroken silence. He asked no question, she attempted no explanation. Only when he opened the door and she saw the waiting hansom she very nearly collapsed. For a moment she clung to him.

"He is there—in the cab," she moaned. "Where can I hide?"

"Whoever it is," Wrayson answered, with his eyes fixed upon the hansom, "he is either drunk or asleep."

"Or dead!" she whispered in his ear. "Go and see!"

Then, before Wrayson could recover from the shock of her words, she was gone, flitting down the unlit side of the street with swift, silent footsteps. His eyes followed her mechanically. Then, when she had turned the corner, he crossed the pavement towards the cab. Even now he could see little of the figure in the corner, for his silk hat was drawn down over his eyes.

"Is that you, Barnes?" he asked.

There came not the slightest response. Then for the first time the hideous meaning of those farewell words of hers broke in upon his brain. Had she meant it? Had she known or guessed? He leaned forward and touched the white-gloved hand. He raised it and let go. It fell like a dead, inert thing. He stepped back and confronted the cabman, who was rubbing his eyes.

"There's something wrong with your fare, cabby," he said.

The cabby raised the trap door, looked down, and descended heavily on to the pavement.

"Well, I'm blowed!" he said. "Here, wake up, guy'nor!"

There was no response. The cabby threw open the apron of the cab and gently shook the recumbent figure.

"I can't wait here all night for my fare!" he exclaimed. "Wake up, God love us!" he broke off.

He stepped hastily back on to the pavement, and began tugging at one of his lamps.

"Push his hat back sir," he said. "Let's 'ave a look at 'im."

Wrayson stood upon the step of the cab and lifted the silk hat from the head of the recumbent figure. Then he sprang back quietly with a little exclamation of horror. The lamp was shining full now upon the man's face livid and white, upon his staring but sightless eyes, upon something around his neck, a fragment of silken cord, drawn so tightly that the flesh seemed to crawl over and conceal it.

"Throttled, by God!" the cabman exclaimed. "I'm off to the police station."

The acquaintance between Wrayson and Louise had been a short one and not of an auspicious nature, but Wrayson is hopelessly captivated by a lovely face and a melodious voice and not even the suspicion of murder can hinder his pursuit of a charmer who has the added attraction of mystery. Fortune is his friend, but his ardent advances are sternly repulsed, nor can he even secure the slightest explanation of the tragical event with which they have both been associated:

"You are a bold lover," she murmured. "Have you been reading romances lately? Do you know that it is the twentieth century, and I have seen you three times? You don't know what you say. You can't mean it."

"By Heaven, I do!" he cried, and for one exquisite moment he held her in his arms. Then

she freed herself with a sudden start. She had lost her composure. Her cheeks were flushed.

"Don't," she cried, sharply. "Remember our first meeting. I am not the sort of person you imagine. I never can be. There are reasons—"

He swept them aside. Something seemed to tell him that if he did not succeed with her now, his opportunity would be gone forever.

"I will listen to none of them," he declared, standing between her and the door. "They don't matter! Nothing matters! I choose you for my wife, and I will have you. I wouldn't care if you came to me from a prison. Better give in, Louise. I shan't let you escape."

She had indeed something of the look of a beautiful hunted animal as she leaned a little toward him, her eyes riveted upon his, her lips a little parted, her bosom rising and falling quickly. She was taken completely by surprise. She had not given Wrayson credit for such strength of mind or purpose.

"I am going away," she said nervously. "You will forget me. You must forget me."

"You shall not go away," he answered, "unless I know where. Don't be afraid. You can keep your secrets, whatever they are. I want to know nothing. Go on exactly with the life you are leading, if it pleases you. I shan't interfere. But you are going to be my wife, and you shall not leave London without telling me about it."

"I am leaving London," she faltered, "tomorrow."

"I was thinking," he remarked calmly, "of taking a little holiday myself."

She laughed uneasily.

"You are absurd," she declared, "and you must go away. Really! The baroness will be home directly. I would rather, I would very much rather that she did not find you here."

He held out his arms to her. His eyes were bright with the joy of conquest.

"I will go, Louise," he answered, "but first I will have my answer—and no answer save one will do!"

She hit her lip. She was moved by some emotion, but he was unable, for the moment, to classify it.

"I think," she declared, "that you must be the most persistent man on earth."

"You are going to find me so," he assured her.

"Listen," she said firmly, "I will not marry you!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"On that point," he answered, "I am content to differ from you. Anything else?"

She stamped her foot.

But the letters disappear absolutely with the death of Barnes. They are neither in the custody of the queen nor of her foes and from both quarters the pursuit is baffled. Then we have the arrival from South Africa of Barnes's brother, an even lower type of mongrel than the dear departed, and Barnes Junior undertakes a feverish and hysterical hunt for the source from which his brother had drawn a coveted income. The elder Barnes is found to have had a wife and the wife has a precious packet in her possession entrusted to her by her husband under a premonition of assassination. How the letters are finally rescued is dramatically told in the author's best manner:

"Your brother was another of your breed," the colonel continued. "A blackmailer! A low-living, evil-minded brute. Do you know how he came by those letters?"

"I don't know and I don't care," Barnes answered with a weak attempt at bluster. "They're mine now, and I'm going to stick to them."

The colonel shook his head.

"He broke his trust to a dying man," he said softly, "to a man who lay on the velvet at Colenso with three great wounds in his body, and his life's blood staining the ground. He had carried those letters into action with him, because they were precious to him. His last thought was that they should be destroyed. Your brother swore to do this. He broke his word. He turned black-mailer."

"You're very fond of that word," Barnes muttered. "How do you know so much?"

"The soldier was my son," the colonel answered, "and he did not die. You see I have a right to those letters. Will you give them to me?"

Give them up! Give up all his hopes of affluence, his dreams of an easy life, of the cheap luxuries and riches which formed the Heaven of his desire! No! He was not coward enough for that. He did not believe that this mild-looking old gentleman would use force. Besides, he could not be very strong. He ought to be able to push him over and escape!

"No!" he answered bluntly, "I won't."

The colonel looked thoughtful.

"It is a pity," he said quietly. "I am sorry to hear you say that. Your brother, when I asked him, made the same reply."

Barnes felt himself suddenly grow hot and then cold. The perspiration stood out upon his forehead.

"I called upon your brother a few days before his death," the colonel continued calmly. "I explained my claim to the letters and I asked him for them. He, too, refused! Do you remember, by the way, what happened to your brother?"

Sydney Barnes did not answer, but his cheeks were like chalk. His mouth was a little open, disclosing his yellow teeth. He stared at the colonel with frightened, fascinated eyes.

"I can see," the colonel continued, "that you remember. 'Young man,' he added, with a curious alteration, 'be wiser than your brother! Give me the packet.'"

"You killed him," the young man gasped. "It was you who killed Morris."

The colonel nodded gravely.

"He had his chance," he said, "even as you have it."

There was a dead silence. The colonel was waiting. Sydney Barnes was breathing hard. He was alone, then, with a murderer. He tried to speak, but found a difficulty in using his voice. It was a situation which might have abashed a bolder ruffian.

The colonel rose to his feet.

"I am sorry to hurry you," he said, "but we are already late for our appointment with Wrayson and his friends."

Sydney Barnes snatched up the packet and retreated behind the table. The colonel leaned forward and blew out the candle.

"I can see better in the dark," he remarked calmly. "You are a very foolish young man!"

Mr. Oppenheim is one of the few writers who can give dignity to sensationalism. He approaches his tragedies with seeming regret and as though they were unfortunate necessities to be hurried through with a minimum of detail. In such matters he uses an artistic lack of apparent emphasis and he never forgets that the permanent appeal must be to sentiment and pathos. The love story of Wrayson and of Louise is charming and it is all the more charming for its grim background of intrigue, diplomacy, and murder. "The Avenger" is decidedly a fascinating story.

"The Avenger," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Whip-poor-will.

We traveled thro' the soundless night
And breathed the fragrant June,
Tumultuous fragrance, flooded bright
With an unwaning moon;
Till from the whitened field the wood
Rose dark along the hill,
And there with sudden joy we stood
To hear thee, whip-poor-will!

O Bird, O Wonder! Long and high
Thy measured question calls!
I marvel, till thy perfect cry
Almost too perfect falls.

What art thou singing, voice divine,
Heart of the poignant night?
What utter loveliness is thine,
Of suffering or delight?
Delight too lovely, all but pain,
Would thy frail spirit pour?
Would sorrow, in thy perfect strain,
Be joy forevermore?

Thou hadst no answer but thy song—
Clear as the soft June light,
Sweet as the fragrant earth, and long
As that immortal night.
—John Erskine, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

Where the Grass Grows Green.

When me wife is to a paarty and the house is all
me own,
I slip into the kitchen, where I sit and drink
alone.
I forget me billion dollars and the places I have
seen
Since I played a bye in Ireland, where the grass
grows green.

Sure, me daughter Kate is stylish as any gurrl in
town;
You should see the jools and bangles on her latest
Paris gown;
But there's days I'd like to watch her, a barefoot
country queen,
Tossin' hay on Wexford hillsides, where the grass
grows green.

They call me 'Fighin' Terrence,' sayin' Wall
Street knows me grip;
Re it boord of Trade or politics, me fingers never
slip.
Then I mind me oak shillalah, that I swung with
elbows bare,
Breakin' heads of County Cork byes at a Wex-
ford cattle fair.

Well, Broadway is a diff'rent place from Balny-
carrig Bridge,
And Murray Hill is diff'rent from Enniscorthy
Ridge,
And I wish that I could cut away the years that
lies between
And be a ragged young gossoon where the grass
grows green.
—*Collier's Weekly*.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

The death of François Coppée has robbed France of one of her most distinguished literary figures. He was the poet, the novelist, and the dramatist of Paris, but Coppée's Paris was not that of the boulevards, it had but little of the tinsel and glitter which form so large a part of the average knowledge of the French capital. Coppée's supreme gift, a gift gravely undervalued by the writers of today, was the power to recognize the beauty and the pathos of the commonplace, and this is a power only to be acquired by sympathy and kindness. For this reason, perhaps, it is so rare. Coppée's poetry does not readily lend itself to translation, but those who wish to know something of the charm that he exercised over the best aspects of the French mind should read "The Wooden Shoes of Little Wolf," "My Friend Meutrier," or "The Two Clowns." François Coppée was a good Frenchman, but he was more than that. He belonged to the dwindling family of writers whose pens are guided by conscience and who recognize the moral responsibility associated with authorship.

The Primadonna, by F. Marion Crawford. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

The mainspring of this story is the mysterious death of a young woman in a New York opera-house. A panic in the darkened building has been narrowly averted by the presence of mind of the prima donna Cordova, who restores tranquillity to the vast audience by her singing. Then the young woman is found in a dying state behind one of the doors, and it is known to only one or two that heart failure is an insufficient explanation and that there was a bloodstain upon her red dress.

The one remarkable character in the story is that of the millionaire Van Torp, whose hard and repellent exterior conceals the gentle heart of a child. From the very beginning we suspect Van Torp of being other than he seems and refuse to believe that he murdered the girl to whom he was engaged, however convenient her removal may have been. But when we do know the identity of the culprit we wish that the motive for the crime was a little more adequate and satisfying. The relationship between Van Torp and the Countess Leven, too, is a little obscure, and we do not quite understand why he should pay her such large sums of money under conditions of such secrecy. And lastly we should like to have seen the prima donna marry some one of heavier calibre than the Greek Logotheti, who is pleasant enough but none the less an unscrupulous vagabond. The story is, of course, eminently readable. It is a clever picture of the world of music and its condensations are masterly, but sometimes we wish for more detail and the book leaves us with the impression of having missed the concluding chapter.

The Mather of California, by Arthur Walbridge North. Published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco and New York; \$2.

The sub-title of this book describes it as an "Historical sketch of the little-known land of Baja California, from the days of Cortez to the present time, depicting the ancient missions, the mines, and the physical, social, and political aspects of the country; together with an extensive bibliography relative to the same." It ought certainly to fill a position that has for too long been left vacant. It would be hard to find a better work of its kind or one in which history and present conditions are set forth in such finely literary attire. Beginning with the sixteenth-century voyages of Cortez, Cabrillo, and Viscaino, we have a narrative of the foundation and career of the missions, their final downfall, the coming of the traders, the American invasion of 1847, and the progress of the country down to the present day. The story is told not only with historical skill but in that peculiar vein of romance and sentiment that rightfully belongs to its subject. The index is a valuable feature, the maps are almost unique, while the profuse illustrations are well selected and artistic. The book is printed on tinted paper and the binding is solid and ornamental.

Round about the North Pole, by W. J. Gordon. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$5.

Arctic exploration has a fascination for the healthy mind and it is only the degenerate who asks *cui bono?* In this fine book we have the whole story from Ingolf in the year 875 to the departure of the *Roosevelt*, in 1905. After a thousand years of effort the goal is still unreachd, and if popular imagination is now somewhat diverted to less worthy things the intentions and aspirations of the few are no less pronounced.

The reader of this book will not be overwhelmed by scientific details. The author has an unobstructed eye for the salient facts of heroic endeavor and he can tell just the kind of story that average intelligence wishes to hear. The Nansen and Peary expeditions have, of course, the places of honor, but courage and merit are overlooked nowhere. Over seventy illustrations and maps by Edward Whymper are a marked and valuable addition to the volume, which is intensely

readable all the way through and on no account to be overlooked by those who love adventure and the weird and tremendous story of the frozen north.

School Reports and School Efficiency, by David S. Snedden and William H. Allen. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

After priding ourselves for so many years on the supposed perfection of the American school system, it is a little disconcerting to find that we really know little about it and that the absence of systematized reports and statistics is a serious detriment to efficient coordination. That this is the case is made clear enough by this important volume. Neither the expert nor the so-called outsider can find the data for intelligent conclusions, and educational enthusiasm seems to mean little more than a willingness to spend money while leaving the manner of its spending without the public supervision that is so essential. Something is gravely wrong when it can be said authoritatively in New York that "our buildings, our curriculum, and our home study are manufacturing more defects than the physician and nurse and dispensary can correct." Is this true of other States than New York? It is to be feared so.

The object of the book is to show how school reports ought to be drawn so that even the parent—startling as such an idea may seem—may know something of the system of which his children are the beneficiaries—or the victims.

The Duchess of Dreams, by Edith Macvane. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

When Mrs. J. Harrison Rumbold of Newport finds that the Grand Duchess Varvara is prevented by illness from being her guest she naturally mourns for an endangered social prestige. But being a woman of reckless resolution she engages a young actress to play the part and the rôle is filled so admirably that every one is deceived except a Hungarian count who happens to be also a Russian spy. The count threatens the supposed Varvara with exposure unless she will use her beauty to beguile certain political information from a young diplomat who admires her, and so we have a charming medley of society, love, and politics and a situation so tense that we are positively grateful to the anarchist bomb that relaxes it. "The Duchess of Dreams" is a good story and we forgive its improbabilities.

The Dance of Love, by Dion Clayton Calverton. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Pepin, son of René d'Amboise and of Sir Edward de Barsham and living in the days of long brocaded gowns, short coats, parti-colored hose, long hair, wide sleeves, blunt shoes, elaborate coiffures, and brilliant women, rides out into the wide world, and more particularly into France in order that he may find the one woman with the key of life. He does not realize that she is even then in the neighboring orchard, picking apples, and many years of strife and wandering and privation are needed to prove to him the reality of a treasure too close at hand to be seen in true perspective. "The Dance of Love," in spite of its infelicitous title, is a very pure and tender romance.

The Battle for the Pacific, by Rowan Stevens. Yates Stirling, Jr., William J. Henderson, G. E. Walsh, Kirk Munroe, F. H. Spearman, and others. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York and London.

This composite authorship has much to recommend it when it is so well done as in the present case. We have a series of vivid fights against all sorts of foes and under all sorts of conditions, and it is the probabilities rather than the possibilities that are strained. Perhaps it would be more wholesome to select the great historic incidents of the past for treatment of this kind rather than to forecast those of an unknown future, but—*chacun à son goût*. At least it is well done.

The Creed of Buddha, by the author of the "Creed of Christ." Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

This book is a distinct relief from the usual treatise, which is written either from the standpoint of a lofty condescension or from that of theological bias. The author is almost the first one to challenge the popular opinion that Sakya Mouni taught the extinction of the ego and to show that Buddha's philosophy is wholly consonant with the legitimate spiritual aspiration for a continuity of individual consciousness. A book so sympathetic and so scholarly must certainly make its mark upon current thought.

Government by the People, by Robert H. Fuller. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.

The whole mission of this useful little book is an educational one. It is a digest of the laws and customs regulating the election system and the formation and control of political parties in the United States. It shows at a glance the whole American system of popular representation with the illumination of an occasional comparison with other countries.



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1:45 P.	8:15 A.	2:40 P.	12:16 P.	1:40 P.	11:10 A.
1:45 P.	9:15 A.	4:45 P.	1:40 P.	4:14 P.	12:16 P.
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LITERARY NOTES.

American Literature.

Dr. Edwin W. Bowen has written a text-book on American literature that leaves little to be desired from the class-room point of view. Excluding all living authors, there can be little quarrel with his selection of Franklin, Irving, Cooper, Poe, Prescott, Hawthorne, Emerson, Bryant, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Lanier, and Whitman as most truly representative of distinctively American literature. With much skill he combines the biographical and the critical, while his selections from the works of each author are made with discrimination.

A little less caution in criticism might have added to the value of the book so far as the general reader is concerned, while as for the class-room we are not sure that literary criticism finds a legitimate place there at all. We should, for instance, have liked some robust expression of opinion on the poems of Whitman, instead of a polite delivery of the problem to posterity. We should also like to know why the mysticism of Emerson should detract from the merit of his poems. We are told that these "contain more or less mysticism, but for all that," etc. Also that Emerson's mysticism "sometimes leads him perilously near the ridiculous and the absurd." These are brave words and seem to suggest bias rather than criticism, but such flaws are rare and on the whole the author is to be congratulated on a conscientious work and on a literary judgment that is always kindly. The volume is published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York. Price, \$2.50.

New Publications.

A collection of short stories by Margaret Deland needs no recommendation. Under the title of "R. J.'s Mother" we have six of these delightful romances of an almost uniform excellence. The book is published by Harper & Brothers, New York. Price, \$1.50.

"The Sayings of Grandmamma," by Elinor Glyn, is a collection of excerpts from that lady's books, most of them very clever, others not so clever, while a few of them show a moral irresponsibility not wholly unexpected. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.

"Source Book of Mediæval History," edited by Frederic Austin Ogg, has been published by the American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. The object is to illustrate European life and institutions from the German invasions to the Renaissance. Price, \$1.50.

Those who know the humor of Marshall P. Wilder will welcome his latest book, "Smiling 'Round the World." Mr. Wilder has just been round the world, presumably smiling all the way, and the well illustrated story of his peregrinations is delightful. It is published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.

"By Wild Waves Tossed," by Captain Jack Brand, late U. S. N., is a fine story of adventure and the sea, comparable with the romances of Clark Russell. It deals with the period of American independence and its heroine is a young English lady who in her distress accepts the aid of an American sailor, marries him as a matter of convenience, and then discovers that her heart is not quite so free as she thought it was. The book is published by the McClure Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.

The report of the First National Conference on State and Local Taxation that has been issued by the Macmillan Company, New York, should be a *quod mecum* for the statesman and the reformer. The conference itself, summoned by Governor Harris of Ohio, was an affair of national importance, representing, as it did, every shade of fiscal opinion and enlisting the best expert aid of the country. Some fifty of the papers that were read have now been made available by this admirable volume, which provides nothing less than a liberal education in the whole science of taxation. Price, \$4.

Mr. Fredric G. Kenyon, in revising and rewriting the "Life and Letters of Robert Browning," by Mrs. Sutherland Orr, has certainly given an added value to a valuable book. In his preface Mr. Kenyon explains that he has done nothing in the way of revision that was not absolutely necessary. Mrs. Orr herself would probably have done more. A new portrait has been introduced, the pencil sketch made by Frederic Leighton, and on the whole the book has been immeasurably improved without interference with Mrs. Orr's individuality of workmanship. The book is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and the price is \$2.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Houghton-Mifflin Company report the printing of a second edition of "Priest and Pagan," a novel of The Bronx by Herbert M. Hopkins, author of "The Mayor of Warwick," "The Fighting Bishop," etc.

Mr. Swinburne since finishing "The Duke of Guiana" has been busy with the final revision of what is to be his greatest work in prose, "The Age of Shakespeare." There are many bookmen who contend that, significant

as the Swinburnian genius has been in the world of poetry, it will have a preponderating influence in the annals of criticism. Meanwhile the poet, although seventy-one years old, enjoys excellent health and spirits, and works with unabated vigor.

Philip S. Marden, author of "Greece and the Aegean Islands," has just returned from a trip through Spain, and is at work on a new book on that country.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The Orpheum programme next week will contain no less than six entirely new acts. Jesse Lasky's Seven Hoboes in the comedy singing sketch, "On the Road," will be the headline attraction. Smith and Campbell, rapid-fire comedians, and John W. World and Mindell Kingston are sure of a hearty welcome. Zeno, Jordan and Zeno, trapeze artists of celebrity, will be seen for the first time here. James S. Devlin and Mae Elwood, formerly with "Huckleberry Finn," "Floradora," and "Piff, Paff, Pouff," will present a comedietta called "The Man From Yonkers." It will be the last week of Felix, Barry and Barry, De Witt Burns and Torrance, and the Willy Pantzer company in their wonderful acrobatic feats. A series of newly imported Motion Pictures will be a finale to a full performance.

Herbert Kelsey and Effie Shannon are proving at the New Alcazar that they are fairly in the zenith of their histrionic ability. In the Barrie comedy, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," the two popular players are seen to unprecedented advantage and their success promises to be repeated next week in "Zaza," which is to be sumptuously produced.

In her scenes with Dufrene, after she discovers that he is a husband and father, the Zaza of Miss Shannon does not descend to the "cattishness" with which other actresses imbue the character, but even in her most indignant moments her anger is finely tempered with sorrow. And in the last act, when the man who deceived her comes to her penitently, there is no tone of triumph in her dismissal of him forever. There are twenty-eight characters in the play, and the cast will bring out the full strength of the regular Alcazar company and several extra people.

Edwin Stevens has gathered fresh laurels as Muley Hassan in the musical eccentricity, "The Tar and Tartar," at the Princess Theatre. Christina Nielsen is a welcome addition to the company. Virginia Cameron is pleasing as Taffeta and a great hit is made by Arthur Cunningham as the fiery and impassioned Tartar. Sarah Edwards carries off the chief feminine honors as Alpaca. Charles F. Couture, Oscar C. Apfel, and Ben Lodge do their share in making the performance enjoyable. "The Tar and Tartar" will be continued next week, which will be the last of Mr. Stevens. On Monday evening, June 15, "The King Maker," a musical comedy, the lyrics of which are by Waldemar Young, W. C. Patterson, and Race Whitney and the music by R. H. Bassett, will be produced for the first time on any stage. Seats will be on sale Monday morning. The production will be an elaborate one. A perfect cast has been ensured. Belle Thorne, the popular prima donna, and William Burriss, who recently made a hit as Hammerstein in "The Song Birds," have been secured for the most prominent roles.

An important theatrical event will be the appearance of William Collier at the Van Ness Theatre on Monday in "Caught in the Rain," a farce in three acts by Mr. Collier and Grant Stewart. "Caught in the Rain"—the laughing hit of the past season in New York, where it ran to crowded houses for seven months at the Garrick Theatre—has the following for its story: Dick Crawford, a young mining engineer, whose exceptional courage fails him at the sight of a pretty face, is driven by a storm under the shelter of a protecting awning. There he finds the prettiest girl he has ever seen, Muriel Mason. He entertains her during her enforced wait and tries to believe that he is anxious to get rid of her, although his admiration is evident. Unfortunately, Dick is mistaken in the identity of the girl, whom he believes to be Nellie Gardner. When later he has an opportunity to win a fortune by marrying Miss Muriel Mason he rejects the offer on the ground of his love for another girl. Muriel overhears the rejection of her hand and in ignorance of Dick's mistake as to her identity, accepts the offer of marriage of his rascally partner. The marriage is postponed from time to time and of course all comes right in the end.

Charles Frohman has provided a supporting company for Mr. Collier of rare merit. It includes Albert Perry, John Saville, Richard Sterling, Reginald Mason, W. H. Post, Thomas Beauregard, Thomas Martin, Charles Poore, John Adam, Ah Sam, Ellen Mortimer, Jane Laurel, Helena Collier-Garrick, and Anne Bradley. There will be a Saturday matinee only.

Henry Miller and his company are now on their way here and will play a few of the larger Western cities prior to the opening of the Miller season at the Van Ness Theatre,

where some of the greatest productions of the decade will hold the stage for several weeks. "The Great Divide," which has been one of the most brilliant theatrical successes of the past few seasons, will be the opening bill of the engagement. Miller's brilliant seasons in this city at the Columbia Theatre will always

be remembered as artistic and financial successes of the highest order.

The members of the company playing "The Thief" will leave New York early next week for this city. Margaret Illington has been spending her short vacation in the West.

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AT THE ALCAZAR AND VAN NESS.

By Josephine Hart Phelps

J. M. Barrie is a horn rebel against all the feeble and stereotyped conventionalities of the drama, and "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" is but one of the several published expressions of his revolt. "The Admirable Crichton" and "Peter Pan" are two other notable instances of the originality of this uncannily, uncribbled, and unconfined writer who writes so much better plays than novels.

For "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" is a charming play, an unclassifiable but thoroughly delightful complication of seriousness and absurdity. Its prevailing motive is not that of amatory sentiment, but mother love. And yet the devotee of the theatre need fear no dullness in the absence of young people a-wooing. Dullness does not live in the presence of Alice, the returned Anglo-Indian mother who is a girl and a matron in one; the thirty-five-year-old mother of sweet sixteen, and only three or four years older in feeling.

There is no romance in the play, in the commonest sense of the word, save such as is evolved from the theatre-heated brain of Alice's sixteen-year-old daughter; an innocent hit of inexperience just beginning a theatre-going career, who thinks she knows life, and gravely assumes the rôle of protectress to her returned parent, in order that she—the daughter—may shield her from the consequences of purely imaginary indiscretions.

The daughter, following the initiative marked out in her pet plays, decides that she must compromise herself in order to save her mother.

The resultant situations form a most piquant blend of tragedy and farce. There are four people in the room when the determined little miss—all in evening dress, as prescribed in the latest form of society-drama—is discovered hiding in a closet at the rooms of the man friend, a sacrificial little statue of bread and butter. No one of the four present—father, mother, friend, and daughter—is free from a cloud of bewilderment except little daughter, who, in the midst of her father's puzzled uneasiness, her mother's anguished dread, and the friend's honest perplexities, is calmly intrenched in her belief that it is her mission to bring her repentant parent to a more righteous code of conduct.

This situation is entirely characteristic of Barrie, who is never happier than when he has thoroughly departed from the stock scenes and stock sentiment that are so thoroughly familiarized to us by the more trite examples of the drama of the day.

And what sly hits, and sharp stabs Barrie administers to the apostles of the ordinary, who serve up drama to order.

Romantic Amy says with simple faith, "The heroines always go to the man's room," "Some one always sacrifices herself," "The daughter always reconciles them," "The man always wears evening dress."

Barrie has not omitted to make satirical observation of the leading part played by evening millinery in the stock society drama, and little Amy is very particular to pull her white lace cloak apart at the crucial moment, and reveal the eclipsing splendors of her dinner dress, in the manner sacred to Mrs. Tanqueray and her long line of imitators. But the really heart-warming feature of "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" is the pretty picture it offers of family life, family ties, and intimate family affections. The Kelcey-Shannon couple represent an Anglo-Indian husband and wife of a particularly attractive type. Each is provided with a rôle that is congenial and most attractively presented. Miss Shannon—as the merry Alice who sees in the coming of the responsibilities connected with mothering Miss Sixteen the vanishing of her own reign of harmless supremacy over the affections of numerous homeless, wifeless subalterns—here the charm of sweet womanliness combined with ineradicable gaiety of temperament that Barrie has so happily bestowed upon the character. Alice's pretty farewell to the lures and romances and frivolities of youth, uttered to her husband in the intimacy of fireside comradeship, was charmingly spoken. But the prettiest thing in the portrayal was the ready sympathy with which Miss Shannon hacked up Barrie in his conspiracy to win from the audience at once a smile and a tear. For never are these two testimonies to a grateful emotion so sweet as when they come in each other's company.

That cry of mother-love! It was thrillingly sweet, and the coldest-hearted must have re-

sponded to it. And in five minutes, Mamma Alice, with the tears of happy reunion still glistening on her cheek, is having a characteristically girlish scrap with her fifteen-year-old son, and slapping him smartly on the cheek.

Mr. Kelcey gave an exceedingly attractive and well-studied portrait of the retired East Indian officer with the soft heart and the testy temper. Particularly pleasing was his representation of the little bursts of chivalrous pride and love the colonel showed for his wife, and his understanding of the right shade of sentiment to put in such Barresque speeches as the colonel's "Woman, go to bed. You make me cry."

Miss Shannon and Mr. Kelcey were well backed in their efforts by those members of the company who were needed to complete the small cast. Effie Bond's small size and round-eyed, child-like attractions are well adapted to the rôle of Amy, whose expansive and implicit romanticism almost brings farce into the domain of comedy. It is sentiment that prevents it; the sentiment of a tender-hearted, comprehending mother, who will not have youthful egotism cruelly wounded by ridicule, and with outward gravity and secret smiles makes a girl of herself in adapting herself to the demands made upon her by Amy's imaginary drama of wandering affections.

It is silly, of course. I heard protestations to that effect from a young maid in the audience who was being deprived for the nonce of her stuffed dolls of romanticism. But it was hewitchingly, enchantingly silly; the kind of silliness that softens the heart, and curves the lips with tender smiles.

Taken seriously, Amy is an *enfant terrible*, alarmingly lacking in a sense of humor. If one gets quite away from Barrie's fantastic whimsies, one can recognize that Amy has quite within her the possibility of being another "Jane"; the Jane of Edith Wharton's story, who patronized and bored her frivolous parents so frightfully that they hestirred themselves, with compunctious pity toward Jane's future husband, to the point of marrying her off to get rid of her.

But one must never be literal with Barrie, whose sense of humor is of that delicate, wayward kind that is so charmingly tangled up with fresh, sweet, wholesome sentiment as to bring the smile and the tear into intimate comradeship.

It is the kind of humor that players appreciate. They are grateful for it, as it removes them from the deadly routine of the machine-made play. Louise Brownell, who often has the tritest of rôles and lines, heard a ripple of laughter follow her almost every speech, on Monday night, in her rôle of Amy's hosom friend. She deserved that most acceptable of players' rewards, as she was a very good second to Amy in the exchange of rival heroics between the two dear little geese.

Mr. Glendenning's hoy's face stood him in good stead in the rôle of Cosmo, the son who refused to be kissed by Grey père, but who most engagingly submitted—with a reciprocal embrace—to be hugged by Grey mère. He made a pretty lad, and a likably natural one, for this young player knows how to act, and how to subordinate himself.

Anita Murray touched a higher mark than ordinarily in the part of the slave, and Howard Hickman displayed some neat, unobtrusive comedy, albeit a shade too dry in manner, in the rôle of the "friend," who to the discomfiture of the romantic Amy, failed to keep a man in his bachelor's apartments.

Poetry still holds its own at the Van Ness Theatre. Mr. Mantell seems to have made an all-round success, and continues to attract numbers of people who cherish an unfashionable constancy toward Shakespearean tragedy.

I always feel that it is a pity that we can not, at each Shakespearean representation we witness, shed all previous recollection of the play and start in on an unknown, untried field of sensations. Ob, the land of enchantment we would enter! Never mind the lost comparisons, the forfeited pleasures of listening to well-remembered and well-loved passages beautifully rehearsed. The trouble with Shakespearean drama is in ourselves; we know it too well, for the poet-dramatist anticipated as little as the rest of his world that in future centuries audiences who knew every act, scene, and situation almost by heart would assemble with prepared minds, unsurprised by his surprises, unexcited by his climaxes, and unweeping at his pathos. That is to say, unless we see the great plays interpreted by genius.

Mr. Mantell is no genius. But he is already indispensable in the legitimate poetic drama, and to fervent young theatre-goers making their first acquaintance with the great classic masterpieces he probably seems one, or next door to one.

Mr. Mantell has a fine, round, musical voice, and a stately and yet impassioned delivery. His Macheth is physically impressive, but the actor's long experience in melodrama has tended to stamp with a slightly theatrical rather than a more particularly poetic or imaginative quality his notably effective presentations of the great rôles.

The same may be said of Marie Booth Russell, although this actress is an exceedingly useful ally to Mr. Mantell. Like him, she is physically impressive, and as Lady Macbeth made a stately and striking consort to the guilty Thane.

I can not say that I like their custom of responding with automatic promptness to each curtain call. It has a tendency to make the play appear as a series of acting displays rather than one continuous, closely knit tragedy, and recalls by force of contrast the artistic restraint of Sothorn and Marlowe in the same rôles.

Mr. Mantell's robust figure, fine, rolling, sonorous voice, and powerfully declamatory style gives to Macbeth more the character of the man of action and the warrior than that of the poet and philosopher urged on to violent deeds by fathomless ambition. The conception is a just one, for a player should always faithfully heed the restrictions that temperament and physical traits have imposed upon him, and, so far as is possible, bring conception and execution in harmony.

The young players in the company are far from giving evidence of future greatness. But they are in love with Shakespeare, and utter the lines with an instinctive love for poetry, and for nobility and grandeur of expression which awakens a reciprocal pleasure in the listeners.

The largest submarine in the world, named at present the *Q 74*, will be launched shortly at Cherbourg for the French navy. It is constructed from the plans of M. Radiguer, and will be 210 feet long, with a width of sixteen and a half feet and a displacement of 625 tons. The two screws will be driven by four electric engines of 2000 horse-power, and two petrol motors, giving a speed of fifteen knots. The armament comprises four torpedo tubes forward, each carrying two torpedoes. There will be no tube aft, as the French experts believe that only forward tubes are of service.

All European emigration to the United States is now very small compared with what it was a year ago, but that from Ireland is said to be especially so—touching the lowest point known in many years. Several causes are mentioned—the most acceptable one in England being the improved state of the country under recent ameliorating legislation. But the chief cause is of course to be found in the hard times in America. This results especially in a sharp reduction of the volume of money remitted from America to pay the passages of relatives still left at home.

The one great dramatic sensation of the New York season has been Charles Frohman's production of "The Thief," which the management of the Van Ness Theatre has been able to secure direct from the Lyceum Theatre with Margaret Illington in her star rôle of Marie-Louise Voysin. "The Thief" will follow William Collier at the Van Ness, and already it is awakening a remarkable interest, theatre-goers having made requests for seats numbering high up into the hundreds, although the advance sale does not commence until a week from next Thursday.

The increase in the value of New York real estate is shown by the partition among eight members of the Chanler family of land bought as a farm in 1838 for \$23,000 by their great-grandfather, Mr. John Jacob Astor, the founder of the Astor fortune. The land is now valued at \$3,250,000.

Mrs. L. Snow Miller, who it was stated, is a sister of the wife of Lord Roberts, has been found dead on a forest trail at Kona, Hawaii. It is believed that she lost her way while walking and died from exposure.

The only Chinese actor on the English-speaking stage is Ah Sam, with William Collier's company in "Caught in the Rain." He plays the rôle of Sing Wing.

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VANITY FAIR.

M. Rodin, the great sculptor, chatting with a *World* correspondent recently, touched the key-note of our mutable standards of beauty when asked what country produced the most beautiful women. "All of them," was his gallant answer. "Each country has its own beauty. No exact definition can be given."

Notwithstanding our theoretical standards of line and curve, no type endures. For instance, the classic ideal, still found to its greatest perfection among the Italian models in the south of Italy and in Sicily, are not the models of the modern requirement. An enterprising young American woman, not to be outclassed by any Pallas Athene, produced this line of beauty by artificial means—injecting paraffin to fill up the hollow of the bridge of the nose. The line was perfect but the effect was ugly. Why? Simply because the old standard has gone down before the mutation of time. The line of the classic profile is as impossible as the Greek peculiarity of the second toe being longer than the first. One finds it invariably in Greek statues, but never on Broadway.

The author of "The Foster Girl" sang the fall of the Greek gods in:

It was a kind of wobbly wave
That she was standing on,
And high aloft she flung a scarf
That must have weighed a ton.
And she was rather tall, at least,
She reached up to the sun.

She curved and writhed, and then she said
In tones less green than blue:
"Perhaps I am absurd, perhaps
I don't appeal to you.
But my artistic worth depends
Upon your point of view."

Even the Sistine Madonna is not protected by the sacred circle of holy church against the assaults of the change of standard, and it was an American miss standing before Raphael's masterpiece who said. "Well, on the whole, I must confess I prefer Bodenhausen's Madonnas. You know, they have a certain style that this one can not touch."

Backing up his first assertion as to the impossibility of saying "This is beauty" or "That is beauty," M. Rodin goes on to give his first impression of the little Japanese actress Annocco, on whose statue he was then at work. "She was just as high as that," said the sculptor, holding his hand hardly above the table. "At first, with this small stature and exotic features, I had the idea of a monkey; but when she began to move, what grace there was in every gesture and attitude and what flowing rhythm of her garments!"

Ergo, from the noble Pallas Athene to the Japanese monkey, all types express a satisfying beauty because of nothing more worthy than the satisfying of the restless fad. The ups and down of the human form divine are left without a speaking acquaintance with the noble lines of classic antiquity, but when Boulevard and Broadway swarm with wasp-waist, straight front, bustle, and all the variant forms of deformity, the mind, like the figure, is warped to the model of the moment and the standard of beauty is dictated by the corsetière.

Some one having remarked that the Italians and Spaniards lost this beauty early, Rodin replied: "Yes; nowadays with us beauty is continued much later. Among the English, beauty seems to be remarkably preserved. When I say English I mean the beauties one sees in London. Generally, no doubt, they are Irish, in whom beauty is natural."

Here the great sculptor is singing with "The Foster Girl," although quite innocently:

"But my artistic worth depends
Upon your point of view."

In summing up the whole matter Rodin says:

"We talk nowadays of realism and idealism. But all that is artificial. There is no ideal apart from truth, and no veritable art. The Greeks were realists because they were attentive observers of life, and they were idealists for that same reason. This term idealist as distinguished from realist has come to us through the mysticism of the church, along with a host of other ideas that have no substantial foundation and that obfuscate our brains. We moderns have to struggle with all these absurd ideas and remove them from our intelligence before we can use our vision properly. That is one reason which makes us inferior to the Greeks, who had sane minds."

In justification of the sway of the fad over our standards of beauty along the broad lines of modern adaptation comes the edict that it is fashionable now to be pale. The ruddy glow of health and vigor, we learn from the inner circles of authority, is now held to be undesirable. The tinge of tan recently so assiduously cultivated and the high color, the insignia of athletic womanhood, are doomed. The rose has at last struck her colors to the lily and the pendulum shows symptoms of swinging backward to the yard-and-a-half-of-white-muslin type who faints at the sight of a mouse. The rouge makers in Paris are going out of business or decocting bleaches instead of their *vinaigre de rouge*.

Like most of our adopted fashions, this one has come from Paris, and many of our stage beauties are affecting this popularly known "toad-in-cellar" tint off the stage who have not the courage to perpetrate it behind the footlight. But back of this French vogue is the Viennese women who have this skin

naturally, combined with red lips and brown hair—the clear pallor not to be counterfeited by external applications. The only way to produce this natural effect of paleness that does not suggest the tuberculosis germ and untimely dissolution is a system of diet that excludes flesh food, wines, sweets, coffee, and tea and substitutes therefor a vegetarian diet. Milk diets tend to a beautiful pallor, and broths, salads, and green vegetables give the effect of turning the rich red blood of high life and health to a modish tint of pink-lavender warranted to rival the *bona fide* Viennese beauty.

Do we see back of this change-of-the-beauty idea a deep-laid, far-reaching plot of a modern Machiavelli striking at the mannish woman? Pulpit and press have tried and failed to curb the dash for liberty of the American woman. Fashion's decree now imposes a hurdle, the result of which we await with bated breath.

San Francisco women, always to the fore in matters of civic and political interest, have brought themselves under the ban of criticism within the past few weeks for their apparent lack of patriotism. A lack of demonstration of this patriotism might be putting it more fairly, perhaps, because they have their record of Red Cross and hospital service to clear them of the more serious charge.

An officer of the fleet, pausing in his glowing tribute to the charm and beauty of this West Coast woman, said: "But the San Francisco woman does not show the right feeling toward her country. She may pay 15 cents for a cane with a pennant, dance at the hops, and watch the parade, but the test is her demeanor when she hears 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' At a matinee at one of the representative theatres during the first week of the city's enthusiastic welcome of the fleet, the orchestra, after the first act, played the national air. Nine-tenths of the audience were well-dressed, good-looking, intelligent women, and with the opening bars there was but one woman who rose to her feet. Fortunately this woman was in the front and with her movement a few uncertain and half apologetic American citizens straggled to their feet until by the time the stirring strains were finished a tenth perhaps of the audience were on their feet."

An Orpheum audience, where men predominated, was then cited in contrast, when every man was not only instantly on his feet but singing in mighty chorus.

Training is, of course, essential in everything, even in the mode of expression of one's deepest sentiments, and a good and sufficient reason for the San Francisco woman's failure to respond to the call of the hymn may be a feeling of uncertainty as to her status as an unfranchised American citizen. The woman placed high on her pedestal by the chivalry of her government to be denied the right of voice in the government along with the Indian, the convict, and the inmate of the insane asylum, may be excused from public demonstration of her sentiments on the ground of not caring to draw attention to the enforced company on her pedestal.

"A new value has been placed upon the red-haired girl," says the *Liverpool Post*. "Many of the largest stores in America," the article goes on to say, putting the word "stores" in quotation marks so that the British mind may recognize it as meaning "shops," have advertised for these girls with red locks for the unique reason of their surpassing sunny temperament.

The manager of one of the large down-town restaurants explains his preference on the ground that the red-haired girl is more optimistic, energetic, and adaptable than any other kind. Moreover, she is generally gifted with a clear complexion and is usually the pink of neatness, this astute restaurant man has discovered, and all men particularly appreciate these qualities.

The threadbare saying about the fiery hair and a corresponding temper is another one of the groundless superstitions that must go down before this practical test of its validity and the red-haired girl may wave her colors in token of her meekness and docility.

Paris modistes and milliners have been hard put to it this season to find a new sensation in headgear, but the mercurial spirit that has enabled the Frank to rally from even greater embarrassment has met the emergency in this crisis. Having exhausted the possibilities of decoration of hats with flowers, fruits, and feathers, they have been compelled to look for novelties in the kitchen garden. The smartest hats, it is rumored, are to be adorned with the feathery foliage and rich yellow-red tints of the tomato, while trailing cucumber wreaths and parsley rosettes loom threateningly on the horizon.

As the dot of his bride, Grand Duchess Maria Paulowna of Russia, 3,500,000 rubles have been deposited to the credit of Prince Wilhelm of Sweden. The money was shipped from St. Petersburg in thirty-five barrels, each containing 100,000 rubles in gold. The Swedish royal mint will recast the gold into Swedish values, free of charge, and the young couple will then be enabled to establish their royal ménage on a fitting scale.

While this sum is a free gift of the bride to her husband, the grand duchess retains the income from her landed estates in Russia for

her own pin money, and in addition to this the Czar is having built at his own expense a castle for the royal "honey-mooners" near the capital. It is also to be furnished as befits the rank of its occupants, the furniture including a stable of a hundred horses and a well-filled

garage. In a separate wing of the castle a private chapel will be established for the grand duchess, her ladies, and native servants, for unlike other royal princesses Russian grand duchesses do not change their "religion" when they marry.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An expert golfer had the misfortune to play a particularly vigorous stroke at the moment that a seedy wayfarer skulked across the edge of the course. The hall struck the trespasser and rendered him briefly insensible. When he recovered, a five-dollar bill was pressed into his hand by the grateful golfer. "Thanky, sir," said the injured man after a kindling glance at the money. "An' when will you be playin' again, sir?"

An Ohio lawyer tells of a client of his—a German farmer, a hard-working, plain, blunt man who lost his wife not long ago. The lawyer had sought him out to express his sympathy; but to his consternation the Teuton laconically observed: "But I am again married." "You don't tell me!" exclaimed the legal light. "Why, it has been but a week or two since you hurried your wife!" "Dot's so, my fren; but she is as dead as effer she will be."

"I am told that your husband plays hilliards every night at the clubs—plays for money, too," said the anxious mother to her newly married daughter. "That's all right, mother," cheerfully responded the young wife. "He gives me all his winnings—" "What? Do you—" "And he always plays with Mr. Nextdoor." "What difference can that make?" "Mrs. Nextdoor makes her husband give her his winnings too, and she gives the money to me and I hand her what my husband won from hers, and so we both have about twice as much money as we could get out of them otherwise."

A Washington man, while visiting a friend's place in Virginia, became much interested in his experiments in fruit culture. One day the visitor was making the rounds of the place, being in charge of the friend's young daughter of ten, who acted as guide. "This tree seems to be loaded with apples," observed the Washingtonian, indicating a particularly fine specimen. "Yes, sir," assented the little girl; "father says this is a good year for apples." "I am glad to hear that," said the visitor. "Are all your trees as full of apples as this one?" "No, sir," explained the girl, "only the apple trees."

The pupils of a distinguished professor of zoology, a man well-known for his eccentricities, noted one day two tidy parcels lying on their instructor's desk as they passed out at the noon hour. On their return to the laboratory for the afternoon lecture, they saw hut one. This the professor took carefully up in his hand as he opened his lecture. "In the study of vertebrata we have taken the frog as a type. Let us now examine the gastrocnemius muscles of this dissected specimen." So saying, the professor untied the string of his neat parcel and disclosed to view a ham sandwich and a hoiled egg. "But I have eaten my lunch," said the learned man bewilderedly.

A story, said to be new, of Balzac, is related by a French contemporary. A hurglar gained admission to Balzac's house, and was soon at work, by the light of the moon, at the lock of the secretaire in the novelist's chamber. Balzac was asleep at the time, but the movements of the intruder aroused him. The hurglar, who was working most industriously, paused. A strident laugh arrested his operations, and he beheld by the moonlight the novelist sitting up in bed, his sides aching with laughter. "What is it that makes you merry," demanded the hurglar. "I laugh," replied the author of "Père Goriot," "to think that you should come in the night without a lantern to search my secretaire for money, when I can never find any there in broad daylight."

"One time," said Secretary Taft to some newspaper men not long ago, "three ministers wanted to cross the Mississippi River to attend a revival at a place which boasted of no regular ferry. Brother Syles and Brother Beamish were fine specimens of humanity—at least two hundred pounds apiece—but their companion was a mite of a man weighing scarcely one hundred and twenty-five. They got a hoatman to take them over, hut in mid-stream a severe thunder-shower came up and the waves threatened to capsize the hoat. 'Brother Syles,' said Brother Beamish, 'I think we had better join in prayer.' 'Do you, though?' shouted the hoatman. 'Wall, I say you don't! You two hig ones come here an' lend a hand at the oars—an' let the skinny fellow pray.'"

American travelers in Europe find a great deal of trouble with the omnipresent need of tipping those from whom they expect any service, however slight. They are very apt to carry it much too far, or else attempt to resist it altogether. There is a story told of a wealthy hut ostentatious American in a Parisian restaurant. As the waiter placed the order before him he said in a loud voice: "Waiter, what is the largest tip that you ever received?" "One thousand francs, monsieur." "Eh bien! But I will give you 2000," answered the upholder of American honor, and

then in a moment he added: "May I ask who gave you the 1000 francs?" "It was yourself, monsieur," said the ohsequious waiter. Of quite an opposite mode of thought was another American visiting London for the first time. Goaded to desperation by the incessant necessity for tips he finally entered the wash-room of his hotel, only to be faced with a large sign which read: "Please tip the hasin after using." "No!" said the Yankee, turning on his heel, "I will go dirty first!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Sam Folsom's Four Horse Truck.

Says Uncle Ike at Joe Binn's store,
"Whar we was sorry loppin',
An' Deacon Pennington had jest
Come in, his face a-moppin',
"You know," says Ike, "that four hoss truck
Sam Folsom's he'n a-buyin'?
Weights plump two ton ef 't weighs an ounce,
An', without half a-tryin',
Kin carry three ton, good, o' stuff,
Jest what it was a-luggin'
On ol' Swamp Hill road yistiddy,
With all four hosses tuggin'.

"Th' aint a crack'n'r double pair
Owned nowhar, I'm a-thinkin',
But when that wagon in the mud
Clean to its hub went sinkin'
Stock still it stopped 'em in the road
Ez if a wall was in it
An' they had gone a-hangin' up
With both the'r heads ag'in it.

"You've see that spindlin' city chap
Ez zops with Widder Russell?
Don't look ez if he had a speck
O' grit or mite o' muscle;
Yit he comes along an' says to Sam
'Th' aint but one thing to it—
Them hosses they can't draw that truck,
But jest you watch me do it!"

"B'gosh, he done it! Easy, too!
An' quicker'n I— the Deacon
Cut in, all fiery, at this p'int
Of Uncle Isaac's speakin'
An' shouts, 'Ike Stratton, have a care!
Like sin, you sartin try us!
Thuz danger 'neath a roof with you!
Remember Ananias!"

"The city striplin' drawed that truck
While me an' Sam was gazin',
An' took the hosses with it too,"
Says Ike. "It was amazin'!
'Twas drawed ez nateral ez life;
The price he wouldn't name it,
But Sam he took it home with him.
I guess he's goin' to frame it."

—New York Sun.

A Recent Tragedy.

Now, Jones was a man of marvelous mind.
To which nothing was foreign or strange.
He could talk by the hour, with singular power,
On topics the widest in range.
There was nothing in heaven and nothing on earth
That baffled his topic until
He rashly one day, in a confident way,
Attempted the Currency Bill.

The Tariff to Jones was as plain as a pike,
He threaded its mazes with ease;
While the weight of the stars and the ditches on
Mars
Were trifles for afternoon teas.
The color-line problem, the armor-belt row,
He discussed with exceptional skill;
But his brains had a storm when he tried to inform
His friends on the Currency Bill.

That got him. His mind was reduced to a pulp,
All crumpled the cells of his brain.
They took him away in a wagon one day
To a place for the cureless insane.
Here he sits on a bench and makes figures and
things,
And his friends may obtain, if they will,
From this hug financier a remarkably clear
Account of the Currency Bill.

—Puck.

A. Hirschman.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Weddings and going to the country are the only topics one hears discussed in the social world of San Francisco at the present time, save occasional references to the engagements which are to be announced within the next few weeks and those which are still wavering in the balance as to whether they will be simply "episodes" of the season or will become veritable bits of social history as preceding weddings of importance.

Most of the marriages this month will be extremely quiet and with few exceptions will be celebrated in the homes of the brides. Since the fire there has been a growing tendency in San Francisco to the quietest of wedding celebrations and there have been hardly a half dozen marriages within the past two years which reached the dignity of the old-time functions of a dozen years ago.

The engagement is announced of Miss Engracia Critcher, daughter of the late Dr. Critcher and Mrs. Engracia Critcher, to Lieutenant Frank Freyer, U. S. N., of the U. S. S. *Missouri*. No date is announced for the wedding, but it will probably be an event of the summer.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Jones of San Rafael to Mr. George Cooper of England and Siam. No date is announced for the wedding.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Gertrude Josselyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Josselyn, to Mr. Gerald Rathbone will be celebrated at noon on June 30 at the home of the bride on Webster Street. Miss Myra Josselyn, the bride's sister, will be her maid of honor and the bridesmaids will be Miss Mary Josselyn, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, sisters of the bride, Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Maude Bourn, Miss Emily Wilson, and Miss Elena Robinson.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Edna Dickens, daughter of Captain and Mrs. E. F. Dickens, to Mr. Alonzo W. Follanshee will take place on June 7 at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, only the members of the two families being invited. There will be no attendants of either bride or bridegroom. Mr. Follanshee and his bride will leave immediately for their wedding journey to Alaska and on their return will live in San Francisco.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Rachel Hovey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Hovey, to Mr. Stewart Fairweather, will take place on Tuesday, June 16, at the home of the bride on Broadway. There will be no attendants of either bride or groom.

The wedding of Miss Henriette Louise Falkenau, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Falkenau, to Mr. Herbert Haas of San Francisco took place on May 26 at the home of the bride's parents, 2240 Clinton Avenue, Alameda, the Rev. Clarence Reed officiating.

The wedding of Miss Relda Ford, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Ford, to Mr. Frederick Van Devender Stott took place on Monday evening last at the home of the bride on Clay Street, the Rev. Father Ramm being the officiating priest. Miss Florence Braverman was the maid of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Zellah Gibson of Woodland, Miss Emily Staley of Los Angeles, Miss Helen Wilson, and Miss Kathleen Farrell. Mr. Guy La Touche was the best man. After their wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Stott will make their home in San Francisco.

Miss Margaret Newhall and Miss Elizabeth Newhall entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week, at which their guests were Miss Maud Bourn, Miss Florence Breckinridge, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Mr. Gayle Anderson, Mr. Percy King, Mr. Athole McBean, Mr. Raymond Armsby, and Mr. Charles Freeborn.

Miss Grace Hammond was the hostess at a luncheon on Friday last at the Francisca Club, at which she entertained Mrs. Leonard Hammond, Miss Florence Hammond, Miss Genevieve Thompson of Portland, Oregon, Miss Helen Baker, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Saunders of Cleveland, Ohio, Miss Kate Herrin, and Miss Gertrude Ballard.

Miss Johanna Volkman entertained at a luncheon and bridge party on Thursday last, at which she entertained eighteen guests.

Mr. Gayle Anderson was the host at a yachting party on Sunday last, his guests being Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hammond, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Mr. Paul Jones, and Mr. Frank Jones.

Mr. William R. Wheeler, Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor, was entertained at a luncheon given at the St. Francis a few days ago.

Miss Jennette Hooper entertained on Tuesday of last week at a bridge party in honor of Miss Evelyn Norwood.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Admiral Richardson Clover, U. S. N., Mrs. Clover, and their daughters, Miss Dora and Miss Beatrice, will close their home in Washington, D. C., this month and will come to their beautiful country place, Laverne, near Napa, for the summer months.

Mrs. William H. Crocker arrived on Saturday last from New York, where she has spent the winter, and is at her Burlingame home.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hohart have taken a cottage at Bolinas for June and July.

Mrs. Charles P. Eells, who went East during March, sailed recently for Europe with her son-in-law and daughter, the Rev. Henry S. Coffin and Mrs. Coffin (formerly Miss Dorothy Eells) of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. James B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayn Newhall, and Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson returned this week from a stay at Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lent, Mrs. James A. Robinson, and Miss Hooker motored to Paso Robles last week for a brief stay.

Miss Leslie Page will leave this month for the East to join her cousins, the John Hays Hammonds, and will spend two months with them on

their yacht, visiting Newport and other Atlantic watering places in this country and Canada.

Mrs. Edward Pringle, Miss Nina Pringle and Miss Hess Pringle will leave this month for Mendocino County, where they will spend the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, and Mrs. William H. Taylor are at present in Paris for a stay of a few weeks.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding has arrived from New York for a visit and has been the guest of Mr. William H. Crocker at Burlingame.

Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mrs. Peters, and Miss Elizabeth Woods have gone to Monterey for the summer.

Mrs. Le Breton and Miss Marguerite Le Breton have been visiting friends in Berkeley, but are again at the Fairmont.

Miss Augusta Foute is visiting Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase at the latter's home in the Napa Valley.

Prince and Princess Andre Poniatowski arrived in New York recently from Paris and went to the St. Regis.

Mrs. Wenham, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Dean-Magee, and Miss Ethel Dean are at Burlingame, where they have taken a cottage for the next few months.

Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy and Miss Christine Pomeroy will spend the month of July at Independence Lake.

Miss Alice Griffith left on Tuesday last for Philadelphia, where she will spend the summer months.

Miss Mary Keeney is the guest of Miss Florence Hopkins at Menlo Park.

Miss Mary Josselyn spent the week-end at San Mateo as the guest of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Dibble, Miss Emily Carolan, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. Allen Kittle, and Mr. John Kittle drove to Pescadero on Saturday last, returning on Sunday.

Miss Lillie O'Connor has been spending a fortnight as the guest of Mrs. William S. Tevis at Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Dean will spend the summer at the Sea Beach Hotel, Santa Cruz.

Mrs. M. S. Latham has gone to Lake County, where she will spend the summer as the guest of Mrs. William B. Collier.

Mr. Henry E. Bothern has returned from a visit to Paso Kohles.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and their family have gone to Ross Valley, where they will occupy the Bothern home during the summer.

Mr. Robert Bruce, the Misses Bruce, and Mrs. Clifton Macon have been among the recent visitors at Del Monte.

Miss Agnes Tobin has returned to the Fairmont, after a visit to her sister, Mrs. Charles Clark, at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean sailed on Tuesday of last week from New York for Europe, where they will travel during the summer.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge has taken the Sidney Smith cottage in San Rafael for the summer.

Miss Marian Huntington is spending a fortnight at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. J. H. McMillan, who is to marry Miss Edna Goodrich, has taken rooms at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winslow have arrived from the East and are at their home in Ross Valley for the summer.

Mr. William T. Jeter, formerly lieutenant-governor of California, has come up from Santa Cruz for a few days' stay at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. M. H. de Young and the Misses de Young will leave shortly for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Lieutenant Carl C. Oakes, U. S. A., is at the St. Francis.

Dr. Edmund Shortridge, U. S. A., is at present the guest of Dr. Ruert Blue in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vere Saunders and Mr. Leo E. Alexander are at the Potter, Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William P. Fuller and her son, Mr. W. P. Fuller, Jr., have gone to Del Monte to spend the summer months.

Captain Charles de Champs of the Swedish army is at the Fairmont.

Comte F. de Jouffroy D'Ahhans, who arrived at the St. Francis from the East the other day, was born in this city while his father was French consul at this port.

One of the most distinguished passengers brought by the *Manchuria* last week was Captain E. W. Heimendahl, commander of Emperor William's Black Hussars, stationed at Dantzig. The captain has been a guest at the St. Francis.

A distinguished party of Danes who arrived on the *Manchuria* have been at the St. Francis for a few days. Among them are Countess Clara Moltke, Count Heming Moltke, Count Erick Moltke, Miss T. Gullick, and Mr. Franz Moether.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis H. Hurlbut of Portland and Mr. R. C. Stuart of Seattle are guests at the Fairmont.

A recent arrival at the Fairmont is Marquis Nakahiro Ikeda, fifth son of the Prince Keiki Tokugawa, the last of the shoguns. The marquis

is making a pleasure trip around the world and is accompanied by Mr. Tnsaku Ihara, director and editor of the Japan Times.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Moore motored to Del Monte on Saturday, where Mrs. Moore will remain for a couple of months.

From Los Angeles come the usual number of guests to the Fairmont. Among the week's arrivals were noted Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clark, Mr. J. A. Maxfield, and Mrs. R. M. Crooke. Lieutenant-Commander Richard S. Douglas arrived on the *Manchuria* with Mrs. Douglas and is at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Van Gorder and their son, of Cleveland, are at the St. Francis.

Among New Yorkers now at the Fairmont are Mr. Orine Wilson, Mr. H. Franklin Wilson, Mr. W. B. Peck, Mr. Percy L. McDermott, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Hartman and daughter, General John McClellan, and Miss McClellan.

An English party composed of Lord and Lady Sadler, Miss Westnn, Miss Buckley, Miss Potter, Mr. Lord, Mr. Hagen, and Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Hunter, now on their way around the world, are at the Fairmont.

Mr. T. J. Field of Monterey is at the St. Francis.

Among the guests at the Fairmont from the Northwest are Mr. C. H. Burnet, Mrs. J. C. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Sinan, all of Seattle, and Mrs. Ellen Heilig of Tacoma.

Among the fifty or more passengers who arrived at the St. Francis from the *Manchuria* was Mr. John S. Leech, who has been appointed U. S. Public Printer.

Among the passengers of the *Manchuria* who are registered at the Fairmont are Mr. Fred A. Fischer, Paris; Mr. James Parr, London; Mr. W. G. Wigram, London, Mr. Ed. Hutchinson, London; Captain H. S. Sternberger, New York; Dr. Charles Spruyt, Bruxelles; Mrs. F. Dunham, London; Mr. H. Haas Bal, Switzerland, and Mr. R. Marins, Paris.

Since Admiral Evans's visit the Hotel St. Francis has been much favored by naval guests. The service is represented this week by Admiral Evans's son, Lieutenant Frank T. Evans; Lieutenant H. Webb of the U. S. S. *Maine* and Mrs. Webb, Lieutenant J. Le Breton, Dr. P. E. McDonald, Dr. R. C. Ransdall, Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. R. S. Douglas, Mr. Allan Farguhar, Mr. W. G. Roper, and Mr. A. F. Rees.

Among arrivals at the Hotel Victoria are Mr. E. M. Carr, Pinole; Mr. George M. Noyes, Nevada City; Mr. B. S. Hirsch and Mr. M. Hirsch, Ukiah, Cal.; Miss G. Burns and Miss E. Burns, Santa Cruz; Mr. John Herd, Stockton; Mr. J. H. Porter, Redding; Dr. J. K. Toole, Stockton; Mr. Isaac Bird, Merced; Mr. M. A. Nurse, Sacramento; Mr. T. J. Levett, Sacramento.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel John L. Clem, assistant quartermaster-general, U. S. A., chief quartermaster of the Department of California, has been granted one month's leave of absence and left last week for San Antonio, Texas, on account of the serious illness of his little daughter.

Captain John A. Rodgers, U. S. N., lighthouse inspector of the Third District, has been ordered to hold himself in readiness to proceed to Puget Sound Navy Yard to succeed Rear-Admiral William T. Burwell, U. S. N., commandant of that yard, who will retire on July 11.

Captain Edward O. C. Ord, U. S. A., retired, is relieved from duty at St. Matthew's Military School, Burlingame, to take effect August 15.

Captain Charles T. Boyd, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Philippine Division, has been granted leave of absence for four months, which took effect on May 15, with permission to visit China, Korea, and Japan.

Captain Cornelius C. Smith, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., in camp near Fresno, has been granted fourteen days' leave of absence under exceptional circumstances, with permission to apply for an extension.

Captain Arthur L. Fuller, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., chief signal officer of the Department of California, has been ordered to proceed to Fort Rosecrans, San Diego, and to the Presidio of Monterey, in connection with the installation of the fire control system at Fort Rosecrans and the construction of the post telephone system at the Presidio of Monterey.

Captain James P. Robinson, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., was granted seven days' leave of absence, which took effect on May 27.

Captain Lawrence B. Simonds, Subsistence Department, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in charge of the office of the chief commissary of the Department of Luzon, P. I.

Captain Frederick S. L. Price, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, has been granted leave of absence for one month and twenty days.

Captain Peter W. Davison, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, has been ordered to proceed to Fort McDowell, Angel Island, so as to arrive there not later than June 14, reporting upon arrival to the commanding officer for duty.

Commander A. P. Nihlack, U. S. N., is detached from the command of the *Harford* and ordered to the command of the *Severn*.

Commander R. F. Lopez, U. S. N., has had his orders to the *Pennsylvania* revoked and will continue duty in the Twelfth Lighthouse District, San Francisco.

Commander C. A. Gove, U. S. N., has had his orders to the Twelfth Lighthouse District, San Francisco, revoked, and is ordered to the Mare Island Navy Yard for court-martial duty and as a member of naval examining and retiring boards.

Lieutenant-Commander Yates Stirling, Jr., U. S. N., is detached from the Naval Academy, Annapolis, and ordered to the *Connecticut*.

Lieutenant-Commander J. H. Mayton, U. S. N., is detached from the Naval Academy, Annapolis, and ordered to the *Charleston* for duty.

Lieutenant-Commander P. Williams is detached from the *Charleston* and ordered home.

Lieutenant F. Taylor Evans, U. S. N., has been assigned on the *Louisiana* and arrived last week to report for duty from the East, where he had accompanied his father, Rear-Admiral Rohley D. Evans, U. S. N.

Lieutenant H. D. Cooke, Jr., U. S. N., commissioned a lieutenant in the navy from February 3, 1908, is detached from the *Virginia* and ordered to the *Independence*, Mare Island Navy Yard.

Lieutenant R. W. Henderson, U. S. N., is ordered to duty as aide on the staff of the commander, Third Division, Second Squadron, Atlantic Fleet.

Lieutenant C. T. Hutchins, U. S. N., is ordered to duty as aide on the staff of the commander, Third Division, Second Squadron, Atlantic Fleet.

Lieutenant Aubrey Lippincott, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been ordered to report by letter to Lieutenant-Colonel John M. Banister, Medical Corps, U. S. A., president of an examining board at Fort Riley, Kansas, for examination to determine his fitness for promotion.

Lieutenant John K. Hume, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been ordered to report by letter to Lieutenant-Colonel John M. Banister, Medical Corps, U. S. A., president of an examining board at Fort Riley, Kansas, for examination to determine his fitness for promotion.

Lieutenant William G. Doane, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., Fort McDowell, Angel Island, has been ordered to proceed to the Presidio of Monterey, on or about June 15, reporting upon arrival to the commanding officer for duty with the machine gun platoon, Twenty-Second Infantry.

Lieutenant Thomas W. Hammond, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., has had the leave of absence granted him extended one month.

Lieutenant Russell V. Venable, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., in addition to his other duties, will assume charge, under the instructions of the quartermaster-general of the army, of construction work at Fort William H. Seward, Alaska, relieving Captain G. Maury Cralle, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., of that duty.

Chaplain Edward H. Fitzgerald, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted twenty-one days' leave of absence, to take effect when that regiment leaves the Department of California.

Ensign R. E. Ingersoll, U. S. N., when discharged from treatment at the U. S. Naval Medical School Hospital, Washington, D. C., is ordered to the *Connecticut* on June 26.

Surgeon J. T. Kennedy, U. S. N., is detached from the Navy Recruiting Station, Dallas, Texas, and ordered to the *Independence*, Mare Island Navy Yard.

Surgeon A. Farenholt, U. S. N., is detached from the *Independence*, Mare Island Navy Yard, and ordered to the *Maryland*.

The Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., commanded by Colonel Alfred Reynolds, U. S. A., has had the orders to sail for Alaska on July 3 amended and will sail instead on June 20.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among arrivals from San Francisco at the Hotel del Coronado are Mr. W. G. Wilding, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Epstein, Mr. Martin Schneider, Mr. E. Donohoe, Mr. C. H. Stevens, Mr. Z. T. George, Mr. Lansing R. Robinson, Miss Jessie E. Triest, Mr. G. J. Scharlach, and General Abadie.

Among the arrivals from San Francisco at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were the following: Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Keithley, Dr. Charles E. Parent, Jules Clerfayt, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Minifi, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Talbot, Mr. Charles E. Paxton, Miss Billy Burke, Miss S. F. Talbot, Mr. L. H. McRoskey, Dr. George J. McChesney, Dr. Harold B. Hill.

The following guests from San Francisco have registered at Aetna Springs: Mr. E. G. Wheeler, Mr. J. A. Spencer, Mr. Harold Fitch, Mr. Ralph S. Smith, Mr. J. A. Christen, Mrs. and Miss Christen, Mr. J. Hauptli, Mr. J. W. McDonald, Dr. T. F. Barrett, Mr. C. Toll, Mr. L. W. Knight, Mr. M. F. Bogart and wife, Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Kellogg, Mrs. H. King, Miss King, Mr. and Mrs. E. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. E. Levenson, Mr. A. Furrer, Mr. Furrer, Mr. and Mrs. E. Leuenberger, Mr. J. J. O'Toole, Mr. J. J. Geary, Mr. R. Gallegos, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Revalk.

Among the guests registered at Mount Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Davis, Mr. Knox Maddox, Mr. P. A. Rand, Mr. L. Rand, Mr. G. Clarkson, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Reardon, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Waterman, Mrs. W. A. Waterman, Mr. A. J. Brandenstein, Mr. Harold Bruce Getz, Mr. Sol Getz, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Getz, Mr. Fred Petri, Miss Edna Petri, Miss Mabel Franklin, Mr. George N. Franklin, Mr. L. Levell, Miss Lydia Sampson, Mr. Leland Conroy, Miss Lottie Coleman, Mr. John Schaeferberger, Miss Emily Sampson, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Robbins.

Among recent arrivals from San Francisco at Tahoe Tavern, Lake Tahoe, were Mr. F. G. Baum, Mr. Chandler Hovey, Mr. L. H. Taylor, Mr. O. H. Reichling, Mr. Charles E. Brown, Mr. H. G. Martell, Mrs. J. B. H. Davenport, Miss Huntington, Mr. C. W. Cowles, Mr. Thomas P. Deering, Mr. and Mrs. James D. Blake, Mrs. J. A. Eason, Mrs. W. S. Tevis and family, Mr. I. W. Van Zant, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. G. Lamhart, Mr. C. W. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Riggs, Mr. and Mrs. R. Goldstein, Mr. Milton Davis, Mrs. M. A. Huntington, Mr. P. W. Blanchard, Mr. F. Vautier, Mr. L. P. Avit, Mr. Thomas Ramsden, Mr. J. J. Costigan, Mr. W. Costigan, Mrs. E. Dale, Mr. Mansfield Lovell and family, Mr. H. E. Wescoe, Mr. John M. Young, Mr. Samuel G. Buckhee, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Dunn.

Among the guests from San Francisco registered at Hotel Del Monte during the past week were Miss Elise D. Hart, Mr. Henry C. Peterson, Miss Edna Bridgman, Mr. C. N. Weaves, Dr. Edward C. Sewall, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Sewall, Miss Elizabeth Sewall, Mr. Elliott H. Pierce, Mr. A. D. Shepard, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mrs. W. P. Fuller, Mr. W. P. Fuller, Jr., Mr. Samuel Adelstine, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hoppman, Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer, Miss Maud Clay, Mr. and Mrs. Eliot McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, Mr. C. B. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. William Hoddard, Major and Mrs. Krauthoff, Mr. Eugene Kauffman, Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Badin, Mr. and Mrs. William Marks, Mr. C. G. Larsen, Mrs. A. K. Larsen, Miss E. Larsen, Mr. J. H. Noyer, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. DeLano, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. DeLano, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Fitzgerald, Miss J. Fitzgerald, Miss Nora Fitzgerald, Mr. J. L. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. H. Goldstone, Mr. F. E. Booth, Mrs. Dunning, Mr. and Mrs. Bush Fennell, Mr. and Mrs. Fred M. Fennell, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Moore, and Mr. Joseph J. Hayward.

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The Indignant One—The idea of 'im a-telling me 'ow children ought to be fed! Why, I've hurried ten o' my own!—*The Tailor*.

Pat—Are ye engaged to Mike Dooley? Biddy—Faith, an' I'm not. Are ye after wantin' me? Pat—Not unless I can't git ye.—*Peola Advocate*.

"Did you say the prisoner hit the plaintiff between the court-house and the postoffice?" "No, I didn't. I said he hit him between the eyes."—*Baltimore American*.

Roommate (2 a. m.)—What is this card in your hat? His Roommate—Why, that was (hic) the wine list, but now (hic) it's my table of contents.—*Yale Record*.

The Writer—Ah, laugh at me if you will, but I will write of you in my journal that which will make you sick! The Artist—Everything that m'sieur writes makes me sick.—*Life*.

Teacher—You have named all domestic animals save one. It has bristly hair, it is grimy, likes dirt, and is fond of mud. Well, Tom? Tom (shamefacedly)—That's me.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Nell—She admits that she is terribly disappointed in her husband. Belle—How is that? Nell—She married him to reform him, and now she finds he doesn't need it.—*Philadelphia Record*.

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"Do you know that your chickens come over into my garden?" "I thought they must be doing that." "Why did you think so?" "Because they never come back."—*Cleveland Leader*.

"My hair is falling out," admitted the timid man in a drug store. "Can you recommend something to keep it in?" "Certainly," replied the ohliging clerk. "Get a hox."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

Amateur (holding five aces, leans over to professional poker player and whispers)—Billie, how would you play that hand? Professional—My hoy, if I were you I think I'd play under an assumed name.—*Judge*.

Mr. Justcott—Why, what are you crying about, dear? Mrs. Justcott—Oh, George! mice have got into the pantry and eaten up a beautiful custard pie I made myself! Mr. Justcott—There, there! Don't cry over a few little mice!—*Western Christian Advocate*.

Senator Crane came smiling from the White House. "You must have hit it off pretty well with the President," remarked a friend. "Hit it off! I should say so," answered the senator. "Why, he was so good-natured that he unconsciously called me Mr. Stork."—*Baltimore News*.

"But," cried Miss Woodby, indignantly, "since I declare to you that the joke is original with me, isn't it impudent of you to doubt it?" "Not at all," replied Mr. Chesterfield; "I should be still more impudent and ungallant to believe you that old."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Billy Martin, aged four, came to his mother and in great ecstasy exclaimed: "Oh, mother! Louise and Carberry found such a nice dead cat, and they are going to have a funeral, and can I go?" Permission was given, and when Billy returned he was questioned as to the outcome of the funeral. "They did not have it at all." "And why not?" "Mother," was the answer, "the cat was too dead."—*Success Magazine*.

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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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A Word to Mr. Langdon.

The degenerate graft prosecution is plainly in a dilemma. It has failed under most discouraging conditions to convict Abraham Ruef; and since it can not convict this arch-soundrel, there seems little chance of "getting" anybody else. True, other cases may be tried, but the work is tedious and the cost to the public treasury is enormous. What to do next is a matter which it is hard for Spreckels, Phelan, Heney, *et al.*, to determine. The *Argonaut* knows what ought to be done and it reminds Prosecuting Attorney Langdon that he is the man to do it. We say to Mr. Langdon that a time has come when the moral powers of Messrs. Spreckels, Phelan, and Heney are exhausted. They can win no convictions not because there is not guilt more than enough with abundant evidence to prove it, but because they have lost public credit. They are not believed by the community to be disinterested or sincere; furthermore, experience has proved them in a technical sense to be incapable. Of the three convictions already gained, two have been nullified by higher courts because of blunders in the procedure, and it is the common opinion among lawyers that the same result will follow in the one conviction which now stands to their credit. Mr. Langdon is not a very clever man, but he ought to see that it is useless

to work longer with those who inevitably blunder and who inevitably fail. The board of supervisors has given him a large sum—\$70,000—for the work of prosecution, and he will be held accountable in the matter of its expenditure. If this money shall be spent to no effect, the fact will recoil upon him to his everlasting contempt. The situation is one in which Mr. Langdon should take a fresh start. He ought to put out the conspirators and blunderers and intrust the work of prosecution to new and capable hands. We say to Mr. Langdon that any competent lawyer wholly free from the entanglements and resentments of the past year and a half, can take the cases as they stand and by regular and legitimate methods put both Ruef and Schmitz in San Quentin within ninety days. If Mr. Langdon really wants to do this, if he wants to expend the money which has been put into his hands to good purpose, he ought to take the one course which affords some prospect of success. You have a chance, Mr. Langdon, in spite of all the blundering thus far, to punish at least the chief factors in the late régime of plunder; you can do this by heeding the counsel above given. Fail to heed this counsel, go on with the game as it has thus far been played, and you will surely fail and in failing fall into a public contempt from which you will never emerge. If you are so tied up to Spreckels, Phelan, and Heney as not to be the master of your own acts—as to be a mere dummy in your own office—then gang your ain fool gait and take the consequences.

Some Very Plain Remarks.

In many ways the course of current municipal legislation in San Francisco is tending to put the reform idea and even the very name of reform into contempt. And the reason is to be found in the fact that the men to whom we have entrusted authority in our affairs seem to lack the breadth of view and the plain common sense to conceive sound courses of action. With an exception or two, hardly necessary to be named, our board of supervisors is made up of men whose personal honesty is a thing beyond question; nevertheless the capacity of the board for soundness, promptness, and liberality appears a wholly minus quantity. Somehow the board seems imbued with the idea that all who have to do with the organization or the working of public utilities, great and small, are public enemies, ravening wolves seeking whom they may devour, and who, therefore, must be restrained and thwarted in any and every proposal or suggestion. In dealing with public utilities, the board goes about its business in the spirit of suspicion and antagonism with the manifest disposition to doubt, to deny, to punish. It goes without saying that when the affairs of a city are administered in this spirit they are bound to be badly administered. Prejudice, distrust, the will not to do rather than the will to do—these things form the very antithesis of that mood which makes for liberal and progressive courses and which a city situated like San Francisco needs for its development and its welfare.

The rule in the government of a city ought to be the simple one of equity and expediency, and the spirit all round should be that of a reasonable confidence animated by a common disposition to get ahead. No business inspired by other motives than these can prosper; likewise no city administered under other motives can in the general ordering of its affairs attain its best possibilities. Now, our city government—and we are bound to admit, our people to a large extent—have lost a true sense of the equities of things. We have been so be-deviled by vicious things—by bad government in the past, by the intrusion of self-seekers, by dishonesty in pretense and in action, by sordid schemes, and by private ambitions, and above all by an irresponsible, narrow-minded, often times corrupt and an always cowardly newspaper press—that as a community we appear unable to regard any proposal or question upon its simple merits—its equities, in other words—but are

prone rather to consider its relations to "interests," to factions, to resentments public and private. When we come to dealing with a question of policy in relation to water supply or the street-car service or even to the entertainment of public guests, the issues to be threshed out are those which should properly be classed as extraneous rather than those which should be regarded as essential. We waste time and energies in stupid and fruitless "fights" over things unworthy the attention of grown-up men, we wrangle over the cheapest trivialities and we leave the large issues of right and expediency to suffer or to die of neglect. Incidentally, we do the grossest injustice to ourselves and to our city first of all, and to those who have a right to demand common sense and good faith at the hands of the municipality.

Take, for example, the matter of car service in lower Market Street. The Sutter-Street Company under an unquestioned franchise granted in the day of smaller things, is authorized to operate cars by horse power on what are called the outside tracks in lower Market Street between the Ferry and the junction with Sutter Street. Conditions have changed since this franchise was bestowed. A vast stream of traffic now passes to and fro by the Sutter-Street cars between the Ferry and the western parts of the city. Two years ago or there about the street-car company asked for and was granted permission to operate its line by electricity and it was permitted, subject to revocation, to electrify that part of its line in lower Market Street, some six or seven blocks. This privilege was of course important for the interest of the street railroad company; the reason why it was important being that it afforded a convenience to vast numbers of persons who use the Sutter-Street line. Now the question to be considered in the making of a final arrangement with the Sutter-Street Company is purely one of convenience and equity. The public wants through and rapid service; the street-car company wishes to give it. In dealing with this situation the board of supervisors ought to consider the case upon its merits. It is a matter which ought to be arranged upon business considerations and in a business-like way as between parties alike anxious to promote the common convenience and the common welfare.

But the matter is approached in no such spirit. A notorious corporation baiter, who represents the private interest of James D. Phelan in our city government, aided by another corporation baiter or two, conceives the idea of "cinching" the street-car company and at the same time of promoting another street-car interest. Therefore it is proposed to exact from the Sutter-Street Company an absurdly large fee for the privilege of using electricity instead of horse power with a further concession of making tracks which belong to it common property. No man of sense could for an instant regard this as a business proposal or as a thing suggested in the spirit of equity. It is nothing better than a highwayman's demand urged because the Sutter-Street Railway Company desperately needs the privilege it asks for and because the municipal government is in a position to stand upon any demand. There are not ten men of fair mind in this city who do not know that the demand of the board of supervisors in this matter is a cheap hold-up, in its spirit dishonest to the core. It is precisely the sort of thing to be expected from sordid "bosses" like Ruef and Schmitz. And yet many thousands of people are being made to suffer inconvenience and delay in support of this injustice. It is a thing stupid beyond words, in its principle wholly lacking alike in the spirit of equity and of common honesty.

Curiously enough, neither the board of supervisors on the one hand nor the railway managers on the other have sought to define them. On each side the policy is an arbitrary one. Without attempting to justify its position, the board of supervisors has named definite conditions which upon their face appear onerous. The railway company has met the demand with po-it-blank

refusal, standing on its rights under a franchise allowing the use of horse-power which has something like twenty years to run. The railway company has public sympathy, since it appears to have the better side of the issue. But as it appears to the *Argonaut*, the railway managers would stand in much better light if they would exhibit in detail the reasons supporting their attitude. The public would like to know specifically why the demand of the supervisors is deemed unreasonable; the public would like to have the opportunity of forming its own opinion upon the basis of a definite presentment of facts and arguments as they may illustrate the case. Arbitrary refusal is in its way as difficult to justify as arbitrary demands. This is a public matter; the public is bearing the larger part of the burden; the public has a right to know all the considerations. The public has a right to resent and it does resent to a degree the attitude both of the supervisors and of the railway people.

It ought not to be necessary to add that the *Argonaut* has in this matter only the interest of a citizen, of one who despises cheap demagoguery, with the narrow and silly policies which grow out of it. It is ashamed to witness an incident which illustrates the degeneracies of municipal administration, especially under circumstances which should be the guarantee of liberality, good faith, honesty, and progress.

Again, take the water situation. Some six or eight years ago the Spring Valley Water Company, in the face of extraordinary temptations, undertook a non-political policy in dealing with the city government. From that day until now it has not paid one penny to its stockholders in the form of dividends, but on the other hand it has been compelled to assess them heavily. The value of water stock in the market has declined from fifty dollars per share to twenty. Since there is no longer profit in the business, the company, in spite of its great property in land, water sources, pipes, and general facilities, is unable to get money from any source. For a time it sold bonds at eighty cents on the dollar to get money to keep its plant up to its responsibilities; but even that resource has failed, for nobody will buy the bonds. The situation is an open one; the facts have been threshed out before the public until they are familiar to everybody. The city imperatively needs an increase of water facilities. The water company has opened its books and thrown up its hands. In this case at least there has been no failure at the point of candor. There has even come a situation in which a newspaper can speak a word in behalf of this company without suspicion of having been bought.

The duty of the city government is plain. It ought to make such adjustments of water rates as will give the water company a decent income for the public service which it performs, thereby dealing fairly and at the same time so restoring the credit of the company as to enable it to get funds with which to make needed enlargements of its service. There ought to be sufficient common sense with such a spirit of fairness in the board of supervisors as would bring about a reasonable adjustment. But not so. The spirit of corporation baiting has so seized upon the governing body of the city that it will do nothing. It will not try to be fair upon considerations of equity. It will not attempt even the line of expediency. It simply lies back in the traces and stupidly declines to act, even though every man on the board must know that this policy is not one of equity as related to those who supply the city with water, and not one of prudence as related to our needs. Again it is hardly necessary to add that the *Argonaut* has not directly or indirectly any interest in this matter excepting as a citizen.

How serious the penalty we pay for this sort of stubbornness and incapacity in dealing with public utilities needs little exploitation to those who pay insurance rates in San Francisco. Insurance is high in many localities to the point of prohibition because there is no confidence on the part of insurance companies in our facilities for protection, due to the insufficiency of water. Merchants can not carry full stocks and thereby properly serve the trade in many lines because insurance rates are so high as to eat up possible profits. Certain extra-hazardous lines can not be carried at all for these reasons. Business very considerable in the aggregate has gone to Los Angeles, to Portland, to Seattle, to Ogden, because stocks may be maintained in those cities cheaper than here. These are unpleasant facts and we set them forth because we are trying not to be diplomatic but truthful. A stupid and narrow policy in regard to water supply is not only

working gross injustice and hardship upon the Spring Valley Company, but destroying prosperity in important lines of business in which insurance rates are an important factor. Somebody ought to state these facts and the *Argonaut* takes it upon itself to do it, not caring much whom it pleases or whom it displeases.

We might extend to tedious lengths the recital of incidents illustrative of the stupidity and cheap arrogance of a board of supervisors elected upon the theory that it would combine intelligence with honesty. Honest it probably is on the whole, but it is a narrow kind of honesty, blind to facts or incapable of seeing their significance, fixed in stolid notions of public policy, suspicious where it should be open-minded, unfair in its indisposition to deal upon broadly liberal principles.

The pity of it all is that this sort of thing tends directly and inevitably to the breakdown of government bearing any relationship to the idea or the name of reform. Such policies as are now being enforced in San Francisco by the board of supervisors must ultimately so dishearten and disgust the public as to make a situation precisely to the hand of the sinister politician. Let the sort of thing we have had the past few months go on for a few years, and another Schmitz will sit in the City Hall and another Ruef will pull the wires of an organized system of municipal robbery. The *Argonaut*, let us again say, has in relation to these matters only the interest of a citizen, of one whose motives are broadly social rather than financial. It speaks plainly because a time has come calling for plain speech. We warn the board of supervisors and the people of San Francisco that if we are to save ourselves against the return of a sinister absolutism in municipal affairs, we must find a way to frame up municipal policies upon a basis of intelligence, fairness, breadth of view, and a decent liberality.

Oregon's Plight.

Through acceptance of the direct primary system with its "trimmings" in the form of the pledging of candidates, Oregon presents the spectacle of a political and moral anomaly. The State, which is largely Republican in its political views, has elected Republican delegates to Congress and a legislature largely Republican. At the same time the greater number of members of the legislature-elect were chosen under a pledge which binds them to choose a Democrat as the successor of Senator Fulton in the United States Senate. Under the provisions of the direct primary the senatorial candidate who gets the largest number of votes becomes the candidate of his party; and under this rule Governor Chamberlain, being the sole Democratic aspirant, got his party endorsement. On the Republican side there were several candidates and the conditions which governed the contest were such that a weak man of negative character and small consequence got the largest number of Republican votes, although the number was far less than what would be necessary in a popular election. When it came to the election, it was a case of a strong minority candidate against a weak majority candidate and Chamberlain, a Democrat, won the choice. Candidates for the legislature had previously been pledged under the direct primary law to vote for the candidate who got the most votes; therefore a legislature strongly Republican, representing a Republican constituency and Republican principles, stands under a foolish but none the less morally binding promise to send to the Senate a man representing Democratic principles. There is foreshadowed in the tone of the Oregon press and of certain political leaders, a disposition to seek a pretext for abrogating the pledge and for giving the Republican votes in the legislature to a Republican candidate. This, we think, would be bad faith and bad politics. Having by their own subservency and stupidity fallen into a false and foolish position, the Republican legislators would better preserve such remnant of respect as remains to them by keeping faith. They would better swallow the dose, nauseous though it be. The result will be an impressive lesson of the stupidity and iniquity of a system which, while promising so much for government by the people, results in promoting government directly contrary to the common will. Oregon has now been under the direct primary rule for something more than three years, and already the system has destroyed all wholesome political organization and made such chaos of State politics as completely to destroy its responsibility and dignity. Incidentally it has eliminated Oregon's standing and influence in the United States Senate. Indeed, it has done worse than this, for it has sent to the Senate one man who

acknowledges no responsibility to party or to fixed political principles, and it is in the way of sending another who directly and avowedly stands for principles at odds with the opinions and sentiments of the State. To this practical nullification of fixed principles and purposes in politics have certain quack doctors of political science brought the State of Oregon.

A Dreyfus Revival.

The recent murderous attack upon Dreyfus may serve as a reminder that the social volcano in France is by no means extinct and that the fury excited by the great "*affaire*" is smoldering rather than dead. The outrage was not the work of an irresponsible nobody, and that it was preceded by fulminations from anti-Republican journals is evidence of premeditation and complicity. The apparent tranquillity of the government is due to policy rather than to indifference, and if the authorities are content to watch silently rather than to act noisily it is because they are aware of a public sentiment that suggested if it did not tacitly instigate the crime of last week.

It would be safe to say that no one in France now believes that Dreyfus was guilty of the treason charged against him—not even the man who shot him. If Henri Rochefort admits his innocence—and he has practically said as much—there is no one of a contrary opinion. Nevertheless Dreyfusism and anti-Dreyfusism still exist as a great dividing line in French sentiment, although they no longer relate to the somewhat odious personality of the "martyr of Devil's Island." Anti-Dreyfusism is now a political principle and around it have gathered all those forces hostile to the Republic that can hope to profit from a wreck of existing institutions.

First and foremost among these disintegrating forces, and inclusive of many of them, is that of the church. It is the rooted conviction of the anti-clerical party in France that Dreyfus had no other persecutor than the church, and that the whole iniquitous machinery of fraud and forgery was worked pitilessly and relentlessly by clerical hands to the end that never again should a Jew aspire to a place of honor in the army of France, or indeed any one else uncertificated by clerical interest. It was the "*affaire*" that brought conviction to the minds of Frenchmen that their country was governed rather by a foreign church than by a domestic democracy, and the Associations Law was a direct effort to restore the balance of power to the place where it belongs. If the church persecuted Dreyfus it is certainly true that Dreyfus has returned the obligation fourfold by rallying the republic against the clericals and opening the eyes of the nation to the peril that threatened it. Small wonder that the church should hate a Dreyfusism that is the origin of all her modern ills.

Second among the great forces working against Dreyfusism is the anti-Socialist party. The present government, out and out a "Dreyfus" government, is also Socialist almost to the backbone, and those who dread a dangerous collectivist legislation and a constant genuflection to the all-powerful trades unions find themselves in some kind of unexpected alliance with the anti-Dreyfusites of the church. Adversity makes strange bedfellows and many good republicans have been forced by the Socialist excesses of the government into a clerical camp where they must be somewhat ill at ease.

Thirdly and lastly come the Monarchists and the Imperialists. Aristocrats of an old régime, their natural affinity is with the church, but their immediate hope is that something profitable to themselves may arise from any confusion that could be fomented. They have everything to lose from tranquillity and everything to gain from a disturbance. Nor should the army be left entirely out of account. Officerd by aristocrats and clericals and with those strange ideas of "honor" to which the military mind is prone, the French army feels the smart of a severe rebuff at the hands of a civil authority to which it had believed itself superior. The army had been the pet preserve of the church and it shared in its rebuke.

Now the fact is that the Socialist government, thus identified with Dreyfusism, has been losing its popularity. France has been electing her municipal officials and she does this when the national deputies have served half of their term of four years. The municipal elections are thus taken as a presage for the coming election of deputies and are interpreted either as approval or reproof. In this case the reproof is emphatic. Without quoting the figures themselves it may be said that the government supporters have just lost

their majorities in nearly every important municipal centre throughout France, and this is naturally hailed as a blow to Dreyfusism and as an encouragement to the clerical reactionaries. How then could there have been a more fitting time for a spectacular act against Dreyfus himself, but it was an act intended rather to emphasize a principle than to murder an individual. It is unfortunate that a protest against Dreyfusism and a protest against Socialism should thus run upon lines so close and so parallel as to be indistinguishable, but this is one of the present misfortunes of French politics.

The government has of course gone too far in its penalties against the church, as well as in its Socialist legislation. It has failed to estimate the strength of sentiment and of tradition and especially in the country districts. Religious sympathies have been violated, often needlessly, and pious people have been affronted by sacrilegious deeds under the mask of national needs and policies. At Suresnes, for example, the ancient church was condemned, which may have been quite necessary, but to melt down the great bronze bells in order to make a statue to Zola was both offensive and stupid. Zola did much to merit approval and honor, but as a national saint he becomes a little ridiculous. Elsewhere, and in many instances, the law has been enforced with studied brutality and contumely. Dangerous passions have been aroused, those who might have been friends have been turned into enemies, and religious bigotry, instead of being assuaged, has been intensified. We may assume that the attack upon Dreyfus had no personal significance, or very little, but as the hysteric expression of a growing national resentment it has a great deal of meaning.

"Vengeance Is Mine, Saith the Lord."

The Fresno *Republican*, a journal of radical views and of uncompromising (even though sometimes whimsical) moral purpose, sees a practical lesson in the long-drawn-out, very costly, and in many ways demoralizing procedure in the California land-fraud cases. "The course of this trial," it remarks with reference to the Hyde-Benson case, "has shown that the only way to stop land frauds is to stop them, not to make a threat of putting in prison the men who commit them." Proceeding, the *Republican* points to the enormous cost of these trials and adds: "Such an amount of money would well have provided for publicity work in connection with the handling of the government lands that would have stopped much of the fraud."

Truth and common sense here, verily! The purpose in all matters of this kind should be that of correcting abuses. Vengeance under any circumstances is a questionable and dangerous principle, and nine times out of ten, as in our so-called graft prosecution, those who undertake its enforcement become involved in blunders and crimes equal if not greater than those which they assume to punish. In far the greater number of instances, when corruptions and grievances have grown chronic, the apportionment of the moral responsibilities involved is a delicate and difficult business, so delicate and so difficult that it may not in justice be left to the hands of men who have become partisans even of the name and the cause of reform.

We see here in San Francisco how this sort of thing works; we see a group of men nominally moral reformers entering into bargains of immunity with parties confessedly and grossly guilty upon a theory that there are others still more guilty. We see this same group of so-called reformers, imbued to the point of passion with resentments born of conflict, themselves guilty of the crimes: (1) of irresponsible exercise of official powers under an arrangement which under severe analysis is worthy of no better name than bribery; (2) of arbitrary and secret bargaining with criminals; (3) of something very like intimidation of witnesses and subornation of perjury to the end of supporting their cases; (4) of false dealing with the public—plain lying in other words; (5) of employing their powers in the service of disreputable politics; (6) of extravagance and waste in the use of public funds beyond all reason or precedent. And beyond this, we see them exercising powers gained under pretense of moral purpose in the promotion of private and sinister interests and in malevolent pursuance of persons whom they choose to regard as their enemies.

This spectacle is one quite as notable, quite as plain, and quite as suggestive of lessons of morality and common sense, as the land fraud cases to which the *Republican* specifically refers. Truly the best way to

end abuses is to stop them. Practically the surest way to bring procedures of this kind into contempt is in vindictive spirit to undertake a wholesale project of punishment. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred more good will be achieved by putting an end to wrongdoing than by vindictive assaults upon persons. It is well to recall that Scripture which declares: *Vengeance is Mine!*

"Vive le Directoire!"

The Directoire gown, interdicted in Paris as shocking and causing the arrest of its fair wearers on a charge of indecent exposure, was pronounced merely "outré" when it appeared a few days ago in Chicago. To the Paris police the offense seems to have been in the fact that beneath this clinging, snake-like skin of cloth the supple curves as God made them flowed with undisguised grace. Parisian propriety, be it understood, admits only the outline built by the corsetière as proper to be displayed, and draws the "dead line" at the rhythmic curves of nature. Is our American chivalry responsible for this milder term of censure, we wonder, or have the long trailing gowns of a few seasons past calloused our finer sensibilities to so slight an exposé as the directoire gown offers? It is within the memory of all when women wore long gowns that swept the street, surely above criticism on the point of inadequacy to their reason for being. But when those sweeping draperies were gathered up in the hand or wound around the figure and tucked under the arm in order to make locomotion possible, the height of the elevation was not always dictated by the decorous limit of the directoire slit-up. And there was no less uncertainty as to the color of miladi's stockings during the reign of the unimpeachable trailing skirt than there will be with this incoming style. In proof thereof, lisle thread open-work, we are bound to admit, had as great a vogue during the trailing-skirt days as it must have with the new skirts, with the exception, possibly, that the open-work may no longer be wrought in the accepted "boot" style.

Straight from Paris, however, during recent years have come to us much greater abnormalities of fashion that have caused neither arrests nor hangings. The *lingerie* blouse, for instance, in its sweet simplicity of style and candor of cut, leaving no guesses as to what underlies its omissions. With nothing more formidable than the lampoons from pulpit and paragrapher, this abomination has become an established fact. Draughty and conducive to pulmonary troubles may be charged against it, but the woman who chooses to wear it has the freedom of the world unquestioned. Also the woman who goes to hotel table and restaurant clad ostensibly for the street in hat, high-necked gown with aggressively high collar, sleeves down to her wrists, suggesting a puritanical prudery, is not debarred from the public gaze because sleeves, low-cut yoke and collar are of the filmiest lace and chiffon the weaver's cunning can devise, so unobtrusive, in fact, the sun may freckle the fair skin beneath its polka-dotted nothingness. Or even when the decree of fashion is for sleeves that stop at the point where the dimples wink in plump elbows and show the soft curve of the upper arm, the fair owner may lol, chin on palm, and elbow on table—provided it is pink and plump—with no fear of police regulations.

At all times and under all circumstances the omnipotent dictum of fashion having pronounced it the correct thing for a woman to be outside her clothes when most decorously in them, it is "hands off" for the police, and he who seeks to legislate on the question of abbreviation or elongation, or interpose laws between curve and curious eye, is sure to find himself, with the Paris police, the laughing stock of the moment. At any rate, with this auspicious heralding we may as well make up our minds to the fact that the slit-up has come to stay until feminine humanity sees fit to spring another sensation in omissions. And in view of the fact that the directoire gown, so far as it has appeared, is moderately high of neck, somewhat comprehensive as to sleeve, the slit-up of the skirt is prescribed to a certain limit on a proportionate scale of grace, we are ready to join the ranks and shout with the leaders of the Directory, "Vive le Directoire!"

Editorial Notes.

An incident which illustrates the ridiculous inequity of at least some of our tariff schedules is reported from New York. A Mrs. William B. Leeds brought over from France in 1906 a job lot of pearls, invoicing their value at \$220,000, upon which the duty is prescribed at 10 per cent. At this rate the reckoning was \$22,000,

which was paid into the custom-house. On some technicality not stated the matter has been re-considered and the collector of the port has held that the pearls constitute a "necklace," upon which the duty is 60 per cent. This determination has been sustained by the United States Circuit Court, and in addition to the \$22,000 already paid \$110,000 more must be paid. It appears that the French firm from whom the pearls were bought agreed to pay the duty, whatever it might be. The sum of \$110,000, therefore, will have to be paid by them.

William B. Allison, United States senator from Iowa and seventy-nine years of age, has just won a hard primary fight which, it is said, assures his reelection by the State legislature, which meets in January next. If the programme shall carry through, Mr. Allison will on the 4th of next March, then at the age of eighty, enter upon his sixth term in the Senate. No other man has ever served more than five terms—thirty years—and it has long been Mr. Allison's ambition to make a record for length of service surpassing all others. Viewed severely, it is hardly the wise thing to elect a man aged eighty years to the Senate. His death within the period of his official term comes pretty nearly being a certainty; and if he should live it will be in such extreme age as to render his senatorial service a practical nullity. To the man himself, as a matter of vanity, it may mean something to win an election, and the record of his senatorial service will make a brave showing on his gravestone, but the State is almost certain to suffer from the weakening of its senatorial representation. Mr. Allison never was a very strong man, but length of service with unremitting industry supported by sound common sense, has given him an authority and power in the Senate almost unequalled. For years past he has been perhaps the most effective senator, not indeed because he has been the wisest senator, but because he is a storehouse of handy information, because his committee assignments have naturally been of the best and because he never wearies when there is anything to be done. A hundred brilliant men have failed where Allison has succeeded because he has been willing to do the work which they have neglected. Many men—perhaps most—take the senatorship as a sort of crown to a personal career; they go to Washington not to work, but to enjoy the privileges and bask in the distinctions of high public station. Such men are usually past their capacity for work and are more than willing to give way to others at every point where there is need of individual effort. They fail because in the Senate, as everywhere else in the world, there is nothing to be gained without labor.

It looks now as if Governor Hughes, since his chance for the presidential nomination has apparently passed, would again be a candidate for the New York governorship. It has been understood all along that he does not want a second term, and probably this is the fact. But the race-track issue has gotten into a shape where a second candidacy on the part of Mr. Hughes seems a logical, political, and moral necessity. He represents a principle which ought to be sustained and for many reasons he is the most suitable man to be its champion. Mr. Hughes is not in the ordinary sense an ambitious man; he has no bee in his bonnet; but he is no shirk. If, when the convention comes round, there shall appear good reasons why he should take a second nomination he is not likely to shrink from the personal sacrifice it would put upon him.

It looks as if there would be a stiff fight in the Chicago convention on the tariff issue. Mr. Taft, to whom the presidential nomination now seems assured, is a tariff reformer—or "modifier," if that term be more acceptable—and has within the past few weeks found occasion to make his views plain and to circulate them widely. The Ohio plank on the platform which reflects his views precisely demands

A revision of the tariff by a special session of the next Congress, insuring the maintenance of the true principle of protection by imposing such customs duties as will equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, together with a reasonable profit, to the end that, without excessive duties, American manufacturers, farmers, producers, and wage-earners may have adequate protection.

This or something to the same effect will be the Taft programme at Chicago, and there is every reason to believe that the convention will accept it. At the same time it is to be remembered that the stand-patters will be present at Chicago in force and that they will undoubtedly oppose any plank pledging the party to revision. The stand-pat policy will have the support

of several strong men, among whom are to be reckoned Speaker Cannon, Representatives Payne of New York and Dalzell of Pennsylvania with a host of others equally devoted to the stand-pat principle. On the other hand, all the influences of the administration will be for revision and there is hardly a doubt that that principle will dominate the convention.

In connection with the tariff discussion a Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, writing under date of June 3, furnishes some very interesting gossip. It has, he declares, been decided by the leaders in various consultations recently that if Mr. Taft is elected in November he will call an extra session of Congress soon after March 4 for the express purpose of undertaking a revision of the tariff. If he is not elected, President Roosevelt will call an extra session early in November, immediately after the election. The Republicans will then have a majority both in the Senate and House, and, with a Republican executive, will be independent of any Democratic assistance. They will go ahead at once to revise the tariff exactly as they would do later under the administration of Mr. Taft. Continuing, this correspondent says:

It is easy to see the vast importance of this decision, because otherwise, in the event of the election of Bryan, which no one particularly anticipates, but which might happen nevertheless, there would be an inevitable chaos in the matter of prices on all imported articles, and the result would be a complete upsetting of prices in this country for a considerable period. The tariff could not be revised after Bryan was inaugurated without consulting him. Even if the Republicans should carry both House and Senate they would have to make terms with a Democratic President. The result would be either no revision at all or a series of unfortunate hargains which would set the business world by the ears and which in turn would have a disastrous effect on the finances of the country.

Thus it appears that with respect to the tariff the Republican programme is adjusted on the principle of the darky's coon trap, bound to "catch 'em comin' or gwine." If Taft is nominated and elected we shall have revision in due order of procedure; if he is beaten we shall have it through a special session of Congress to be called this fall by Roosevelt. There is this practical advantage in a situation so handily adjusted, namely, that it will save the panic which would surely follow among the importers of the country in case Bryan should be elected.

News comes from Yokohama that the present population of Japan is just about fifty millions. The exact figures for 1907 are not yet available, but the estimates just published are based on the average growth of the last thirty years and may be taken as fairly accurate. Today the estimate is that there are 49,267,744 native-born Japanese in the territory ruled over by the Mikado. More than that, there are figures in the official records showing that at the end of 1906 there were some 300,000 Japanese abroad and that figure has been very largely increased during the last year. Exclusive of China and Korea, there were 36,000 Japanese settled in various parts of Asia, while the nearer territories of the two exceptions named were credited with 100,000. Europe had 690, Australasia and the islands of the Pacific 70,000, and the United States 90,000.

Dr. Hamilton Rice of Harvard University, one of the most intrepid of South American explorers, has discovered the true sources of the Orinoco River, in the foothills of the Andes Mountains, in the United States of Columbia. The quest took more than a year and a half, and for the greater part of that time the explorer was beyond communication with civilization. It was not known whether he was dead or alive until his arrival in New York several days ago. The real source of the Great Orinoco, according to Rice, is in the Rio Negro, which begins on the east side of the Andes, not far from the Pacific Coast. Tributary to this stream are the Azaire and Guaviare rivers. All of these have been mapped as a result of the journey. To accomplish his object Dr. Rice went across South America, from east to west and back.

An English newspaper says that some disgust has been fired at the Lincolnshire man whose wife objected to being fed on rats. But the county which provides some of the best pork-pies has been nurtured on rat-pies. In Nottinghamshire, too, rat-pies were formerly very popular, and one inn near the county town made a specialty of rat suppers. The rat is—unlike the oyster and the pheasant—always in season, and apparently too plentiful, eating us out of house and home. It requires only a little industry, cooking, and courage to turn the tables on him.

Levi Hanford, formerly of Orleans County, New York, father of Charles B. Hanford, the actor, and Henry Hanford, has lately died at his home in Washington, D. C. He was eighty-six years old. Mr. Hanford was one of the California "forty-niners." He was for a quarter of a century connected with the government departments at Washington and was a lifelong friend of Collis P. Huntington.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

A happy unanimity exists between Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan on the subject of the "publicity bill." Campaign contributions should be paraded before the world in advance of the election in order that a free and enlightened electorate may know precisely what is being spent and exercise some vigilance over its proper destination. Mr. Bryan is full of conscious rectitude as he exploits the virtue of publicity, and he challenges Mr. Taft to go and do likewise. Mr. Taft replies by expressing emphatic approval of the bill and by a reminder that he has said so in public and is upon record to that effect. Secrecy in the matter of campaign funds is abhorrent to him. He would have the open door all the way round and he would be glad to see it kept open by act of Congress.

With such a gratifying and unanimous display of theoretical virtue it is a little disconcerting to find that it can not get into the practical stage without an act of Congress that stands a slim chance of getting into the statute book. We are all in favor of the Ten Commandments, but to make them compulsory is quite another matter, and we have no intention whatever of obeying them unless they are made compulsory. There is nothing on earth to prevent any political party from publishing its campaign contributions. But there is a delicacy about being the first to do so.

And now comes the New York *World* with an attempt to show that Mr. Bryan himself has profited by a considerable amount of tainted money and that the *quid pro quo* was an undertaking upon his part to cease his attacks upon Wall-Street interests. The *World* reminds us that at the St. Louis convention Mr. Bryan fiercely assailed Judge Parker as a candidate of the plutocracy, and at the same time he attacked August Belmont and other Democratic magnates who were supporting the Parker campaign. But after a time Mr. Bryan announced that he would sustain the ticket, but he added a sort of declaration of independence as to his subsequent action. He said:

"As soon as the election is over I shall, with the help of those who believe as I do, undertake to organize for the campaign of 1908, the object being to marshal the friends of popular government within the Democratic party to the support of a radical and progressive policy to make the Democratic party an efficient instrument for securing relief from the plutocratic element that controls the Republican party and, for the time being, is in control of the Democratic party."

Within two months of this declaration Mr. Bryan's political interests in Nebraska were enriched to the tune of \$20,000 and the donor was no other than Thomas F. Ryan. At that time Mr. Bryan was conducting a campaign in favor of himself as United States senator to succeed C. H. Dietrick. He hoped that Nebraska would be won over to the Democracy and that he would be the choice of the legislature for the Senate. The inference is, of course, that Mr. Ryan's \$20,000 would come in usefully to this end.

This publication by the *World* was naturally received with consternation and Mr. Bryan jumped straight into the field with a sort of quasi denial. If such a contribution had actually been made he at least had not heard of it. Telegraphing from Nebraska, he said:

"I shall reach home next Wednesday night. I will then see the text of the charges and make a full reply. If Mr. Ryan contributed directly or indirectly to the Nebraska campaign fund, I will see that every dollar is returned to him."

Then comes a declaration from James C. Dahlman, mayor of Omaha and member of the Democratic National Committee from Nebraska. Mr. Dahlman takes the whole matter upon his own shoulders. He it was who received the money and he it was who spent it. Mr. Bryan knew nothing whatever about it from start to finish. Mr. Dahlman expresses himself with conclusive vigor:

"Damnable lies of the blackest sort! Pile it on me as hard as you want to. I am the arch criminal in this, and Bryan is absolutely blameless. Bryan supported Parker during the whole campaign, took the stump for him months before the money was paid, and never knew of its payment."

"After the St. Louis convention adjourned, the national committee met to select its chairman. Taggart of Indiana was a candidate, but the Easterners were for Sheehan or some other man from the East. Believing that a Western man would make a better head for the national committee, I took up the fight for Taggart who was elected at an adjourned meeting a few weeks later."

"Sheehan asked me what were the chances for carrying Nebraska for Parker. I told him no man living could tell what Nebraska could do until after the State convention made its nominations."

"I came straight from New York to the State convention in this State, and there saw there was absolutely no hope of carrying Nebraska for Parker. I therefore wrote Sheehan that money and speakers sent here would be wasted."

"Later in the campaign, in October, I saw we had a good chance of electing G. W. Berge, our candidate for governor, and I sent T. S. Allen to New York to see if he could get some financial help for the State ticket. We got \$15,000, not \$20,000, in three payments of \$5,000 each. It was all turned over to me, and I spent it all in the State campaign, not one penny of it going into the national campaign or to Bryan."

"The money did good, and while Roosevelt carried the State by 83,000, Berge lost it by less than 10,000. If we had had \$15,000 more we would have carried the State for Berge."

"There, I think that is all there is to say about these trumped-up charges of the New York paper. Mr. Bryan never saw the money, never knew of it. I got it all and spent it all. It all came from the national committee, whether from Sheehan or Ryan I do not know and do not care, and no money was used to influence Bryan, as he worked for Parker from the start."

But the *World* is undismayed by this volcanic outburst. Why, it asks, should Mr. Bryan be so sensitive about Mr. Ryan's money? Other money, and equally tainted, has been disbursed in his service:

Mr. Bryan says that if Thomas F. Ryan contributed either directly or indirectly to the Nebraska campaign fund in 1904 he will personally repay every cent of the contribution. Why this sudden sensitiveness in regard to Mr. Ryan?

Mr. Bryan allowed the silver-mine owners to contribute \$288,000 to his campaign fund in 1896, and there could be no more sordid purpose than that which prompted those contributions.

Mr. Bryan allowed William A. Clark of Montana to contribute to his campaign fund, and there has been no more notorious corruptionist in American politics.

Mr. Bryan gladly accepted political assistance from Richard Croker, and there is no great mystery as to where Mr. Croker got it.

A candidate who could be grateful to Clark and Croker need not be overly squeamish about Ryan. Besides, Mr. Ryan's Nebraska money was spent in a most sanctified cause. The Hon. Jim Dahman proudly asserts that he disbursed it; that not a cent of it was used to help Parker, and that it was all devoted to the State campaign. Had a fusion legislature been elected, Mr. Bryan would have been sent to the United States Senate, and Mr. Ryan's tainted contribution would have been doubly sanctified.

Of more immediate importance, however, than the 1904 campaign fund is the 1908 campaign fund, concerning which even unofficial publicity would be better than none at all.

How much have Mr. Bryan and his supporters spent to obtain for him the Democratic nomination for President?

How much have Secretary Taft's managers spent to obtain for him the Republican nomination for President?

We do not insinuate that any of these expenditures have been illegitimate; but under the practice of demanding instructed delegations the American people have a right to know how much ready money a man must have hock of him before he can confidently aspire to a presidential nomination.

And in the meantime the "Publicity Bill" dies a natural and unhonored death, and political virtue being still theoretical and optional, things go on pretty much as they were before.

In view of Mr. Bryan's reluctance to talk about government ownership of railroads, it is just as well to recall his precise words when he first brought this question to the front. A few days ago he was asked the following pointed question: "Will your advocacy of government and State ownership of railroads be prominent in the campaign?" He replied:

"This is not a pressing issue, and I do not intend that it shall be a leading issue, because the people who will press it are trying to sidetrack the real issue, which is the regulation of railroad rates."

Now there is nothing conjectural about Mr. Bryan's previously expressed opinions, and whether his present reticence is due to a change of heart or of policies must be left for individual determination. In his speech in 1905 at the Jefferson Day dinner of the Iroquois Club he proposed a plan by which the national government should own the trunk lines, the States the railroads within their borders, and the cities their local utilities. A year earlier he had asked the Democrats of the country "to consider a plan for the government ownership and operation of the railroads," but in his Madison Square Garden speech on August 30, 1906, he fairly nailed the colors of government ownership to the mast. He then said:

"I have reached the conclusion that there will be no permanent relief on the railroad question from discrimination between individuals and between places and from extortionate rates until the railroads are the property of the government and operated by the government in the interest of the people."

Less than a fortnight later, speaking at Louisville, he said:

"Observation has convinced me that government ownership can be undertaken on the plan indicated with less danger to the country than is involved in private ownership as we have had it or as we are likely to have it."

Now it would seem that Mr. Bryan is on the horns of a dilemma. Government ownership and rate regulation can not both be paramount issues. They can not be put on and off in obedience to momentary expediencies. If there can be "no permanent relief" except from government ownership it is hard to understand why government ownership should no longer be "a pressing issue."

On the subject of the Roosevelt policies the *Post* is informed that some of the convention speakers will make it plain that this does not include the endorsing of the Roosevelt methods:

It will be pointed out that Mr. Taft has had a rigorous legal training and possesses a judicial cast of mind which makes respect for law. The convention will be told that Mr. Taft will move in an orderly way in performing his mission of continuing the "policies" which the President calls "my own."

Senators Long and Hopkins and Wade Ellis, attorney-general of Ohio, each took away from Washington a copy of the rough draft of the platform prepared at the various conferences there. In substance, this draft declares the Roosevelt policies to be the present creed of the Republican party. Representative Burton has gone to Hot Springs, Virginia, to write his speech putting Taft in nomination. The conferees will hold another meeting in Chicago just before the convention.

The *North Dakota*, when completed and ready to go into commission, will represent an initial outlay of \$10,000,000. Nearly \$1,000,000 of this will be spent for guns alone. There are ten twelve-inch guns, at \$65,000 each, and fourteen five-inch rifles, at \$10,000 each, in the main battery, besides twelve rapid-fire guns and minor pieces. The cost of keeping the *North Dakota* in commission and in first-class fighting trim will be \$1,000,000 per annum. This includes the feeding and paying of her crew of 900 officers and men, ordinary repairs, machinery, and other ship supplies and coaling. To fire one broadside from the main battery will cost \$17,000, exclusive of cost of maintaining gunners. One shot from each twelve-inch gun will cost \$1160, and from each five-inch gun \$430. One broadside from the main battery means the firing of 10,000 pounds of steel shot. This is 3000 more pounds of projectiles than Dewey's whole fleet could fire at the battle of Manila. To fire one shot from each twelve-inch gun will require 250 pounds of powder, at 80 cents a pound. Each projectile for the twelve-inch gun weighs 850 pounds and costs \$310, making a total cost of \$510 for each shot. To this must be added an allowance of \$650 for deterioration in the gun, as the twelve-inch firing piece is practically unfit for further use after being fired 100 times.

There has been an epidemic of suicides in St. Petersburg for three months, the average number being eighty-five a month. The high record for a day was reached lately, when eighteen persons killed themselves. Many of the suicides were destitute, but most were despondent.

WOMEN ARE WINNERS.

The English Suffragettes Have at Last Secured the Beneficent Aid of Government.

It looks very much as though the women had won, which goes to confirm an unpopular truism that no reform is ever gained in England except by the methods that are recommended for taking the kingdom of heaven; that is to say, by violence. We have been told that the advent of women into politics will mean the cessation of government by brute force and that the régime of gentleness will be inaugurated when women go to the ballot-box. But if ever a reform was made at the point of the bayonet, so to speak, it is this one. The riots that preceded a free tariff upon wheat were not a wit less determined in their nature than the attacks by women upon the House of Commons or the lesser frays that for a time were almost of hourly occurrence. The day when every window in the south of London contained a bill announcing that no rates or taxes would be paid on that house until the Reform bill had been passed was no less eloquent of resistance to law than these later days when women crowd the prisons rather than pay fines imposed by laws in whose making they had neither part nor lot. The victory for Woman's Suffrage in England is not a peaceful one. It has been won in the good old-fashioned way and on the simple principle that might is right. If disheveled dresses and scattered hairpins have taken the place of broken heads it is due only to a lack of muscular ability and not of a hearty good will to oppose force by force and to rely upon the arm of flesh rather than upon moral suasion.

Of course it is only an initial victory that has so far been won. A distinct understanding has been reached between the government and the suffragette leaders that votes for women shall be the leading Liberal plank at the next general election, that it shall be sustained by all the force of the Liberal party, and that the party shall stand or fall by the decision of the country. No wonder the women agitators are jubilant and that they see the promised land lying broad and fertile at their feet. The government may be defeated at the polls, but that only means a postponement. Once the petticoat has been nailed to the Liberal mast its triumph sooner or later is assured.

It would be rash to say that the government will not be defeated on the strength of these new proposals. It is a question of how far the present wave of unpopularity can be stemmed by a sudden and enthusiastic reinforcement from all the women agitators and suffragettes of the country. Feminine influence is still an ungauged quantity. It is said that Winston Churchill's defeat at Manchester was largely due to a determined feminine onslaught on behalf of the barmaids, who were threatened with dispossession by the government licensing bill. On the other hand, Mr. Churchill had the strenuous aid of his mother, Mrs. Cornwallis West, herself one of the most popular women in the country. The prospect of a vote will add enormously to the ranks of the suffragettes. It will enlist all those who were apathetic through hopelessness. It will place an active woman politician in countless thousands of homes throughout the country and an unmeasured volume of influence will be directed in favor of Liberal nominees. It is at least a skillful and an adroit move and deserves the success that is supposed to accompany daring.

Mr. Asquith, the premier, is unfavorable to woman suffrage, but he has succumbed to the pressure of his party, and having succumbed he will have no half measures. A proposal to limit the female suffrage to single women or to women owning property in their own right meets with his uncompromising opposition. He will have a democratic measure, placing women on a political equality with men, or none at all. And he is certainly wise in his day and generation. He is shrewd enough to know that independent women with property are more likely to be Conservative than Liberal, and that to impose a property test would be simply to make a sieve that would pass his political enemies while rejecting his political friends. To refuse the vote to a woman because she is married would be simply to penalize marriage, perhaps a very sensible proceeding, but not one that a political leader could view with equanimity. Moreover, matrimony brings its own penalties, inseparable from it, and to supplement these by legal provisions would be obviously unjust. If Mr. Asquith must move at all, he will go the whole way. The Conservatives are of course uneasy and do not quite know what to say. A large number of their own women kind are suffragettes and they have no wish to antagonize them or to take up a hostile attitude toward women in general. Women have, in fact, suddenly become important.

To the Woman's Freedom League belongs the chief glory for this most famous victory. At the head is the redoubtable Mrs. Despard, dreaded alike by police and magistrates and to whom the prison cell has given a profitable martyrdom. Mrs. Despard is the sister of General French, one of the few soldiers who made a reputation in the Boer War. General French views his sister's escapades with grim displeasure, but perhaps he is only jealous of a rival prowess on the field of battle. Men often are. The other chief officials are Mrs. How Martyn and Mrs. Billington-Grieg. Both these ladies have shared the glories of incarceration with Mrs. Despard, and seven of the committee of twelve are able to produce similar credentials. To have been in prison is, in fact, a sort of guarantee of good faith, and probably the five unimprisoned mem-

bers of the committee feel that they have in some way lost an opportunity to distinguish themselves. But possibly other chances will occur.

On June 13 there will be a great demonstration designed to strengthen the hands of the government. In 1866, when men were on a somewhat similar warpath, they threw down the Hyde Park railings just to show that they were in earnest. There were only 70,000 men, but there are to be 250,000 women. Probably they will not throw down the railings or carry away the Albert Memorial, but they will be just as much in earnest and just as dangerous to resist. We live in stirring times and we shall see what we shall see.

LONDON, May 27, 1908.

PICCADILLY.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Jacobite's Song.

Now who will speak, and lie not,
And pledge not life, but give not;
Slaves herd with herded cattle:
The dawn grows bright for battle,
And if we die, we die not;
And if we live, we live.

The faith our fathers fought for,
The kings our fathers knew,
We fight but as they fought for;
We seek the goal they sought for,
The chance they hailed and knew,
The praise they strove and wrought for,
To leave their blood as dew
On fields that flower anew.

Men live that serve the stranger;
Hounds live that huntsmen tame;
These life-days of our living
Are days of God's good giving,
Where death smiles soft on danger
And life scowls dark on shame.

And what would you do other,
Sweet wife, if you were I?
And how should you be other,
My sister, then your brother,
If you were man as I,
Born of our sire and mother,
With choice to cower and fly
And chance to strike and die?

No churl's our old world name is,
The lands we leave are fair;
But fairer far than these are,
But wide as lands and seas are,
But high as heaven the fame is
That if we die we share.

Our name the night may swallow,
Our lands the churl may take;
But night or death may swallow,
Nor hell's nor heaven's dim hollow,
The stars whose height we take,
The star whose light we follow
For faith's unfaltering sake,
Till hope that sleeps awake.

Soft hope's light lure we serve not,
Nor follow, fain to find;
Dark time's last word may smite her
Dead, ere man's falsehood blight her;
But though she die they sverve not
Who cast not eye behind.

Faith speaks when hope dissembles;
Faith lives when hope lies dead;
If death as life dissembles,
And all that night assembles
Of dreams by dawn lie dead,
Faint hope that smiles and trembles
May tell not well for dread;
But faith has heard it said.

Now who will fight, and fly not,
And grudge not life to give?
And who will strike beside us
If life's or death's light guide us?
For if we die, we die not;
And if we live, we live.—*Swinburne.*

Songs from "The Princess."

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Home they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry;
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior's stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."—*Tennyson.*

Mechanico-therapeutics has been established at the Vanderbilt clinic of the New York college of physicians and surgeons, by the gift of the necessary funds made by the widow of Samuel Matshak. This is a method of exercising every joint in the body, and its use is compulsory in the German army, where 350,000 persons are treated yearly.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Governor Johnson is pleased and encouraged by the result of the recent Democratic primaries in Alabama. He calls it a "happy disappointment to have received between 30 and 40 per cent of the vote for the presidential nomination in a State he had never before had the pleasure of visiting.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *North American* has been looking into sentiment there regarding the Republican Vice-Presidential nomination, and his conclusion is that it looks like Fairbanks again. He says that "Governor Guild of Massachusetts wants the nomination, but no one appears inclined to give it to him."

Frederick B. Lynch, manager of the Johnson forces, has made the statement that Bryan will not be nominated on the first ballot. He says that of the 684 delegates elected 260 are opposed to Bryan and that there are 318 to be elected yet, of which half, he contends, will be anti-Bryan, constituting more than one-third of the convention.

Cardinal Logue in a speech of thanks for his reception at Quebec made a significant utterance in regard to the probability of Canada having a cardinal before long. The cardinal said that he hoped Quebec would soon be the residence of a cardinal in the person of Archbishop Begin, formerly coadjutor to the late Cardinal Taschereau, and that he hoped to be present when the beret was conferred.

The meeting between King Edward and Emperor Nicholas of Russia will occur at Reval in the Gulf of Finland, where the British sovereign will arrive June 9 on board the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*. The yacht will be escorted by two cruisers. Diplomats are greatly interested in this meeting, which it is expected will further strengthen the relations between Great Britain and Russia.

Senator Platt, having been handsomely acquitted of the crime of two wives in one package, will be absent from the Republican National Convention for the simple reason that he does not care to go. Had he said the word, faithful old Tioga would undoubtedly have sent him as one of its delegates. Mr. Platt has not missed a Republican National Convention hitherto since 1872, and the next one will not miss him.

Thomas Taggart, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is reported to have said recently: "We are going to have a real campaign this time. In Indiana we are in better condition than we have been since 1892. There is a feeling of unrest abroad and the Republicans are scared." Mr. Taggart said the convention will be conducted in perfect order, as he asserted the details have been worked with nicety.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, when asked what he knew about the report that he is to be appointed United States Ambassador to Rome or to Berlin, said: "I don't know anything about it. The newspapers say I am to be appointed, but I haven't heard it from any other source. I don't believe either the administration or the Kaiser has any such idea in mind." Asked if he would accept an ambassadorship if it were offered him, Mr. Vanderbilt said he could not answer that question with propriety.

Intimating that the system of party government in this country is threatened with disintegration by the progress of intelligence and free thought, and declaring that already there are signs of its demoralization by the gathering of independent forces outside of party organizations, Goldwin Smith of Toronto has written to students at Cornell bidding them to make a careful study of political conditions, to determine for themselves that party government and parties are not the best means for the welfare of a State. Professor Smith cites English history to substantiate his assertion.

The recent discovery of a plot to assassinate Sultan Abdul Hamid has greatly agitated the sublime porte. Much mystery surrounds the personality of Miss Mary Jameson, an American woman who is in the prison charged with high treason. More than seventy-five persons are in prison, all supposed to have participated in a plot to blow up the Yildiz kiosk and other institutions on an appointed day. Just who "Miss Jameson" is no one knows. She has a passport, speaks English, and claims to be a naturalized American citizen, but Minister Leishman has not appeared in her behalf. Mr. Leishman says he never heard of her till she was arrested, and his interference would be an embarrassment to the porte.

It is related in Washington that the Rev. Wilbur Crafts, who has been one of the chief supporters of Governor Hughes in the effort to repeal the Percy-Gray law which permits betting at the racetracks, called on President Roosevelt a short time ago and endeavored to interest the President in the Albany fight. President Roosevelt, so the story continues, suggested to Mr. Crafts that "he mind his own business." Anyway Senator Carl S. Burr, Jr., Republican for the First District of New York, which is the President's Senate district, in voting against the Agnew-Hart bills, which would repeal the Percy-Gray law, said: "I cast my vote as the people who honor me with their confidence desire; I cast it as my conscience dictates; I cast it against cant, hypocrisy, and humbug; I cast it against ignorance and intolerance; I cast it against these bills. I vote 'No.'"

A GREAT HACIENDA AND ITS LORD.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XVII.

Captain Helmont's vast estate, the Hacienda of Plancha Grande, was sometimes called a rancho, but it included many ranchos. The Spanish term *hacienda* was the better title, for Plancha Grande was, in truth, a principality. From the Mexican government Helmont had acquired a grant of fully eleven leagues, and this royal domain extended for many miles along the great river, through the richest part of the valley.

In the very centre of this principality, surrounded by its many subsidiary buildings, stood the residence of the *hacendado*, or lord of the manor. A large estate itself is called, as an entirety, an *hacienda*, while a central group of buildings may be signalized as *The Hacienda*.

The Hacienda of Plancha Grande occupied, from a geological standpoint, a curious site—it was on a kind of table mound, with sides so steep as in places to be almost perpendicular. This gigantic mound rose up so sharply from the low, level valley that its creation seemed a caprice of nature. Around the mound there ran a rectangle of adobe walls some twelve feet high; this line of wall was many hundreds of feet in length, with embrasures, loop-holes, and bastions, supplemented by some score of brass cannon.

The massive walls surrounding the Hacienda were pierced by two gates; of these, one was usually locked, while at the other sentries were kept posted. During the day their duties consisted mainly in seeing that those who passed in and out were inmates. Strangers, the sentries stopped—until it was made clear they had business within, when they were allowed to pass. But when the sunset gun was fired the gate was locked and the keys taken to the *hacendado* or his lieutenant. Even a belated inmate was then refused admission unless provided with a pass. If not so lucky, the tardy one was kept out until the matter was reported to headquarters; then, if permission were granted, the belated person was admitted, due record being made. Helmont's military training impelled him to enforce these rigid rules.

In the centre of the walled enclosure was a great plaza or rectangle of open ground, some two hundred varas square. This plaza was defined by the surrounding buildings, one side of the rectangle being made up of the structures constituting Helmont's residence. This might be called the manor-house or mansion, from its size, although like the other buildings it was of one story only and constructed of adobe bricks. As an *hacienda* in Spanish America is closely analogous to an English manor, so is the building occupied as a residence by the *hacendado* a close correlative to that of the lord of an English manor.

The unimposing architecture of Helmont's house had other reasons than the primitive character of its architects and workmen. Experience soon proved to the newcomers to the Coast that the low adobe buildings of their Mexican forerunners were the strongest, safest, and most comfortable for an earthquake country. Such walls are often three feet thick, and thus an adobe house was cool on the hottest summer day. It is the same coolness noticed by travelers in Southern Europe when they lift the leathern curtains and enter the massive churches, where the temperature in summer is many degrees lower than outside. So in winter the thick adobe walls stole its sharpness from the outer air. Thus the American dwellers in canvas, clapboard, or lath-and-plaster structures soon found that their Mexican neighbors enjoyed a comfortable temperature when the superior race was either baking or freezing.

An occasional advantage was that the thickness of the walls permitted "earthquake niches" to be sunk in them. These blind archways sometimes saved lives in *temblor* times, for an arch will often withstand the earth's movements when everything else falls. There was a story told of himself by a Yankee trader who in the early days had come up the river to buy hides of Helmont. He was in the office, settling with the *mayordomo*, when a violent shock came. The terrified steward skipped nimbly to a niche in the wavering wall; losing his little English, he beckoned and yelled frantically to the stranger "*Pronto! pronto!*"—bidding him follow—"Quick! Quick!"

Later, when relating the adventure, the trader remarked:

"I didn't know much Spanish, and I didn't know what *pronto* meant, but you bet I prontoed!"

Not only in its massive adobe walls did Helmont's house follow the Mexican architecture. Like all gentlemen's houses in the Spanish-American colonies, it was built around a *patio* or central court, filled with parterres of brilliant flowers, where a fountain played night and day. Thus the inmates of the house could live entirely in the open air while still shut off from the irritating staring of the Indians and Mexicans without. There may be interesting traits about simple peoples, but one which is not agreeable is their intense inquisitiveness; they watch your every movement, and the way they glue their eyes on each morsel you eat until it has disappeared affects the stoutest appetite.

Here Helmont lived in a mixture of patriarchal simplicity and manorial grandeur. Inside the walls of his fortress—for such it seemed to be—was domiciled an entire community. Among the other buildings were granaries and warehouses, shops and stores, dwellings for the servants, and outhouses and stables for the animals. A large *audiencia*, or assembly-room, served

for various purposes; among others it was here that Helmont dispensed his simple yet at times rigid justice.

During the daylight hours nearly all the industries necessary for a small community were pursued within the Hacienda's walls. One could hear the buzz of the saw-mill, the swish of the carpenter's plane, the roar of the grain-mill, and the clang of the smith's hammer. In these specialized days, it seems incredible that one estate could produce from itself nearly everything its denizens needed to eat, drink, and wear, but so it was at the Hacienda Plancha Grande. The native workmen ground flour from wheat and meal from maize; in rude ovens they baked white wheaten bread for their betters; for themselves, in lieu of bread, they cooked over open fires maize *tortillas* or "flap-jacks"; they slaughtered beeves; they melted down tallow, pouring it into *botas* or bags of green hides; they jerked or hung strips of beef to dry; they pressed grapes, making wine; they dried them, making raisins; they distilled them, making *aguardiente*, for themselves; they double-distilled them, making brandy for their betters; they cured various fruits for the winter; on their looms they wove cloth from the wool of the sheep herded by their brothers; they made the coarse *serapes* and *rebozos* they wore themselves, while their betters imported finer ones from Mexico and Spain; they tanned leather, out of which they made shoes and saddles; in the iron-workers' shops they made bits and spurs; in the wood-workers' shops they made saddletrees for riding-saddles and for *oparejos* or pack-saddles; there also were made the meagre articles of furniture used by the poorer people in their adobe houses. Lastly, from the very soil on which they stood, they made the adobe bricks out of which their houses were builded.

Standing on the wide walls of the fortress one could command a view of the valley for many miles. Around the Hacienda ran great vegetable gardens laid out with mathematical precision. In geometrical lines, converging to the vanishing point, were likewise thousands of orchard trees, among them not only the usual northern fruits, but the fig and the almond, the olive and the orange, the lemon and the lime. Further away from the Hacienda proper extended enormous stock ranges, where thousands of horses, cattle, and sheep were grazing.

On the river bank, within view of the fortress, was the *embarcadero* where lay a fifty-ton sloop, the *Helvetia*. Helmont ran this vessel regularly "down to the Bay," under command of an American skipper, with a crew of half a dozen "reasoning Indians." For the early Spaniards had divided the inhabitants of the Coast into *gente sin razon* and *gente de razon*, or reasoning and non-reasoning beings, which classification still existed. The Indians were placed in the non-reasoning class, but some of Helmont's Indian employees had reached so high a scale in point of instinct that many Mexican officials declared them to be almost human.

This little self-supporting world, this microcosm, was vastly interesting to Diana Wayne. She and Mrs. Lyndon were frequent guests of Helmont at the Hacienda. The two elders were congenial people—they had seen so much of the world that the peaceful life in this isolated stronghold amid a primitive people was grateful to them both; perhaps it was all the more grateful when they contrasted it with the stormy life around them. As for Diana, she was very happy at Plancha Grande. Her knowledge of their language made her adored by the simple-hearted natives, while her daring horsemanship made her the *vaqueros*' idol.

Sometimes Helmont urged her to take a couple of his *vaqueros* for an escort when she rode far from the Hacienda; at other times he did not object when she wanted to go alone. When one day she asked him the reason for this apparent inconsistency, he laughed:

"If you will force an unwilling answer from me, Doña Diana, this is the explanation—the occasions when I am reluctant to let you ride out alone are the days when my *mayordomo* tells me there are strangers camping in the valley near by."

"Strangers?" queried Diana, looking up quickly.

"You mean strange natives—Mexicans?"

"Most emphatically, no! I mean miners!"

"You have no liking for the miners, captain," said Diana, "or for the Vigilantes?"

"It's six of one and half a dozen of the other," interrupted Mrs. Lyndon. "Down at the Bay there is at least a Law and Order minority, but in the mines, I am told, the miners are all Vigilantes."

"Practically all," agreed Helmont. "The Vigilantes rule the camps—nobody dares refuse allegiance to them."

"But, captain, is it not true that you yourself are practically a Vigilante?" asked Diana. "Have you not for years administered justice here in your own Hacienda?"

"Hardly that. The Indians outside the Hacienda walls—the *gente sin razon*—have their own tribal laws; they try criminal cases and administer justice themselves. The Mexican government never interfered with them, and neither do I. Sometimes the *padres* took them in hand, but that was under canon law—religious discipline—not civil law."

"But how about your Mexican servants?"

"They are under my control as *hacendados*. Besides, I was duly commissioned as a *jefe*, or Mexican justice of the peace, and hence exercised those functions."

"But the Mexican rule has ended," Diana went on, mischievously, bent on proving him guilty of inconsistency. "Yet you still act as judge, without authority from the American government. Are not your acts

illegal, and therefore on a par with those of the Vigilantes whom you condemn?"

"You are a very adroit special pleader, Doña Diana, but you forget that in all governments an official, civil or military, must retain his post until his successor appears. Were it not so, anarchy would follow. My successor has not appeared; when he does, I will cheerfully resign my office."

"There, Diana!" broke in Mrs. Lyndon, with a relieved air, for she had been perturbed by Diana's insistence. "You see you were wrong, and that Captain Helmont is really a consistent anti-Vigilante."

"Did you find any difficulty in controlling these people when you first came among them, captain?" said Diana, perhaps not sorry to change the subject.

"None at all. You see, they all—Indians, Mexicans, and native Californians of mixed race—are like children in many ways—and like children they are appreciative of praise and sensitive to injustice."

"Was there much disorder when the American forces took possession of the country?" asked Mrs. Lyndon.

"Very little, and what little did occur was speedily allayed. At the Pueblo of Los Arcangeles, for example, when the American forces occupied the town the people were not to be seen—all had fled or were in hiding. The commander asked a Spanish priest, who had accompanied him from Santa Gregoria, what was the best way to reassure them. The priest advised him to have the regimental band play daily in the plaza. This was done. The first day the people began crawling out from their hiding-places; on the second day the town was again populous. The Spanish friar's prescription had worked like a charm."

"They were fond of music then?"

"Extremely so, although their instruments were few in number—principally guitars and harps, with occasionally a violin."

"And their music?" asked Mrs. Lyndon. "What sort was it?—to accompany the voice, or for dancing?"

"Both. The Spaniards brought into Mexico the *canciones* from all the provinces of Spain. So the people here fell heir to the songs of the whole Iberian peninsula—Castilian, Aragonese, Catalanian, Andalusian. With these came the plaintive Moorish melodies."

"The dances too, I suppose," said Diana, "were many?"

"Yes, they also came from all over Old Spain. The *jota*, from Aragon, was a favorite; the *cuadrilla* and the *contra-danza* were very similar to the quadrilles and contra-dances of you Americans—these three were the decorous dances of the better classes. The *fandango* was danced by the lower orders, generally combined with the *jarabe*, a Mexican dance."

"All classes were very fond of dancing?" queried Mrs. Lyndon.

"Passionately—the *tertulias*, or balls, were practically their only social gathering. When a rich family gave such an entertainment it often lasted for two or three days and nights, the guests retiring to sleep and returning to dance."

"I'll wager you attended many of these gatherings, captain," said Diana.

"Ah, yes, many of them. And I used to dance all night too. I couldn't do it now."

"How did the women dress?" inquired Diana with interest. "If the conditions were so primitive then, they must, like Miss Flora McFlimsey, have had absolutely nothing to wear."

"Miss McFlimsey?" said Helmont, inquiringly. "I don't think I know any McFlimseys. Some family down at the Bay, I suppose?"

Both the ladies smiled. "Diana means a fictitious Miss McFlimsey," explained Mrs. Lyndon. "Her lament because she had nothing to wear appeared the other day in the Poet's Corner of the daily paper, and touched a sympathetic chord in all feminine hearts."

"Ah, yes," said Helmont serenely. "I rarely read new poetry, the old is so much better. But, Doña Diana, your pity for the Mexican ladies of years ago is wasted. Trust your sex for obtaining finery. Whenever they got it, they succeeded in looking pretty enough to fascinate the young men. But then, as now and always, the wealthy imported at great expense what they could not get at home."

"Oh, what did they wear, captain? Tell us what they were like?" cried Diana eagerly.

"A man is a poor hand at describing women's apparel, but I was in an official position where I had to pass on the taxing of goods by ship or pack-train. Quantities of silks, linens, cottons, and woollens were imported, to be made up, as well as garments already made. For a day gown then a young woman of position would wear an embroidered white lawn skirt with a silken overshirt of any color she affected. A short sleeveless jacket called a *medio paso* was much worn. The more fashionable among the Mexican ladies introduced bonnets imported from Paris, but that was considered extreme; most women wore no hat or bonnet except when on horseback, when they wore a high felt hat with a narrow brim. At other times they wore the *mantillo*, the *rebozo*, or similar head covering."

"And how did they wear their hair?"

"Cut short in front and straight across the middle of the forehead; the straight front was called a *tufe*. A long lock, generally curling, hung down on each side of the face. At the back of the head the hair was gathered up into a silken net. On the top of the head most of the married women wore a high tortoise-shell comb, and some had a golden band running around the hair, fillet-wise."

"But you are describing their house or every-day dress. What did they wear at the balls?"

"The favorite attire was a simple white muslin skirt called an *enagua*; this was almost transparent, and spangled with gold, or *florado*. Covering their shoulders and coming down to their waists were lace kerchiefs or shawls—sometimes very rare and costly lace."

"Were they as famous for their foot-gear as Spanish women are usually said to be?" asked Mrs. Lyndon.

"They were very particular about their *chaussure*. In every consignment of goods were scores of dozens of costly silk stockings—scarlet, flesh-colored, black, red, and blue, although scarlet was the favorite color. At the balls ladies almost invariably wore flesh-colored stockings, and low, heelless, white satin shoes called *de resbolon*. In fact, ladies affected satin shoes even for street wear, but these *zapatos de patillo* for the street had high wooden heels. The poorer women wore stout shoes of calf-skin, while their stockings were of cotton. Their attire was modeled on that of the ladies, but made of coarser linen and woolen stuff—*craa*, *bayeta*, and the like. Instead of lace shawls they wore the *rebozo*."

"And did they wear jewels?" inquired Mrs. Lyndon.

"All that they could buy or borrow. The richer women wore pearl necklaces when they had them, while they all wore gold ear-rings. The poorer women wore ribbons and flowers in lieu of jewels."

"How did they compare, in point of beauty and taste in dress, with the late comers, captain?"

"If beauty and the means employed to set it off are merely means to an end, and if that end is matrimony, there can be no question as to their success, for they were all married by the time they were sixteen."

"But you have not answered her question," interrupted Diana. "She asked for your opinion, yet you have given her the opinion of the young Mexicans about their own countrywomen."

"That I am still a bachelor shows that I found them not so fascinating as their own countrymen did. Compared with the later comers—here the captain bowed gallantly—"I consider the American ladies the most charming in the world."

Although Belmont ostensibly spoke in the tone of conventional gallantry, there was a certain ring in his voice which made Mrs. Lyndon suddenly drop this particular topic. But Diana was more insistent—besides, the question of comparative taste had not been settled.

"But waiving the women and their beauty," she went on, "how about their dress? Do you prefer that of the newcomers to that of the ladies of the pastoral age?"

"I regard the feminine dress of those days as more distinctive than that of today," replied the captain, cautiously.

"And has it altogether gone?"

"Utterly—it has disappeared completely. The rich were the first to follow the fashions of the newcomers, but the poor imitated them as soon as they could."

"At least you won't deny, captain, that the riding clothes worn by the women of today are handsomer than those of the pastoral ladies you so much admire?"

"Very much handsomer. But you must not forget that the women of that time were not the independent persons you young American ladies are. They rode merely to go from place to place, and usually on the same horse with their cavalier. So they did not have such distinctive riding togs as those you affect, Doña Diana, which are certainly very dashing. But the Spanish ladies of that elder day would have condemned both your riding habit and your habit of riding out alone as being too masculine."

"Which means, I suppose," protested Diana, "that when I take my ride this afternoon I must go forth with a complete *caballada*, and not alone?"

"No," replied Belmont, smiling, "you may ride alone today if you choose, although you know I think it wiser for you to have a couple of *vaqueros* following you, whenever you ride away from the walls. I felt more at ease when Eugene Yarrow was here, and rode out with you. I scarcely like to have you ride alone."

"You are not *muy caballero*!" cried Diana, wickedly. "If you were a true-for-sure cavalier, you'd ride out with me yourself."

"No old soldier, who used to ride for a living, ever rides for recreation," retorted Belmont. "But never mind—I'll look up a cavalier. Yarrow's friend, young Alden, promised to visit us here after he had seen his uncle. I am going to ask him again in a day or two. Perhaps you can make a squire out of him."

Diana was silent. Mrs. Lyndon looked at her scrutinizingly, and said:

"By this time Mr. Alden has probably seen Yubaville thoroughly. Without reflecting on any of these lively mining towns, of which I have a horror, I think he would be very glad to exchange Yubaville for the Hacienda."

"I'll write to him in care of his uncle, Judge Fox, who is one of my regular attorneys. If Alden is a young man of discernment he'd desert Yubaville instantly if he knew he might be permitted to act as cavalier to Doña Diana here. But I must go to my desk and look over some papers, for I neglect business shamefully when you two kind-hearted city ladies visit the old *ranchero*. A *bientôt*, Mrs. Lyndon. A pleasant ride to you, Doña Diana! *Hasta luego*!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Jules LeFebure, the artist, is anxious that the prize he has offered to American art students, consisting of a year's tuition at the Julian Academy under himself and Robert Fleuriere and a silver medal, shall be more generally competed for by art students in America.

SOME AMERICANS IN ITALY.

Harold MacGrath Writes an Energetic Romance of the New World and the Old.

To read a story by Harold MacGrath is to be introduced to a heroine with whom it is compulsory to fall in love and to a hero who sees to it that no one concerned shall have a single dull moment. In "The Lure of the Mask" we have the author in his best vein. His characters are few in number and if he lays his chief emphasis upon the fascinating Signorina we have no cause to complain that any of the other actors are in the shadow or that their features are ill-defined.

The first chapter plunges us *in medias res*. Jack Hillard, sitting at his window in New York, hears a woman singing in the fog-dimmed street below. The song is from "La Fille de Madame Angot" and the quality of the voice seems to carry with it the impression of culture and of beauty. Perhaps indolent young clubmen of New York are rather more apt than others to fall victim to nebulous witcheries that promise sensation or adventure, but however that may be, Hillard succumbs to the siren, vainly pursues her in the fog, and then resorts to the rather cheap expedient of a "personal" advertisement.

The fascinating singer is willing enough to beguile tedium by an escapade. She answers the advertisement anonymously and an amusing correspondence ensues that culminates in a dinner at a private house to which Hillard is conducted blindfold and at which the lady is masked. Hillard is a gentleman and refrains from *force majeure* and is perhaps ill rewarded by the complete vanishment of the lady, leaving no clue either to her identity or whereabouts.

Then comes a trip to Italy with Merrihew, who is close on the track of his own particular innamorata, an actress who has joined a company of American players under the impression that American comedy should prove irresistible in southern Europe. Naturally enough, the bright and particular star of the company proves to be no other than La Signorina herself, the singer in the New York fog, but her discovery is the introduction to adventures in which the Italian law, the gaming halls of Monte Carlo, and the appearance of a dissolute husband by a civil marriage play their appropriate parts. The birds-eye view of the great hall at Monte Carlo is worth quoting:

So they walked round to the entrance to the gaming halls, where the lights, the gowns, the jewels, the sparkling eyes, the natural beauty and the beauty of enamel, the vague perfumes, the low murmur of voices, the soft rustle of silks, the music of ringing gold, all combine to produce a picture and ensemble as beautiful as a mirage and as false. Nothing is real in Monte Carlo but the little pieces of gold and the passion to win them. The two renewed their tickets of admission and passed on into the famous atrium, stared a while at the news bulletin, whereon all the important events of the day are briefly set forth, and gazed musingly at the bats darting across the ceiling, real bats, a sinister omen such as one sees in imaginative paintings of the Door of Hades. At nine they joined the never-ending procession which passes in and out of the swinging doors day after day, year after year.

The faces one sees in the Hall of Roulette! Here and there one which will haunt the onlooker through the rest of his days. Packed about the long tables were young faces flushed with hope or grey with despair; middle-aged faces which expressed excitement or indifference; old, old faces, scarred and lined and seamed, where avarice, selfishness, cruelty, dishonesty crossed and recrossed till human semblance was literally blotted out. Light-of-loves, gay and careless; hideous old crones, who watched the unwary and stole the unwary's bets; old women in black, who figured and figured imaginary winnings and never risked anything but their nerves. And there were beautiful women, beautifully gowned, beautifully gemmed, some of them good, some of them indifferent, and some of them bad. Invariably Hillard found himself speculating on the history of this woman or that; the more gems, the more history. Here the half-world of Europe finds its kingdom and rules it madly. The fortunes these women have poured into this whirligig of chance will never be computed. And there was the gentlemanly hackleg, the ticket-of-leave man, and outcasts and thieves; but all of them were well dressed, and, for the time being, well behaved.

Irate husbands, even though they are rascals, are always difficult to manage by arduous lovers, and although Hillard does not know of the embarrassments surrounding his lady love, he fights his way through perplexing obstacles with commendable courage and hopefulness. His meeting with the Prince di Monte Bianca in the restaurant is well told and we may almost feel some sympathy for a nobleman who sees wife and fortune elude his grasp by marriage ceremonies that are uncompleted:

"Did I not tell you that we should meet again?" he said to Hillard. "This is a pleasant moment." He stood back again. "Are you speaking to me?" asked Hillard, not the least perturbed. He had not stirred in his chair, though every muscle in his body was alert and ready at a moment's call. "Certainly I am speaking to you. You understand Italian sufficiently well. This is the fellow," speaking to his companion, at the same time drawing off his gloves, "this is the fellow I spoke to you about."

"I object to the word fellow," said Hillard, smiling grimly. "Besides, I do not know you."

"Ah, discreet!" sneered the man with the scar.

"Be careful, Enrico," warned the brother officer. "There are many about, and a scene is not wise. Ask the American to take a walk. You could arrange with more ease."

"Thank you," said Hillard, "but I am perfectly comfortable where I am. If this gentleman has anything to say, he must say it here and now."

"Colonel!" cried the subaltern, as his senior smoothed the gloves and placed them carefully in his left hand, closing his fingers over them.

"Oh, I am calm. But I have been dreaming of this moment. Now!" The colonel re-addressed Hillard. "You meddled with an affair that night in which you had no concern," he began truculently.

"Are you quite sure?"

Merrihew eyed Hillard nervously. He did not understand the words, worse luck, but the tone conveyed volumes. It was crisp and angry. Hillard possessed a temper which was backed by considerable strength, and only on rare occasions did this temper slip from his control. Thoroughly angry, Hillard was not a happy man to antagonize.

"Yes, I am sure. And yet, as I think it over, as I recollect the woman," went on the colonel, with a smile which was evil and insinuating. "Well, I shall not question you. The main thing is, you annoyed me. In Monte Carlo I was practically alone. Here the scene is different; it is Florence. Doubtless you will understand." He struck out with the gloves.

But they never touched Hillard's face. His hand, expectant of this very movement, caught the assailant's wrist, and, with a quick jerk, brought him half-way across the table. He bore down on the wrist so fiercely that the Italian cried faintly. Hillard, with his face but a span from the other's, spoke tensely, but in an undertone.

"Listen carefully to what I have to say, signore. I understand perfectly, but I shall fight no duel. It is an obsolete fashion, and proves nothing but mechanical skill. I do not know what kind of blackguard you are, but blackguard I know you to be. If you ever address me again I promise on the word of a gentleman to give you a whipping which will have a more lasting effect upon your future actions than a dozen sermons. If that will not serve, I shall appeal to the police."

Relief comes through the interposition of Giovanni, Hillard's Italian servant, who has his own little account for a ruined and dead daughter to settle with the prince:

The prince, a trained soldier, shifted the reins to his teeth, buried his knees in the harrel of the horse, unhooked his scabbard and swung it aloft, deftly catching the reins again in his left hand. But Giovanni was fully prepared. He released the bridle, his arm went back and the knife spun through the air. Yet in that instant in which Giovanni's arm was poised for the cast, the prince lifted his horse on its haunches. The knife gashed the animal deeply in the neck. Still on its haunches it hacked, wild with the unaccustomed pain. The lip of the road, at this spot rotten and unprotected, gave way. The prince saw the danger and tried to urge the horse forward. It was too late. The hind quarters sank, the horse whinnied in terror, and the prince tried in vain to slip from the saddle. There came a grating crash, a muffled cry, and horse and rider went pounding down the rock-bound gorge.

Giovanni listened. He heard the light, metallic clatter of the empty scabbard as it struck projecting boulders; he heard it strangely above the duller, heavier sound. Then the hush of silence out of which came the faint mutter of the stream. Giovanni trembled and the sweat on his body grew cold; less from reaction than from the thought that actual murder had been snatched from his hands. For several minutes he waited, dreading, but there was no further sound. He searched mechanically for his knife, recovered it, and then crept down the abrupt side of the gorge till he found them. They were both dead. A cloud swept over the benign moon.

"Holy Father, thou hast waited seven years too long," Giovanni crossed himself.

There was never a more timely vendetta or one that so well fulfilled the double task of ridding the world of a scoundrel and smoothing from the path of true love the obstacles that are proverbial:

As a rejoinder he smoothed out the telegram she had sent to him. "Why did you send this to me?"

Her lips had no answer ready; and who can read a woman's heart?

"There can be but one reason," he pursued.

"Friendship."

There was a swish of petticoats, and she was standing at the side of her chair. The beginning of the night was cool, but the fire of the world's desire burned in her cheeks, and she was afraid. She stepped to the railing, facing the purpling mountains, lifted her chin, and sang "Die Zauerflöte." And Hillard dared not touch her till the last note was gone. She felt his nearness, however, as surely as if he had in fact touched her. She tried to sing again, but this time no sound issued from her throat. There was something intangibly hypnotic in his gaze, for presently, without will, she turned and tried to look coldly into his eyes.

"I did not come here because of friendship," he said. "Only one thing brought me—love and the hope of love."

She stared at him, her hand at her throat.

"Love and the hope of love," he repeated. Then he took her in his arms suddenly, hungrily, even roughly. "You are mine, mine; and nothing in the world shall take you from my arms again. Sonia?"

"Don't!" she cried breathlessly. "He is looking."

"It is only a waiter; he doesn't count. Friendship?" He laughed.

"Please!" still struggling.

"Not till you tell me why you sent that telegram."

She pressed her palms against him and stood away. She looked bravely into his eyes now.

"I sent it because I wanted you, because I am tired of lying to my heart, because I have a right to be happy, because—because I love you! Take me, and oh! be good and kind to me, for I have been very lonely and unhappy. . . . Kiss me!" with a touch of the old imperiousness.

"The Lure of the Mask" will not rank as one of the great novels, but it takes a high place among modern romances in which quick and vigorous action and a virile style take the place of the subtle character delineations that so many of us have neither the time nor the inclination to read.

"The Lure of the Mask," by Harold MacGrath. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; \$1.50.

In a recent trial a San Francisco judge made arithmetic a test of mental soundness. But if this test had been applied to certain great men they would have been declared imbeciles. Dean Stanley, for one, would have been set down as hopeless had he been judged by his incapacity to do sums in simple addition or multiplication. Had Kreble, writer of famous hymns, depended on his arithmetic, Oxford would not long have known him. When bursar he found to his horror that certain accounts came out nearly 10,000 to the bad. In vain did the learned and pious men of the college go over the figures with him. Not until an expert was summoned was it discovered that Kreble, in casting up a column, had added the date of the year to the college's debts.

Cremation as a method of disposing of the bodies of the dead has been making considerable progress in Germany, but now runs up against a decision from the highest court of Prussia that the practice is without any sanction of Prussian or imperial law and may be forbidden by the police power of any locality. Then the court goes out of its way to declare the method repugnant to religious sensibilities, etc. In so thickly settled and old a country as Germany this decision of the court is not likely to stand as a final word on the subject.

LONG LIFE TO DEATH.

By Marguerite Stabler.

The colonel's ruddy countenance heamed like a summer's moon as the rising tide of voices broke into peals of laughter across the table.

"No, no!" Latimer protested, breaking in upon what promised to be the colonel's half-hour homily to the hot blood of youth. "No crown of years and honors for me, please."

"A short death and a merry one is good enough for Latimer," Burke interrupted.

"With a quick death and a sure one," some one else supplied.

"And a large cold bottle and another one," Burke continued, running the toast down to a finish.

Above this uproar of protest and applause a clear soprano lifted

"For he's a jolly good fellow,"

and the colonel, having gotten only so far as the battle of Gettysburg in his remarks, joined with a will in the chorus and forgot to finish the rest of his one, time-honored speech.

Whether the drawn lips framed the words or the cry of her soul thrilled the question to his own, Latimer could not have said, but against his will his eyes turned to those of the woman beside him.

"For a send-off," he explained with overdone nonchalance. "I got my orders yesterday."

Other than an all but imperceptible straightening of her shoulders the girl gave no sign she had heard.

"Azalie is more radiant than ever tonight," a plump matron leaned across the colonel to say to a red-haired girl, noting the effect of the unwonted pallor and burning eyes.

"Why shouldn't she be?" the red-haired girl snapped in answer, "with a two-million-dollar count for a husband?"

"Is it announced?" the plump woman gasped. "I had heard nothing of it. She has decided then between the count and General Espendola?"

"The mere fact of the colonel's sending her in to dinner with a nobody-in-particular like Lieutenant Latimer points to the fact that she has decided upon one of them but is not going to announce it yet," the red-haired announced with an air of superior wisdom.

"Ah, yes," agreed her fat friend with something like a sigh; "I suppose even Azalie could not stand out long against two millions."

Here a sudden outburst of laughter at the other end of the table gave Latimer the further chance to add: "Of course, this is sudden. A soldier's movements are bound to be, you know."

The shadow of the waving, interlacing vines fell in delicate tracery like the meshes of a net upon the man and the woman at his side, and the heavy fragrance of the air drugged it with hither-sweet memories that would not dawn.

"But you are ordered back to the United States—not to Mindanao?"

The voice of the questioner and the terms of the question brought Latimer up with a pride in the sporting blood of the Dons. He could not see the wicked little half-moons her nails were cutting into her palms.

Noting their apparent lack of interest in each other, a man leaned across the table with a story meant to stimulate conversation, at which Azalie parted her lips in a smile that seemed to pass for mirth. A scarlet camelia had fallen from its high estate in the blue-black masses of her hair and hung rakishly over her ear, but she did not care.

"Latimer is at it again, making hay with the last ray left," the colonel bent toward the plump matron to say, who, seeing farther than the happy faces and the gleaming shoulders dimpling into their fluffy whiteness against the uniforms of the men, nodded, adding: "The days of our youth are the days of our glory," and the two gray heads leaned closer to mourn together their lost paradise.

"This is an exchange of your own seeking?" a lifeless voice at his elbow aroused Latimer.

"I am acting under orders," Latimer repeated, reaching for the tray in front of him, but the hand that rolled his cigarette was not now the hand of the man who held medals for marksmanship.

The red-haired girl, springing cat-like upon Latimer's unguarded moment, caught, too, Azalie's futile effort to raise her fork to her lips.

"Why, what's the matter with you, Azalie?" she asked, directing the others' attention to the girl's nerveless hand; "your ring positively clatters against your plate," trying to hate her for her beauty and great luck.

And Azalie, darling of the gods, looking into the glitter of light and color before her, saw only swirling blackness. The night was sultry to suffocation, but the erect, white figure shivered. Twirling the heavy seal ring on her finger. "This is a most interesting ring," she said quietly, turning the point of contact from her hand to the heavy ring upon it. "It has a history."

"And that is—" Burke questioned, carrying on an animated conversation with his neighbor and hearing everything else that was said.

"The prisoner's ring given my grandfather Maximilian when he found their cause lost," she answered briefly.

Latimer, listening to the cool tones and steady voice, went down on the knees of his soul to this daughter of a hundred Dons, although he thanked his stars for this chance to make his final adieu in public. She might weep and swoon or snap her fingers in his face, Latimer had fancied, but this high-handed counter-play had never suggested itself in connection with the mercurial Azalie. An unwelcome vision of the thin-souled little wife at home turning him back to Azalie, Latimer whispered softly, "I hope the gods have another meeting in store for us, and that you will not—forget."

The rudies in her breast flashed like a jet of blood from a thrust, but the smoke wreath she blew from her lips interposed a moment's merciful veil before her eyes.

"Here's at you again, Latimer," Burke, always to be relied upon to do the right thing at the wrong time, chimed in. "Here's to your safe voyage home and sure return to the Philippines." And as the evening waned and the toasts went around the table, the soprano girl sang to a three-string accompaniment something about love and death and evermore, sometimes on and sometimes off the key.

At last Azalie poised her glass in mid-air.

"Is it a *pas seul*?" the red-haired girl asked, noticing the tension of her poise.

"Long life to Latimer," some one proposed, seeing the girl's instant's hesitation.

"Long life to the girl I left behind me!" the mal-apropos Burke again interrupted, having caught something of the side-play between Azalie and Latimer during the evening.

With eyes dilating, bosom heaving, radiant, reckless, Azalie faced Latimer.

"Long life to—death!"

The next instant glass and ring crashed upon the table, the wine stains streaming like blood upon the floor.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mlle. Gaussel, M. D., has just been appointed director of a clinic in the university at Montpellier, France. This medical school was founded in the twelfth century and is one of the most famous in Europe. Mlle. Gaussel is the first woman to receive an appointment on its staff.

The last concert given by Mme. Alhani at Queen's Hall, London, attracted a large and brilliant audience. The great singer was accorded an enthusiastic encore for her rendering of Mozart's difficult aria "Non Temer," and in response gave her hearers a surprise. When she reappeared she was accompanied by Mme. Ada Crossly. The two artists, after a moment's pause, broke forth in "Ye Banks and Bracs o' Bonnie Doon."

Acting upon the recommendation of the telegraph committee, the Indian Government has just authorized the employment of women operators. The candidates must be between eighteen and thirty years of age, and they must be unmarried or widows. They must undergo a training of twelve months in the telegraph training classes, during which time they will receive \$6.65 a month, the same allowance that is drawn by male learners.

Mrs. Harriet Fisher was the only woman present among four hundred men at the banquet given by the National Manufacturers' Association some weeks ago in New York. At Harriet Fisher's factory in Trenton, New Jersey, were made all the anvils now ringing in the American smithies along the route of the Panama Canal, and this is one of the few plants that has never had a strike and did not have to close down during the panic.

A dispatch from Florence, Italy, says Mme. Toselli, lately Countess Montgrosso and formerly Crown Princess Louise of Saxony, has given birth to a son. Just at present the divorced wife of the King of Saxony is the legal wife of Signor Enrico Toselli, an Italian music-master, to whom she was married a year ago. But it is reported that the king is still hopelessly in love with his divorced wife and is constantly making overtures of reconciliation.

Eva Booth, commander of the Salvation Army in the United States, recently addressed an audience in the Hippodrome, New York, dressed in tatters to give a more adequate idea of the side of the world from which her message came. Disguised, sometimes as a flower-girl, sometimes as a water-cress seller, this intrepid young woman finds her way into the poorest and lowest haunts in the city, and it was to tell the story of the broken lives thus brought within the range of her charity she addressed her audience.

Count Vladimir Tchertkoff, who represents Count Leo Tolstoy in England, has suggested that the best way to celebrate the jubilee being planned for Tolstoy would be for groups of friends in various parts of the world to collect a fund to be devoted to the publication of a complete and authoritative collection of his writings since 1881. Count Tchertkoff also suggests the publication and dissemination of cheap and good translations of Tolstoy's works. He adds that Tolstoy himself approves this plan as the most agreeable to him.

One of the ablest and most faithful veterans in the service of the Associated Press is Colonel Charles A. Boynton, superintendent at Washington of the southern division of that noted news-gathering organization. Be-

fore he went to the national capital, Colonel Boynton was for a number of years the efficient agent in New York of the Western Associated Press. Personally he is one of the most popular of the journalistic fraternity. His good qualities are appreciated not only at home, but also abroad. One of the recent recognitions of the colonel's ability and worth was the conferring on him by the Emperor of Japan of the decoration of the fourth class of the Imperial Order of the Rising Sun. The honor came through the Japanese ambassador, Mr. Takahira, and it was a consequence of his favorable representation to his sovereign. The decoration was given, it was officially stated, in token of the good will entertained toward Colonel Boynton by the emperor and in appreciation of the high ability and fairness of Colonel Boynton in exercising his functions as an official of the Associated Press. The Mikado's commendatory language fully expresses the opinion of Colonel Boynton held by all who know him.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Man With the Plow.

"With nine children and a plow, John Davidson arrived at this port last Monday, on the steamer *Caledonia*,"—*Daily Paper*.

John Davidson he said farewell
To Europe's shores one day,
And took a ship at Greenock's dock
And westward sailed away.
Nine children trotted at his heels,
He sold the horse and cow,
The pig, and all the chickens too,
But brought along the plow.

"It always drew both deep and true
My furrows," he explained,
"And years when every venture failed
This good old friend remained.
These sturdy youngsters, stout and strong,
That gather round me now,
I raised them with it, every one—
I could not leave the plow."

Fling wide the gates of Freedom's land;
Her broad and sunny fields,
Her gardens, where a hundred-fold
Each fertile acre yields,
Her orchard trees that low beneath
Their golden burdens bow,
Are waiting for the man who brings
Nine children and a plow.
—*Leslie's Weekly*.

How Did You Die?

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face!
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why the higher you bounce,

Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts:
It's how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?
If you hatted the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the critic will call it good!
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only, how did you die?—*Anon*.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

The American Booksellers' Association of New York has decided "to discourage the publication and sale of books of pronounced immoral plot and tone," and it may be that we have here the beginning of a very pretty and a very futile literary censorship. Some of the great booksellers of England tried this years ago and failed. The mere announcement that Smith or Mudie had placed a new book upon their forbidden index was the finest advertisement that could be given and was almost certain to raise the volume into the class of the best sellers.

They may have better luck in New York, but it is to be feared that the children of darkness are still wiser than the children of light and that authors of a certain kind will use the association ban to their own advantage. Does the association propose to appoint a censor? That way lies ridicule and contumely. It has been well said that "to the pure almost everything's rotten," and a literary censor who takes himself seriously is likely to give quite a new meaning to the strenuous life.

An American Student in France, by Abbé Felix Klein. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

The author is not an American student, but a French abbé, and his knowledge of America is very slight. He would have written a better book had he avoided a fiction that is ill-sustained and a personation that is unrecognizable. He would, moreover, have better attained his object by direct appeal than under a guise that is inappropriate and ill-designed. A charming book would then have been still more fascinating.

The object of the book is to present the cause of the French congregations in its most favorable light and incidentally the cause of the church in general. The "American student" wandering through France and eager to acquire knowledge is thoroughly primed by his various clerical guides and friends not only in the features of the country and of its history, but in the merits and demerits of a quarrel between a nation and some of its parts. The Abbé Klein is a masterly writer, suave, sympathetic, and tolerant. His book will be read with delight, as it deserves, but it will convince no one. The American mind can be reached by direct and logical argument, but not by imaginary conversations with a callow and impossible schoolboy who so sadly needs to be told that there are two sides to every question and that civilized nations are sovereign within their frontiers.

Socialists at Work, by Robert Hunter. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

It is comforting to be assured that no system of socialism can ever be established here or elsewhere until the majority of voters have been convinced that such a change would be desirable and have expressed their wishes in orderly and regular manner. The socialist "revolution," so dreaded by the politically pious, means no more than successful and logical persuasion.

So much at least we glean from Mr. Hunter's readable book and we determine henceforth to put on flesh and sleep o' nights. He tells us very pleasantly what Socialists are doing all over the world, and he refrains from economic theories that would inevitably embroil him with his own friends to the glee of his enemies. And certainly they are an active lot, these Socialists, with a cohesion that by natural perversity belongs to destructive but so rarely to constructive workmanship. The force of the movement in Europe, the intelligence and persistence of its advocates "gives to think," upon no account to be belittled or scouted at a time when thoughts run free all over the world and with a contagion that does not always depend upon fact or logic. The author has at least given to us a curious picture of great movements and one that the sociologist can not afford to disregard.

The Schoolmaster, by Arthur Christopher Benson. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.25.

If any one can make us aware of our sins of omission and commission in the matter of education it is the author of these charming essays. With wide experience in the scholastic world, with unfailing common sense and a cheerful kindness he gives us not so much a criticism as a series of wise reflections on the life of the teacher, the ideals that ought to inspire him, and some of the ways in which those ideals may be approached. Of course, his voice is that of one crying in the wilderness. Nothing but bitter national experience of failure and defeat will compel us to intervene between the child and the faddist or to atune our school systems to the needs of the day and of child nature. But none the less it is well that such a book as this should be written.

It is of course designed with a view to English needs, but unfortunately there are no national boundaries to the misdeeds of the doctrinaire. The author tells us that our aim ought not to be to turn every one into a literary personage. What we should try to do is

to see that every one has interests, views, and subjects; that every mind is alive to ideas and interested in politics, religion, science, history, or literature; that every one can talk acceptably, or listen acceptably, and that leisure time should be something more than an opportunity for billiards or bridge. What we are doing now is to send out from our schools boys who are "perfectly self-satisfied and entirely ignorant," and not in a humble and wholesome manner, "but arrogantly and contemptuously ignorant—not only satisfied to be so, but thinking it ridiculous and almost unmanly that a young man should be anything else."

Mr. Benson covers the whole field of scholastic life and everything that he writes is a delight to read.

In Korea with Marquis Ito, by George Trumbull Ladd. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$2.50.

Those of political prescience who know that Korea and China are at present the storm centres of the world will welcome a book bearing so many marks of intimate knowledge and a judicial temperament. The author went to Korea at the invitation of Marquis Ito, who gave him the fullest access to confidential records of every kind. He has done his utmost to probe the situation to its depths and he has produced a book that is likely to remain for a long time without a rival. For the first time we understand the problem that Japan has set herself to solve, and for the first time we have some data as to the sincerity of her protestations. The author admires the Marquis Ito and believes in him, but there is no evidence that he is in any way under the glamor of a remarkable personality and an astute mind.

Wisely abstaining from those political forecasts that are so rarely justified we have a valuable balancing of the forces that make up the Korean situation. There is the attitude of the great powers, and it is an acquiescent one, there is the ineptitude of the Korean mind, there is the jealousy of China, and the turbulent uncertainties of the awakening national spirit, and there is the doubtful capacity of Japan herself to impress the sincerity of her motives upon the Hermit people. "There is no essential reason" why Japan and Korea should not lie down with one another, but the difficulties are arduous and it is the unexpected that happens. At least we have to thank the author for an illuminating book, one that is without prejudice and that leaves nothing to be desired in conscientious and competent care.

The Bishop's Scapegoat, by Thomas Bailey Clegg. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

The book is noteworthy not only for its vigorous style and pleasing romance, but for its intimate description of the French penal establishment in the Pacific. Its fault is the insufficient motive that seems so often to accompany stories of clergymen. When the Rev. Frank Perivale is beguiled to Paris to visit his sister's infamous husband, who is supposed to be dying, there is no reason why he should be filled with remorse because he supposes that in self-defense he has killed a human rattlesnake and so rid the world of a blackmailing monster who was quite ready to add murder to his other iniquities. If Mr. Perivale had informed the police in a commonsense way of his misadventure he would have heard no more about it, and Dr. Bertrand would not have been sent to the island penitentiary for a crime that he did not commit. But then of course a capital story would not have been written, we should never have known of Cecile Bertrand, who followed her father's fortunes, nor of the adventures that land them in Australia and eventually confront the innocent convict with the guilty bishop, if, indeed, the word guilty can be applied to an act that seems to be laudable and beneficent. But the story is a thoroughly good one and one that should be read.

The Unicorn from the Stars and Other Plays, by William B. Yeats and Lady Gregory. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Mr. Yeats's plays come delightfully to those who know Ireland only through the discords of politics and the changes wrought by expatriation. He sees another Ireland underlying appearances and of this truer Ireland he is the best living representative.

"The Unicorn from the Stars" is an impressive play. The author apologizes for the domination of the character Martin, and from the technical point of view he is right, but from the literary aspect we would not willingly lose a line. Martin is the reformer and the iconoclast who sees visions and dreams dreams and who would translate into turbulence and violence the things that it is not lawful to utter. He is the personification of the inexplicable in Irish affairs and our comprehension is enriched by the portrayal. The other plays in the volume are somewhat lighter, but they are extraordinarily rich in the true Irish lore that has rarely received so worthy an exposition.

Why Worry? by George L. Walton, M. D. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.

Sometimes we can not help it, what with

financial stringencies and such like adjuncts to civilization. But Dr. Walton writes a good book and one that we are the better for reading. It is a book not only of precept but of helpfulness.

Since worry has been recognized by the orthodox as a cause of disease some worthy physicians seem a little timorous of an approach to one or the other form of mental healing. Dr. Walton tells us that many ills of the flesh are due to worry and the ordinary man knew this a long time before the physician did. But he hastens to warn us that he does not refer to cancer and the like, as "the cure of such disease by mental treatment would be miraculous." Arguing from Dr. Walton's own premises and with every humble desire to learn, we do not see why. Neurasthenia, it seems, is due to mental causes and to be cured by mental means, and while the cure of cancer in the same way may be almost incredible, why should it be miraculous? As a matter of fact, Dr. Snow of the London Cancer Hospital was of opinion that cancer in women usually or often follows some mental or emotional strain. But

the book is thoroughly good and useful and it ought to be read by the great army of worryers.

In the Dead of Night, by John T. McIntyre. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

Kenyon, working his way home from Rio, dead broke after revolutionary adventures, is accosted in the street by a beautiful woman who hands him a large sum of money and insists upon his company to a house in Selden's Square, refusing to accept his disclaimers or to admit the possibility of error in identity. Determined to see the matter through, he finds himself plunged into a jungle of mysterious intrigue, and although entirely in the dark as to what it all means, he manages to play his part in a series of extraordinary doings. There are adventures on the river, murders by Chinamen in subterranean New York, beautiful women in weird surroundings, and vast amounts of money in the background. But the book is by no means of the usual "thriller" kind. It is a good story, told with unusual vigor.



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Next Monday night for the first time in its history the Princess Theatre will be the scene of a real premiere—"The King Maker." The book and lyrics are by Waldemar Young and W. C. Patterson, assisted in part by Race Whitney, while the music is the work of R. H. Bassett.

The story has to do with the frenzied financial manipulations of one Warwick Plunger and the realized ambitions of his janitor, "Red." Plunger has sold to E. Z. Coyne, a trusting investor, a bogus gold mine in Strawhide, Nevada, and an island which does not exist outside of his letter nle. A cunningly contrived prospectus has convinced Coyne that by purchasing the island he can corner the coconut market of the world. He has cruised the world in his yacht, however, and has not been able to locate the island. At the opening of the play he is looking for a settlement. Plunger, however, can not be found. It develops later that he has been out all night and has slept in the Metropolitan Opera House, lulled to dreams by the soothing music of "Tannhäuser. The prima donna's entire wardrobe has been stolen, and Plunger is suspected. Señora Theresa Valencia, a wealthy widow from Panama, comes on the scene. She has had four husbands and is looking for another. Plunger, still somewhat dazed from his exploit, bargains half-seriously with her to get her a title—a king. It's a joke with him at first, but immediately he wonders if it can't be done. "Red," the office janitor, enters at the psychological moment and is introduced as the king—the King of Mayhloom. All Plunger needs now is an island for Coyne. "Red" knows a deserted island and he and Plunger plot it out. The second act takes everybody to the island and the plot and counterplot reach a tangle which seems inextricable. Suddenly the unexpected happens and the atmosphere is cleared.

The following will be the cast: Warwick Plunger, Oscar C. Aptel; E. Z. Coyne, Arthur Cunningham; Dick Coyne, Charles E. Couture; Herr Pilzenheimer, a composer of hal-lads, Joseph Dailey; A. Jed Grape, a wine agent, Charles Trowbridge; M. de la Ballet, from the Metropolitan Opera House, George B. Field; Señor Dinero, keeper of the private sack, William Leonard; Sancore and Saymore, affidavit men, Daun H. Seaton and Harold Ahhott; Señora Teresa Valencia, the widow from Panama, Belle Thorne; Pansy Remington, a stenographer, Christina Nielsen; Pippin, Señora Valencia's favorite niece, Sarah Edwards; Mame Underwood, the new typist, Grisella Kingsland; Izone and Ozone, the widow's waiting maids, Myrtle Dingwall and Hazel Aubrey; Red, an ambitious janitor, William Burreess.

The chief feature of the Orpheum bill opening this Sunday matinee will be the Fadettes of Boston, the most celebrated of all women's orchestras. Under the direction of Caroline B. Nichols this organization has risen to a marked eminence in the musical affairs of this country. After the conclusion of their present tour the Fadettes go immediately to Europe. The programmes to be given during their engagement at the Orpheum have been selected with the nicest judgment and are identical with those they will challenge the criticism of the old world in. Bert Levy, the popular artist of the New York *Morning Telegraph*, will depict famous men and pretty women. Mr. Levy's marvelous skill was demonstrated last season to the delight of the Orpheum audiences and he is sure to be heartily welcomed. Sadie Sherman, haritone and mimic, will appear in her own sketch, "At the Photographer's." Zeno, Jordan, and Zeno, trapeze performers, will make their first appearance at this theatre. It will be the last week of Smith and Campbell, World and Kingston, Devlin and Ellwood, and of Jesse Lasky's Seven Hohoes in the satire on tramp life, "On the Road." A series of particularly interesting Motion Pictures which have just been received from Paris will close the entertainment.

Charles Swickard's translation of Franz Adam Beyerlein's military drama, "Taps," will be the next offering by Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon and the Alcazar players, and in all that makes for stage attractiveness it promises to be the best thing they have presented this season.

All the men in the play are members of a Uhlan regiment, and the principal figure is Sergeant-Major Volkhardt (Mr. Kelcey), a sturdy veteran, whose heart and soul are bound up in his loyalty to his regiment, his love for his daughter Clara (Miss Shannon) and his ambition for Corporal Helbig, his foster-son and proposed son-in-law. The girl is betrayed by a lieutenant, and when his haseness is discovered and denounced by the corporal he has the latter court-martialed for insubordination. The final chapter finds the father killing his daughter and inviting her seducer to arrest him. His sense of discipline would not let him slay his superior officer. When it was produced in New York the critics unanimously pronounced "Taps" a great play and the work of Kelcey and Shannon most effective.

San Francisco will be the first city in the United States, after New York, to see the

great drama "The Thief," in which Charles Frohman is starring Margaret Illington. Henri Bernstein has been made famous the world over by writing this play. In the Parisian production Mme. Le Bargy earned new laurels for herself by playing the wife and Margaret Illington was a real sensation in the same rôle at the Lyceum Theatre, New York. The engagement of "The Thief" at the Van Ness Theatre will be limited to twelve nights and two matinees. Seats for all the performances will be on sale next Thursday morning at 9 o'clock.

Mrs. Thomas Whiffen comes with Henry Miller's company in the production of "The Great Divide." Among other prominent people in the company are Laura Hope Crews, Edyth Oliver, Charles Wyngate, Charles Gott-hold, William J. Butler, and James Kirkwood.

Laura Hope Crews of the Henry Miller company is a San Franciscan who has become one of the most successful actresses on the American stage. Miss Crews as an infant prodigy made a hit with Joseph Grismer in his production of "Editha's Burglar."

Theatre-goers who have already left for the summer resorts are sending in their requests for seats for "The Thief." These requests and hundreds of telephone orders and box-office applicants show the interest manifested here in the coming of the dramatic sensation.

LITERARY NOTES.

Two Books About Birds.

These fine books give peculiar pleasure because their preparation does not seem to have cost the life of a single bird. The first is entitled "American Birds," by William Lovell Finley, and is issued by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$1.50. Every one who knows what it means to photograph a living bird will applaud the patent and skillful energy represented by 127 illustrations of extraordinary merit. The descriptive matter is no less admirable for the vivid personal enthusiasm with which it is written.

The other volume is entitled "The Sport of Bird Study," by Herbert K. Joh, and is published by the Outing Publishing Company, New York. Price, \$2. Nearly one hundred and thirty illustrations, startlingly successful, give an idea of bird life in its every phase and must surely tempt the ornithologist to abandon the ineffective gun for that weapon of precision, the camera. At a time when photography is within the reach of every one such hooks as these ought to tempt every real, live hoy to undertake a task of practical bird study that will draw heavily upon all the best resources of boy nature. These fine hooks are to be welcomed as marking a stage in the study of natural history that ought to be appreciated for its scope and accuracy.

New Publications.

From the Kyo Bun Kwan of Tokyo comes a little volume of verse by John Ingram Bryan. Some of them are musical and they are all of them simple and sincere, and this is high praise nowadays.

"Patience Sparhawk and Her Times," by Gertrude Atherton, was first published in 1895. Two years later saw another edition and now the third issue reaches us from the Macmillan Company, New York. Those who have not read this fascinating romance have now an opportunity to secure it in handsome form.

A book by Anne Warner is a guarantee of humor in its best form. There is nothing so good of its kind as "Seeing England with Uncle John," nor shall we soon forget the peregrinations of a remarkable couple, the irascibility of Uncle John or the patience of the long-suffering Dilly who, poor fellow, has no chance to get a word in edgeways and whose life *en voyage* must surely have been a misery to him. In this book we have delightful humor without dialect or slang. It is, in fact, about the best thing that the author has done. Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Macmillan Company announces a third large edition of "Mr. Crewe's Career," the new Winston Churchill novel. This means that the sales within three weeks of publication have run far into the second hundred thousand—a record that recalls the "hoom" years of 1900-05.

According to the lists in the *Bookman* Lord Cromer's "Modern Egypt" was one of the six best selling books in New York for the month of April. Lord Cromer's book has held this position in England ever since it was published, but it is unusual to find an expensive and serious work of this character in the American list. The first position in this same list, as well as in the English list for the month, was held by Frank Danhy's "The Heart of a Child."

Harold MacGrath, whose new novel, "The Lure of the Mask," has just appeared, was born thirty-seven years ago in Syracuse, New York. He was educated in the Syracuse schools, and made his start in life on a Syracuse newspaper—the *Herald*. In 1891 he went to Chicago and worked there as a para-

grapher on the *Evening Mail*. A group of brilliant young newspaper men were around him—Frank Pixley, George Ade, Eugene Field, George Horton, and Kirke La Shelle—all unknown at that time except Field. From Chicago MacGrath went to Albany, and from Albany to New York, and finally returned to Syracuse, to settle down to the pleasant business of writing entertaining fiction.

At the sale of the library of Edward H. Lowe in New York the largest price paid was \$1175 for a Greek twelfth century manuscript copy of the Gospels. It contained 304 vellum pages and was illustrated with three full-page gold paintings of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and is said to be the first Greek manuscript copy of the Gospels ever offered at a public sale in America. The buyer is said to be an Italian nobleman. A first edition of Hawthorne's "Fanshawe" was bought for \$510 by George D. Smith. J. B. Dittmore paid \$114 for a first edition of Mary Baker Eddy's "Science and Health." A poem by Mrs. Eddy, "Women's Rights," brought \$47. "Mr. B." paid \$68 for Shelley's "Rosalind and Helen" and a check of the poet's, reading "Pay Self, Sixty pounds, £60.00," and signed, Percy Bysshe Shelley.

The Senate has passed a bill to give pensions of \$20 a month to Bull Snake and Old Coyote, Crow Indians, who went to the relief of Custer and Crook in their fight with the Sioux Indians in 1876. Both were badly wounded in that fight. Pensions at the rate of \$12 were also granted widows of members of the Indian police who were killed at the Standing Rock agency in 1891.

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COLLIER AT THE VAN NESS.

By Josephine Hart Phelps

What an appalling come-down it would be if we should all assemble, with eager anticipation, at some Willie Collier opening night and discover that our pet comedian had lost the trick. Fortunately, no such calamity has happened. As usual, little Willie had a big audience, and, as usual, he tickled them under the ribs most felicitously.

All the fashionable foregathered to have an evening of laughter. The pretty girls wore their prettiest, for they knew that all the rival belles and favorite beaux would be there. The house ignored its manifest duty to look like hard times, and had a prosperous air. Hundreds of the audience had motored to the Van Ness Theatre, as was testified to by innumerable cars blocking the broad thoroughfare. I begin to believe that the protestations of bank officials, to the effect that during the panic there are millions of money locked up in the safe deposit vaults, must be true. Else why is it that no matter how many calamitous things happen in this mercurial town inured to calamity, a first-class theatrical attraction will always draw out large and prosperous looking audiences?

During, and in spite of, the prevailing financial depression in this city the theatrical business goes merrily on. From the East we have heard rumors of pieces withdrawn, popular stars falling flat, seasons broken in two. But since the beginning of last fall we have seen such stars as the Kelcey-Shannons, Otis Skinner, Olga Nethersole, Jessie Busley, Faversham in "The Squaw Man," Max Fisman, James Powers, Marie Cahill, the Cohans, Mrs. Shaw, McIntyre and Heath, Katherine Grey, Robert Mantell, together with such unstarred productions as "A Message from Mars," "The Lion and the Mouse," "The College Widow," "Strongheart," "The Man of the Hour," "Salomy Jane," "Woodland," etc., make a popular success. Besides these, other stars have gone further, creating something of a furor among the fashionables, and drawing full and high-priced audiences of the best representative people.

Calvé, Damrosch, Cyril Scott, Fritz Scheff, Harry Woodruff, Grace George, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, John Drew, Francis Wilson, and now Willie Collier, have confidently tapped at San Francisco strongboxes, heard a responsive jingle of gold, and gathered the falling shower as the coffers opened wide.

"How's business?" says the sympathetic wife to her worried spouse as he returns each evening from wrestling with an unappreciative market. And each evening the brief and feeling response is "H—," well, at least, I've been told that the reply is couched in a most shocking monosyllable. But go to the bargain counters. There you will see the only industrial activity still surviving the depression. For women will be in the style. Ay, though the heavens fall, and the earth turns over, bargain day still draws. It is, to be sure, but a faded likeness of its former self. But there is the hum, the buzz, even the crowds. Their purses are full, and their purchases are many.

Go to the employment agency and try to hire a servant. In vain. None but the rich or the lucky can obtain servants nowadays. Ask the little son of the widdy woman who does your washing if he would like to earn a quarter by carrying your bag to the station. Naw! he has to finish a game of ball. Yet this is, presumably, hard times. And the theatres are full and more stars heading this way, for the cry is still they come.

It really looks as if our pleasure-loving people, during the season of unexampled prosperity preceding the earthquake, had been making so much money that they had to save, willy-nilly. Thousands upon thousands of laborers and mechanics, who formerly lived in tenement houses in the heart of the city, have, during this new era of rehabilitation, built their own homes on the hills of the outlying districts.

Cheap theatres have sprung up in regions contiguous to the sections opened out by the settlement of these thrifty people. Their families go holiday-making in pretty and frequently tasteful finery. "Let us be gay" is the tacit agreement, "for tomorrow good times are coming back." And gay we are, if constant theatre-going constitutes gaiety. The Alcazar was full last week. So was the Orpheum. The Princess is an assured popular success, taking the place of the Tivoli. And Willie Collier's anticipative admirers filled the Van Ness on Monday evening to the rear rows.

The comedian has finally turned his readiness in concocting cackinnatory gags to account by collaborating in a play. Grant Stewart, the co-author, has, we may presume, carpentered "Caught in the Rain," and manufactured a stock love-story, upon which is hung as gems upon a sort of setting, a cheerful collection of Willie Collierisms.

Mr. Collier makes his appearance, looking, as usual, immaculately tailored, in spite of hero Dick Crawford's concessions to the standards of fashion as established in Helena, Montana. The Montana millionaire wore a Wild Western hat, and buried himself in a notebook. Then he opened his mouth and spoke, and at once was heard the familiar shout of response.

Charles Frohman has treated us handsomely by including in the company a first-class woman comedian, in the person of Helena Collier-Garrick, a lady with the Collier profile and the Collier quick humor, and we had already discovered that there was somebody else who could make us laugh.

Mrs. Collier-Garrick represents a vulgarian of Helena, Montana, who is a good deal of the successful shop-lady type. That the co-authors wished to insinuate things against the aristocracy of the West is doubtful, more particularly as the *crème de la crème* of an inland metropolis is more often than not composed of refined Easterners, exiled from their favorite haunts in the hope of securing Western dollars.

But the comedy work of the actress was so excellent in such particulars as her take-off of one woman's scrutiny of the clothes of another, and of the paying of a perfunctory compliment, and her travesty of a mature drawing-room charmer polishing up her weapons of conquest, was so cleverly carried out, and so provocative of amusement, that in fancy one could imagine this other member of the Collier family as queening it in a vaudeville playlet written all around her brisk, competent personality.

Which was really, no doubt, what was done in "Caught in the Rain," since Mr. Collier had a hand in the authorship, and no doubt had his sister in mind when writing Mrs. Merriken's whiplash repartee.

There is a neat little undermeaning to the title of "Caught in the Rain," since the woman-shy hero is doubly caught; caught by a frightened girl, all unthinking of conquest, who is afraid of thunder, and reaches clinging hands out to the equally frightened bachelor, who always runs when he sees a skirt.

It is really quite an idea. What man does not swell and grow tall and brave when a woman flies to him for protection? What bashful man does not forget his bashfulness under these flattering circumstances?

Our bashful man, however, did not grow sentimental, but proved fruitful of Willie Collierisms while the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed, and the dust flew, and paper scraps blew about the stage, and laughter was plentiful. So was the rain, which fell in a furious shower, while the pair in the lee of the barber-shop awning skated rapidly down the declivity of a stage love affair, which in life takes from five months to five years, and on the stage takes from five seconds to five minutes.

Mr. Frohman has sent out a good company, Albert Perry as the boastful millionaire—who, by the way, should have ended up as a captive to Mrs. Merriken's enterprising charms—and Charles Poore as a chuckling darkey with a generous sense of humor, being particularly expert in their impersonations. The remaining male members of the company made an agreeable impression, and the troupe generally conforms to first-class standards.

Ellen Mortimer and Jane Laurel were aptly placed as the pretty cousins, the latter having probably been chosen for her statuesque style, and her trained and artificial accent, so fashionably suggestive of the effete East which still models itself upon English standards of speech. Miss Laurel, although not called upon for active comedy work, was a very useful comedy factor in the scene in which the bashful millionaire, pinned to a chair by the exigencies of drawing-room etiquette, writhed in his conventional chains and pined for flight and freedom.

It was in this scene, which was so ex-cruciatingly funny that one can not help but laugh at the mere recollection of it, that Mr. Collier so thoroughly demonstrated his ability to do anything he pleases with his audience, without in the least letting us into the secret of the why and the wherefore. The scene was almost a silent one, and it was by continuous, unexaggerated action, and that curious, unnamable, indescribable, uncapturable essence of humor that Mr. Collier puts into everything he does that he succeeded in throwing the house into fits of inextinguishable laughter. Description would be useless. It should be seen to understand how much further suggestion can go than mere action. There the girl sat, apparently forgetful of Dick Crawford, who writhed in his seat, transfixed imaginary flies, flicked away imaginary dust particles, and with elaborate precautions hauled out imaginary cinders from his eyes. And we laughed and laughed and laughed. Well, but we were grateful to him! and with resounding claps his admirers tried to lure the coy William into a speech. But he knew better. He can produce an inspirational gag as quick as a wink, but a speech is a different thing, and so, with stately dignity,

the comedian led out the Chinese and African members of the company, and retired, as ever the epitome of profound gravity.

Legal Terms.

[The French minister of justice has decided to eliminate obscure and technical language from legal documents for the understanding of ordinary citizens.]

It may work pretty well, and may suit 'em in France,

But don't ask us to join in the movement. We demur to the motion here made to advance And object to this modern improvement. It is quite *ultra vires*. We honor the law. To hefog the lay mind its intent is. Trim its technical terms! Make it simple! Why, pshaw! Those Frenchmen are non compos mentis.

Could we spare surrebuttal, *ex-parte, en banc, Latiat?* Would reformers deny us, Just to gain the applause of some vandal or crank, *Nolle pros* or that dear *nisi prius*? Could we give up *his pendens* and not feel a pang? If its use they intend to restrict I Wouldn't be much surprised if they'd not care a hang About saving the *corpus delicti*.

If we made to the common and ignorant mind Such a foolish, unheard-of concession Many good paying clients would probably find They'd no use for the legal profession. All about their own cases quite likely they'd know And might even be able to try 'em. We at least could not let *honorarium* go And we can not give up the *per diem*. —Chicago News.

Dr. Henri de Rothschild, a member of the famous family of that name and an eminent physician of Paris, announces his intention of constructing at his own expense a home for aged dramatic authors on the edge of the Bois de Boulogne. The building will include a small theatre where productions by the inmates can be given.

Annie Russell, who has not played since her tour in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," two seasons ago, returns to the stage in October in the London production of "Paid in Full." The supporting company will be entirely American.

White Whittlesey is resting in New England, preparatory to his summer season at the New Alcazar. He will present several plays new to San Francisco and also some of his former successes on O'Farrell Street.

Frances Aymar Mathews has completed a new novel, "The Flame Dancer," and the scenes are laid in San Francisco. Application has already been made for dramatic rights.

Charlotte Walker is the only Belasco star who will devote her summer to rest. Miss Walker has been engaged as leading woman at the Belasco Theatre, Washington.

Hattie Williams says that New York is a place where everybody is clever and nobody is able, and America she describes as the meal ticket of Europe's mediocrity.

Fritz Scheff says there is no danger of her being married again, even if the newspapers find a husband for her.

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How far we have progressed beyond the superstitious belief in the bad luck sure to follow the possession of a peacock feather is evinced by the gage thrown down to fate by a millionaire bride. A gown made on simple Empire lines shimmers with the iridescent tints of the peacock's plumage and the color effects of this creation, painted on chiffon in such a manner as to produce an elusive impression of gold and green and blue, transform the wearer into a vision of the princess in "The Thousand and One Nights." Reports of the bewitching beauty of this daring costume have started a furor for gowns of simulated plumage. The bird of paradise, with bronze crest and creamy plumes; the oriole, brilliant with orange and black tints, relieved by a touch of white; even the brilliant greens of the parrot and the variegated hues of the cockatoo will doubtless be seen at smart functions later in the season, making a gathering of fair women a veritable aviary.

A wide scarf of the chiffon, made to be worn over the head on occasion or draped about the shoulders and painted in the dominating hues of the plumage, imparts a diaphanous effect of spread wings, the feathers turning and curling in studied carelessness, give grace to every fold and accent to every shadow. Tiny vanity bags, themselves miniature feathers, hang from the belt until the illusion to be perfect needs only the spreading of these brilliant pinions into a graceful flight.

An organization of English peeresses has taken up the study of how to help women to be womanly. In order to further the cultivation of the housewifely arts they have given a "what to do with our girls" exhibition, omitting no detail in their efforts to stimulate an interest in domestic economy and to assist young women who must earn their own living in the choice of their line of work. Not only will information on the subject of every display be given gladly, but a phrenologist, we are told, will be in attendance to give expert advice as to the choice of the line of endeavor. Some unique and interesting professions for women will be advocated and demonstrated at the exhibition. Princess Henry of Battenberg, who excels in fine needlework on church embroideries, will exhibit her work and be ready to provide lessons to whomsoever may be interested in learning to embroider with a view to earning a living by it. Viscountess Molesworth, who makes delicious preserves with her own fair hands, will be in charge of a stall at which practical lessons in the "classical course" of cooking will be given and samples of the dainties distributed among the interested spectators. "One of the most remunerative industries in which a woman may engage," says Mrs. Muller, the organizer of the exhibition, "is animal fancying, and, curiously enough, the profession has not been widely adopted. We hope, however, that this exhibition will make women realize what an excellent thing it is. A woman fancier told me the other day that she would be almost afraid to tell me how much she earned, as it would bring such numbers of women into the field as to overcrowd the profession." Another enterprise tending to the same end is the school for working girls conducted by Countess Waldersee. On the first floor of her own house is a work-room where skilled teachers give instruction in sewing and other marketable feminine work. The aim of this effort to direct the lives of working girls as far as possible along domestic lines is the very laudable one of discouraging their flocking to the cities to fill shops and offices with underpaid women while competent seamstresses and housekeepers are almost impossible to find.

Sapphires by the pound are the output of a certain Paris factory. Alum and chromic acid are the raw ingredients, but mixed so subtly with the science of the maker himself that up to the present he has had no rivals in the field, and his sapphires are such a perfect imitation that they are worth almost as much in the open market as the natural stones. Within five minutes after the crucible has been placed in the furnace the process is completed. The mass of sapphire is then taken out, wrapped in a paper parcel like so much blueing and carried off to market. "I make sapphires only once every month or so," the inventor once explained, discussing the subject. "There is no danger of glutting the market at that rate, and besides, I thus have plenty of time to devote to my other researches. There is the diamond, for example. We almost have it. We shall keep on till we get it. I, for one, do not believe that the time when we shall make diamonds as easily as we now make sapphires or rubies is very far distant."

"I am proud of my Gypsy blood," said the little woman on the top floor of one of New York's sky-scrapers, "because it is from my race I have the secret of cheating old age." And every woman in the world would count Gypsy blood her proudest boast if along with her dark skin and power to read the future she might preserve her waist-line and smooth skin as this little top-floor woman has done. Very slim, very straight, her black hair waved off a smooth forehead, her cheeks like summer rose and her teeth hard and white, the little woman had no fear of standing in a strong

light and saying that although she was over forty she passed for twenty-five, explaining that the Gypsy women never look old. They are young until such time as they retire from active life. Then all of a sudden they settle down and become mummies. But the Gypsy woman seldom gives up the game of looking young before she is fifty or sixty.

"It is absolutely necessary that the woman who wants to cheat the world shall be slender, and it is well if she be slightly short-waisted. The girlish figure is slim, rather tall, and the waist is rather short. The woman who wants to make people think she is still young must have red cheeks. Pallor goes with old age. We teach women how to rub their cheeks with fresh herbs so that the blood rushes into the face. We tell them how to make the forehead white with fruit bleaches and how to make the tips of the ears pink and the chin a glorious rose."

But after all, it transpired, it was not the strain of Gypsy blood, nor the out-door life she had lived in her youth, nor the decoction of herbs applied to cheek and lips, but the witchery of the Gypsy dance that had arrested so successfully the wheel of time. The slim waist and girlish carriage were the direct result of the regular exercise of the muscles of leg and torso, as one might easily understand, but the dance was also the cause of the bright smooth skin and snappy eyes. "Keep your blood dancing all the time," was the pith of what we heard. The healthy young person's blood races gayly through his veins and his skin is clear because his circulation is not allowed to get sluggish. Keep your blood dancing at forty-five and your skin is still clear and smooth because it is healthy. The story of the rites at the Fountain of Youth is now quite simple and plain, in the light of this suggestion. The maidens who bathed regularly in its magic waters danced in gleeful chorus around it, threw garlands into its sparkling depths, and sang as they danced and danced all day, with the result that before they reached the water their dancing blood was doing its own part in the rejuvenating scheme.

The flurry in the marriage market has struck the world amidsthips. In France, England, Germany, as well as in America, has arisen a simultaneous sub-surface ferment not against marriage *per se*, but marriage as an institution. Neither is it the old story of possible neglect, incompatibility, jealousy argued against the chances of happiness in marriage. The consensus of objection sifted down seems to be: "It takes too much time." The married woman with a husband and household on her hands has no time for anything else. Unless her income is ample enough to warrant plenty of servants—themselves a care and annoyance—she must give her attention to the humdrum affairs of life, which shut out the enjoyment of club life, social pleasures, the pursuit of some special talent perhaps—which her unmarried sisters may follow to their heart's content. The German woman's prescribed *Kinder, Kirche, Kuchen*, no longer satisfy her needs. The world is slipping away from her, she feels, while she is shackled by the helpless hands of her children and the iron hand of her German lord and master. The consequent result of this uncertainty as to the outcome of her venture is voiced by the announcement of the young German woman: "I am about to be married to Ludwig. We are deeply in love with each other and are going to live together until one of us gets tired of it."

In England the literature of the moment is tinged with even a deeper dye of the home-unrest which is one of the topics to come up before the Pan-Anglican Conference. Many new and heretofore unheard-of solutions of this restiveness under the marital yoke are suggested, and the trend of thought seems to be in the direction of more liberty before instead of after marriage.

Feminine wild oats is a combination of words heretofore quite unknown to the respectable English-speaking tongue, yet this is a possible remedy urged to meet the present conditions. Wild oats, otherwise an anti-hymeneal fling, was never considered a necessity by our grandmothers, but a certain fairly numerous type of women nowadays are supposed to make better and more contented wives after they have reaped this harvest. "A woman," declares one of these psychopathologists, "who has knocked about over half the world and sown a mild crop of this delectable cereal will prove a far better wife, a more interesting friend and faithful comrade than the girl of even much the same type whose first experience you are."

The re-adjustment of your old-fashioned ideas of the purity and innocence of your wife is all that is necessary to bring you up to this advanced point of view, and this surely seems a large enough order. "But she has flirted so outrageously," you say? So much the better. She will be the less likely to do it after marriage. "But, hang it all, she has been kissed by other men," you argue? Well, then she has no need for further experiences of this kind after she has decided to become your wife. It is the woman who after a circumspect bringing-up, an early marriage, and a humdrum life awakens to the joy of living when it is too late. But the woman who, having seen something of both sides of the shield, decides upon the domestic life does so from honest conviction and positive preference.

We will have to wait, however, for the

next generation to solve the interesting question. Will the woman who has had her fling and later chosen the sacred joys of wifehood and motherhood teach her young daughter to smoke cigarettes and drink cocktails with her men friends? Will the emancipated mother look into the clear eyes of her child and repeat a story with a *double entente*? Or will the childhood of the young girl be as carefully guarded as that of her mother, even her grandmother, leaving her education along the "anti-hymeneal fling" elective as a matter of temperament?

That phase of the home-unrest tearing the heart of France turns more on the individual than the institution of marriage. "The modern husband," the French woman avers, "has in general the most obsolete ideas of marriage, while he may be progressive in everything else. He believes today as he did centuries ago that his wife is, after all, an inferior being best fitted to remain at home, govern the household, and look after the children." But the modern woman has gone through a great evolution; her life is no longer merely material and sentimental; she has a broader outlook upon life than her ancestors had and demands a wider scope of expression. And in accordance with this charge of obsolete ideas on the subject, a French Daniel comes to judgment with a pair of axioms warranted to strike at the root of the domestic evil. "Young wives," he counsels, "do not have any bosom friends. These

outside friendships provide one of the most prolific causes of conjugal unhappiness." This warning refers, we are led to believe by the context, to women friends, and having hedged the young woman about on the point of a female confidante, he goes on to say: "As for the friendship between a married woman and a man other than her husband, while although it may remain within the limits of friendship, it is nothing but disguised, repressed, or unconscious love. Between a man and a woman both normal and young, friendship because deeper and apparently innocent, is more dangerous than love." Between these two broadly divergent standards of duty and happiness there is left no meeting ground for those "two souls with but a single thought" and the rest of it with its bad rhyming and reason.

That men are become archaic is the charge of a woman who heads the hostile forces on this side the Atlantic, agreeing with her French sister. "A wife, to be desirable," she complains as she explains, "must in this twentieth century be the reincarnation of her grandmother, with just wit enough to admire her husband. Why should she think and act for herself when wisdom in trousers stalks by her side?" And the first lieutenant of her supporters backs her up with: "There is hardly a man living large-minded enough to concede a self-respecting independence to the woman who bears his name, and so, as far as our sex is concerned, I am absolutely certain the better part lies in single blessedness."

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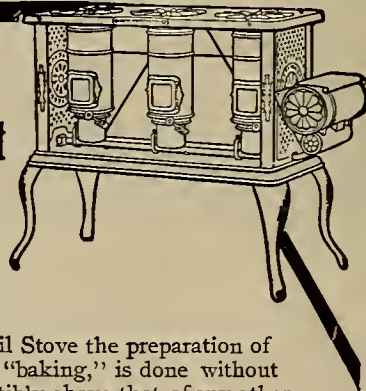
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A man addicted to walking in his sleep went to bed all right one night, but when he awoke he found himself on the street in the grasp of a policeman. "Hold on," he cried, "you mustn't arrest me. I'm a somnambulist." To which the policeman replied, "I don't care what your religion is—yer can't walk the streets in yer nightshirt."

A story is told of a woman whose husband had one day been away from home much longer than usual. She waited patiently, however, when to her surprise and alarm, a band of ruffians rode up and dismounted a little distance from the hut, and approaching her, the leader of the party exclaimed apologetically: "We come to tell yer, ma'am, that we've lynched your husband. We admit we've hung the wrong man, so you've got the laugh on us there."

Dressed in the latest and most approved motor-cycling costume, with goggles all complete, the motor-cyclist in London gayly tooted-tooted his way by Regents Park toward the Zoo. Suddenly he slackened, dismounted, and said to a small, grubby urchin: "I say, my hoy, am I right for the Zoo?" The hoy gasped at so strange a sight, and thought it must be some new animal for the gardens. "You may be all right if they have a spare cage," he said, when he could find his tongue, "but you'd ha' stood a far better chance if you'd 'ad a tail!"

"It is a mistake," said Otto E. Schaar, the president of the New York Waiters' Club, "to think that an Englishman always wants his beef excessively rare. As a matter of fact, the English like their beef better done than we do. I once saw a waiter," he continued, "serve an English duke with a cut of very, very rare sirloin. The duke looked closely at the slice of bright red meat. Then he said: 'Waiter, just send for the butcher, will you?' The butcher, sir?" the waiter stammered. "Yes," he said. "This beef doesn't seem to be quite dead yet."

Eugene V. Dehs, the Socialist leader, tells the following story on himself: "I was to address a public meeting and there was intense prejudice against me, so the young man who had to introduce me thought he would try to disarm it. 'Dehs is hated by some people,' he said, 'because he has been in strikes. This is not right. It is the law of nature to defend yourself. Why, even a dog will growl if you try to deprive him of the bone he is gnawing, a goat will butt if you get in his way, and you all know what a jackass will do if you monkey with him. Ladies and gentlemen, this is Dehs, who will now address you.'"

General F. D. Grant at a recent dinner said of a slow railway in the South: "The line was so slow that the people took to lampooning it in the press. Thus, one Memorial Day, a planter wrote to the *Rapier*, the leading paper of his district: 'The Editor of the *Rapier*—Sir: Is there no way to put a stop to heggling along the line of the railroad? For instance, yesterday an aged veteran with a wooden leg kept pace with the afternoon express all the way from Paint Rock to Nola Chucky, and annoyed the passengers exceedingly, going from one open window to another, with his importunate solicitations.—Vox Populi.'"

A very stout old lady, hustling through the park on a sweltering hot day, became aware that she was being closely followed by a rough-looking tramp. "What do you mean by following me in this manner?" she indignantly demanded. The tramp slunk back a little. But when the stout lady resumed her walk he again took up his position directly behind her. "See here," she exclaimed, wheeling angrily, "if you don't go away at once I shall call a policeman!" The unfortunate man looked up at her appealingly. "For Heaven's sake, kind lady, have mercy an' don't call a policeman; ye're the only shady spot in the whole park."

It is not every one who proves the ineffectualness of insomnia cures at seven years of age. The father of the lad, who was about seven years old, was a physician, and when the child found difficulty in getting to sleep was ready with advice. "I'll tell you something that will soon put you to sleep," he said. "You begin and count slowly up to 100, and then another hundred, and so on, and before you know it you'll be sleeping. Try it tonight when you go to bed." Everything remained quiet that night until the father went to retire. As he passed the boy's bed a little voice piped: "Papa." "Yes, my boy." "What comes after trillions?" But the wakeful youngster's query was not answered; his father had vanished into his own bedroom.

The story is told of Mark Twain that when he married in Elmira, in 1870, his father-in-law made him a present of a fine, well-furnished house in Buffalo. The present came as a superb surprise. Mark Twain knew nothing of it till, amid a party of relatives

and friends, he was shown over the luxurious place. Then, when they told him it was his, tears filled his eyes. But he was still the humorist, and turning to his father-in-law, he said, though in a voice that trembled a little: "Mr. Langdon, whenever you're in Buffalo, if it's as much as twice a year, you are to come right up here, and take tea. You can stay all night, too, if you want to, and it shan't cost you a cent."

Senator Dolliver of Iowa recently made a speech in Philadelphia to hankers. He had been warned to let politics alone, and began his speech with a reference to that fact. "I've been warned," he said, "not to talk politics, but I assure you that the warning was superfluous. I've had all the politics that I want—for a while. I'm saturated with them. In fact, I never knew but one person who had so much of anything as I've had of politics. That was a Des Moines girl who came East for the summer and went to Atlantic City for the months of July and August. Brought up so far inland, she naturally started out with a hankering for sea-food, but she had completely satisfied that when she stopped in New York on her way home. She was there taken out to dinner by her fiancé, who suggested, as if by inspiration: 'Shall we begin with some clams?' 'Clams?' cried the Summer Girl. 'Don't say clams to me. I have eaten so many lately I rise and fall with the tide.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Feminine Idea.

She wished a rest and sunshine
For nerves so overwrought,
Pursuing which idea
A gay resort she sought.

She got a little bedroom
Devoid of sun or ray,
The size was nine by seven,
The cost ten plunks a day.

By way of rest from working,
Of toil and trouble done,
She wore eleven costumes
From dawn to set of sun.

And then for calming silence
The band with crashing peals
Gave forth two concerts daily
And also played at meals.
—McLanburgh Wilson.

Political Rumor.

A whisper reached the nation
That Fairbanks soon might quit;
Beneath us the foundation
From end to end was split.

The land was filled with wonder;
From peak to peak there flew
A sound like mighty thunder—
C. Fairbanks had withdrew.

As though their sky had fallen,
The people, crushed and awed,
Imagined newboys bawlin'
That Fairbanks had withdrawn.

'Twill be as flash of lightning
From out a sunny dawn,
Terrific, awesome, fright'ning,
When Fairbanks has withdrawn.
—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Screech Owl's Troubles.

Screech owl dar in de basswood tree,
Jes' as mo'nful as it kin be,
Hollerin' so dat we hol's our bref—
Screech owl got us skyalt half to de'f!

Dar's nuffin' at all dat's troublin' him.
He picks a com'fable leafy limb
An' keeps a-mo'nin' de whole night through
Like his kin disowned him an' de rent was due!

Dar's a heap o' folks, 'twix' me an' you,
Dat acts pretty much like de screech owl do—
A-sighin' an' a-cryin' like deir bearts would break
On' wifout no trouble, 'cep'pin' what dey make.
—Washington Star.

A. Hirschman.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Motor trips, week-end house parties, and picnics are almost the only amusements that commend themselves to society at the present time, and the city is indeed a dull place from the viewpoint of the society folk. Summer trips are being planned or begun and this week and next will witness the departure of many San Franciscans for Europe.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen de Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, to Mr. George Toland Cameron. Their marriage will be an event of the fall.

The engagement is announced of Miss Phyllis Moulton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moulton, to Mr. Charles H. Merrill. No date is announced for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Georgie Poulteney, daughter of Mrs. Rose Poulteney, to Mr. William Petherick. No date is announced for the wedding.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Ruth Green, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Green of Berkeley, to Mr. George Campbell Jones will take place on Tuesday next.

Miss Maude Bourn will entertain at a dinner at the Fairmont on June 26 in honor of Miss Gertrude Josselyn and Mr. Gerald Rathbone.

Miss Betty Angus will entertain at an informal dance on Monday evening next at her home on Union Street.

Miss George Shreve was the hostess at a luncheon and bridge party on Friday afternoon of last week at her home at San Mateo.

The wedding of Flag Lieutenant Russell Train and Miss Errol Cuthbert Brown took place at St. Thomas's Church in Washington last Monday.

The engagement was announced at a tea given in the Hotel St. Francis by Mrs. T. Walnmorgan Draper and her daughter to Admiral Evans. Mrs. Preston Gibson and Miss Pansy Bloomer attended the bride. The best man was Lieutenant Francis Benier, and the ushers were Lieutenant Chauncey Shackelford, Lieutenant Osterhaus, Lieutenant Robert Berry, and Lieutenant Thomas Hart, all of the navy; Mr. Frank Evans, Mr. Cuthbert Brown, and Mr. Everett Tomlinson.

A farewell luncheon was given in the Blue Room of the St. Francis the other day to Miss Lillian M. Boyd, who is soon to marry one of San Francisco's most popular young men. The friends of the guest of honor who arranged the surprise were Miss Niara Booker, Miss Ethel Clark, Miss Marie Truelson, Miss Connor, Miss Margaret de W. Howell, and Miss Alice Connor.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard left this week for Lake Tahoe, where they will spend the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart and Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilley are at Bolinas, where they will spend the summer months.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale and Miss Bertha Sidney Smith left on Tuesday last for New York and will sail later this month to join their sister, Miss Helen Sidney Smith, in Europe and remain abroad indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker, who have been in Los Angeles for some months past, have returned to their Burlingame home and will remain there during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, who have been in town since the middle of May, have returned to their Menlo Park home.

Miss Julia Langhorne will leave on Monday for Europe, where she will join her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hammond, and spend the summer motoring on the Continent.

Miss Nina Pringle left on Tuesday for Sonoma County, where she will be the guest of Miss Elizabeth Livermore.

Mr. A. A. Chesebrough has returned from an Eastern trip of several months' duration.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tubbs motored down recently from their Burlingame home to Del Monte for the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren and Miss Constance McLaren are at their country place at Lagunitas for the summer.

Miss Margaret Newhall spent the week-end at Burlingame as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson.

Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, who has been in Europe for the past six months, will arrive at her San Rafael home in about ten days.

Mrs. Homer King and Miss Genevieve King have returned from a visit to Etna Springs.

Miss Grace Baldwin will leave shortly for a visit of several weeks in San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ellis Tucker, who are spending the summer at the Bourn country place in St. Helena, were in town for several days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ransome of Oakland have gone to Shasta County to spend the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister have been guests at Del Monte recently.

Miss Laura Hamilton and Miss Alexandra Hamilton will leave on Monday for England, where they will visit relatives for the summer, going in the fall to the Continent for the winter.

Miss Gertrude Ballard has been in town from the Ballard country place as the guest of Miss Julia Langhorne.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt, who have been occupying the Eastland place at Los Gatos for the past two months, will go later this month to Tahoe for the rest of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean, who went abroad recently, have arrived at Bad Nauheim.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coleman have returned from a motor trip to Lake Tahoe.

Miss Carrie Gwin is at the Hotel Rafael, where she will spend the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Ford will spend the summer in Ross Valley.

Miss Constance Borrowe, who spent a week in

town as the guest of Miss Barbara Small, has gone to Monterey, where she will spend a month.

Mrs. Davenport and Miss Eleanor Davenport have returned from a stay in Southern California and are at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark have gone to San Rafael for the summer.

Miss Sara Collier and Miss Lutie Collier left this week for a trip to Yosemite.

Miss Isabel Brewer has gone to Chico, where she will be the guest of Mrs. John Bidwell for a few weeks.

Miss Minnie Houghton has returned from San Jose, where she is spending the summer.

Miss Eleanor Morgan has gone to Del Monte to spend the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland are at Del Monte for a ten days' visit.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Benjamin H. Pope, U. S. A., who have been at Del Monte for the past month, are now quartered at the Presidio of Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs will go to Del Monte July 15 to remain all summer.

Mr. G. E. Bittinger of the National Bank of Los Angeles is a guest at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher F. Rycer and their daughter Doris will arrive at Del Monte on June 16, where they will remain for the summer.

Miss Virginia Cameron, who is playing a limited engagement at the Princess Theatre, has taken apartments at the St. Francis.

Miss Virginia Vassault, who has been abroad for several years past, has returned to San Francisco to remain permanently.

Miss Virginia Jolliffe and Miss Gertrude Jolliffe went recently to Los Gatos for a stay.

Mrs. M. H. de Young and the Misses de Young left this week for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Howard Huntington has arrived from Pasadena and will spend a few weeks as the guest of relatives and friends.

Mrs. W. T. Swinburne, wife of Admiral Swinburne, came up from Del Monte on Wednesday and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla are at their country home at San Mateo for the summer.

Mr. John Hubbard of the U. S. S. *Minnesota* is at Del Monte for a brief stay.

Mrs. Albert Gerberding has returned from a lengthy stay in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Chenery, Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Bentley, and Mr. W. H. Bentley motored to Del Monte last Saturday for a short visit.

Mr. Andrew Govin, a hanker of Paris, France, is a recent arrival at the St. Francis.

Captain H. E. Collins, U. S. N., commander of the U. S. S. *Connecticut*, is spending a week's leave at Del Monte.

Captain O. P. Jackson of the U. S. S. *Minnesota*, with Mrs. Jackson, is at the Peninsula, San Mateo, for a stay of several weeks.

Mr. C. T. Jewell, U. S. N., has joined his parents, Admiral and Mrs. Theo S. Jewell, at Del Monte for a short visit.

Dr. George W. Lasher of Los Angeles is at the Peninsula, San Mateo.

Rear-Admiral William Hensley Emory, U. S. N., commanding the Second Division U. S. Atlantic Fleet, is registered at the St. Francis.

Admiral C. S. Sperry, Mrs. Sperry, and Mr. C. S. Sperry, Jr., are registered at the Peninsula, San Mateo. The Sperrys will remain at the Peninsula until the departure of the Atlantic fleet on its homeward journey.

Mrs. Charles H. Lovell of Alameda and her two daughters have engaged a cottage at Etna Springs for the summer. Also Mrs. Fulton Taylor of Alameda and Mrs. Frank Fredericks of San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Obeor of Los Angeles are at the Peninsula, San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Holton have left their apartments at the Fairmont and returned to their home in Santa Barbara. They made the trip in their automobile. Mr. and Mrs. Warren Holton and Miss Kate Peterson of this city accompanying them.

Among the navy people at The Peninsula, San Mateo, during the week were Pay Inspector Z. W. Reynolds and Mrs. Reynolds, and Lieutenant Hayne Ellis and Mrs. Ellis.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Normandie were Mr. W. A. Ivory and Mr. J. G. Lane, Philadelphia; Mr. E. G. Wedelstaedt, St. Paul; Mr. and Mrs. M. Harris, Capetown, South Africa; Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Neal, Manila; Mrs. David Belasco, Miss Reina Belasco, Miss Augusta Belasco, New York.

Among those registered at the Hotel Victoria are Mr. R. E. Henkle, San Jose; Mr. Simpson Finnell, Tehama, Cal.; Mr. W. C. Tighe, Madera; Dr. and Mrs. Charles Maynard and Miss Mahel Maynard, San Jose; Mr. J. K. Bigelow, Sonoma; Mr. Tom C. Grant, Napa, Cal.; Mr. W. H. Weeks, Watsonville; Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Ferguson, San Juan; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Fay, Chicago; Mr. George C. Sellop, Sacramento.

Wrinkles, Good and Bad.

"Not wrinkles, only the pretty land-marks of a smile," a noted skin specialist recently characterized that hane to beauty in one of her heart-to-heart talks to the elect. "Lines in the face running upward are not to be despised," she declared. As a souvenir of past pleasures, the echo of life's music, these "happy land-marks" stamp the countenance with a radiant after-glow; the lines only that tend downward, are we told on this superior authority, are the disfiguring ones, the drooping lines that tell of the pleasures of life having sloughed off externally, leaving those terminal moraines as the witness of their absence. The line of the heart shown in the face as well as the palm is the line that marks the progress of the smile that bubbles up from the heart, brimming over the eyes, dimpling down the cheeks until it loses itself around the corners of the mouth. Women in their efforts to obliterate the trace of years too often obliterate also these beautiful lines possible only to her whose life has been happy enough to retain its radiant after-glow into the twilight. Consequently, the test of the beauty doctor's skill is not in the thoroughness with which she obliterates lines from the face, but the fine discrimination of her work.

The Japanese are the most heavily taxed people in the world. The estimated tax levy for this year is \$308,000,000, which means that the head of every family must pay in taxes one-fifth of his income. In a comparison with the 20 per cent of income paid in taxes in Japan, England pays 8.9 per cent, France 12.2, Germany 7.9, America 3.2 per cent, and in each of these countries the earning capacity of the head of the family is from three to very many more times greater.

Mr. Henry Clews, the New York banker, has received from Baron Kaneko a letter informing him that the Emperor of Japan has conferred on him the imperial decoration in recognition of valuable services rendered to Japan. When the Japanese Government undertook to formulate a currency system thirty-seven years ago, Mr. Clews gave much assistance to the special Japanese commission which came to this country to examine our system.

Mr. W. W. Astor has given to the Royal United Service Museum, Whitehall, the field trumpet used at Balacava by Trumpet Major Henry Joy, Seventeenth Lancers, to sound the order for the charge of the Light Brigade on October 25, 1854. Joy, it may be recalled, was orderly trumpeter to Lieutenant-General Lord Lucan at the time, and the trumpet was subsequently presented to him by the colonel and officers of his regiment.

Mrs. John Alexander Dowie has been awarded \$400 by the appraisers of the personal property of the late founder of Zion City. Their report shows that instead of the great wealth supposed to have been held by Dowie the total amount was only \$1200. Mrs. Dowie received the widow's share, one-third. She still has a claim on the real estate, whatever it is or may prove to be worth.

The increase of divorce in France is giving ammunition to the critics of the modern divorce laws of the country. It is pointed out that while in 1885 there were but four divorces for every 1000 marriages, by 1901 the number had increased to thirty-three, while in Paris, by 1905, the rate had risen to eighty-one per 1000 marriages.

After thirty years' rule in the Grand Opera House, Paris, the clique has been ousted by the directors. Strict orders have been issued that none of the paid applauders shall be admitted in future, whether they have tickets or not.

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young girl, or would accompany a married
woman, who wishes to travel and combine
sight-seeing with a social life. Reaching Eu-
rope via Japan this summer and autumn, and
India next winter is suggested as being full of
interest at present. References exchanged, and
credentials must be absolutely guaranteed. Ad-
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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army
and navy people who are or have been
stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A.,
commander of the Department of California, has
granted permission to exercise candidates for the
Navy Rifle Team on the United States Army rifle
range, known as the Department of California
rifle range, in Rodeo Valley, near Fort Baker, in
Marin County.

Colonel J. W. Duncan, U. S. A., chief of staff,
Department of California, left early this week for
a brief visit to Atascadero Ranch, San Luis
Obispo County, for a preliminary inspection of the
maneuver grounds there.

Colonel John Biddle, U. S. A., Colonel David
L. Brainard, U. S. A., and Colonel John B. Bel-
linger, U. S. A., left this week for a brief trip to
the Yosemite Valley.

Colonel Montgomery Macomb, Sixth Field Artil-
lery, U. S. A., has been detailed as a member of
the General Staff Corps, U. S. A.

Colonel George H. Torney, U. S. A., chief sur-
geon, Department of California, has been detailed
to act as chief surgeon at the maneuver camp at
Atascadero Ranch, San Luis Obispo County, in the
fall.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. Watts, Ninth Cavalry,
U. S. A., sailed on the transport *Buford* on June
5 for Manila to join his regiment. He was senior
officer on the *Buford*.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. Walker Benet, U. S. A.,
Benicia Arsenal, has been detailed to act as chief
ordnance officer at the maneuver camp at Atasca-
dadero Ranch.

Lieutenant-Colonel John B. Bellinger, deputy
quartermaster-general, U. S. A., has been detailed
to act as chief quartermaster of the maneuver
camp at Atascadero Ranch.

Major Adner Pickering, Twenty-Second Infan-
try, U. S. A., has been granted twenty days' leave
of absence.

Major Albert E. Truby, Medical Corps, U. S. A.,
was promoted to his present rank on May 1.

Captain Cameron McR. Winslow, U. S. N., is
detached from duty as assistant to the Bureau of
Navigation, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.,
and ordered to command the *New Hampshire*.

Captain Richard M. Cutts, U. S. M. C., is de-
tached from the Marine Barracks, Mare Island
Navy Yard, and ordered to the *Maine*.

Captain N. H. Hall, U. S. M. C., is detached
from the *Maine* and ordered to duty at the Marine
Barracks, Mare Island Navy Yard.

Captain Grote Hutchison, Sixth Cavalry, U. S.
A., who has recently completed a four years' tour
on the General Staff, in Washington, D. C., sailed
on the transport *Buford* last week for Manila, en
route to join his regiment.

Captain Winfield S. Overton, Third Field Artil-
lery, U. S. A., having been found by an Army
Retiring Board incapacitated for active service on
account of disability incident thereto, his retire-
ment is announced, to date from August 25. Cap-
tain Overton is granted leave until and including
August 25.

Captain Edward M. Shinkle, U. S. A., Benicia
Arsenal, has been detailed to act as chief ord-
nance officer at the maneuver camp at American
Lake, Washington.

Captain Henry T. Ferguson, commissary, U. S.
A., Presidio of San Francisco, was ordered in
addition to his other duties, to assume charge of
the office of the chief commissary of the Depart-
ment of California during the temporary absence
of Colonel David L. Brainard, deputy commissary-
general, U. S. A.

Commander E. E. Capehart, U. S. N., is de-
tached from the Naval Training Station at San
Francisco June 15 and ordered to the *Louisiana*
as executive officer.

Lieutenant-Commander E. W. Eberle, U. S. N.,
is detached from the *Louisiana* on June 15 and
ordered for temporary duty as commandant of the
Naval Training Station at San Francisco and com-
manding the *Pensacola*.

Lieutenant-Commander W. C. Herbert, U. S.
N., is detached from the *Pensacola* and ordered to
the Naval Station at Cavite.

Lieutenant-Commander R. Stone, U. S. N.,
when discharged from treatment at the Naval
Hospital, Mare Island, is ordered to the *Solace*
as executive officer and navigator.

Lieutenant V. S. Houston, U. S. N., is de-
tached from duty in charge of the Navy Re-
cruiting Station, Cincinnati, Ohio, and ordered to
the *Charleston*.

Lieutenant Arthur E. Ahrends, Twentieth In-
fantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, is at-
tached to the School of Musketry at that post for
duty.

Lieutenant Joseph Herring, Twenty-Fourth In-
fantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to report in
person to Brigadier-General Frederick Funston,
U. S. A., president of a retiring board at San
Francisco, at such time as may be designated for
examination.

Pay Inspector E. D. Ryan is ordered detached
from duty as fleet paymaster, U. S. Pacific Fleet,
and pay officer of the *West Virginia* on June 30,
to settle accounts and wait orders.

Pay Inspector H. A. Dent, U. S. N., is ordered
detached from duty as fleet paymaster, U. S. At-
lantic Fleet, and pay officer of the *Connecticut*,
on June 15, to duty as fleet paymaster, U. S. Pa-
cific Fleet, and pay officer of the *West Virginia*.

Ensign C. A. Bonvillian, U. S. N., is detached
from the *Alabama* and ordered to the *California*.

Ensign R. R. Mann, U. S. N., is detached from
the *California* and ordered to the *Alabama*.

Assistant Naval Constructor F. G. Coburn is de-
tached from the Navy Yard, Boston, Massachu-
setts, and ordered to the Navy Yard, Mare Island.

Extremes meet. A house in St. Augustine
built in 1655 has been turned into a garage.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs from
San Francisco during the past week were Mr. A.
A. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Swan, Mr. and
Mrs. I. N. Pattison, Mr. Clarence I. Berry, Mrs.
P. A. McDonald, Miss Alice G. McDonald; from
Oakland—Mr. and Mrs. Smith Crowder, Mr. R.
S. Silcox, Mr. W. D. Albright, Mr. and Mrs. S.
Hawley, Mr. Stuart S. Hawley.

The following guests from San Francisco have
registered at Hotel del Coronado: Mr. James W.
Dean, Mr. B. D. Dean, Mr. Andrew F. Magrane,
Miss Florence Magrane, Mr. A. W. Swartz, Mr.
G. F. Arnold, Mr. H. W. Forbes, Mr. L. F.
Daley, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Bastheim, Mr. I. Moss,
Miss Lena Moss, Miss Phoebe Moss, Miss A.
Sittenheim, Mr. Thomas C. Arnold.

Among registrations from San Francisco at
Etna Springs are Mr. George R. Allan, Mr. H.
Haber, Mr. J. U. Gilling, Mr. and Mrs. J. Degman,
Mr. A. C. Winchell, Mr. J. Voorsanger, Mr. and
Mrs. M. B. Charles, Mr. Joseph Seiberlich, Mr. J.
L. Boukart, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lichtenberg;
from Oakland—Mr. C. Howard, Mr. R. E. Carlton,
Mr. E. E. Baxter and mother; from Berkeley—
Mr. J. W. Hay, Major Charles Christensen, wife
and daughter; from Santa Rosa—Mr. T. J. Dun-
can; from Alameda—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. L.
Hynes; from St. Helena—Miss H. V. Seiberlich,
Miss D. Lemme, Mrs. A. M. Lemme; from Los
Angeles—Mr. A. R. Taylor.

Among the guests from San Francisco registered
at Hotel Del Monte during the past week were
Mr. and Mrs. John McLaren, Mr. A. G. Ridding,
Mr. R. F. Zogbaum, Mrs. Thomas M. Osmont, Mr.
and Mrs. Leslie C. Tubbs, Mr. Enrique Grau, Mrs.
J. J. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Chenery, Mr.
and Mrs. R. I. Bentley, Mr. W. H. Bentley,
Mr. Maurice E. Levin, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Tal-
bot, Miss S. F. Talbot, Mrs. Charles A. Paxton,
Mr. and Mrs. Oyster, Miss Elizabeth Oyster, Mrs.
J. A. Wardell, Mrs. S. F. Dowden, Mrs. Joseph
Harvey, Miss Dolcie Seymour, Mr. Milton Dairs,
Lieutenant and Mrs. A. B. Keating, Mr. Fred J.
White, Mr. William S. Sampe, Mrs. W. Frank,
Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. G.
W. Stoddard, Mr. F. E. Booth, Mrs. W. B. Coch-
ran.

A few of the recent arrival at Mount Tamalpais
Tavern were: From Berkeley—M. J. Daly, M. De-
lancy; from Alameda—Mrs. Kenneth Melrose,
Miss Fannie Dennis, Mrs. I. L. Phillips, Mr. and
Mrs. H. Rosenthal; from Oakland—Mr. and Mrs.
F. B. Plant; from San Rafael—Mrs. A. W.
DuBois, Miss Lichtenberg; from San Francisco—
Mr. A. L. Sneed, Miss Bessie St. John, Mr. R. C.
O'Connor, Mr. R. P. O'Connor, Mrs. R. P. O'Connor,
and Miss Alice V. O'Connor; from Philadelphia—
Mr. Edgar S. Miller, Mrs. F. W. Parsons,
Dr. F. W. Parsons; from Boston—Mr. John F.
Dunn, Mr. E. M. Savercool, Miss Mary Fitz-
patrick; from Washington—Mrs. W. Galt; from
New York—Mr. William F. Parks, Miss Margaret
Heller; from Los Angeles—Miss Kathryn Ken-
nedy, Miss Anna F. Brady.

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largest in history or tradition. It represents
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of the world. It is larger than the aggregate
Jewish populations of the Eastern largest
centres, Vienna, Budaapest, Berlin, Vilna, Am-
sterdam, Lemberg, and London. It is ten
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Small Elsie—Grandma, is your teeth good? *Grandma*—No, dear; I haven't any. *Small Elsie*—Then I'll let you hold my candy till I came back.—*Ex.*

Waiter—Yes, sir, we're very hup to date 'ere. We cook heverythink hy helectricity. *Customer*—Oh, do you? Then just give this steak another shock.—*Ex.*

Old Moid (in upper berth of Pullman, ringing bell violently)—Porter! Porter—Yaas, ma'am. *Old Moid*—I'm quite sure there's a man under my hed!—*Bohemian.*

"I pay as I go," declared the pompous citizen. "Not while I'm running these apartments," declared the janitor; "you'll pay as you move in."—*Washington Journal.*

Marion—I showed papa those verses you wrote me, and he seemed pleased. *Harry*—He did? *Marion*—Yes. He said he was so glad to see you were not a poet.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"What business is Miss Gaddie in?" "Oh, she's in everybody's business." "Wholesale, eh?" "Yes, except when it comes to a hit of scandal; she retails that."—*The Catholic Standard and Times.*

"Smoking may not hurt some people," said Mrs. Lapsling, "hut it isn't good for a nervous man like my husband. You know it's the Nicodemus in tobacco that makes it so injurious."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Well, where's that cook?" demanded his wife. "Don't tell me that she wasn't on the train." "She was on the train," timidly explained the commuter, "but I got to playing cards and a Lonelyville man won her at whist."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Mrs. Nextdore (proudly)—Professor Fort called at our house today, and my daughter played the piano for him. He just raved over her playing. *Mrs. Pepprey*—How rude! Why couldn't he conceal his feelings the way the rest of us do?—*Philadelphia Press.*

Mother—Just run upstairs, Tommy, and fetch baby's nightgown. *Tommy*—Don't want to. *Mother*—Oh, well, if you're going to be unkind to your new little sister, she'll put on her wings and fly back again to heaven. *Tommy*—Then let her put on her wings and fetch her nightgown!—*Punch.*

The agent of the titled wooer found that the ambitious American girl had only \$150,000 a year. Of course, he advised his principal to withdraw. "But," insisted the latter, "I could scrape along on \$150,000 a year." "Possibly, hut who'd support your wife?" Even love could put forth no argument against this.—*New York World.*

Mr. Stubb (in astonishment)—Gracious, Maria! That tramp has been singing out in the hack yard for the last hour. *Mrs. Stubb*—Yes, John, it is all my fault. *Mr. Stubb*—

Your fault? *Mrs. Stubb*—Indeed it is. I thought I was giving him a dish of hoiled oatmeal and instead of that I hoiled up the birdseed by mistake.—*Chicago Daily News.*

She—I see where a fellow married a girl on his death-bed, just so she could have his millions when he was gone. Could you love a girl like that? *He*—Sure, I could love a girl like that! Where does she live?—*Puck.*

At the Dentist's—"Ow much, mister?" "Half a crown, please." "Wot! Why, it didn't take yer half a minute. The last hloke I went to pull me all round the room for a quarter of an hour, and then only charged me a shillin'."—*Pall Mall Magazine.*

Rector—Susie, I was sorry not to see your father at church this morning. *Susie*—Please, no, sir. He went out walking in the woods. *Rector*—Ah, Susie, I'm afraid that your father does not fear the Lord. *Susie*—Guess he does, too. He took his gun with him.—*The Nurse.*

"Do you know the value of an oath?" asked the judge of an old darky who was to be the next witness. "Yes, sah, I does. One oh dese yeah lawyers done gih me foah dollars for to swear to suffin. Dat's de value of an oath. Foah dollars, sah." And then there was consternation in the court-room.—*St. Joseph News.*

"It's no use," said the young man with heavy-rimmed eyeglasses. "I can't get this political economy straight." "What's the trouble?" asked the professor. "I can't discover whether a lot of people go broke because we have hard times or whether we have hard times because a lot of people go broke."—*Washington Star.*

Little Margie on her first visit to a farm was told to wander about the barn and search for eggs. Some time later the child returned almost in tears. "Couldn't you find any eggs, dearie?" asked her mother. "No," replied Margie wearily. "I think it's mean, too, 'cause lots of hens were standing around doing nothing."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

The heiress sighed and shook her head. "No, Mr. Dalrymple. I can not marry you," she said. "The only man I ever loved died at—" A tottering, white-headed veteran in blue strode past the window, and Dalrymple said: "At Gettysburg?" Then, with a coarse, unpleasant laugh, he hastened forth, and a moment later Casey's poolroom swallowed him up.—*Ex.*

Warning Against Refilling Lea & Perrins Sauce Bottles.

Within a month two restaurant proprietors in Portland, Ore., have been arrested and fined \$25 each, in Judge Cameron's court, for refilling Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce bottles with an inferior sauce. In this connection the Portland *Daily Journal* says: "The eating public has been forced to take cheap mixtures labeled with the brand of well-known and popular condiments, as the proprietors of scores of restaurants have been increasing their revenues by buying inferior stuff in bulk and selling it under false pretenses." Lea & Perrins Sauce is the original and genuine Worcestershire and is known all over the world.

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8:15 A.	2:40 P.	12:16 P.	1:40 P.	11:10 A.	1:10 P.
9:45 A.	4:45 P.	1:40 P.	4:14 P.	12:16 P.	1:40 P.
SATUR- DAY	11:15 A.	4:40 P.	SATUR- DAY	3:10 P.	4:40 P.
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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXII. No. 1630.

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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The "Rule or Ruin" Spirit.

In the face of outspoken public disapproval and dissatisfaction the municipal government continues its ridiculous policy of obstruction. It will not allow to the agency which supplies San Francisco with water an income reckoned in the spirit of equity nor so adjusted as to support its efficiency. Apparently it is desired to so grievously "cripple" the Spring Valley Company as to create public contempt for it. No matter what inconvenience the public may suffer, no matter under what hazards we may lie at the point of fire peril, no matter how onerous insurance rates may be, the board of supervisors will give no relief. In the case of the telephone service, too, adjustment is made upon the assumption that the telephone people need "discipline" and that we shall get better results by loading up the company with extraordinary obligations on the one hand and by weakening it financially on the other. As regard car service in lower Market Street, the condition remains what it was two weeks ago—arrangements and equipments provided at great cost for a service which the public grievously needs are prac-

tically unused under a prohibition enforced by a blend of stupidity and stubbornness.

The impression is becoming widespread that ultimate responsibility for this general policy of obstruction lies with ex-Mayor Phelan, whose interest, prejudices, and personal resentments are manifestly reflected in the action of the municipal board. It appears to be a case of a man ambitious to rule or, failing in that, bound to ruin. It would seem that Mr. Phelan, to whom accident has given a potential relationship to our affairs, ought to be able to rise above personal motives, to seriously study the needs of the community and to support courses based upon them. He is a man of large property; he is a man of practical intelligence. He ought to be heedful not of private and sinister suggestions, but of those larger motives which rest upon his obligations as a citizen and a man of authority. He ought to put the weight of his unquestioned influence in our affairs on the side of liberality and public progress. There are many who repeat the query if there be no way by which this man of singular authority in our affairs may not be brought to take high, broad, and patriotic ground—to be a helpful and progressive force rather than a persistent source of reactionary influence.

A feeling also grows apace that unless Mr. Phelan can be brought to abandon certain fixed and narrow ideas, and to cease to be an obstructing force in our affairs, it will be necessary in the cause of community progress to push him to one side and to destroy the power which he holds in our public counsels. It is not pleasant to feel that in making a progressive fight for new San Francisco it may be necessary to turn aside to combat a man who might easily be a great power in the forward movement. And yet if Mr. Phelan shall persist in thrusting his purely private ideas and aims upon us, if he shall continue in the game of rule or ruin, there will be no choice but to meet the issue which he so persistently presents.

Before the Event.

There are those who claim for the journalistic mind a special endowment of intuition, a species of second-sight, which informs an editor what is going to happen before it happens and which enables him to formulate fixed judgments bound to fit any possible development of events. Unhappily the editor of the *Argonaut* is not of this gifted breed; he was not born with a caul nor is he a seventh son. In the formation of his judgments he has like other mortals to plod along on the basis of developed facts. All this by way of explaining that although this paper bears date of Saturday 20th, its latest word is written in the early forenoon of Wednesday 17th, before the national convention has gotten fairly down to business and upon a basis of conditions and presumptions which may have been changed or nullified before the paper gets to its readers.

Even before the convention is completely organized it becomes apparent that the system of representation is inequitable and, like all things inequitable, a promoter of injustice or something worse. Under the traditional system each State sends two delegates for each senator and representative in Congress, which, since the Territories are included, makes a convention of 988 members. This adjustment would be fairly equitable if the purpose in view were to give all the people of each State a voice; but as a matter of fact it is not the whole people but the membership of a particular party who are entitled to be considered. Under the system, therefore, we have such anomalous conditions as this, one delegate for every 136 Republican votes in South Carolina; one for every 12,367 in Pennsylvania; one for every 11,716 in Illinois; one for every 12,276 in Indiana; one for every 13,046 in Ohio; one for every 13,465 in Colorado, and so on. The disproportion of these numbers is plainly ridiculous; and the anomaly becomes greater still when it is remembered that the Southern

States which are so extraordinarily favored never by any chance contribute one electoral vote in support of the ticket. The natural result is that the Southern vote in convention is more than likely to be a corrupt and corrupting influence. In one way or another and in large proportion it has in times past been bought—or subsidized if you prefer to call bad things by polite names—in the interest of one candidate or another. This comes easy in view of the fact that the Southern representation is largely made up of negroes and of other persons of an inferior sort. The first-class men of the South are mostly in the Democratic party, and the relatively few Republicans do not spend much time in doing forlorn-hope politics. Republican activity in the whole Southern region rests chiefly upon the initiative of postmasters and other office-holders, who "run" affairs mainly for the sake of keeping themselves in favor and in place.

In the pre-convention campaign just ended the Southern vote has industriously been "rounded up" not indeed by open or covert bribery, but by the efforts of a leading official of the Postoffice Department detailed by the national administration for that purpose. The secret of Mr. Frank H. Hitchcock's potency at Chicago lies not so much in his personal powers, albeit he is a very capable man, as in the fact that he names the fourth-class postmasters all over the country, including the South, and that through his relations to the postal service and acting with and by the consent of the administration, he has easily gained control of the Southern contingent. In the national committee and elsewhere, when he has wanted to do things, he has had the power to do them because he has held practically a solid South within the hollow of an official hand. It isn't a nice fact; no, not from any standpoint. Even Mr. Roosevelt doesn't seem quite so virtuous in view of what we have seen during the past few weeks; and some of us who shall be very glad to see Mr. Taft President none the less wish that the circumstances of his nomination had been different, particularly with reference to the Southern vote.

The South, which contributes nothing to the success of the party, ought not to have so large a voice at the point of choosing the candidates. There ought to be a re-adjustment of the scheme of representation under which the number of delegates in a national convention from any particular State should bear some relation to the number of votes cast in that State for party nominees. Not alone would this be intrinsically fair, but it would save the party and the country the quadrennial scandal which unfailingly grows out of the manipulation of the Southern vote.

Whatever may be the outcome at Chicago—we are writing, be it remembered, before the event—the pre-convention campaign has become a record, and it is one which many of us, Americans of the old stock and Republicans from the day of the party's birth, are not proud of. For the first time since our national politics took organized form we have seen a national administration aggressively busy in the enforcement of a fixed and intensely personal programme. We have seen a President—one, too, who stands nominally in opposition to the machine system and who professes to stand upon a basis morally superior to that of his predecessors—exercising all the arts of the managing politician, supported by all the powers of his official authority, in behalf of a personally-selected successor to the presidential office. The spectacle has not been an edifying one from any standpoint. It is no proper part of the duty of the President to select the man who is next to serve in the presidency; the powers of the presidential office are not given to a man that he may employ them in promotion of his individual wishes in the matter of what and who are to follow. No President, no matter how high his pretensions or his motives, has a legitimate right to use the powers of government entrusted into his hands for certain definite and fixed purposes for any other purpose, much less a personal and fac-

tional one. Even the merits of the eminently fit man whom Mr. Roosevelt has selected as his successor can not justify the means employed to enforce his nomination.

The precedent made in the "hooming" of Mr. Taft is one so essentially improper and even vicious that it ought not to find even tacit approval on the part of the people. The departure from tradition and propriety involved in presidential activities during the past few months merits emphatic protest, even though it shall have resulted in a selection with respect to which there can not be uttered a word of reasonable censure. The *Argonaut* takes no pleasure in this protest; it is entirely satisfied with Mr. Taft personally, and assuming that he is to be nominated, it hopes for his election; none the less it resents the means by which his candidacy has been urged. It believes that a mischievous precedent has been made, a precedent which will surely haunt and corrupt our future politics unless there shall be such emphatic condemnation of it as will discourage and discredit similar activities in future.

As we write the convention is in the way of adopting a platform embodying that series of purposes in legislation and administration which have come to be known as "Roosevelt policies." The *Argonaut* has never been able to see any true significance or propriety in this classification. What are commonly called the Roosevelt policies are merely certain timely proposals of legislation and administration which equity and public welfare demand.

The point at which the President has been criticised most is not so much with respect to anything he has concretely proposed as to the furious noise he has made about it. The severest critic of Mr. Roosevelt has never objected to legislation cleaning up slaughterhouse abominations, forcing railways and oil companies to abandon discriminating practices, compelling the cormorants of finance to pursue honest methods. Of course, those who have been hit by administrative energy in these matters have cried out. But the great mass of the people, including the wisest and best among us, have approved and supported these things just as they have always supported worthy proposals even in the days when Roosevelt was in the nursery and before he had invented the quality of political virtue. Censure where it has had reason behind it and weight in it has rested not upon what has been done by the President, but rather upon the system of sound and fury under which he has proceeded. Mr. Taft as a candidate has found approval and support among those who have been most critical of Mr. Roosevelt; not because anybody expects him to develop a variant set of policies, but because it is believed that by his temperament, his poise, his sense of propriety, and his generally quiet way of doing things, he will get results quite as beneficent without alarming the country and without cutting the value of property in forms large or small. In the main the country is not only ready but eager to sustain what the President has himself named the Roosevelt policies; but it would be glad to have leave to do it without feeling every time the President rises to speak that there is danger of a panic.

The one point in the so-called Roosevelt policies at which statecraft, patriotism, and respect for law and equity all come to a dead halt, is that of the demands of organized labor as urged by Gompers, Mitchell, and other politico-labor exploiters. Mr. Roosevelt's eagerness in the political game has led him into the amazing indiscretion of forgetting that there can not be one rule for one class of citizens and another for other classes of citizens. He has failed to see that if the demand of organized labor for special exemptions be granted grave injustice will be done to unorganized labor, likewise to the general citizenship of the country. In his calmer mood, the President would have seen this clearly enough; but since in his recent political activities he has become seized of the spirit of the political manager, he has to a degree lost a true sense of the equities. In his eagerness to get votes, he has schemed to conciliate the supposed monster of organized labor and has even consented that laws shall be made giving to labor union what is denied to ordinary citizenship. Fortunately there are those highly placed, men of both wisdom and authority, who see the fallacy in the President's position and who, come what may, will never consent that we shall make flesh of one element of our citizenship and fowl of another.

As we write there is being waged at Chicago a hard fight over the labor plank of the platform. The national leaders of organized labor, supported by White

House influence, are for a declaration which in the opinion of the *Argonaut* would not only stultify the party, but would in so far as words may do it shame the American character. Profoundly do we hope that those who are protesting against this violation of tradition and equity, this proposed abandonment of a principle for which our revolutionary forbears—there are still some of us left, thank God, who have revolutionary forbears—freely shed their blood, may win the day. But if they do not win, if the forces of a cowardly political expediency shall succeed in enforcing the issue, there can still be no surrender. This government of the people can not be sustained under a system yielding to any group of citizens privileges denied to all citizens. If the laborites shall succeed in winning a victory in the convention it will be a barren one, because the great body of American people will never concede that organized labor or any other special group shall enjoy rights denied to all.

It is indeed curious that the President with some others should have become so impressed with the powers of organized labor as to be willing to give it special privileges as a bribe for its votes. Not only is the thing proposed intrinsically wrong, but it is wrong in policy. Organized labor is by no means the fearsome potentiality that it would have the politicians believe. Wherever in a large or signal way its pretensions have been holdly met, they have been speedily and easily overcome. The boycotts of organized labor, whether applied to trade or to politics, unfailingly come to naught when they are faced with courage and moral determination. If this statement be doubted, look to the case of Mr. Littlefield of Maine; or study the record as it presents itself in Los Angeles; or if a more immediate illustration be wished, recall the sound and fury with which the leaders of organized labor greeted the recent bond proposal in San Francisco and behold the pitiful showing which they made in the voting. The truth is that the rank and file of organized labor is not led implicitly by its nose, as the so-called leaders of organized labor would have the world believe. Mr. Gompers, for all his brag and swagger, does not carry in his pocket the votes of organized labor, much less the votes of that nine-times-greater number of workmen who are unorganized.

In the making of platforms much happens by chance and more through management. The two most prominent figures in every platform conference are the self-seeker and the coward. This is why the declarations and even the pledges of political conventions have become matters which nobody regards seriously. Platforms according to a common saying are made not so much to declare party purpose as to catch votes. The true platform of a political party is its own character and history. The convention at Chicago may in its platform speak wisely or foolishly, it may boldly defy the labor tyranny or it may shamefully surrender to it; but whatever the convention does, the character of the party will remain what it is and it may be depended upon to act in accordance with that character. So long as the Republican party is in control of the government, there will be no surrender of those principles of equity upon which the party was founded and which have continued as its sustaining force. Even if the convention, by way of placating Gompers and his ilk, shall put forth a wrong and foolish declaration, the sober thought of the party at large will repudiate and correct the wrong. This has been done again and again, very notably in our own State in connection with silver delusion. A political party, we repeat, is not the growth of a day; its character, its sense and habit of responsibility, its tendencies, may not be changed in an hour or through any arbitrary will. Mr. Roosevelt has undoubtedly impressed himself largely upon the Republican party, but he has not changed its essential character. The party, no matter what whimsies may through one influence or another be worked into its platform, may be depended upon to proceed under the same broad principles and to the same general ends that have marked its course for half a century.

Why This Delay?

The tardiness of the so-called graft prosecution in moving on since the fiasco in the Ruef case is variously interpreted. One story is to the effect that the prosecutors are not agreed among themselves upon the line of action to be pursued. Another story is to the effect that time is wanted to get the over-nervous Mr. Heney into a physical and mental condition where he can control himself. Still another story declares Mr. Langdon

to be on the eve of another change of allegiance, under the wish, natural in the horn underling, to be somewhere in the game when the end comes.

More interesting even than all this is certain quiet gossip which attributes to the Spreckels-Phelan-Heney combination a complete and harrowing comprehension of its own moral bankruptcy. The search now, so gossip goes, is for a hole to crawl into. It is suggested that one way out, now under consideration, is to have Gallagher, an essential witness, wipe himself off the map, so to speak, by getting out of the country. He has, it is reported, turned much of his fixed property into cash, and it is, it will be recalled, a matter of record that he has, or had a few months back, a large sum of ready money, acquired while supervisor and retained by the grace of the prosecution, in a safe deposit box. Now, it is argued, if Gallagher should hie himself to unknown parts, it would easily be possible to put the onus of his disappearance upon the higher-ups. At the same time—here is where the real inwardness of the scheme lies—the prosecutors would have a positive justification for abandoning an impossible situation.

All this is nothing better than gossip; none the less it has a certain value as reflecting the immediate situation, and as affording a possible explanation of the over-long delay in which the prosecution is indulging itself.

The Two-Thirds Rule.

A fundamental principle in the American system is the authority of majorities. When we speak of government by the people we mean government by a majority. In all our affairs there is one only striking exception to the principle of majority control and that is to be found in what is known as the "Two-Thirds Rule" in national conventions of the Democratic party. In Democratic State conventions majorities control as everywhere else in American affairs; but in the great quadrennial party gatherings it is still required in obedience to precedent running back more than half a century, that the affirmative vote of two-thirds of all present shall be essential in the naming of presidential and vice-presidential candidates. Each convention is, of course, a law unto itself, in the sense that each may make its own rules; but precedent and tradition are so powerful that there has never been any serious disposition to abandon the two-thirds rule, even though it may be impossible to justify it logically or upon any other ground worthy of consideration.

The two-thirds rule in Democratic national conventions is like the South Methodist Church, an out-worn survival of things concerning which this generation has little knowledge or interest. It is in truth a curiously continuing mark of the authority once held by the slave power of the South over the Democratic party, this party being the instrumentality through which for so long a period it contrived to govern the country. From the days of Andrew Jackson until the Civil War the slave power was in the saddle in the sense that it dominated the national policies. Presidents, to be sure, were largely chosen from the North, but they were selected by the great leaders and directors of Southern sentiment and purpose who for forty years or more were the real rulers of the country. At any time during all this period the system of Southern control might have been thrown off if the Southern leaders had lost control of the Democratic party. Nobody understood this better—or so well—as the Southern leaders themselves, and it was because they understood it that they devised the system under which they maintained themselves in party control, no matter into what hands the immediate powers of government might fall.

The most cunning and effective of all the devices of Southern statecraft was the "two-thirds rule" in national conventions. Under this rule the nomination of a presidential candidate unsatisfactory to the Southern oligarchy was impossible, for the South as a political force was a practical unit, subject in its political action to the will of its leaders, while the political power of the North was so broken into sections and factions that its forces could never be rallied under a single purpose and to a single end. Under the two-thirds rule the Southern leaders were always able to name presidential candidates, since any nomination was impossible without their support. The spirit with which the Southern leaders clung to this principle and to the power which it gave them was demonstrated in 1860 in the break-up of the Democratic party which preceded the presidential election of that year.

We know of nothing in the present political life of

the country which so signally illustrates the dominating power of political tradition as the continued acceptance of the two-thirds rule by the Democracy of the country. As a principle it can not be justified; nor is it to be commended upon any theory of expediency. It is clear outside all our political reasoning, a marked departure from the essential idea upon which our system is founded. That the Democratic party clings to it as something fixed and almost sacred, declining to abrogate it under the appeals of equity and convenience—this is a singular mark of the power which the dead past holds over the living present.

Incidentally, the continued acceptance of the two-thirds rule by the national Democratic party is a striking illustration of the fact that a political party is a creature of its own history, formed in its character and controlled in its courses by tendencies and motives which stand recorded in its individual career. Therefore when a political party invites the support of the country it is well to consider less the immediate platform which it puts forth than the character and propensity of the party as illustrated by its record. Who does not know, for example, where the Democratic party will stand with respect to tariffs and to schemes of internal improvement without reference to what immediate party declarations may be with respect to these subjects? Likewise who does not know what the propensities and tendencies of the Republican party are with respect to the great theories and functions of government, without regard to the sayings of the last convention—or of the next? Each party carries itself in power or out of it in obedience to the dominating forces of its character; and that character is to be discovered not so much in formal declarations of principle as in careful study of its relations to times and events past.

Dr. Wheeler and the Vice-Presidential Office.

Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler of California, who is at Chicago in the character of "President's friend," has made a fire-new political discovery, namely, that "the office of Vice-President has become not only a useless office, but a real menace to the system of government in the United States." The danger in the mind of Dr. Wheeler is that some unfit man may be chosen. Just why there should be greater hazard in case of the vice-presidency than of other official posts, Dr. Wheeler does not explain. Proceeding to the remedy, he declares that in his judgment it would be much better to follow the line of succession laid down in a recent enactment by which in a fixed order the members of the Cabinet shall succeed to the presidency in case of necessity. From this it would appear to be Dr. Wheeler's idea that the people are not so well qualified to select a successor to the President as the President himself, an idea which is perhaps not surprising at this moment in a "friend of the President."

Of course, if it be conceded that the people of the United States are not qualified to govern themselves through men of their own selection this reasoning is without a flaw; but to make it consistent, the whole principle of popular selection ought to be wiped out and each succeeding President empowered to pass the job on to a favorite Cabinet official. This would amazingly simplify the procedure, save the country from a quadrennial disturbance, and perfectly satisfy those who accede to the general principle that the people are unfit to order their own affairs.

Passing over the practical fact that so radical a change in the Constitution is impracticable without smashing the whole system to smithereens, it remains to be said that the vice-presidency has thus far been fairly successful. True, Andrew Johnson was not a worthy successor to Lincoln, but there is small reason to believe that William H. Seward or Salmon P. Chase would have done better. Surely Dr. Wheeler would not consent that William R. Day or even John Hay, much less Lyman J. Gage, would have been a better successor to McKinley than the doctor's own friend, Mr. Roosevelt. On the whole, we think the vice-presidency has served its purpose about as well as any other of our constitutional offices. President Tyler, to be sure, did not do what was expected from Harrison, but he served the country fairly well notwithstanding, while Millard Fillmore was quite as capable as President Taylor, whom he succeeded—the same Taylor characterized by Webster as "a swearing, swaggering frontier colonel." Of Andrew Johnson we have already spoken and as to him we concede the point; yet it is to be remembered that the Senate of the United States officially justified his administration. President Arthur was at all points save that of mere

holiday oratory quite as good a man as President Garfield, and in some respects a vastly better one. Certainly there was nothing in his administration to discredit the vice-presidential office; at least the State of New York does not think so, since it has erected a beautiful statue in Madison Square in memory of his official service. The case of Mr. Roosevelt is so recent as to need no exploitation; but the opinion of the country was very plainly declared at this point three years ago.

Seriously, we think it futile and on the whole mischievous to discuss this matter from the adverse standpoint. There will be no change; that much is fixed. And since there is to be no change, adverse discussion in so far as it has any effect at all tends to belittle and to degrade an office which, as Dr. Wheeler truly observes, calls for "qualifications as great as those of the chief executiveship itself."

Time to Make Good or Make an Exit.

The Portland *Oregonian* now for some three years or more has been a consistent, persistent, and insistent supporter of Mr. Heney's doings in Oregon—so devoted indeed as to have forgotten friendships of longer standing and to have disregarded obligations more deeply rooted. But at last its gorge heaves; things have come to a pass which it can no longer endure in silence. Under the heading "It is a Dirty Farce" the *Oregonian* remarks:

Some three years ago, more or less, Binger Hermann was indicted by an Oregon grand jury, on accusation of complicity in land frauds. The country has been waiting for the proofs. A continuous stream of insinuation has come out of the detective and other official service to the effect that there was "hot stuff" about Hermann. The newspapers have been supplied with it, in Oregon, at Washington, and more or less throughout the country. But Hermann has not been brought to trial. Is there, in reality, any proof against him? Or is this an industrious proceeding, on the part of detective and prosecuting attorneys, to make it appear that they have been earning their money?

The same about Senator Fulton. There has been an infinite amount of talk against him, in official circles. Heney made long speeches against him. Officials of the Department of Justice, here and at Washington, have been giving out whispers for years that "they had the dope on Fulton"; that he was subject to indictment, and that terrible things were to be told and revealed. But they never do anything but utter cowardly and malicious insinuations, telling the people through the newspapers that awful revelations are coming. "We can't tell much now, but here he those that could tell an' they would; just wait."

The *Oregonian* thinks that both Mr. Hermann and Mr. Fulton have waited long enough, and that the public has waited long enough. We now believe that Mr. Hermann never will be brought to trial, and that no distinct charges ever will be formulated against Mr. Fulton. This dirty and cowardly business is now about at an end.

What is thus said with respect to some of Mr. Heney's ventures in Oregon may be applied with equal propriety and force to his doings in California. It is time for Mr. Heney either to make good or to make his exit.

Editorial Notes.

The candidacy of Mr. John Hays Hammond for the vice-presidency does not appear at this writing to have made any very profound impression either upon the delegates at Chicago or upon the country at large. This perhaps is due to the fact that while Mr. Hammond is a familiar figure not only in this country but throughout the world, his distinctions rest upon a non-political basis and lie in a non-political sphere. Mr. Hammond is at the head of a great profession; when his name is mentioned it is always in relation to interests wholly disconnected with the world of politics; and it is, perhaps, because his name is a new one in politics that it fails seriously to arrest attention at Chicago. Mr. Dolliver, Mr. Sherman, Mr. Guild, Mr. Cortelyou, Mr. Knight—no one of these men stands as a figure in the wide world half as high as Mr. Hammond, and yet any one of them seems likely to be preferred to Mr. Hammond as a candidate for the vice-presidency. It is a rather curious fact that California with all her distinctions has produced only two men of what we may style world character—that is, men who stand distinctly at the head of their professions and whose names are therefore familiar the world around. Mr. Hammond is one of them and Mr. Luther Burbank is the other. We have other capable men in plenty, other men perhaps equal or even superior at the point of sheer intellectual or moral power. But no other has succeeded in reaching the point of accepted preëminence in any department of the world's interests.

The exceptional courtesies granted by King Edward in the matter of the marriage of Ambassador Reid's

daughter are no doubt developed through a combination of motives. The young bridegroom to be is a personal favorite of the king and is in immediate attendance upon his person in some ceremonial post. Then, too, the king has come into cordial and even familiar personal relations with Ambassador Reid. But the main motive is unquestionably that of compliment to the American nation. True, we don't take these domestic and personal matters as seriously as they do in England; Miss Jean Reid's marriage is by no means with us a matter of national concern. None the less since the King of England has chosen this method of exhibiting his good will to America, we ought to be apprehensive enough to understand it and considerate enough to recognize the spirit in which it is done.

Mr. Reid, quite on his own account and apart from adventitious aids of any sort, is a man distinctly worth while. No American has had a wider view of life and few have made such use of exceptional opportunities. He has, furthermore, personal courtesy, combined with great charm of manner and fine powers of expression. If his individual circumstances were of the humblest, if instead of living in Dorchester House he had lodgings somewhere in a London back street, and if he dined in a second-class restaurant, he would still be a man of distinction and an interesting figure at court or anywhere else. Nevertheless no small part of the impression which Mr. Reid has made upon the English world is due to the magnificence which he has maintained through a lavish style of living. Perhaps never has any representative of one country maintained persistently so princely a state in another country. Indeed, Mr. Reid is housed both in London and in the country as handsomely as the king himself. To a degree this is matter of satisfaction in this country, and yet we are able to see in it certain disadvantages. It is hardly probable that the man who will follow Mr. Reid in the ambassadorship will be able to maintain so costly a manner of life; and since there must be a let-down at the point of domestic expenditure, the fact will reflect somewhat in the English mind to the discredit of the embassy. It is of course desirable from every point of view that American representatives in foreign countries should live in a becoming style; but on the whole we should prefer that they would not set the pace and lead the fashion when it comes to elaborate and lavish expenditure.

Recent events at Berlin have exhibited how this sort of thing works. The court of the German Empire is by no means so elaborate in its pretensions as that of England. Everything is on a simpler basis; and yet—the Kaiser is not without his vanities. If the United States thinks it worth while to maintain an enormously costly establishment at London, why not at Berlin? The idea which lies back of this inquiry is really at the bottom of the little unpleasantness which has recently disturbed without really marring the good relations between Theodore and William. When Dr. White retired from Berlin, some two years ago, there was sent in his stead Mr. Charlemagne Tower, who, besides having a California wife, has a resourceful father with millions to spend. The Charlemagne Towers played the social game handsomely, almost indeed on a scale as fine as that of Ambassador Reid at London. This vastly pleased the emperor, who, thrifty soul that he is, is quite willing to see other people spend their money freely, in ways tending to magnify the social importance of his court. It came something in the nature of a shock to the emperor when he learned that Mr. Tower's successor, while a man of fine quality at the points of intellect and culture was nevertheless one of only moderate means. It was not pleasant from the imperial point of view to see the magnificent Tower embassy succeeded by a modest establishment around the corner of a quiet street; and the outlook was especially displeasing in view of the sustained magnificence of the American embassy at London. This is the whole secret of an incident which has been unpleasant enough to make a ripple of dissatisfaction both in Germany and in this country. Within the week Ambassador Hill has been duly and courteously received at Berlin; none the less it is plain that the emperor would have been quite as well pleased if we had sent to him somebody with a sufficiently long purse and enough social ambition to spend half a million dollars a year.

The original standards of American diplomatic life were extremely simple. It is not recorded John

Adams at London or Benjamin Franklin at Paris ever wasted any money; and yet the diplomatic record made by these gentlemen has hardly been duplicated and certainly it has not been surpassed. The very simplicity of our earlier diplomatic methods was a distinction and not without its practical value. Of course times are changed; none the less human nature is what it has always been. Having grown to be a great nation, with interests extending throughout the world and in wealth and importance second to none, it is due that we should carry ourselves internationally in the fashions which the taste and the judgment of the world have set. We ought to have in every important capital of Europe a fixed diplomatic establishment, a house suitably appointed and maintained, in which whoever represents the United States should live. Then we should give to those who represent us, in addition to whatever may be adjudged a proper personal compensation, an allowance for social and diplomatic entertainment. This is the policy of other countries which make any pretensions to position in the sisterhood of nations. In no other way can the proprieties and dignities of diplomatic life be regularly and suitably sustained. As it is now, there is no choice but to award the greater diplomatic posts to very rich men, who are by no means the fittest men for the serious duties of diplomacy. It is not creditable that when we come to the bestowal of certain positions of great potentiality and dignity, it should be necessary to require a property qualification. It is further not creditable that we should depend upon private ambition and vanity to sustain the social prestige of our country.

England, far and away the most worthily represented the world around of any country, is under no limitation as regards the selection of her diplomatic agents. In every capital of any importance there is a British embassy maintained on a scale of expense precisely adjusted to the requirements of time and place. In Washington, for example, the British embassy is a permanent and dignified establishment, forming a background and a setting, so to speak, which gives an element of distinction and character to whoever occupies it. It is often said that no small part of the preëminent social rank held by the British minister at Washington may be attributed to the material support which the embassy gives him. One curious fact is certain, namely, that a social invitation to the British embassy is a circumstance of higher distinction than a corresponding invitation to the White House. Would this fact be possible if the British embassy were a less stately and a less magnificent establishment? We shall not undertake to answer this question; none the less we have an opinion about it.

The latest gossip respecting Mr. Roosevelt's intentions after leaving the White House is to the effect that he wants to take a two years' rest for foreign travel and then succeed Mr. Depew as United States senator from New York. Depew's term expires March 4, 1911, and there is sufficient time intervening to permit Mr. Roosevelt to hunt lions in Africa, to visit his friend Emperor William and others, or to do any other kind of rip-snorting that may appeal to his leisure mood. There will be another vacancy—on March 4, 1909—in New York's representation in the Senate due to the retirement of Mr. Platt, but that would come too soon to suit Mr. Roosevelt. Besides there are other candidates who would not like to step aside even for the sake of pleasing Mr. Roosevelt. The list of aspirants includes Woodruff, Parsons, Fassett, Barnes, Malby, Black, and Payne, with others yet to be developed. It is significantly remarked that while Senator Platt himself favors the election of Mr. Fassett as his own successor, his promise is out to Mr. Woodruff.

After lying hidden in a small closet at the Yale Divinity School for years, an interesting lot of manuscript sermons of Presidents Daggett and Clapp of Yale, delivered between 1741 and 1760, have been brought to light. While the small closet which is part of the book room at the school was being cleaned out recently, a cardboard box was discovered, and in it a number of old books, papers, and packages were found. The sermons have grown brown with age, and the ink has faded, but they are easily decipherable. The sermons, with the books and other papers, will be placed in the university library.

The latest war on the Indian frontier lasted eighteen days; British losses, seventy-eight killed, 153 wounded. The losses of the enemy are not reported, but they were enough for all practical purposes; there isn't an armed tribe in sight.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

If statistics, warnings, and denunciations could produce in Mr. Bryan a humble and a contrite heart, that distinguished statesman would go to Denver with no other object than to cheer some more successful rival. The *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia shakes the Hearst stick in his face and warns him that however strong he may seem before the nomination and by an estimate of instructed delegates, such strength is delusive and will melt into paralysis upon election day. The *Public Ledger* learns from indisputable authority that Hearst will oppose Bryan "first, last, and all the time," and that if Bryan gets the nomination the Independence League will place either Hearst or some other candidate in the national field. Why Hearst should be thus minded is a little uncertain unless from pure cussedness. Bryan has never been lacking in benedictions for Hearst, but then gratitude is not among the political virtues. It is easy to overestimate the importance of Hearst's hostility, but a split vote is not to be viewed with equanimity, especially when we remember that a Populist candidate, Tom Watson, is already in the field.

The *Ledger* not only reminds Mr. Bryan that he is the source of all present Democratic woes, but assures him that the party has suffered from a quick and steady decline under his influence which ended in the rout of Parker in 1904:

The second element in Bryan's weakness on election day is found in the record of elections. Bryan is the man who smashed the Democratic party and started it upon its decline which ended in a rout under Parker in 1904. In every presidential election from 1876 until 1892, inclusive, the Democrats polled a popular plurality except in 1880, when Garfield's vote exceeded that of Hancock by only 7018 votes. The record is highly instructive. The Democratic pluralities were as follows: In 1876, Tilden over Hayes, 250,935; in 1884, Cleveland over Blaine, 62,683; in 1888, Cleveland over Harrison, 98,017; in 1892, Cleveland over Harrison, 380,810. Cleveland received a plurality of the popular vote even when he was defeated by Harrison in 1888.

Bryan came upon the scene in 1896, and then the tide turned thus; McKinley's plurality over Bryan in 1896 was 601,854; in 1900, McKinley over Bryan, 849,790. The Democratic party had been shattered, and in 1904 Roosevelt's plurality over Parker of 2,545,515 was so great as to make the election map of the United States appear to be black.

The New York *World* joins in the tornado of statistics, pointing out that only three Democratic candidates for President since 1860 have polled a smaller percentage of the total vote than did Bryan in 1900—McClellan, Greeley, and Parker. McClellan was only one-half of one per cent below Bryan and McClellan is usually supposed to have been very conclusively beaten. Greeley was only 1½ per cent behind Bryan, and Greeley's campaign was very much of a fiasco. Here are the figures as given by the *World*:

1864—Total vote, 4,024,792; McClellan's vote, 1,808,725; McClellan's percentage, 44.94.
1868—Total vote, 5,724,686; Seymour's vote, 2,709,615; Seymour's percentage, 47.33.
1872—Total vote, 6,467,265; Greeley's vote, 2,834,079; Greeley's percentage, 44.
1876—Total vote, 8,412,733; Tilden's vote, 4,284,885; Tilden's percentage, 50.93.
1880—Total vote, 9,209,404; Hancock's vote, 4,442,635; Hancock's percentage, 48.21.
1884—Total vote, 10,044,985; Cleveland's vote, 4,911,017; Cleveland's percentage, 48.89.
1888—Total vote, 11,380,960; Cleveland's vote, 5,538,233; Cleveland's percentage, 48.66.
1892—Total vote, 12,059,351; Cleveland's vote, 5,556,918; Cleveland's percentage, 46; Democratic and Populist vote, 6,596,946; Democratic and Populist percentage, 54.70.
1896—Total vote, 13,923,102; Bryan's vote (Democratic and Populist), 6,502,925; Bryan's percentage, 46.70.
1900—Total vote, 13,959,653; Bryan's (Democratic and Populist), 6,358,123; Bryan's percentage, 45.55.
1904—Total vote, 13,510,708; Parker's vote, 5,077,971; Parker's percentage, 37.77.

Mr. Bryan's vote in 1896 and 1900 is compared with the combined Democratic and Populist vote in 1892 because he had both the Democratic and Populist nominations, and because in 1892 he was one of the Western Democrats who voted the Populist presidential ticket. The *World* rather unkindly points out that on the basis of these percentages it will be seen that Mr. Bryan is a great vote-getter only by comparison with Judge Parker.

Among the voices of lamentation at Democratic disruption by the irrepressible Nebraskan that of David B. Hill is particularly audible. Mr. Hill was formerly United States senator and leader of the Democratic party in New York State. He has seen John Johnson and he draws enthusiastic, if somewhat fanciful pictures of the triumph that would await his leadership. Mr. Hill says:

"There is no Democratic party. When I met the late Governor Altgeld in a little room in a small Chicago hotel shortly before the first so-called Bryan convention I told him that the policies which he represented would drive the Democratic party to hell. Then, when he begged for another try four years later, I said, 'You are almost there; stop before you have absolutely ruined the party,' but Bryan was nominated, as I saw the futility of a minority report with only ten votes to back me.

"I admit that the Republican party is badly disorganized at the present time. Both parties are disorganized. There was an opportunity, but I fear that it has been overlooked.

"Now both sides in the coming political struggle will have to go to the masses for their votes. They must draw from the masses, and what better man could stand against the candidate representing the power of patronage than John Johnson, who spent his boyhood days in a county poorhouse. Think of it. Torchlight processions with banners reading, 'John Johnson, the poorhouse candidate.' And from what I have been able to learn, Mr. Johnson is more than a mere 'near to the people' candidate. He is a well balanced man and an able man.

"Every time Bryan says, 'I have kept the faith,' it makes me smile. He has kept the faith indeed. He kept it out in Nebraska, his own State, which is now Republican to its political core.

"The Democratic party never wanted Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan wanted the Democratic party. He forced himself on the party in 1896, and again on what was left of the party in 1900, and now in 1908 he calls himself the Democratic party and says: 'I have kept the faith.'"

This is very direct speech if a little imaginative. The efficacy of the "poorhouse" argument may be a little doubtful, and we are reminded of Mark Twain's rejoinder when he was

told that a certain great man had entered New York when a boy with only half a dollar in his pocket. "Any one could do that," said the humorist.

Preparations for the National Democratic Convention have been practically completed. Work on the new auditorium has been hurried until nothing remains to be done except to place the seats in position and allot the space to various delegations. As an indication of what the attendance will be, the unusual demand for seats at the convention is significant. Those in charge of the convention for the national committee say that the requests for seats are twice as numerous as at any other convention the Democratic party has held.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Old Arm-Chair.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair!
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize;
I've hewed'd it with tears and embalmd it with sighs.
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell?—a mother sat there;
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallow'd seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide,
She taught me to hush my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,
When her eye grew dim and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshipp'd her when she smiled
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on; but the last one sped—
My idol was shatter'd; my earth-star fled;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died;
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and can not tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

—Eliza Cook.

The Vampire.

A fool there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I!)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care),
But the fool, he called her his lady fair.
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste,
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent
(Even as you and I!)
Honor and faith and a sure intent
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant),
But a fool must follow his natural bent.
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost
And the excellent things we planned
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know she never knew why)
And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide
(Even as you and I!)
Which she might have seen when she threw him aside
(But it isn't on record the lady tried)
So some of him lived, but the most of him died.
(Even as you and I!)

And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That stings like a white hot brand.
It's coming to know that she never knew why
(Seeing at last she could never know why)
And never could understand.

—Rudyard Kipling.

The spread of prohibition had not made itself manifest as late as the end of last year, in a reduction of the native drink bill, according to figures presented by the *American Grocer*. It calculates an expenditure for the year of \$843,333,800 on beer, \$504,794,400 on distilled spirits, and \$118,456,000 on wines, or a total for alcoholic beverages of about \$1,466,584,000, compared with \$1,450,855,400 in 1906. The consumption per capita of distilled spirits increased from 1.52 gallons in 1906 to 1.63 in 1907, while the per capita consumption of beer increased 1.04 gallons and of wines 0.12 gallons. The use of tea shows a declining tendency, while the opposite is true for coffee and cocoa.

The prediction of the steel expert, Charles M. Schwab, that this country will be producing 40,000,000 tons of steel by the end of another decade, compared with about 25,000,000 tons in 1907, may appear rash; but the fact is that the country's steel production doubled between 1891 and 1898, and doubled again, and more than doubled, between 1898 and 1906. To realize what he predicts as to the next ten years would not be as wonderful in this respect as the immediate past has been.

There is talk in Washington, according to a New York *Tribune* dispatch, that President Roosevelt may name his secretary, William Loeb, Jr., to succeed Mr. Taft at the head of the War Department. This has been a great administration for the private secretary, as Mr. Cortelyou's case illustrates. Robert Wynne, who used to be private secretary to the Secretary of the Treasury, also reached a Cabinet position through Mr. Roosevelt.

SIR HENRY REDVERS BULLER.

Some of the Events in the Life of a Famous Fighter Are Reviewed by "Piccadilly."

Long ere this letter can reach San Francisco the cables will have carried the news of the death of General, the Right Hon. Sir Henry Redvers Buller, V. C., etc., around the globe. The deceased soldier belonged to the military school of which Lord Wolseley, V. C., formerly commander-in-chief of the army, is the leader. Others of that old set of campaigners included Sir Evelyn Wood and "Chinese" Gordon, as well as "Bay" Middleton, and Colonel H. Stewart, who found their graves ready for them when they arrived in Egypt; Fred Burnaby, who rode to Khiva and on his return to England carried his charger ashore from the troopship at Portsmouth—and many others; some still with us, others for whom the "Last Post" was sounded in days that are now no more.

Before referring to General Buller's early days particularly, I prefer to write of some of those later episodes in his life about which there has been so much controversy. South Africa has been notorious for many a long year past as "the grave of reputations." General Buller fought through two wars there and achieved honor, glory, renown; he ventured all he had won the third time when the Boer war broke out (October, 1899), and lost everything. Prior to the outbreak of hostilities, General Sir William Butler, the commander-in-chief in Natal, found himself at variance with the home government on many points, especially on the policy of throwing reinforcements into the country. At that time there were not more than 5000 British troops in the whole of South Africa. Butler was relieved of his command and General Penn-Symons appointed in his place; troops were ordered down from India, and preparations made to send reinforcements from England. Then the first shots were fired far out in the wilds close to Mafeking, on the western Transvaal border. General Buller was offered and accepted the supreme command in South Africa. Whilst he was at sea, the battles of Glencoe and Dundee were fought, General Penn-Symons being killed on the battlefield, and the whole of the British forces on the east side of the country were cooped up and besieged in Ladysmith. This was roughly the position when General Buller landed at Capetown with his staff—the commander-in-chief of an army minus his army, for the Indian troops had not yet arrived, and the English reinforcements had hardly boarded their transports at Southampton or Portsmouth.

General Buller saw at once the imperative necessity of preventing the Boers from carrying out their objective of reaching the sea coast at Durban, and he accordingly hurried all the forces he could collect up into the colony of Natal, and concentrated them in the neighborhood of the besieged garrison at Ladysmith. Here he waited impotently for many weary weeks the arrival of his artillery which had been shipped from Liverpool, thus giving the Boers time and opportunity to render their positions around Ladysmith well-nigh impregnable. General Buller fought four general engagements and numerous minor affairs in his efforts to dislodge the enemy from their positions. At the second battle of Colenso, during which bloody Spion Kop was twice carried at the point of the bayonet and yet remained in the hands of the Boers when the "retreat" was sounded, General Buller was not well served by his brigadiers, notably by Brigadier-General Sir Charles Warren, but he assumed and shouldered the whole of the responsibility for the failure of the attack practically without a murmur. During these weeks of active campaigning and heavy fighting General Buller had not allowed the general aspect of the war to escape him. He foresaw that very heavy forces would be required to quell the troubles, and he so advised the home government, suggesting at the same time that Lord Roberts should be sent out as commander-in-chief, and giving as his chief reason that the army required would be a field marshal's command.

Lord Roberts now appeared on the scene with Lord Kitchener as his chief of staff, and differences at once arose between the new commander-in-chief and General Buller. In the fullness of time General Buller relieved Ladysmith. He had accomplished the two main objects of his campaign—the stopping of the Boer march to the sea and the salvage of the immense quantity of military stores and munitions locked up in Ladysmith. His tactics were devoted entirely to these two ends, and having achieved them, he asked to be relieved of his command and returned to England.

The various questions at issue between Lord Roberts and General Buller now became matters of bitter controversy, not only in service circles, but also in the newspapers and generally throughout the country. On a day when he sat as the guest of honor in the Drill Hall at Westminster he threw discretion to the winds, criticised certain members of the government, smote Lord Roberts hip and thigh, and gave free vent to the anger he felt at the unmerciful baiting he had received.

Compulsory retirement followed as the sequel to the long feud that had existed and still exists between the two leading schools in the British army.

General Buller fell a victim to personal and professional jealousy, whilst Lord Roberts and his school have achieved a popularity that few military men have experienced since the "Iron Duke" returned from the victory of Waterloo.

General Buller's boyhood days were passed in the classic shades of Eton. From there he went straight to the army (1858), a commission being purchased for

him in the Sixtieth Rifles. He joined his regiment in India just as the cloud caused by the Indian mutiny was beginning to break. He saw his first real service as a youngster during the Chinese troubles in 1860, and was present at the taking of the Taku forts, the sacking of Canton, of which he had many anecdotes to relate, and other affairs in which "Chinese" Gordon first began to build up his reputation. In 1870 he accompanied Sir Garnet Wolseley on the Red River expedition to Canada. In 1874 he was with Wolseley as a member of the staff in the Ashanti war in West Africa, and in 1878 he followed the same leader through the Kaffir War in South Africa. During the Zulu War (1878-79), after Lord Chelmsford and his forces had been cut to pieces by a Zulu impi at Isalhdwana, he again accompanied Wolseley to the front. This war resulted in the capture of the Zulu king, Cetewayo, and the salvation of the Transvaal Boers, whom the Zulus were threatening to exterminate, and incidentally in the bestowal of the Victoria Cross "for valor" on General Buller, a step in rank to a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy, and the decoration "C. M. G." General Buller's "V. C." was thrice won: on one occasion he charged single-handed into a group of Zulus and brought off alive one of his men who had been surrounded; on two other occasions he carried off wounded brother officers from the very assegaes of the savages. In a great measure he was responsible for the stand made at Ulundi, which was the turning point in the war, and he was mentioned in dispatches in connection therewith. General Buller had always been a popular officer, but he now became what is known as a "soldier's officer"; his men knew him and trusted him, and this trust he had not lost up to the time of his death.

In 1882 he was again in the field with his old commander, Lord Wolseley, and took part in all the operations in Egypt from the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, following the bombardment of Alexandria, until the news of the death of General Gordon at Khartoum (1884) came down the Nile.

Personally General Buller was a stoic: in action he feared danger as little as any of the Japanese who went voluntarily to their deaths outside Port Arthur; but his stoicism was tempered with discretion, which is, after all, the true test of valor. He would never send a man where he feared to go himself, and the consequence was that where he led his men could be relied on to follow. His popularity with the rank and file of the service was beyond question. When he drove out of Aldershot the last time the troops within the camp limits stood bareheaded as he passed; and in the streets of the town he was cheered to the point of hoarseness. He was also a popular figure with the man in the street. I well remember when Lord Milner, high commissioner in South Africa, came home for a consultation at the height of the war. General Buller was amongst the crowd of notabilities assembled at Waterloo Station to welcome him, as was also Lord Roberts. The former was recognized by the crowd and cries of "Good old Buller," and roars of cheers greeted his appearance, whilst Lord Roberts was unnoticed until he was leaving the station alone at the very last moment.

The death of General Buller will silence his critics for a time, and when his biography comes to be written, ten, twenty, or more or less years hence, and his career can be seen clearly through the perspective of time, it will be generally conceded that in the person of the deceased general the later Victorian era produced one of its smartest soldiers and most gallant figures.

Ave atque vale.

LONDON, June 4, 1908.

PICCADILLY.

Cement may take the place of steel plates as armor on French battleships in the near future, as exhaustive experiments have shown that a certain cement of French invention, the formula of which is kept secret, shows a remarkable resistance to shells fired from the heaviest naval guns. It is stated, however, that the weight of the cement armor on a vessel would be much less than the steel plates now in use. The idea of using cement as armor is not new, says *Harper's Weekly*, but heretofore it has not been regarded as practicable on account of the cracking of the cement when struck by a heavy shell. It is to be inferred that the French process renders the cement more elastic. During the Russo-Japanese war in March, 1904, the Russian warship *Sebastopol* was accidentally rammed by the *Peresviet*, a leak seven meters long being made. This leak was repaired with cement. Later the *Sebastopol* saw most active service, being hit once by a torpedo and battered by many shells. After her last fight it was found that she had been hit by six torpedoes, but the cement used in repairing the leak first mentioned was found to be practically undamaged. The French naval architects declare that their cement-protected battleships of the future will be invulnerable.

The town of Kipling has just blossomed out in Canada, where there is only one town of Shakespeare. The nearest the United States comes to having a Shakespeare on the map is the town of Shake in Oregon. For some inscrutable reason the great English dramatist was never popular among the new town namers in North America, although we have in the United States thirty Miltons, three Goldsmiths, four Dickenss, thirty odd Scotts, twenty Byrons, two Tennysons, and one Thackeray. Notwithstanding all the Browning clubs, there isn't a Browning on the American map.

Elephants are being employed in Paris as "sandwich-men" to advertise a music-hall in the Champs Elysées.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

President Roosevelt has appointed Paul Nash of New York consul-general at Budapest, Hungary. Mr. Nash was formerly American consul in Venice.

In a cable from London J. Pierpont Morgan is quoted as saying that "William H. Taft will be the next President of the United States and the financial troubles in America will soon be over."

A movement has been started in Dallas with a view to having the Texas delegation in the national convention at Denver support John Mitchell of Illinois for Vice-President on the Democratic ticket.

The Nevada Democratic State Convention has adopted a platform in favor of William J. Bryan for the presidential nomination and endorsing Theodore A. Bell for chairman of the national convention.

It is announced that the Countess of Warwick will take the stump in the coming campaign for Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist candidate for President, and will head a committee of several hundred women Socialist speakers who will invade New York.

The Chinese United Society and the Chinese Anti-Opium League of Honolulu have cabled Senator Joseph B. Foraker of Ohio, urging the passage by Congress of the bill prohibiting the importation of opium to the Hawaiian Islands.

Busy men, speaking out their own miserable experiences, will have to acknowledge that there is one strong point about Senator Knox of Pennsylvania. He refuses to have a telephone in his home, saying it causes more bother than anything else in life.

Colonel Henry Watterson, discussing the opposition to Bryanism, with the money power in view, asks triumphantly: "Whom do they (the Republicans) hate? Mr. Bryan. Whom do they fear? Mr. Bryan. Else why so eager to defeat his nomination?"

Thomas F. Ryan has nothing to say about his reported gift to a Bryan campaign fund, and when asked "Are you going to the Democratic National Convention?" replied "No." Asked further "Shall you be in Denver at the time of the convention?" Mr. Ryan again replied "No."

President Roosevelt will sympathize with Secretary Taft because of the "break" at Grant's tomb. Mr. Roosevelt once delivered a long memorial address at the battlefield of Antietam and forgot to mention General McClellan, who happened to command the Union army in the celebrated engagement that took place in that locality.

Mrs. Margaret Howell Jefferson Davis Hayes of Colorado Springs, daughter of Jefferson Davis, may be a delegate to the Democratic National Convention. If the Democrats of El Paso County, Colorado, have their way Mrs. Ruth Bryan Leavitt will not be the only woman delegate, as there is a strong undercurrent among the voters of the county to send Mrs. Hayes to the convention, and the necessary action to bring about this event may be taken within the next few days.

Senator LaFollette's great filibuster in the Senate a few days ago breaks the one-man power record. The senator surpassed all previous feats of continuous speaking by holding the floor for eighteen hours and forty-three minutes. His only assistants were Senators William J. Stone of Missouri and Thomas P. Gore of Oklahoma, who brought the total time to twenty-seven hours and twenty-eight minutes and a space limit of eighty newspaper columns.

The boomlet for Timothy L. Woodruff as the Republican candidate for Vice-President, which rises as a tender green shoot above the surface of Empire State politics, reminds some one of what Mark Hanna said at Philadelphia in 1900, when it was proposed that Mr. Woodruff be placed on the ticket with President McKinley. "Tim Woodruff is all right," said Mr. Hanna. "He is a fine fellow, a good Republican, and I like him. But they do say that he has a hundred waistcoats, any one of which would break up a political meeting."

In the view of Senator Foraker, the Brownsville incident will be an important factor in the national campaign equation this year. In a letter written by the Ohio senator to Richard D. White of Cambridge, Massachusetts, he states his reasons for consenting to a postponement of the vote in the Senate on the restoration of the men of the Twenty-Fifth Infantry to the army, under certain restrictions. The Ohio senator says further that while no prospect of a favorable vote was held out at this session, he is convinced that it will be passed next December. Meantime the senator says the negro voters of the country can demonstrate their influence in the national campaign.

The Labor and Radical members in the House of Commons have made a vigorous protest against King Edward's recent visit to Russia. The ire of the Laborites, which the amenities of Parliament confines to prescribed limits, is voiced without restraint in the columns of the Liberal press. After describing the Czar as a common murderer and denouncing the bloodshed and torture in Russia, the article concludes: "To the Russian people, our right hand of fellowship. To the Russian Czar, our spittle of contempt." Sir Edward Gray, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, replies to this protest that there is no new convention or treaty under discussion between the two countries and that there is no intention to initiate one during the king's visit."

HIDDEN FROM THE VIGILANTES.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XVIII.

Diana liked to ride alone. To pass through the great gates of the Hacienda, to bound out over the rancho, to ride across the vast valley—to ride, to ride, ever to ride, over the interminable level plain—to her this was a delight. There was a sense of illimitable freedom about its great distances, for to north and south it stretched away endlessly. Looking eastward, it was true, the great Sierra wall was dimly visible, but to the west the Coast Range was merely a cloudy blur. Thus on three sides the plain extended to the horizon.

So Diana rode much alone. And over the level valley she would urge on her willing mustang with its tireless lope, often for many miles.

Although it was not with Helmont's approval that she rode out alone, nothing untoward had ever happened when she was unaccompanied. But now twilight was creeping over the valley, and it was with a start that she found herself suddenly accosted while still a mile from the gates of the Hacienda. A man appeared in the road before her, as if he had started out of the ground. But she was reassured when she saw that he was holding out his hands imploringly. She remembered afterwards that he had a mutilated hand. He was hatless, and his face was bleeding as if scratched by thorns and brambles.

"Have pity, señorita," he said hoarsely in Spanish. "Have pity and help an unfortunate fugitive. My *paisanos* tell me you speak Spanish—No? Do you understand me?"

"Yes, I understand you," replied Diana in his own language. "But why do you appeal to me?"

"For the love of God, señorita, if you have a spark of humanity help a poor unfortunate. I am pursued. My life is in danger!"

"Who is pursuing you?"

Looking back over his shoulder, and pointing down the valley, the man muttered in terrified tones:

"Los Vigilantes!"

Diana turned—where he was pointing she saw a thick cloud of dust. It was moving rapidly toward them. Her trained eye told her that the head of this dust-cloud was a group of horsemen riding furiously.

Diana paused perplexedly. There was little time for reflection. "What have you done?" she asked. "The Vigilantes would not pursue you unless for some reason. Have you committed a crime?"

"No, no, señorita! I am innocent. I have committed no crime. They have mistaken me for another man—for the robber who shot the stage-driver last week. I was not there. I swear it to you, lady! I swear it on the memory of my mother! Have mercy! Give me shelter! Hide me!"

"But how can I hide you?" asked Diana irresolutely. "How can I give you shelter? You can not enter the Hacienda walls without being seen. There is a sentry at the gate by night and day."

The Mexican's face fell. Again he looked down the road toward the nearing dust-cloud. His eyes, like those of a hunted animal, roamed over the vast valley, where no near hiding-place presented itself; then up to the mound crowned with the Hacienda walls; at that he looked longingly, as if that way safety lay; and last he looked imploringly at Diana, his leathery face working with fear, and his protruding eyes scanning every detail of her garb and her horse's accoutrements until she grew uneasy under his close scrutiny. All the more uncomfortable was the curious position into which chance had thrust her, because she had been an earnest advocate of the Vigilantes. More than once she had been at odds over them with Captain Helmont, who looked on them with disapproval; they had led her into heated disputes with Arthur Alden, who was a Law and Order man; through them she had incurred the grave displeasure of her guardian, Judge Tower, who bitterly hated the Vigilantes. Yet here was she parleying with an escape from justice, and seriously considering hiding a fugitive from the very Vigilantes whom she had so often praised.

At last the staring eyes of the fugitive seemed to fix themselves behind her saddle.

"I have it, señorita!" he cried. "*Gracias a Dios!* I have it at last. Listen, señorita; strapped on behind your saddle you have a foreign poncho—no? I have sometimes seen you wear it riding in the valley."

His odd question surprised Diana. "Yes," she said, "but it is not a poncho—it is an English rain-coat—*una vestidura tolar.*"

"Then it is long, like a skirt—so much the better," cried the Mexican. "Let me have it, señorita, *por el amor de Dios!* If you will, I can wear it like a skirt. Then over my head I can put my black silk neckerchief, and it will look like a *rebozo*. You know, señorita, that the women of my race never wear hat or bonnet, and always have a veil, or *monta*, or *mantilla* on their heads and wrapped around their chins. Let me have the *copota*, lady—let me wear it, and you will save my life. I shall go behind you as your *moza*, your maid-servant. And then the sentry will let me in, and you will hide me. You will do so, lady—no?"

Again Diana hesitated, but the fugitive pointed down the road; as her glance followed his straining eyes she saw that the dust-cloud was coming nearer. His imploring face, his abject terror, made her yield.

"Come, then," she said, "follow me, and do not pause at the gate. The sentry never stops me. When we go inside the walls I will give the reins to a *moza*, and

then you must follow me into the house. Say nothing to the sentry. Say nothing to the *mozo*. Say nothing to any one."

"I understand, señorita," said the fugitive. "I will be cautious. I will be discreet. I will be silent."

Quickly undoing the rawhide thongs behind her saddle, the Mexican unrolled and put on the long waterproof and tied over his head his black neckerchief. Looking back toward the still distant dust-cloud, he begged her to urge on her animal, saying he would cling to one of the thongs. Even with this double burden the tough little mustang went on with the same light lope which it had maintained for many miles. Clinging to the stout rawhide thong, the fugitive ran along easily by her side.

When some rods from the walls she brought her beast to a walk, and with the disguised *moza* approached the gate. The sentry stood aside, saluted respectfully, and the two entered. Diana fancied she heard the stranger let fall a word as they passed the sentry, and wondered why this strange-looking *moza* did not arouse the soldier's curiosity.

When they were safely inside, Diana threw her reins to a *voquero*, who took the animal to the stables, while she made her way into the house. She was followed by the disguised maid-servant, but he passed apparently unnoticed.

Diana decided to take the man to her own room. It was the only place where he could be hidden with safety. In a few minutes the Vigilantes would be at the gate, and she was certain they would search the Hacienda. But even so, they would overhaul only the servants' quarters, she thought. Perhaps they might not search the place at all—they had not seen the stranger enter the Hacienda. But suddenly she thought of his horse—that would betray his whereabouts.

"Did you not have a horse?" she asked him.

"Where did you leave your horse?"

"Down the road—he stepped in a gopher-hole and broke his leg. I dragged him to one side. I had to leave him there."

"But the Vigilantes will find the horse. If they do, they will surely know you are here."

"No, no," exclaimed the Mexican. "They will not find him. He is trained not to whinny when other horses are near. They will pass him by."

But a clamor arose without which showed that he was mistaken—the sound of many voices speaking English, and the various noises of a saddle band. Leaving him concealed, Diana went out to reconnoitre.

A group of half a dozen heavily armed men had just dismounted inside the gate, and their horses were standing with heaving flanks and dripping hides. The leader and his men were talking to Helmont.

"I can assure you, sir," Helmont was saying to the leader, "that no such person is within the walls of the place. No one is allowed to enter unless he is an inmate of the Hacienda, or unless he is accompanied by an inmate or properly vouched for. The place would be filled with thieving Indians and Mexicans all the time if we were not strict."

"Can't help it, cap," replied the leader. "But where else can the feller be? We chased him for miles. He had a good fast horse, but about two miles down the road his mustang stepped in a gopher-hole and broke his leg. There aint any other place for him to go but here, and here he must be."

"But I assure you that no stranger could have entered here, or the sentry would have seen him." And turning to the sentry, Helmont demanded:

"Pepe, has any one come in within the last hour?"

"Ninguno, señor capitán—ninguno absolutamente," replied the sentry. "Nobody but the Señorita Doña Diana and her *moza*."

The captain turned to the Vigilantes. "You hear, gentlemen, what the sentry says. No one has entered except the inmates, and no one at all has come in for the last hour except this young lady visitor and her woman servant. You may search the Hacienda if you wish, but it would merely be wasting your time."

There was an awkward pause, and the newcomers conferred in undertones. "Well, cap," said the leader, at last, "we know you're no particular friend to the Vigilantes, but we know too that you wouldn't hide a murderer, and that's what we're hunting."

"Who is he and what has he done?" asked Helmont.

"He's one of that greaser gang of Basque's," replied the Vigilante leader. "And it's him and his gang that shot up the El Dorado stage two days ago, wounded the driver and some young feller from the Bay, and killed Buck Venner, the Wells-Fargo messenger."

"What a cowardly crime!" exclaimed Helmont.

"Poor Venner! So he's gone. I'm sorry to hear it. He was a brave and loyal fellow. This Basque's band must be brought to justice—their outrages are infamous. Gentlemen, you all know me well enough to be certain that if it were possible for me to help you catch your man, I would do so. If you desire to search the place, every door will be thrown open to you. But I assure you most earnestly that it is impossible for the murderer to be here."

"Well, we'll take your word for it, cap," replied the Vigilante leader. "And I suppose all there's left for us to do is to beat up the river banks, boys. Sorry to have troubled you, cap. Come on, boys. Let's vamoose!"

When the Vigilantes were gone Diana returned to her room, to tell the fugitive that for the present he was safe.

"But you did not tell me the truth," she said to him severely. "These Vigilantes say that you are a robber and murderer—that you killed the express messenger on the stage-coach."

"It is not so, señorita," he declared earnestly. "I was not there. I was far away. I was a hundred miles from there."

Diana looked at him with indecision. She was used to truth-telling people. But a fugitive, she reflected, would not stick at a lie. "I can not shelter you any longer," she said at last. "Tonight the moon rises at about nine. Before moonrise, while it is yet dark, I will take you outside the gate, and then you must look out for yourself."

"I am very grateful to you for the shelter you have given me so far, lady," replied the Mexican. "You have saved my life; believe me, I shall never forget it."

When the coast was clear that evening, and before the moon was risen, Diana led out the Mexican, still disguised as a waiting-woman. Scarcely was he outside of the gate when he knelt in the dust; joining his hands he swore a passionate oath that he and his, all that he had in the world, and all that he commanded, should ever be at her service in life and in death. Diana was alarmed at his reckless indifference to the sentry's presence, and more alarmed at his vehemence. To conceal her agitation, she affected to make light of his oath.

"*Del dicho al hecho!*" she exclaimed. "What good are your protestations of service to me? How could you help me?"

"In this life, señorita," he replied gravely, "we none of us know when we may want assistance. If you ever need a man like myself or a number of such men—men of tried and desperate courage," he added meaningly, "send for me."

"But whom can I send? And how? Where could you be found if I were to send?"

"It will be easy. More than one here in the Hacienda could find me. Here is one now—the sentry."

Diana turned in surprise, and looked at the sentry.

"Pepe," said the fugitive, "if the señorita here wants me at any time, hasten to me without fail and tell me. *Hombre*, do you hear?"

"*Si*, Don Joaquin," said the sentry obediently.

"You see, señorita," said the bandit, smiling, "I have friends everywhere. When you need me do not hesitate to send. *Quede usted con Dios!* May God have you in his keeping. Farewell!"

And he disappeared in the darkness.

When Diana returned to the *sola* where she had left Mrs. Lyndon, Helmont was just entering with his courier's mail-pouch. After he had opened it, and handed them their letters and papers, he said:

"Among my multifarious duties as Hacendado of Plancha Grande, you may not know that I am express agent?"

"Indeed?" said Mrs. Lyndon. "Are your duties onerous?"

"No, not very—although I represent Wells-Fargo, most of their business is with me, their agent; my Indians and Mexicans do not use the express company much. However, as a result of my official position, I receive all their placards announcing rewards for stage-robbers and other criminals, which are duly posted up in my office. Here is one now." And the captain held it up for them to look at. It ran:

"FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.

"Lost Wednesday evening, the stage-coach from Yubaville to El Dorado was attacked by robbers on the Divide, with a demand for the treasure-box. Wells-Fargo's messenger fired on the robbers, who returned his fire. The horses took fright and ran down the grade, arriving at the stage station with the driver and the single passenger seriously wounded and the messenger dead."

"Wells, Fargo & Company offer for the murderer, dead or alive, \$3000."

"The State offers for the arrest and conviction of the murderer \$2000."

"Wells, Fargo & Company offer for any of the gang, alive or dead, \$500 per head."

"The murderer of the messenger is believed to be Joaquin Basquez, sometimes called 'Three-fingered Joe,' as the man who fired at the messenger from behind a tree had the trigger-finger missing from his right hand. The messenger, Buck Venner, was killed; the driver, Hank Bedell, was seriously wounded; the passenger, also seriously wounded, was backed as Arthur Alden."

"By order, Wells, Fargo & Company."

As they all read this startling document, Mrs. Lyndon exclaimed:

"Arthur Alden! That is Mr. Yarrow's friend, the young man who came up the river with us!"

"Why, so it is!" said Helmont. "Poor fellow! His is a sorry introduction to life in the mines. He is in hard luck! I must find out where he is, and bring him here as soon as he can be moved safely. The kind of nursing and attendance he'll get at El Dorado will be more dangerous than his wounds. Let us hope that they are not fatal. Poor boy!"

Diana said nothing, but her colorless face spoke for her. The anxious eyes of her companions as they observed her pallor warned her that they might misinterpret her emotion. But she could not control herself. It was not so much alarm for Arthur Alden that made her face blanch and her knees tremble, as her sudden knowledge that the man she had saved from the Vigilantes was the stage-robber and murderer, Joaquin Basquez. For the man she had hidden in her room that evening had lost the index finger from his right hand.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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SENATOR STEWART AND HIS TIMES.

A Volume of Personal Reminiscences Covers Over Half a Century of State and National Life.

In the introduction to the reminiscences of Senator William M. Stewart we are reminded that the veteran statesman has reached the age of eighty-three years and that his career extends over three generations marked by the picturesque adventures of youth and by the signal national services of maturity. Assuredly such a man has a right to be heard, although it would perhaps be even more appropriate to say that we have a right to hear such a man and to delight in a record unsurpassed in virility, in its contribution to the common good, and in the infinite variety of its contents.

Senator Stewart was born in the State of New York on August 9, 1825. He came to California in 1850 by way of Panama, nearly losing his life in a storm that threatened the destruction of the vessel. He tells us of a cheering conversation that he overheard between two sailors. One of them inquired what time it was and was told that it was still three hours before daylight. "It will take you just two hours to get to hell and you will have a chance to roast there an hour before daylight." A fellow-passenger, being told that the chances were somewhat against them, raised his hands to pray and promptly sat down in a tub of butter, which illustrates the necessity of combining watchfulness with supplication. Arriving eventually at Sacramento, the young adventurer made his way up the American River, purchased a worn-out pick for a dollar and a half and started out boldly on the search for gold.

The career of Senator Stewart is so well known that to recount even its prominent features would be superfluous. His political life is woven into the history of the country and is indeed identical with it. He is always modest, even to a fault, but even his literary skill can not conceal the effect of his own bold initiative, unbending courage, and unflinching resource upon every enterprise with which he was connected. The energy with which he addressed himself to his own fortunes was carried with the same success into State and national affairs, and he never failed to lay the imprint of his strong individuality upon the larger concerns into which he was carried by national needs that imperatively demanded the best men for their service.

Out of the mass of good things presented to us in this fine volume it is by no means easy to make a selection in any way representative. In years to come Senator Stewart's book will be treasured for the side lights that it throws upon history. At the moment perhaps its chief charm will be in the disclosure of his own admirable personality and the picture that it offers of the Pacific world at a time when the foundations of its power were being toilfully laid.

Here, for instance, is an incident that evidently made a strong impression upon the mind of the author and that is well worthy of reproduction. The arrival of a covered wagon at the diggings was in no way remarkable, but the appearance upon a line of sundry articles of feminine attire was a circumstance to stir the little community to its depths:

Women were so scarce in California at that time that this was sufficient to arouse the whole camp. The "boys," as we were called, were scattered along the Coyote diggings for a distance of about four miles, and when anything unusual happened the words "Oh Joe!" would be passed along the whole line.

When I saw the feminine raiment I raised the usual alarm. "Oh Joe!" and this called the attention of the miners on Buckeye Hills, where I was, to the clothes-line which had attracted my notice. They gathered around on the hill, nearly surrounding the covered wagon and its contents.

The rush of the boys in the immediate vicinity to see the wonderful sight attracted those farther away, and in less than ten minutes two or three thousand young men were anxiously watching the wagon, clothes-line, and fascinating lingerie.

In alarm the man that belonged to the woman inside stuck his head out of a small tent beside the wagon. I assured him that no harm was intended, but that we were very anxious to see the lady who was the owner of the clothes.

This aroused her curiosity sufficiently to induce her to pull the curtain of the tent aside so that her face could be discovered, but not fully seen.

I then proposed that we make a donation to the first lady that had honored our camp with a visit. I took from my camp a buckskin bag, used for the purpose of carrying gold, and invited the boys to contribute. They came forward with great eagerness, and poured out of their sacks gold-dust amounting to between two and three thousand dollars. I then proposed to appoint a committee to wait on the lady and present it. The motion was unanimously carried, and one of the gentlemen appointed on the committee suggested myself as chairman.

I took the sack of gold and went within about thirty feet of the tent, and made as good a speech as I could to induce the lady to come out, assuring her that all the men about her were gentlemen, that they had seen no ladies for so many months, and that the presence of one reminded them of their mothers and sweethearts at home. I told her the bag of gold was hers on condition that she would come out and claim it.

Her husband urged her to heave, but when she finally ventured out about half way, the cheers were so vociferous that she was scared and ran back.

She repeated this performance several times, and I kept moving slowly back far enough to get her away from the little tent so the boys could have a good view of her. I suppose half an hour was occupied with her running back and forth while the boys looked on in admiration, when I finally gave her the bag with all the good wishes of the camp. She grabbed it and ran into the tent like a rabbit.

The next morning the wagon, oxen, man, and owner of the inspiring apparel were gone, and we never heard of them in after life. It was no doubt well that they hastened their departure, for in those days it was a very usual occurrence for the young wife coming to that country to be persuaded to forsake her husband on their arrival in the new camp.

The Indians were still the owners of California soil in those days and were not willing to be dispossessed without a struggle in which barbaric atrocities were of every-day occurrence. The author had his full share in these stirring events and he tells us of an attack that

was made upon him while he was trying a mule in the neighborhood of Sacramento:

My hat was gone, my clothes were torn, and I was rather a dilapidated specimen of humanity. I rode down the ridge about six miles and finally came to the camp of Tom Burns, an Irishman, who was establishing a wayside whisky shop. I told him my story, but found him very suspicious. He thought from my appearance that I must be crazy. I succeeded in convincing him that I was sane, borrowed his rifle, because I did not want to rely on my pistol alone, and an old black hat nearly destitute of rim and open at the top. On riding back to the Indian camp I found the body of a Frenchman whom the Indians had murdered the day before, and I thought we had better clean those redskins out.

After riding around on all the prominent points above the camp to examine the situation and get the lay of the land for future operations, I went over to Nevada City and collected twenty young men of my acquaintance. They were well armed with pistols, rifles, and shotguns, and accompanied me back to the camp of Tom Burns, where we spent the night. In the morning we rode up the ridge and looked over the ground again. It was a little past the full of the moon, so the after part of the night was almost as light as day.

The following night we rode up the mountains opposite the camp of the Indians, hitched our animals, and crawled around the camp, remaining quiet until daylight, when I gave the signal for operations by firing a gun.

The Indians sprang to their feet at the alarm, but we won the battle before they knew where the enemy was located. Big Jim, their chief, was not injured and we took him prisoner. He was well known to all of our party, spoke English perfectly well, and was supposed to be a good, friendly Indian. He had visited the mining camps, conversed with the miners, told them stories about the country, and was a most interesting person.

We made a treaty with him that the Indians should leave that part of the country and never return. After the treaty was concluded and we supposed the difficulty was all over, we observed Big Jim with a party of his followers fortifying themselves behind rocks and brush. We moved on their works before they were perfected, but they fired several shots and slightly wounded one of our men. We hanged Big Jim for his treachery. The Indians then left and did not return.

The author has something interesting to say about David C. Broderick and the causes that conducted to his death at the hand of Judge Terry:

During the summer, while I was acting as attorney-general of California, I had a room near the room of Mr. Broderick, and as we were both early risers, nearly every morning about daylight we started on a long walk before breakfast. On leaving our rooms we passed a shooting-gallery, kept by a Mr. Taylor, who was known as "Natchez." We frequently went in there to practice, because at that hour of the day we could do so in private. Mr. Broderick was the best shot I ever saw if allowed to use his own pistol. There was some defect in his forefinger which prevented his feeling the trigger of the pistol until he pressed it hard. A hair-trigger pistol would invariably go off before he was conscious of having touched it. Taylor labored very hard to teach him to use a hair-trigger pistol. He would frequently stand us side by side with our backs to the target and give the word for us to fire. I could always beat Broderick in such exercises; but when he had his own pistol and I had mine, he was the better shot. He would place his elbow against his side, raise his hand with the pistol in it mechanically, and almost without an exception hit the bull's eye. Taylor told me many times to use my influence to prevent Broderick from fighting a duel, as he was no match for a man who could use a hair-trigger. He said the fact that Broderick's life had once been saved by accident would make him accept the challenge, and if he did so he was almost sure to be killed.

At the famous duel Broderick's pistol went off prematurely and the fate that was predicted for him was accomplished.

Turning for a moment to larger affairs a single incident may be selected from Washington life and a story of Lincoln naturally presents itself for preference. The senator has much to say of the great President, and that he confines himself to reminiscence gives a charm to his writing and raises it to the front rank of historic importance:

The White House, at that time, was plainly furnished. It was the simple home of a simple man. President Lincoln was the greatest man this hemisphere has produced. Without schooling, he wrote the best English; without education in rhetoric or logic, he was the most conclusive reasoner; without the slightest pretension to oratory, he was the most persuasive speaker of his time. He was the kindest, most benevolent, and humane man of his generation. Whoever may be second as a scholar, as a statesman, and as a friend of humanity, Lincoln must always be first.

I stood in line one morning with quite a number of senators behind me. My colleague, Senator Nye, came up to me and handed me a package of papers on the outside of which was indorsed in a bold hand, "The application of _____ for restoration to his position as sutler."

My business with Lincoln not being very important, was dispatched at once, and I then held the package in my hand, saying to him that my colleague had requested that I present the papers to him.

"He read the indorsement at a glance, and said: 'That is the case of a rich Israelite. He has been removed at the request of Mr. Stanton. Mr. Stanton says he is dishonest and can not be trusted. If I should interfere in the matter it would cause a heated controversy with Mr. Stanton. You tell Brother Nye what I have said, and if he thinks the matter of sufficient importance to require me to quarrel with Mr. Stanton, to come and see me and give me his reasons.'"

I took the message to Nye, and he declared in language more emphatic than polite that he should not visit the President for any such purpose. It was apparent that my colleague knew Mr. Lincoln pretty well, and that he did not want to hear an anecdote.

It is to be feared that so brief a mention must seem wholly inadequate to a book so remarkable. Those who are so fortunate as to possess it will find that it is not only a history and a history of the best kind, but that it has all the charm of a romance. Its preparation is by no means the least of the services that its distinguished author has rendered to his day and generation.

"Reminiscences of Senator William M. Stewart." Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington; \$3.

Alfred Vanderbilt will try to force his Venture coach into popularity in New York society, according to a letter recently received. He also writes that he may have somewhat of a job on his hands, but he has managed to make the Venture a go in England, and New York must "stand for it." By keeping his coach in the foreground Mr. Vanderbilt has hopes, he says, that his late domestic troubles may be forgotten.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Although probably more actively engaged in business than any other person in the country, Mrs. Hetty Green has never used a telephone. So she said recently when in the office of a New York trust company she asked an attendant to transmit a message for her. After the message was delivered Mrs. Green expressed her thanks, explaining why she had asked assistance.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has come out in the open against women's rights and is one of the most prominent of the organizers of the National Woman's Anti-Suffrage Association. A circular letter sent out recently, setting forth the aims of that body, contained her name. Other signers were the Marchioness of Tweeddale, the Countess of Jersey, Lord Dunraven, and Lord Rothschild.

It is rumored at the Vatican that Monseigneur Diomedeo Falconio, the apostolic delegate to the United States, is to be created a cardinal in the near future. Monseigneur Falconio will probably be summoned to Rome to receive this coveted honor as soon as he has brought to a close certain negotiations which he is now conducting at Washington and in other parts of the United States.

Mme. de Witt, whose death in Paris at an advanced age was lately announced, was Henriette Guizot, daughter of the famous historian. She assisted her father in his literary work, but she was also a successful writer of children's stories, of which she published a large number between 1869 and 1892, besides translating the writings of Mrs. Gaskell and Laurence Oliphant and Stanhope's "Pitt." Two of her stories were crowned by the French Academy.

The conductor of the Russian Symphony Orchestra received news from St. Petersburg recently that Frank Seymour Hastings, president of the Russian Symphony Society, is to be decorated by the Czar for his activities in promoting Russian music in America. Mr. Hastings is not only a business man, interested in numerous enterprises, but also a musician of recognized ability. He has composed the music for at least a hundred published songs, and his music for "My Love is a Red, Red Rose" is almost universally known.

Miss Marie Maycliffe is a young Texan who has excited the interest of President Roosevelt by her ability to lasso a steer and subdue him by roping him against a post in a little over three minutes. A short while ago Miss Maycliffe, who is very wealthy, visited Washington and a request was conveyed to her from the President that she call on him. The Texas girl chatted for a long half hour with the nation's chief executive. She was born and raised in Texas on a ranch owned by her father, while her grandfather has a big ranch in Oklahoma. Besides her marvelous skill on horseback, Miss Maycliffe holds several records for revolver shooting.

Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Hamilton, with her class of spinning and weaving, and Lady Molesworth, who has a stall for the demonstrating of jam-making, are among a large number of those who are exhibiting and taking an active interest in the "What to Do with Our Girls" Exhibition, at Prince's Skating Rink, Knightsbridge, London. Lord Roberts heads the list of those giving prizes to ladies taking part in the rifle-range competition, and among the uncommon exhibits at this exhibition will be Mrs. Ruggles-Brise's donkeys, which she rears and trains for tandem and four-in-hand, and one of these, which she has trained to perform tricks, will give an exhibition of these daily.

The German and American friends of Charlemagne Tower, to the number of more than a hundred, gave a dinner in Berlin recently in honor of the retiring ambassador. After the healths of President Roosevelt and Emperor William had been drunk, the Prince von Pless proposed the health of Ambassador Tower and the ceremony was observed with many evidences of good will. The prince said Germany had benefited by Mr. Tower's labors, especially his work in preparing the way for tariff agreement with the United States. Foreign Minister von Schoen then proposed a health to Mrs. Tower, saying that during her residence among them she had shown herself to be a model of domestic virtue. It happened that Mrs. Tower, in a curtained lodge with a number of other ladies of the embassy, heard the toast, which was drunk standing amid the cheering of the party.

The only woman in the world who bears the impressive title "Dean of Deans" is Miss Laura C. Carnell, who is a leader in the executive and educational work of Temple University, in Philadelphia. This university has an unusual history. In 1881 the Rev. Dr. Russell H. Conwell took the pastorate of the Temple Church, on Broad Street. In connection with his ministerial labors, he lectured on educational subjects with extraordinary success. The result was the establishment of regular lecture courses, which developed into the foundation of Temple College, in 1888, with Dr. Conwell as its president. The work of Temple College was so arranged as to give wide opportunities to men and women who desired a share of the higher education, but who for the time were also engaged in other pursuits. It grew rapidly. It has now many departments, and more than three thousand students. Lately its name was changed to Temple University, and Miss Carnell was made the chief of its deans with the title already mentioned, "Dean of Deans."

"THE DUKE OF GANDIA."

Swinburne's Latest Play Reaches High-Water Mark of Excellence.

Mr. Swinburne is not among those poets who either perpetuate the faults of their earlier days or who lose the flexibility that should distinguish poetic genius. At the age of seventy-one he has lost none of the magic dexterity that marked his first efforts, nor does he show any disposition to keep to the beaten paths in which he has won more laurels than any man of his day, with perhaps the single exception of Tennyson. With three score years and ten behind him he has now produced "The Duke of Gandia," a play that suggests rather the eagerness of youth than the literary conservatism of age, a play that is just as fertile in expedient, as sinewy in expression, as daring in design as any work that has left his pen. Mr. Swinburne has written other plays, and while their literary merits were undisputed and triumphant, they were usually too long for stage presentation. "The Duke of Gandia" can be read carefully in a couple of hours or less. It has only about eight hundred lines. The "persons represented" are ten in number, but the tremendous picture that it displays, the concentrated meaning vibrating through it, the stateliness of its imagery and its tragical portentousness do not readily leave the mind upon which it has placed its unrelenting grasp.

This new drama by the greatest living poet tells the story of the murder of Francesco Borgia by his brother Caesar in the year 1497. We are introduced to the mistress of Pope Alexander, Vannozza Catanel, surnamed La Rosa. She remonstrates with Caesar for the hatred that is within his heart and the dark deed that she shudderingly foresees: Child, thine elder never was as thou—Spake never thus.

And Caesar replies:

I doubt it not. But I, Mother, am not mine elder. He desires And he enjoys the life God gives him—God, The Pope our father, and thy sacred self, Mother beloved and hallowed. I desire More.

Note the effectiveness of the single concluding syllable. The poet uses it elsewhere, and the actor to whom such lines may fall may well despair of expressing its latent and explosive force.

Here is still another illustration. Lucrezia asks her father the Pope if he fears God. Francesco interposes:

Thou canst not. Father, were he terrible, How long wouldst thou live—thou, his mask on earth?

And Alexander rejoins:

Boy, art thou all a child? What knew they more, The men that loved and feared and died for God, Than I and thou who know him not? We know This life is ours, and sweet, if shame and fear Make us not less than man; and less were they Who crawled and writhed and covered and called on God,

To save them from him. Here I stand as he, God, or God's very figure wrought in flesh, More godlike than was Jesus. Dare I fear Whipping and hanging? Thou, my cardinal, Canst think not to be scourged and crucified—Ha?

"The Duke of Gandia" is the drama of a single incident, but it is an incident so overwhelming in its suggestion that when the curtain falls we wait almost with a shudder for the breaking of the national storm that it portends. The very spirit of tragedy makes dark the air and the Angel of Death is visibly abroad in the land.

I would I saw thine end, And mine: and yet I would not

says the Pope as he watches his son as though with some vague horror of the still undiscovered crime. And then comes the waterman with the story of the terror that came to the river side while he watched:

Two men came down And peered along the water-side; and two Came after—men whose eyes raked all the night, Searching the shore—I lay beneath my boat— Beside it on the darkling side—and saw. Then came a horseman—Sire, his horse was white— The moonshine made his mane like dull white fire—

And on his crupper heavily hung a corpse, Arms held from swaying on this side, legs on that, I know not which on either—but the men Held fast that held; and hard on Tiber side They swung the crupper towards the water—sharp And swift as man may steer a horse—and caught And slung their dead into the stream; and he Drifted, and caught the moon across his face That shone like life against it; and the chief Till then sat silent as the moon at watch, And then hadd burl stones on the drifting dead And sink him out of sight: And seeing this done, Rode hence, and they strode after.

Mr. Swinburne plays upon all strings with an equal melody. What a contrast between the recital of the waterman and Caesar's picture of the future of Italy as he draws it for the comfort of his father, who "hast lived thy seven days' space in hell":

I and thou, One, 'ill set hand as never God hath set To the empire and the steerage of the world. Do thou forget but him who is dead, and was Nowat, and bethink thee what a world to wield The eternal God hath given into thine hands Whi daily mould him out of bread, and give His E eaded flesh to feed on. Thou and I 'Will make this rent and ruinous Italy

One. Ours it shall be, body and soul, and great Above all power and glory given of God To them that died to set thee where thou art— Throned on the dust of Caesar and of Christ, Imperial. Earth shall quail again, and rise Again the higher because she trembled. Rome So hade it be: it was, and shall be.

Such writing as this seems to mark an imperishable youth. It is of the fire that dies not.

CURRENT VERSE.

One In Him.

High is the mystery above,
Deep is the mystery below,
Filling, enfolding and informing,
Whithersoever I go.

"Lift the stone from its bed of clay,
In the imprint my soul doth lie;
Cleave, with an axe, the forest tree,
In its heart am I."

Heart of all heart, life of all life,
Meaning of all mankind,
Deep in the soul of the world thou dwellest,
And in my mind.

—Edward Arthur Wicher.

Respite.

When I shall have a garden of my own,
All wild and free and fair,
Where, for you, as in my heart,
There'll be a corner set apart.

My friend, will you come there?

Bring with you, then, into that tangled spot
Your tender thoughts and brave,
All those gentle things of life
Which, wearied of the blinding strife,
A sanctuary crave.

And there with love and peace to hedge us in,
The world's unrest may wait;
While from the tired hours
We steal a moment mid the flowers,
Within my garden gate.

—Claire Wallace Flynn, in *House and Garden*.

The Orgy on Parnassus.

LINES WRITTEN IN MY COPY OF TENNYSON.

You phrase-tormenting fantastic chorus,
With strangest words at your beck and call;
Who tumble your thoughts in a heap before us;
Here was a hard shall outlast you all.

You prance on language, you force, you strain it,
You rack and you rive it, you twist it and maul.
Form, you abhor it, and taste, you disdain it,—
And here was a hard shall outlast you all.

Prosody gasps in your tortured numbers,
Your metres that writhe, your rhythms that sprawl;
And you make him turn in his marble slumbers,
The golden-tongued, who outsings you all.

Think you 'tis thus, in uncouth contortion,
That Song lives throned above thrones that fall?
Her handmaids are order and just proportion,
And measure and grace, that survive you all.

Are these and their kin proscribed and banished.
Serenely the exiles await recall,
Tomorrow return, and find you vanished,
You and your antics and airs and all.

You may flout convention and scout tradition,
With courage as great as your art is small,
Where the kings of mind, with august submission,
Have bowed to the laws that outlast us all.

But brief is the life of your mannered pages;
Your jargon, your attitudes, soon they pall;
You posture before the scornful ages,
And here was a voice shall outlive you all.

For in vain is the praise of discord sounded,
Under the Muse's mountain wall.
With ritual old she is there surrounded;
Her great decorum rebukes you all.

Her hill is not taken by storm or leaguer;
The cliffs are sheer as the peaks are tall.
She foils in the clefts a pursuit too eager,
And breathlessly followed eludes you all.

She is won as a bride, with reverent wooing,
Not haled by the hair, a captor's thrall:
Such barbarous love is its own undoing;
And here was a hard shall outlast you all.

—William Watson, in *Fairlylight Review*.

A short time ago in one of the public gardens in Vienna a seamstress found herself seated beside a quiet, plainly dressed woman who was also sewing. Falling into conversation about domestic affairs, telling each other how they made their own frocks and those of their children: "I like to occupy myself with this sort of work," said the seamstress. "So do I," replied the other woman; "it is one of my greatest pleasures." Then as further confidence seemed in order: "My husband is a good man," the little seamstress continued. "So is mine," admitted the other woman. "Mine works in a railway station as his father did before him," said the seamstress, encouraged to go still deeper into her history by her listener's interest. "My own father was a wood-carver. What was yours?" After a moment's hesitation the other woman said simply: "My father is Francis Joseph." And in fact it was the daughter of the Austrian Emperor, the Archduchess Gisela, wife of the Regent of Bavaria, who was sewing in the public garden in Vienna.

The question whether the fire which partially destroyed the city of Kingston, Jamaica, in January of 1907 broke out before or after the earthquake has been decided in favor of the insurance companies interested in the losses incurred. The companies claimed that the earthquake caused the fires, and that they were protected against claims for damages under the earthquake exemption clause in their policies.

Betel Nuts.

Some years ago Sir Edwin Arnold published a selection of Oriental proverbs that attracted some attention at the time for their homely wisdom and shrewd wit. That the mine was by no means exhausted is now shown by a tasteful little volume of rhymes by Arthur Guiterman that has been published by Paul Elder & Co. of San Francisco under the title of "Betel Nuts." These proverbs, we are told, and hundreds like them, are ever in the mouths of the people of India, and some few examples may well be offered of a kind of proverbial philosophy that is well described by the translator as "literature in shorthand":

God ripens the mangoes,
The Farmer shakes the tree;
God cures the patient,
The Doctor takes the fee.

A day or a minute? A Year or a Moon?
Now, which does he mean when he says, "Pretty soon?"

Though flung into Ocean I'll rise from beneath,
A Fish on each finger, a Pearl in my teeth.

This under the rose,
But it's true to the letter;
The Man thinks he knows,
But the Woman knows better.

Making, he mars, like a Consummate Gaby,
Rocking the Cradle while pinching the Baby.

The Man that hath a trade must work thereat,
The Barber, lacking custom, shaved a cat.

The Tiger came! She slew him
And bore him from the house;
Then down the drain she threw him:—
And yet, she fears a Mouse!

Avoid suspicion: When you're walking through
Your neighbor's melon-patch, don't tie your shoe.

A Demon, sick of single life,
In Lanka wed a Monkey Wife;
The whence arose, by Heaven's Grace
(Lal Das declares), the English Race.

Appraise the Spring before you drink the Water.
Observe the Mother ere you take the Daughter.

Who gives a Man a Child to nurse,
Or trusts a Woman with a Purse?

He has killed a thousand men!
Ah! he's half a doctor then.

Within the Temple thrives the Scamp,
'Tis darkest underneath the Lamp.

Miss Clara Clemens, the daughter of Mark Twain, has made her appearance as a singer in London. Miss Clemens has studied under Mme. Marchesi and Mr. Leechetizky and has sung in public in America during the past two years. Slim and dark-skinned, with deep brown eyes and a Madonna-like countenance, Miss Clemens's personality impressed itself with great favor upon her Queen's Hall audience as she sung her aria from "Nadeshda" in a sweet contralto voice of much power and promise. In addition to her musical ability, Miss Clemens seems to possess her father's sense of humor. When asked why she had not brought her illustrious parent with her, she replied: "Well, you see, he accompanied me in America for about two years, and I found that he was so anxious to get up on the platform before I had finished, and make a speech, and the people seemed so impatient to hear him, I guessed if I didn't want to ruin my career he'd better stay at home."

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

The birthdays of Julia Ward Howe—and it may be hoped that there are many yet to come—have acquired almost a national significance. Indeed, we are reminded that when she completed her eighty-ninth year a few days ago her letter bag contained many messages of congratulation from all over the world and written in French, Italian, German, and Greek. That Mrs. Howe was able to read these letters in the original is a reminder of the days when culture was something more real and substantial than it is today, and when the fitting education of a refined woman was somewhat more exacting than it has been since.

It is not, however, by her mental culture that Mrs. Howe has made so deep an impression upon the veneration of the world. For at least sixty-five years this extraordinary woman has devoted all her energies and abilities to the promotion of human good. She has merged her identity in that of the race to an extent that has hardly a parallel and now, full of years and honors and with a lifetime of splendid endeavor behind her, she states her unhesitating belief that "the world grows better, not worse." So may it be.

Napoleon, by Theodore Ayrault Doge. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; four volumes; \$4 per volume.

The first two volumes of this monumental work appeared some years ago and the concluding volumes have now been received. The first and second volumes deal with the Napoleonic campaigns from 1796 to 1807, thus bringing us to the climacteric of his career. The story from 1807 to 1815 is one of decline, the emperor finding himself opposed with constantly increasing vigor until his final overthrow at Waterloo.

Colonel Dodge's work deserves to rank among the great histories of the world. He writes as a soldier, but we are agreeably impressed by the extent to which the average reader is allowed to benefit by a technical knowledge that in less adroit hands might easily become an oppression. It requires some fortitude to begin a work of this magnitude, but the reward is commensurate. The author is able to give a fascination even to those incidents that ordinarily appeal only to the soldier, and it is not the least of his literary virtues that he takes pains to be understood and is always solicitous to carry his reader with him in comprehension.

The author attributes the wane of the Napoleonic star to a loss of vitality in the great captain. At Waterloo he sees a series of mistakes explicable in no other way:

Napoleon's gravest mistakes were in not manœuvring when Blücher was first seen, and later in not retiring out of action, and in putting in what remained of the Guard as he did, instead of using it to protect a retreat to the Sambre. The fatal outcome was primarily attributable to Napoleon's want of his old perspicacity. We can scarcely conceive him, in the days of Austerlitz or Jena, drawing from the facts he knew an absolute conclusion that the Prussians could not reach his right; but at Waterloo he did draw this wrong conclusion, acted upon it, and failed. Had he correctly divined Blücher's intentions he would by 1 or 2 a. m. have ordered in Grouchy, and he would not so long have put off his massed attack upon the English.

But when all this is conceded it in no way dims the fame of Napoleon as "the best leader and broadest teacher of war of the Christian era." Caesar, in the estimation of the author, is the greatest character in history, but Napoleon follows next.

As a military historian Colonel Dodge took front rank even before these volumes appeared. His story of Napoleon adds to his fame and it must be a permanent addition, because there seems nothing more to be said. Certainly it will never be better said.

National and Social Problems, by Frederic Harrison. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.75.

The pessimism with which Mr. Harrison views the fate of the British Empire and indeed of civilization in its relation to the great social questions of the day is one of conviction and not of temperament. Everywhere he sees an effort to force the pyramid to stand upon its apex and to counteract by artificial means the selective processes by which nature indicates her best. In England the pride of empire has become a glorification of area and of census, while the ideals of an enduring citizenship are allowed to melt away before a blatant and insolent dominion. With a "sinking of the heart" and with a "bitter conviction," he recognizes that a *parvenu* and mongrel empire made up of every skin, creed, and type of man to be found upon earth is doomed to early dissolution and "may possibly lead us down into cruel ruin."

The reader may for himself find the author's reasons in the series of masterly essays that compose this volume. Mr. Harrison's survey of general conditions throughout civilization is no less unanswerable or conclusive. The whole of the second part of his book is devoted to Socialism as it is usually presented, to the "childish sophisms" that all wealth is produced by manual workers, that the entire product of labor should be handed over to the workers, that wealth is criminal.

All this wild stuff is a sign of mental chaos and of the decay of systematic convictions. Among the "crudest of the fallacies" fashionable in a brainless age is the dream that great industries can be managed by popular election. As well might we ask a gang of housepainters to produce Raphael's "Transfiguration," or the printers of the *Times* to write "Hamlet." Such ideas with their fatal and glittering popularity would result in such desolation as befell Rome under the torrent of northern invasion, and among its evils would be a general starvation.

Those who know Mr. Harrison will suspect him of no pious generality when he says that we must not cease to work for an entire reorganization of industrial life, but that the finest edge of our endeavor must be for the far more vital reorganization of moral, intellectual, and religious life. That way, and no other, lies reform. The average man, the man in the street, must be persuaded to lay zealous hands upon his own character and to correct his own personal behavior. But it is so much easier to shout for an act of Congress and with a placid rectitude to await the distribution of the political rewards that are given to "good citizens."

King Spruce, by Holman Day. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

This fine story comes opportunely at a time when some measure of needed relief for our forests is within sight. Perhaps the novelist can do for reform even more than the statesman. He is at least far stronger in the creation of public sentiment.

"King Spruce" is a story of Maine, of forest life, and of the men who live it. We have a picture of incalculable natural wealth wholly at the mercy of every moneyed brigand with the power to seize it and adroit enough to reduce legislature and executive to an abject servility. There is no better picture of the woods than we have in "King Spruce," no more vivid presentation of the men who dwell in their shadows.

The hero of the story is Dwight Wade, a young schoolmaster who has the audacity to fall in love with the daughter of John Barrett, the lumber magnate. Losing his position and boycotted by the town, young Wade enters the forest, is employed by a small tract owner, and is forced into a relentless struggle with Barrett and the infamous Britt. A struggle in which the law and the courts are used as the private and personal property of the man with the money. The chance discovery of Barrett's illegitimate daughter living as a vagrant in the forest reduces that great man to a state of mingled penitence and apprehension, and when Wade in defiance of an injunction blows up the great dam by which Barrett and Britt have impounded the river for their exclusive benefit, the terrors of the law are prudently held in leash by the same power that created them. "King Spruce" is not only a fine romance and written with entire and intimate knowledge, but it is one of those books that ought to be read for its profound political lessons.

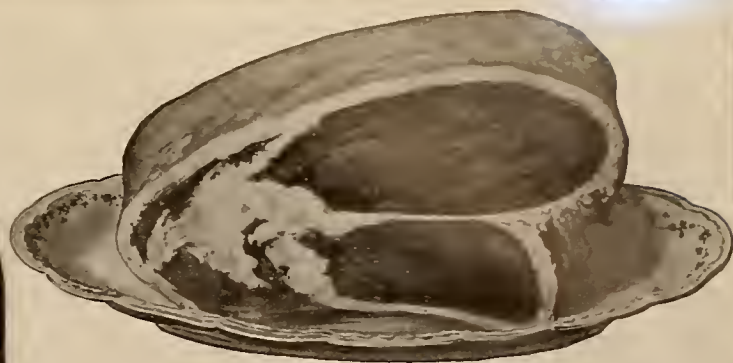
The Golden Rose, by Amélie Rives. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

This exquisitely told story, and the ideals behind it, may have to wait yet awhile for any extended or sympathetic response, but there need be no doubt that they represent the sentiment of much that is best in modern womanhood. We do not know the exact marriage experience of the beautiful Maraud, but it was of a nature so painful as to produce a determination never to repeat it. Then comes young Trafford, debonair, cultured, sympathetic, and seemingly able to understand that love may be beautiful in itself, an end in itself, and without the consummation that degrades and destroys. But Maraud has asked too much of human nature and Trafford has promised too much. A temporary absence destroys illusions that we knew uncomfortably were too lofty to be real, and Trafford finds that his love for Maraud is, after all, of the earth earthy and that he can admire no flower that he may not pick and possess. And so it ends.

We are grateful for the picture of Maraud, human and spirituelle. It is drawn with consummate skill and prophetically. There are such women, but they do not find their mates amongst the sons of men.

Her Ladyship, by Katharine Tynan. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.50.

Katharine Tynan's Irish stories always leave us with the consciousness of a somewhat larger knowledge of Ireland. There is nothing sensational in "Her Ladyship," none of the ingenuity that devises impossible plots and unnatural combinations. It is the story of an aristocratic Irish girl who addresses herself to the work of her estate and the needs of her tenantry, and whose heart is eventually won by a man who is not of her caste, but who has shown executive ability and a whole-hearted devotion to her ideals. It was not easy to draw the character of Lady Anne Chute without imparting an undesirably masculine element, but a type of fine practical womanhood has been preserved. When it becomes evident that Hugh Randall has fallen in love with his beautiful employer, we wish him at once all the success that he finally achieves.



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

A young wife's idolatry of her husband and the husband's unconscious error that leads to the most painful consequences for both is the framework of the story of "The Thief," which Charles Frohman will bring to the Van Ness Theatre, Monday, June 22, for an engagement of two weeks. This idea, richly amplified and clothed with the most ingenious ramifications, is developed into the absorbing drama that has made Henri Bernstein the most popular contemporary dramatist in France and his work the most sought after by managers in every country that supports the theatre. In the purely dramatic treatment of the theme Bernstein has shown distinct greatness. "Not since Sardou," has been the favorite French comment, "has the Paris Theatre known such a master of technique." For the performance of "The Thief" at the Van Ness Theatre Charles Frohman has gathered together a splendid cast, which is headed by Margaret Illington, last year leading woman with John Drew in "His House in Order," and soon to be a star in her own right because of her characterization of Marie Voysin in the long New York run of "The Thief." Others in the cast of "The Thief" are Bruce McKee, Edward R. Mawson, Sidney Herbert, Leonard Ide, Cecil Owen, and Isabel Richards.

The Orpheum hall for the week beginning this Sunday matinee will be headed by Sager Midgley and Gertie Carlisle, who are old favorites in this city. During their brief tour in vaudeville they will again portray the rôles which first brought them into prominence. Mr. Midgley will be seen as the very sleepy country humphkin and Miss Carlisle as the very wide-awake and fascinating village miss in the one-act rural classic, "After School." Grais's Prodiges, who will be included in the attractions of the coming week, are a troupe of monkeys and hahoons. A special feature of the act is the haboon Diavoleno looping the loop, which the European press pronounces amazing. Clifford and Burke, entertaining singing and conversational comedians, will take their share of the programme, and John and Mae Burke will present a new musical comedy-act by Will M. Cressy, entitled "How Patsy Went to War." Piano playing with some capital rag-time work by Mr. Burke and several well rendered songs by Miss Burke are incidents of a most attractive performance. Irving Jones, the quaint little colored comedian, will return for one week only and will amuse with new coon songs. It will be the second week of that splendid musical organization, the Fadettes of Boston, who will present entirely new programmes. Zeno, Jordan, and Zeno, and Bert Levy, the famous artist of the New York *Morning Telegraph*, will conclude their engagements with the coming bill. A particularly interesting and realistic series of motion pictures will be the finale to a most delightful entertainment.

Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon will devote the final week of their engagement at the Alcazar to an elaborate production of "The Walls of Jericho," by Alfred Sutro. They will be supported by the Alcazar stock company, and the prices are to remain unchanged. Jack Frohisher (Mr. Kelcey) is an Australian squatter returned to England, who marries the daughter of an impecunious peer, Lady Althea (Miss Shannon). Surrounded by men and women who are willing to take his bounty while they despise him for his humble origin, he asks his wife to return with him to Queensland, but she refuses, so he states his intention of going alone and taking their young child with him. Touched by her show of maternal feeling, he consents to leave the little one with her if she will promise to be a good mother, and she then lets her love for him prevail. The ending is happy and the performance leaves a deep impression of sincerity and strength.

The success of the musical comedy, "The King Maker," by Waldemar Young, W. C. Patterson, Race Whitney, and R. H. Bassett, at the Princess Theatre, is so great that it has been determined to continue it all next week. Great preparations are being made for the next production, which will be Lew Fields's great New York musical extravaganza success, "It Happened in Nordland." In order to secure a perfect cast Julius Steger has been engaged to portray his original rôle of Dr. Blotz. William Burriss, May Boley, Virginia Foltz, and Frank Farrington have also been specially engaged. The dainty little soubrette, Zoë Barnett, who has been enjoying a vacation, will make her reappearance in this piece, and Arthur Cunningham and the remainder of the Princess company will have suitable rôles. Selli Simonson, the famous musician, has been brought from the East on purpose to direct the production. It will be the first time in this city of "It Happened in Nordland."

William Collier will close his engagement at the Van Ness Theatre on Sunday night with his production of the farce, "Caught in the Rain." Collier's engagement has been a notable success.

In support of Henry Miller when he comes to the Van Ness Theatre with "The Great Divide" will be seen for the first time here one of the most rotatable emotional actresses of the

English stage, Miss Edyth Oliver. This brilliant artiste, who some time ago electrified all London by her intense portrayal of Medea, crossed the ocean especially to play the part of Ruth Jordan in this celebrated William Vaughn Moody drama.

One of the big productions for the coming season at Wallack's Theatre, New York, will be the musical comedy, "The Girl Question." A fine production of the piece made a big success in Chicago and San Francisco will have it almost as soon as New York.

In point of simplicity and economy, Henri Bernstein, the author of "The Thief," has few if any superiors among present-day dramatists. The cast of "The Thief" contains but seven persons; there are but three acts; the action takes place within twenty-four hours and the unities of place and incident are also observed.

Henry Miller's season at the Van Ness Theatre will open on Monday, July 6. The first production will be "The Great Divide."

Ola Humphreys, whose début as a soubrette was made at the old Alcazar, is one of the biggest stage favorites in Australia.

Maude Adams has decided to take "Twelfth Night" into her repertoire. She will play it on the road six weeks of next season.

Julia Marlowe will open her season early in her new play, "Gloria," and will also be seen in her Shakespearean successes.

LITERARY NOTES.

How to Write Fiction.

Clayton Hamilton has written a book that will be of immeasurable advantage to those who have ideas and of no advantage at all to those who lack them. For the space of some two hundred pages he gives us an examination of the essentials of story-writing, dividing his subject into such headings as "The Purpose of Fiction," "Realism and Romance," "The Nature of Narrative," "Plot," "Characters," "Setting," etc. He shows us the virtues of the good story, the demerits of the poor one, and with such unerring recognition that it becomes easy to cultivate the former and to avoid the latter. The perusal of his book must at least give to the literary aspirant a clear and concise idea of the goal before him. He may attain it or he may fail, but at least his failure will not be due to the lack of a compass. The book is enriched by an introduction by Brander Matthews. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

"Maury-Simonds Physical Geography," in handsome form and well illustrated, has been published by the American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. Price, \$1.20.

"Kimono Ballades, Some Cheerful Rhymes for Loafing Times," by Charles Coleman Stoddard, has been published by Calkins & Co., New York. Most of these rhymes are good. Price, 50 cents.

"Yolanda of Cyprus," a play by Cale Young Rice, has been published by the McClure Company, New York. The time is the sixteenth century and the place the island of Cyprus. Price, \$1.25.

"English Poems," edited by Edward Chauncey Baldwin and Harry G. Paul, is a collection of the best in English verse made with much discrimination and presented in admirable form. Published by the American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. Price, \$1.

"The Community and the Citizen," by Arthur William Dunn, is intended for the use of schools and is designed to give to the student essential elementary ideas regarding community life and the various relationships involved in citizenship. The treatment is lucid and the illustrations are valuable. The book is published by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

"The Christian Faith and the Old Testament," by John M. Thomas, president of Middlebury College, is an effort to show that modern criticism of the Old Testament, even when accepted at its full and proved value, has no destructive effect upon the Christian religion. It is hard to understand how under any circumstances truth can be supposed to militate against truth, but the book is so temperately written that it will doubtless give relief where relief is needed. It is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$1.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Macmillan Company report that the first large edition of Professor Lowell's "The Government of England" was exhausted on the day of publication. A second edition has been put to press and will be out at once. It is not often that so large and serious a work as this has an immediate sale rivaling that of a popular novel.

The new edition of the "Statesman's Year-Book," issued by Macmillans under the able editorship of Dr. J. Scott Keltie, has again

been considerably increased in size, owing to the additional information which it has been possible to embody in the sections devoted to certain countries.

The J. B. Lippincott Company has been informed of the engagement of H. Hesketh Prichard, the young author who captained the English team of cricketers that played in America last year, to Lady Elizabeth Grimston, daughter of Lord Verulam, and niece of the Duchess of Montrose. Two of Mr. Prichard's books, "The Chronicles of Don Q" and "Don Q in the Sierra," have been published in America.

A cable from Paris states that the intrusion of the sea, as well as the intrusion of the land, are combining to destroy Mont Saint Michel, on the Normandy coast, or at least to obliterate its picturesque qualities. Mont Saint Michel is the scene of Frederic Isham's recent novel, "The Lady of the Mount," published by Bohrs-Merrill. This charming romance will at least help to preserve the traditions of the past.

That political terminology should be enriched by such a phrase as "the Churchill vote" is certainly a testimony to the popularity of "Mr. Crewe's Career." That the phrase may have a definite meaning is clear enough when we understand that Mr. Churchill's readers are somewhere in the neighborhood of two millions.

The capital wealth of the United Kingdom was estimated by Sir R. Giffen in the year 1904 at the sum of £15,000,000,000. To this vast sum about £500,000 daily is being added.

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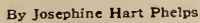
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VANITY FAIR.

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Woman, whatever she wears, is always charming. I how. But what woman wears is often the reverse of charming. The world is forever being surprised by its women. They are Classic one day and Pompadour the next; after that, who knows? Nobody.

At the present moment we are noticing an extraordinary person at restaurants, at the theatres, in the streets. She has sprung up in the night. Her waist has vanished, her hair is not as it was, her hat has out-matinée matinee hats. The Directoire lady has appeared. There is scarcely a woman in England who is not aware of the fact. There is scarcely a woman who is not looking mentally at her wardrobe and wondering how to model last year's dress to meet the fashion, for fashion is a sovereign power, and I will bet that even the lady, I forget her name, who rings a hell at political meetings is thinking about her hats.

This is woman's strength, that she is always coming out in some fresh allurements—like children who make surprising remarks and draw all attention.

Even the face with each varying fad of type adapts itself to its environment, as one sees by comparing the expression and pose of the Early Victorian girl with the Gibson girl. The Victorian girl, that pretty, demure, dove-like creature with sloping shoulders, ringlets, baby blue eyes, is becoming extinct—is in fact quite exterminated in certain metropolitan centres, and hard on her heels there appeared a passing vision, not yet wholly passed, of an awful thing called the New Woman. A creature who scorned all grace, beauty, and charm, who, refusing to continue to be a woman, rested content in her cheap imitation of her brother. A creature of short hair and long ideas, who wore masculine hoots, tweed suits, and stiff, mannish shirts. The evolution of this unpleasant type, however, ushered in the reign of a much more lovable one: a trim-built, normal-waisted, short-skirted young person, her skin browned and roughened by the unrestrained action of fresh air and sunshine. With fearless face, steady eyes, and a good square chin. The streets and country lanes soon swarmed with her. One had not suspected how much health and vigor there was in the world until the Gibson girl came in. But already the Gibson girl, while fearlessly holding her own, is closely rivaled by another type, rather a revival of an old type, with a new name. The "Sargeant throat" rivals the "Gibson chin" for the reason that women are realizing that nothing but the long slender throat Sargeant imparts to his sitters can give the long-stemmed champagne-glass grace to the hearing and pose.

Somewhere between those two extremes lies the æsthetic young person, fortunately relegated in these days chiefly to apparitions after lobster suppers. The full-throated, red-lipped, hooter-hooded, Burne-Jones girl, yearning with an equal soul-intensity over a bread-and-butter sandwich and a whirlwind passion; done usually in broad effects and faded colors. Like a last year's hat, she is still turning up with the unmistakable ear-marks of a passé fashion. But she will never die. She steals into the orchestral orgy a minor sixth, discordant, low-toned, but ever-present.

"Now one is just aware of the new girl with her lack of petticoat, her swathed body, her enormous hat. Chic is dead, and something at present undefinable has taken its place. And you will find that, after the first shock, women will mold themselves in this fashion, and big women will become mysteriously slim and elegant, and a new face will appear, a face of the correct date, a face that will fit the clothes," continues this agitator of the English mind on costumes.

And so on down the path of progress, strewn with cast-off clothes and worn-out fads, this fickle feminine fancy has recruited recklessly from the ranks of barbarian, slave, and nabob. Since the days when the number of strands of the cave ladies' heads or the style of wearing a wolfskin came under the sway of fashion's decree, this aggregation of inharmonies has grown in volume and vigor until theme and motif are lost in the general uproar.

Word comes from Paris that the fashionable figure is becoming straighter and straighter, with less bust, more waist, a still greater diminution of the hips and an unwarrantable length of limb until in a twilight every tree or umbrella may turn out to be a woman. The corset that achieves this elongated torso is an astonishing contrivance suggesting a cross between a swallow-tailed coat and a stove-pipe and is strapped down in the back to the stocking. Mme. Réjane gives a striking example of the way in which a large frame may be put into these required up-and-down lines. In a very long limp garment that might have suggested a winding-sheet had it not been black and that clung about her limbs like scales on a fish, she appeared recently at a

"varnishing day." With the untwining of her draperies, she displayed black patent-leather shoes mounted on high amethyst heels and adorned with amethyst huckles. Lace stockings of the same hue gleaming through the black folds of her skirt were judiciously displayed at every step. A broad-gauge sash, further accentuating her up-and-downness of line, was caught high on her waist, hanging in long straight folds weighted with heavy fringe, giving length at the expense of every hair's-breadth of width.

A dispatch from London to the New York World under the heading "A Head Like a Halo" discusses the gala performance in Covent Garden Opera House during the French president's visit to the king. The queen wore the rarest jewels in the royal collection, but they were utterly eclipsed by those of the Maharajah of Nepal, the Indian guest, and his suite. His scarlet turban, on the crown of which alone blazed half a million dollars' worth of rare stones, was the magnet that drew all eyes. The five four-foot caskets in which these precious gems were kept had all the way over been guarded by twelve servants of the Maharajah. The men sat on the cases during the daytime and slept on them at night, and when they were taken out of the van at Victoria Station their custodians lined up beside them and marched to the omnibuses in which they were placed, never for an instant relaxing their vigilance. Their guardianship was furthermore reinforced by a detachment of Scotland Yard detectives who hovered among the throng of porters surrounding the railway vans. And after the safe bestowal of the Maharajah's royal jewels it took fifty porters to clear away the mountain of luggage that had followed in five long railway trains. The platform, heaped with trunks, boxes, and crates, cages of singing birds, metals jars containing water from the Ganges, and boxes of breadstuffs required four omnibuses and seven vans to convey the freight to Mortimer House. When the Maharajah himself appeared with his forty retainers he was discovered to be a slender man of medium stature with a keen, observing countenance. Upon his head he wore a brilliant scarlet cap, dark overcoat of European cut, a flannel collar with a loose silk tie, while from under his loosely-fitting trousers of yellow silk emerged his trim patent-leather hoots.

Jewel necklaces made in imitation of those found on Egypt's mummified princesses are having a great vogue in Paris, and a French chemist who has at last succeeded in imitating these jewels in manufactured stones is giving the dealers in antiques trouble in discriminating between the genuine and the imitation. The composition resembles lapis lazuli and onyx, and their French imitator has succeeded in reproducing all the different colors of these stones in wonderful shaded effects. They are made in curious shapes and strung together in careful, haphazard design in groups and clusters, forming collars and pendants. The scarab, naturally, figures prominently in these necklaces that hang in loops and festoons of Oriental brilliance over throat and breast. Perhaps some impetus has been given to the new craze by the recent discoveries in Egypt. These discoveries include not only the mummy of the Pharaoh of the Exodus, who, it seems, was not overwhelmed in the Red Sea or anywhere else, but also an extraordinary collection of jewelry showing just how the ladies of Egypt were accustomed to make themselves beautiful.

One of the most peculiar and interesting evolutions in historic fashion is the growth and development of the ruff in England. This ruff began its career as a humble little something like a tuck running along the top of the chemisette from shoulder to shoulder. You can see it grow in the portraits of royal personages slowly but surely, like a great linen flower opening its pleated petals from generation to generation. During the reign of Henry VII it was scarcely more than a huddling excrescence, but with Henry VIII it had outgrown its tuck stage to the extent of reaching up to the ears and was beginning to sport a mild flare. Those were the days of such strict sumptuary laws that in order to wear black gemet you must be royal, to wear sahle you must out-rank your viscount neighbor, to wear marten or velvet trimmings you must be able to show an income of over two hundred marks a year. The reign of Edward VI and Queen Mary merely fostered the ruff without encouraging it to any greater development. But Queen Elizabeth, seeing in it possibilities for offsetting her red hair and clear skin, fanned it into vigorous life. In the sixteenth century the ruff burst into full bloom. Men and women, even tiny princesses, were overshadowed by the stiff rays of the ruff on all great occasions. Even over France, Germany, and Italy it spread its white pinions and held unquestioned sway until it fell with the "Round-Heads."

The packing houses of the United States are clean and pure—"in better condition than ever before"—is the cheerful announcement of Secretary Wilson, after reading the reports of the men in charge of inspection stations in Chicago, at San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon, and at Boston and Portland, Maine.

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STORYETTES.
Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.
A destitute author is said to have gone to Dumas père and threatened to suffocate himself and his three children unless Dumas could let him have three hundred francs at once. Dumas searched his coffers thoroughly, but could find only two hundred francs. "But I must have three, or I and the little loves are lost," "Suppose you suffocate yourself and save the little loves," said Dumas.

While a penurious grocer was telling his new boy how careful he must be a fly settled on a bag of sugar. The grocer caught it and threw it away. The boy then said: "If you want me to be careful, you are setting me a bad example." "Why?" asked the grocer. "Because," said the boy, "you have thrown that fly away without brushing the sugar off its feet."

A country parson was one day going his usual round of visiting, when he was stopped by one of his congregation, an old farm hand, who said, "An' hoo he yer darter this mornin', yer reverend?" "My daughter!" exclaimed the parson, rather surprised, "oh, she is quite well, thank you." "What?" cried the rustic; "quite well! Why, I heard she had a cyclc accident yesterday, an' husted her inner tubing!"

The students of an Eastern college grew so reckless in their behavior that the professor thought to reprove their conduct by a lecture on morality. They listened with due submission and humility. In the course of his lecture he said: "My young friends, the floors of hell are paved with champagne, automobiles, and chorus girls." He was horrified to hear one of the students say in a sepulchral tone: "Oh, Death, where is thy sting?"

It was a wise young man who paused before he answered the widow who asked him to guess her age. "You must have some idea of it," she said, with what was intended for an arch sidewise glance. "I have several ideas," he admitted, with a smile. "The only trouble is that I hesitate whether to make you ten years younger on account of your looks or ten years older on account of your brains." Then, while the widow smiled and blushed, he took a graceful but speedy leave.

A certain Sunday-school class in Philadelphia consists for the most part of youngsters who live in the poorer districts of the city. One Sunday the teacher told the class about Cain and Abel, and the following week she turned to Jimmie, a diminutive lad, who, however, had not been present the previous session. "Jimmie," she said, "I want you to tell me who killed Abel." "Aint no use askin' me, teacher," replied Jimmie; "I didn't even know he was dead."

A man had just arrived at a Massachusetts summer resort. In the afternoon he was sitting on the veranda when a handsome young woman and her six-year-old son came out. The little fellow at once made friends with the latest arrival. "What is your name?" he asked. Then, when this information had been given, he added, "Are you married?" "I am not married," responded the man, with a smile. At this the child paused a moment, and, turning to his mother, said: "What else was it, mamma, you wanted me to ask him?"

Buffalo Bill, who says that with hard work a man should live to be a centenarian, talked, at a reunion of Kansas cavalymen, about straight shooting. "It is hard work to learn to be a good shot," he said. "We Americans are better shots than most," he continued. "A French prince visited me on my ranch once, and we went out after birds. I came back with a full bag, but when I asked the prince what he had killed, he said proudly: 'Of ze hairs, none; zey are too difficile; but of ze vild cows and calves, I 'ave nine ovair ze 'ill.'"

"I am tired of seeing that everlasting mackerel brought in for breakfast," grumbled a boarder, "and I intend to speak to the landlady about it." Some of his fellow-victims applauded, but most of them doubted his courage. The matter was under discussion when the landlady appeared. "Miss Prunella," began the bold boarder, "I was about to say in regard to the mackerel that we desire a change." "It's good mackerel," responded the landlady grimly, "and there will be no change." "Then, for heaven's sake," resumed the bold boarder, "order the girl to bring it in tail first for a while."

Mr. Bryan, speaking of his own political prospects, tells the following story: "There was once a cowboy whose bad habits prevented him from receiving an invitation to a ranch-house dance. The fact that he was not invited made him angry, and on the night of the dance he put in an appearance. He was politely asked to leave, and he did so. After getting his courage up he entered the house a second time, and again he was asked to leave. He demurred and he was led out. Half an hour later he made his third appearance as an uninvited guest and he was

thrown out of the door and into the yard. After he gathered his scattered senses he mumbled to himself: 'I know what's the matter with them in there. They don't want me.'"

"A corruptionist," said Senator Depew, "once entered a voter's house. In the voter's absence he pleaded his cause to the man's wife. Finally, spying a wretched kitten on the floor, he said: 'I'll give you \$25 for that animal, ma'am.' She accepted those terms. The corruptionist, thrusting the kitten in his overcoat pocket, rose to go. At the door he said: 'I do hope you can persuade your husband to vote for me, ma'am.' 'I'll try to,' said the woman, 'though Jim's a hard one to move when his mind's made up; but anyhow, you've got a real cheap kitten there. Your opponent was in yesterday and gave me \$50 for its brother.'"

They were walking under a very little umbrella, and she liked it well enough not to want a large spread of alpaca. He was modest and seemed to be nervous, and she finally remarked, very softly, and with a note of interrogation: "Charlie, I'll carry the umbrella, if you will let me?" "Oh, no! I can carry it." "Yes, Charlie; but, you see, your arm takes up so much room that one side of me is out in the wet." "I know, Fanny; but what will I do with my arm? Won't it be in the way all the same?" "I don't know, Charlie; Tom Clark always knows what to do with his arm when he is under an umbrella with Mary Martin."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Spring Shopping.

It was the busy hour of four
When from a city hardware store
Emerged a gentleman who bore
6 screens, 50 feet of garden
hose, 1 rake, 1 wheelbarrow.

This gentleman with air distraught
A big department shop then sought
And there invested in or bought
40 yards mosquito netting,
1 hammock, 1 croquet set.

His business next our hero leads
Unto a place which retails seeds.
It takes to satisfy his needs
24 packages assorted annuals,
10 rose bushes, 1 peck mixed
bulbs.

The sun was low behind a hill
When he got to Lonelyville.
And then his wife in accents shrill
Pointed out that he'd forgotten
the sprinkling can, the pruning
shears and the lawnmower!

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Old Barney to the Boy.

Arrah! Barney ma houchal, 'tis courtin' ye are.
An' you but just out o' your dresses!
'Tis the light in your eye, like a new-risen star,
That this news to your father confesses.
Now ye're off to the town,
For the sun has gone down,
An' the spell o' the gloamin' is o'er ye.
Faith, ye'er started like me,
But it's lucky ye'll be
If ye end like yer father before ye.

Oh, the glamour o' night
Breeds a passion too light
For a daint long life-time's adornin',
But the blessin' that cheers
All the slow-wheelin' years
Is the love that blooms warm in the mornin'.

Arrah! Barney ma houchal, when I was a lad
I courted one lass an' another,
But the sorra bit comfort from anny I had
Till I came on the heart o' your mother.
Oh, her charms they were rare
In the dusk, at the fair,
At the dance, in the house she was born in,
But her heart, it was found
When I happened around
Where she sang at her work in the mornin'!

Oh, the glamour o' night
Breeds a passion too light
For a daint long life-time's adornin',
But the blessin' that cheers
All the slow-wheelin' years
Is the love that blooms warm in the mornin'.
—T. A. Daly, in the Catholic Standard and Times.

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LEGAL HOLIDAYS—SUNDAY TIME

Lv. San Francisco		Lv. Muir Woods		Lv. Tamalpais	
WEEK DAY	SUN- DAY	WEEK DAY	SUN- DAY	WEEK DAY	SUN- DAY
9:45 A.	7:15 A.	1:40 P.	10:40 A.	7:25 A.	9:28 A.
1:45 P.	8:15 A.	2:40 P.	12:16 P.	1:40 P.	11:10 A.
1:45 P.	9:15 A.	4:45 P.	1:40 P.	4:14 P.	12:16 P.
SATUR- DAY	9:45 A.	9:45 A.	2:45 P.	SATUR- DAY	1:40 P.
TAMALPAIS	11:15 A.	11:15 A.	4:40 P.	DAY	3:10 P.
only	12:45 A.	12:45 A.	5:45 P.	ONLY	4:40 P.
only	1:45 P.	1:45 P.	5:45 P.	ONLY	6:40 P.
only	3:45 P.	3:45 P.	5:45 P.	ONLY	9:50 P.
only	14:45 P.	14:45 P.	14:45 P.	only	8:15 P.

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

All the social life of San Francisco is scattered to the surrounding suburban towns at present and all of the events of importance take place at one pretty country town or another.

Nearly all of the country homes are open now and every week-end finds them well filled with guests, who spend the time motoring, riding, driving, playing tennis or golf.

The engagement is announced of Miss Pearl Judson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Curtis Judson, to Mr. Frank Alton Somers.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Engracia Critcher, daughter of Mrs. Enriqueta Critcher, to Lieutenant Frank B. Freyer, U. S. N., will take place at the Fairmont Hotel on Monday, June 22.

The wedding of Miss Beatrice Fife, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Fife, to Dr. Edmund D. Shortlidge, U. S. A., was celebrated on Wednesday at noon at St. Paul's Church, the Rev. Robert Renshaw officiating. Miss Jeannette Deal was the maid of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Frances Stewart, Miss Alice Wilson, Miss Dorothy Woods, and Miss Hilda Van Sickle. Dr. Rupert Blue was the best man. A reception to the relatives and bridal party followed at the home of the bride on Lake Street. Dr. and Mrs. Shortlidge have gone on a brief honeymoon trip and will return here for a few days before leaving for Fort Dupont, Delaware, where Dr. Shortlidge is stationed.

A very pretty wedding took place at Grace Church at high noon on Wednesday, June 16, the contracting parties being Mr. Frank M. Lobse of the Union Construction Company, Sonoma, and Miss Belle H. Kennedy, niece of Mr. J. H. Sharpe of this city. The rector of Grace Church officiated, and the ceremony was attended by the numerous relatives and many friends of both parties, who showered the young couple with good wishes for their future happiness.

The officers and ladies of the Presidio entertained at an informal hop at the Presidio Club on Friday evening of last week.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor was the hostess at a luncheon at the Claremont Country Club on Friday of last week in honor of Mrs. William S. Tevis.

Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., entertained at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week in honor of Miss Florence Breckinridge.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall entertained fifty guests at a dinner and vaudeville entertainment on Thursday evening at their home in San Mateo in celebration of the fifth anniversary of their wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon entertained at a dinner at the Fairmont on Tuesday evening of last week, their guests being Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. Callum, Dr. and Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mrs. Peter Marfin, Miss Florence Breckinridge, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Marguerite Le Breton, Miss Emily Wilson, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, the Rev. Edward Morgan, Mr. Allan Wright, Mr. Ronaldson, Mr. William Ronaldson, and Mr. Percy King.

Miss Genevieve King and Miss Hazel King entertained at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week.

Mr. Athole McBean was the host at a theatre party on Thursday evening of last week at which he entertained Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Scott, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Florence Breckinridge, Miss Margaret Newhall, Mr. Boyd Van Benthuyssen, and Mr. Raymond Armshy.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Captain J. C. Cantwell of the U. S. Revenue Service, now stationed at Norfolk, Virginia, accompanied by his wife, arrived at San Francisco on Monday of this week and will remain about ten days, stopping at their own home at Sausalito.

Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson and Miss Marie Christine de Guigne are spending a few weeks in Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. W. F. McNutt went down on Monday last for a stay of some weeks at Nippon Mura, Los Gatos.

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, Miss Martha Calhoun, and Miss Margaret Calhoun arrived last week from New York.

Vicomte and Vicomtesse Philippe de Tristan, who have been visiting here since last fall, will leave next month for their home in Paris. The Vicomtesse de Tristan was formerly Miss Josephine de Guigne.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas (formerly Miss Marie Louise Parrott) returned last week from a stay abroad of several years' duration, and will spend the summer here.

Miss Julia Langhorne, who left on Monday last for New York, will sail on June 24 for Europe, and will be the guest of Miss Helene Irwin in Paris for a time before joining her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hammond, in Germany. She will return to America in the early fall.

Mrs. William S. Tevis came down last week from her country place at Tahoe to visit Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor at the latter's home in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Babcock, who have been abroad for several months, were recently in Rome.

Mrs. Harry Poett is sojourning at Lake Tahoe for a few weeks.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale and Miss Bertha Sidney Smith, who left last week for New York, will sail on the *Maile* on June 24 for Europe.

Miss Louise Boyd, who is now at the Boyd country home in San Rafael, will go next month to Independence Lake for a stay of several weeks. Mrs. Kossuth Niles has returned from a visit to Mrs. William Bourn, Sr., at St. Helena and will leave next month for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger at Wood Lake.

Mrs. Evans S. Pillsbury will leave New York

today (Saturday) for San Francisco, and after a brief stay will go to her country home at Montecito for two months.

Mr. Frank King is at the Burlingame Club, where he will spend the summer months.

Mrs. Harrison Dibblee and her family are at Bolinas for the summer season.

Mrs. Charles Green and Miss Eleanor Cushing have been touring Southern California in a motor.

Miss Ida Bourn has been in town during the past ten days as the guest of Captain and Mrs. A. F. Rodgers.

Mrs. William Kohl, who has been in New York for several weeks past, sailed on Thursday for Europe, to be absent for several months.

Miss Maude Payne has been visiting Mrs. Covington Pringle at Menlo Park.

Mrs. Willis Davis, Miss Ednah Davis, and Miss Sidney Davis, who are now in Paris, will go shortly to Berlin and will sail for America on July 24.

Mrs. B. B. Cutter, who has been with her daughter, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, at Del Monte for the past six months, is at present the guest of Mrs. A. M. Easton at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland have left the Peninsula Hotel in San Mateo and are at their country place at Los Gatos.

Miss Emma Grimwood left this week for Shasta, where she will spend some weeks.

Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop is spending the month of June at Castle Crag.

Miss Mary Carrigan sailed on Monday last on the transport *Sheridan* from Manila for this city.

Mr. Wellington Gregg and Mr. George Cameron have taken an apartment at the Charlemagne for the summer months.

Miss Genevieve Harvey has been visiting here as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Oscar Cooper.

Mrs. Robert Sherwood is at the Hotel Vendome, San Jose, for the summer.

Miss Barbara Small left last week for an Eastern visit of a month's duration.

Mrs. A. W. Bacon of Santa Barbara is at the Fairmont.

Among the Southern visitors now at the Fairmont are: Mrs. Kenneth McAlpine, Portsmouth, Va.; Mrs. A. B. Keating, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Josephine Reed, Louisville, Ky.

Guests at the Fairmont from Southern California include: Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Kennen, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. Karl Triest, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Sisson, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Connell and Miss Marie J. Welch of the same city.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hale Brobeck of Taunton, Massachusetts, are at the Fairmont.

Mrs. William J. Somers of this city has gone to the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Pritchard of Rochester,

N. Y., are in San Francisco and are making the Fairmont their stopping place.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rowan of Los Angeles have been staying at the St. Francis during the past week.

Mrs. Gillett, wife of Governor Gillett, came down from Sacramento with her son and are at the Fairmont while in this city.

Mr. John G. Church, now acting admiral of the flotilla of torpedo boat destroyers, with the U. S. S. *Whipple* as his flagship, was among those registered at the Fairmont the past few days.

Mr. A. C. Taylor, U. S. A., Mr. Richard A. Mann, U. S. N., and Mr. William Mallison, U. S. N., are guests at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Isaac L. Requa of Piedmont and Mrs. R. M. Fitzgerald and Miss Mona L. Crellin of Oakland have engaged cottages at Etna Springs for the season.

Mr. J. B. Lankershim, proprietor of the beautiful Lankershim Hotel in Los Angeles, is the guest of the Fairmont.

Dr. R. Frank Gray of Colorado Hot Springs is at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Gavin McNah were registered at The Peninsula, San Mateo, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Orr Callaghan and Mr. James H. Callaghan of Hamilton, Ontario, are at the Fairmont.

Mrs. H. E. Bothin and Miss Genevieve Bothin are now visiting Etna Springs.

Captain R. H. Rolfe, U. S. A., Mrs. Rolfe, and the Misses Rolfe were guests at The Peninsula during last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney were at The Peninsula, San Mateo, Sunday.

Admiral C. S. Sperry, who has been stopping at The Peninsula, San Mateo, for several weeks, has returned to his flagship, the *Connecticut*. Mrs. Sperry and son, Mr. C. S. Sperry, Jr., will remain at The Peninsula indefinitely.

Mrs. B. A. Worthington, wife of Mr. B. A. Worthington, vice-president and general manager of the Wheeling and Lake Erie Road and also general manager of the Wahash, Pittsburg and Terminal Company, is visiting San Francisco with her two daughters. The party is stopping at the Hotel St. Francis.

Some recent arrivals at Hotel Normandie are: Mr. P. Anstruther, Honolulu; Mr. C. D. Pruitt, Omaha; Mr. L. Breuner, Sacramento; Mr. H. T. Hoffman, Berlin; Miss E. Marlow, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Lewis, Hollister; Mr. and Mrs. M. R. King, New York; Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Riley, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. F. Jackson, Tacoma; Rev. C. A. Richardson, Palo Alto; Miss Ellen V. Robinson, Chicago; Mr. Joseph Gardiner, Vancouver, B. C.; Mr. L. S. Moorehead, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. J. Seligman, Bernadillo, N. M.; Mr. and Mrs. Pratt Kline, Buffalo, N. Y.

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PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel J. W. Duncan, U. S. A., chief of staff of the Department of California, has returned from a tour of inspection to Atascadero Ranch, San Luis Obispo County.

Colonel John L. Chamberlain, inspector-general, U. S. A., has been relieved from treatment at the Army and Navy General Hospital, Hot Springs, Arkansas, and is ordered to return to his proper station.

Colonel George H. Torney, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been granted fifteen days' leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Colonel George M. Dunn, U. S. A., judge-advocate of the Philippine Division, was granted leave of absence for one month and fifteen days, which took effect on April 15, with permission to visit Japan and China.

Major Carroll A. Devol, quartermaster, U. S. A., has been detailed as a member of the Army Retiring Board, to meet in Washington, D. C., during the examination of Major Lawson M. Fuller, Ordnance Department, U. S. A.

Commander J. M. Orchard, U. S. N., is detached from the Ninth Lighthouse District, Chicago, and ordered to report to the commander, Third Squadron, Pacific Fleet, for duty.

Lieutenant-Commander S. E. Moses, U. S. N., is detached from the Georgia and ordered to the Naval Station, Hawaii, and additional duty in command of the Iroquois and assistant to inspector, Twelfth Lighthouse District, for service in Hawaii.

Lieutenant-Commander J. F. Carter, U. S. N., is detached from the Naval Station, Hawaii, and ordered to the Georgia.

Lieutenant-Commander K. McAlpine, U. S. N., is detached from the Connecticut and ordered home.

Captain Cornelius Smith, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has had the leave of absence granted him extended fifteen days.

Captain Francis A. Pope, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., Fort Mason, is detailed as a member of the Alaskan Board of Road Commissioners, and will proceed to Skagway, Alaska.

Captain Charles E. Morton, paymaster, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, to take effect about July 1.

Captain D. C. McDougall, U. S. M. C., is ordered to report to the major-general, commandant, Washington, D. C., for special duty.

Captain H. L. Roosevelt, assistant quartermaster, U. S. M. C. is ordered to proceed to Washington, D. C., for examination for promotion.

Lieutenant E. E. Spafford, U. S. N., is detached from the Tennessee and ordered home.

Lieutenant R. C. Davis, U. S. N., when discharged from the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, is ordered to the Fortune.

Lieutenant R. F. Zoghaum, U. S. N., is detached from the Charleston and ordered home.

Lieutenant T. A. Kittinger, U. S. N., is detached from the West Virginia and ordered home.

Lieutenant Sehning C. McGill, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at the Army Signal School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and will proceed about July 1 to the Presidio of San Francisco for duty with Company E. Signal Corps, U. S. A.

Lieutenant George L. Converse, Jr., Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., squadron quartermaster and commissary, is detailed to command the machine gun platoon, vice Captain Theodore Schultz, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., promoted and ordered to join his regiment.

Paymaster W. A. Greer, U. S. N., is detached from the Navy Yard, Mare Island, and ordered to duty as pay officer, Pensacola, Naval Training Station, San Francisco.

The Sixty-Sixth and the One Hundred and Fifty-Ninth companies, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., have been relieved from duty at the Presidio of San Francisco and ordered to proceed to Fort Barry, Marin County, California.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

The following are recent arrivals from San Francisco at Tahoe Tavern, Lake Tahoe: Dr. A. Barkan, Mr. E. V. Euphrat, Mr. and Mrs. M. Sheehan, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Naphaly, Mr. F. E. Brooks, Mr. E. A. Cuerson, Mr. E. Demers, Mr. M. G. Packscher, Mr. C. J. Bashford, Mr. E. G. Minarel, Mr. M. E. Campbell, Mr. Valentine Schaeffer, Mr. George Prentiss, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Wade, Mr. V. Schaefer, Mr. C. L. Clarke.

Among the arrivals from San Francisco at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were the following: Dr. and Mrs. Wachhorst, Mr. A. Korbel, Miss A. Korbel, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Colburn, Mrs. James Moore, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Prentice, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Healy, Mr. H. C. Hunt, Mr. S. H. Hutchinson, Mr. E. C. Hutchinson, Miss K. F. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Lowe, Mr. J. W. Harbourn, Mr. O. H. Greenwald, Mr. P. A. McDonald, Mr. E. H. Cosgriff, Mrs. H. N. Gray, Mrs. W. J. Shotwell.

Among the guests from San Francisco registered at Hotel Rafael are Miss Helen Son, Miss Blanche Son, Mrs. I. D. Klopstock, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Johnson, Mr. A. L. Carter, Mr. James C. Hammond, Miss Dorothy James, Miss Amy B. Seller, Mrs. H. A. Seller, Mrs. C. J. Bauer, Miss D. Levy, Mr. Henry Ashcroft, Mr. R. F. Tilton, Mr. C. L. Gage, Mr. T. A. Davis, Mr. L. A. Larsen, Mrs. L. Meyerstein, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Ward, Mr. E. J. Livernash, Mr. Gordon Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Volkman, Mr. William Volkman, Miss K. Atkinson, Miss Flor Paul, Mr. A. J. Rankin, Mr. J. A. Drummond, Miss A. Jackson.

The following guests from San Francisco are registered at Etna Springs: Mrs. Edward T. Houghton, maid, and children, Mrs. H. E. Bothin, Mrs. Hugo A. Wahl, Mr. J. B. Nevin, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. B. Varney, Miss Mabel Twigg, Mr.

G. P. Dyer, Mr. E. H. Hamilton, Miss Genevieve Bothin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter W. Menne, Mr. W. J. Wiley, Mr. Walter T. Varney, Mr. N. B. Livermore, Mr. and Mrs. Bush Fennell, Mr. P. S. Fennell. Other visitors to Etna Springs are: Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Burnham, of Oakland; Mrs. E. W. Williams and Mr. Harold E. Williams, of Berkeley; Dr. Bertha Peigle, of San Mateo; Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett and Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, of Burlingame; Mr. Edward W. Hopkins, of Menlo Park.

Among recent arrivals from San Francisco at The Peninsula, San Mateo, were Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Bailey, Mrs. I. Hanak, Miss Helen Tallant, Mr. Cicero Nichols, Mr. M. Frederick, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Gavin McNab, Mr. Walter N. Schoenfeld, Mr. Walter Unna, Mrs. I. Cohn, Mr. H. G. Martell, Dr. and Mrs. Murphy, Miss K. A. Beszon, Mr. Victor Francis, Mr. A. Deleporte, Mr. and Mrs. Grinbaum, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Ottenheimer, Mrs. Theodore Steiner, Miss Marcia Jane Steiner, Mr. W. F. Whittier, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Weatherly, Mr. and Mrs. S. Nickelshurg, Mrs. F. de Coursey, Mr. J. J. Jardine, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thom, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. Samuel Bibb, Miss Elsie P. Clarke, Mrs. M. Richards, Miss Marion Richards, Mr. J. L. E. Fermin, Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Meyers, Mrs. S. B. Blake, Mrs. L. P. Doe, Mr. Edward T. Schmitt and daughter, Mr. Herbert E. Clayburgh, Mrs. N. Blaisdell, Mrs. M. G. Bloghee, Mr. G. G. Gromley, Mr. G. M. Bernhard.

A few of the recent arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were: From Alameda—Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Benedict, Mrs. Edward Rue; from San Rafael—Mr. Arthur Dent, Mr. F. Roessli; from Oakland—Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Eifen, Mrs. H. Kahn, Miss S. Kahn, Miss A. Kahn, Mr. Parker, Mr. E. Greenhood, Mr. S. Klein, Miss Hazel M. Dutton, Mr. George C. Davis; from San Francisco—Mr. H. R. Smith, Miss Smith, Mr. C. Charles, Mr. R. L. Whitehead, Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Jones, Mr. Louis Rosenthal, Mr. D. E. Hayes, Mr. C. H. Barrett; from San Mateo—Mr. and Mrs. William Hunt; from Berkeley—Harold French; from Sacramento—Mr. and Mrs. G. S. White; from Council Bluffs, Iowa—Mrs. I. J. Day, Miss Elizabeth Day; from Colorado Springs, Colo.—Mrs. C. A. Eldridge; from St. Louis, Mo.—Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Patterson; from Lynn, Mass.—Mrs. J. G. Foster, Mrs. Norman Farnsworth, Mr. W. E. Hiller; from Boston, Mass.—Miss Anna Brownell, Mr. M. F. Brownell; from Bridgeport, Conn.—Miss Elizabeth C. Smith; from Clinton, Iowa—Miss W. A. O'Donnell; from Albany, N. Y.—Mr. W. C. Langbridge, Mrs. Langbridge; from Nevada—Mr. Dudley B. Acree, Mrs. D. B. Acree, Miss Eta Wallis, Miss Alice Baldy; from Springfield, Ohio—Miss Mary Gertrude North; from Kansas City, Mo.—Miss Rebecca Laury, Miss Mahel Hartman, Mr. R. M. Coombs, Mr. W. C. McColton.

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Little New York Boy—Say, father, when will I be old enough so that I won't have to get up and give my seat to a lady?—*Life*.

"My wife made an engagement for me to dine at the Bings. I forgot and went fishing." "Catch anything?" "Not until I got home."—*Plain Dealer*.

Curio—I haven't seen your husband at church recently, Mrs. Bloggs. What is he doing? Mrs. Bloggs—"E he a doin' six months, sir!"—*London Opinion*.

Nell—Maude has a new dressmaker; what do you think of the fit of her new gown? *Belle*—I shouldn't call it a fit; I should call it a convulsion.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Do you consider your nerve is sufficiently steady to fit you for an airship navigator?" "Well, I've been out in a canoe with a nervous fat girl."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Mr. Howe—I suppose you have studied all the authorities on social and economic questions? *Mr. Wise*—Not quite all. My daughter's graduation essay is not out yet.—*Life*.

Prospective Tenant—I should want the studio for sculpture. *Caretaker*—Yes, sir; some of these is rented for that. There's a sculptor mouldering next door, sir.—*Horper's Weekly*.

"Ma!" "Well, dear?" "Does th' Bible honestly say that we gotta love our enemies?" "Yes." "Gee!" "What's the matter?" "I—I wisht I'd 'a' picked some different enemies."—*Cleveland Leader*.

The art photographer had visited the farm. "I want to make an exhaustive study of this particular hit of landscape," he said, "and would like to have your hired man retain his

present position on the fence there. Can he sit still?" "For days at a time," replied the farmer.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"This is a new shaving soap I'm using," said the barber. "How do you like it?" "Applied externally," spluttered the victim.—*The Catholic Standard and Times*.

Father (to little son returning from horse-*bock ride*)—Got a fall, did you? Well, I hope you didn't cry like a baby? *Son*—No, dad, I didn't cry. I just said one word—the same as you'd have said!—*Punch*.

"I wonder," exclaimed the wrathful woman witness, "that the lawyer on the other side can lie easy in his bed!" "He can, probably," replied her husband, "but he prefers to do it in court."—*Baltimore American*.

Heiress—But, father, that handsome foreign count says he will do something desperate and awful if I do not marry him. *Father* (dryly)—He will. He will have to go to work.—*Baltimore American*.

The young man carefully removed the cigars from his vest pocket and placed them on the piano. Then he opened his arms. But the young girl did not flutter to them. "You," she said coldly, "have loved before."—*Record-Herald*.

The late Bishop Coleman of Delaware was somewhat deaf. Once while attending a banquet he was assigned to a young lady who did not know of his affliction. In consequence conversation was found to be somewhat difficult. In a burst of enthusiasm the young lady inquired: "Bishop, do you like bananas?" At first the prelate did not reply, but upon the question being repeated he admitted confidentially, "I must say I still prefer the old-fashioned night gowns."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

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S. S. America Maru..... Saturday, August 1, 1908
S. S. Nippon Maru..... Saturday, August 29, 1908

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THIRTY-SECOND YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Conviction of Bartnett.

The prompt conviction of Bartnett is gratifying in itself as a merited punishment for gross wrongdoing, and it is further gratifying as illustrating that the law is equal to its tasks when it is given a fair chance. The evidence against Bartnett was no more direct or positive than that available against some twenty or more professional boddlers, including Ruef and Schmitz, who are now free or practically so through the blundering and the chicane of those who have assumed to represent law. If the so-called graft prosecution, putting aside private enmity and malice, putting aside political purposes, putting aside municipal jockeying, putting aside private ambition with the claims of ambition and vanity, putting aside all temptation to do fraudulent and cheap tricks—if the prosecution had done these things and had devoted itself with concentrated purpose to the work of prosecuting criminality high and low, Ruef and Schmitz and their co-partners in crime would all have been safely housed at San Quentin before now. It is because the prosecutors did not go about their business with honest purpose, with honest and decent methods, animated solely by the wish and the will to do their work fairly and thoroughly, that we are today discredited and cursed by

their failure. Let us add that the outcome, precisely as we have it, was foreseen and foretold again and again while still there was time for the adoption of straightforward and honest policies. Whoever has read these columns these two years past will bear witness that again and again and still again with unwearied iteration and with the utmost emphasis at its command, the *Argonaut* pointed out to the blundering prosecutors the end to which their courses would surely take them and pleaded with them to abandon their scheme of pettifoggery, of trafficking, of fraud and falsehood, and to walk the straight road of moral and legal legitimacy.

Taft and Sherman.

Since the foundation of the government no man has come to the presidential office so adequately prepared by experience and training for its duties as William Howard Taft. He is fifty-one years of age and in the very prime of his powers. He is both a scholar and one acquainted with business affairs. By the time he was forty years of age he had won success at the bar as a practicing lawyer and, later, had distinguished himself as a judge. In his more recent career as an administrator he has been for a considerable period in each post, the governing head of two essentially foreign countries—Cuba and the Philippine Islands—and the head of one of the great departments of our national administration. In the character of special envoy he has visited the principal countries of the world and come into direct and personal relations with their foremost men. It may be said of Mr. Taft, recalling his experiences at home and abroad, that his acquaintance with the governing forces of the world today is more comprehensive than that of any other man, certainly than any other man of similar responsibilities and prospects.

The choice of this type of man—of a man schooled and drilled, so to speak, for the great duties of the presidency—is a distinct departure from American practice. Hitherto we have selected our presidents upon other considerations; and with only a few exceptions, they have been men of essentially American experience and limited outlook. There has never been even an effort to put into the presidency a man definitely acquainted with the world and its affairs and adjusted by experience and temperament to the work of administration. And in truth there has been less need of it in times past than now, when, through the progress of events, our responsibilities have become enlarged to the full circumference of the world. In the day when we were purely a domestic people and when our national policies related wholly to our home affairs, it was possible without serious hazard to entrust the presidency to a provincial like Franklin Pierce or William Henry Harrison. But today, when every larger project of national policy touches at some point upon the interest of every other country, the President ought to be a man of wide outlook, of comprehensive knowledge, and of expert skill in the management of great affairs. In the length and breadth of our country there is no man whose experiences and successes in the sphere of international affairs is comparable to that of Mr. Taft.

By temperament Mr. Taft is not only suited to the work of the presidency, but to the special needs of the time. Nothing is now so essential to the general welfare of the country as a poised administration, dependably thorough and honest, likewise dependably steady-going. The country needs repose; it wants the chance to get its breath and to recover a certain sense of material and moral security. Mr. Taft is no reactionary; the so-called Roosevelt policies are quite as much his own as they are Roosevelt's; under the hand of Taft there will be no turning back to the gross materialism of the period when Republican policies were dominated by Mark Hanna. But while Mr. Taft may be depended upon to enforce the laws and to assist in their readjustment as time and events may suggest, he may likewise be depended upon to proceed in the manner and after

the fashion of a considerate, responsible, and conservative administrator. He may be depended upon to relieve the national administration of that disturbing element of intense personalism which Mr. Roosevelt has imposed upon it.

It is gratifying to be able to say that on the personal side Mr. Taft perfectly meets the requirements of the ideal American gentleman. He comes of the old American stock—of that breed whose forbears were schooled in the town meeting and who made grievous sacrifices that this country might be free. He comes of an educated breed—of a race who thought it better worth while to endow their sons with knowledge than to increase their holdings of railway or sugar stocks. It is to be recalled that when Mr. Taft visited Havana some two years ago to adjust a serious political complication, he was able to turn aside as if for a holiday, to give before the University of Cuba a philosophical address which attracted the attention and interest of the wide world of scholarship. On the intellectual side Mr. Taft's character is of that quality so truly aristocratic as to make him practically the soundest of democrats. He is the type of aristocrat who scorns special privilege and who loves equity; furthermore, he is one whose propensities match his principles. On the purely domestic side Mr. Taft's character is of the best. There is no home in Washington whose atmosphere is sweeter than his own, and there is no family group whose sentiments are more genuine or whose interests are more closely knit.

The *Argonaut* has very frankly declared its disapproval of certain means by which Mr. Taft's candidacy was promoted prior to the convention. Its opinions have not been modified by the outcome. It hopes that never again may the American people be compelled to witness a similar misuse of the presidential powers. But even while condemning the political activities of the administration, we have never for a moment forgotten the preëminent qualifications of the candidate himself. Once before during a period of contention it was remarked in these columns that on the whole no man fitted for the presidency, equally with Mr. Taft, had ever been presented to the people as a candidate for that office. This was the simple truth when it was spoken; it is the simple truth today!

The *Argonaut* has no fear that in the presidency Mr. Taft will be a dummy, another man's man, as somebody has put it. He has never been a dummy in any other relationship of his life; his whole course has been marked by a singular frankness and independence combined with a ready initiative. Furthermore, there is not in the public life of the country any man qualified either by character or intellectual endowment even to attempt to direct a man of Mr. Taft's quality.

James S. Sherman of Utica, New York, named by the Republican party as its candidate for the vice-presidency, while a lesser figure than Mr. Taft, is none the less a man of character and practical capability. Like Mr. Taft he is of the old American stock, one whose mind and character stand upon the background of a long line of wholesome American breeding. He is the son of a judge and himself a lawyer, though for nearly twenty years his energies have been given to public service as a member of Congress. Mr. Sherman is by temperament a follower rather than a leader; he has been in recent years a strict administration man, that is, one dependably on the side of the President in all his activities. This, from the standpoint of the *Argonaut*, is not the highest praise, but it does mark Mr. Sherman as a man fixed in the virtues of loyalty and dependability and as one thoroughly enlisted on the progressive and moral side of pending public issues.

It is necessary in candor to say that Mr. Sherman is hardly a man who would have been thought of for the first place on the ticket. He is not precisely presidential timber; therefore, in a sense, his nomination for the vice-presidency may be subject to criticism. But while Mr. Sherman is neither a large nor commanding

figure, he is one upon whom the country may securely depend in an emergency. He is equal to every essential requirement of the office for which he has been nominated, and is therefore entirely worthy of public confidence and support.

An Exploded "Movement"—and Why.

In 1906—only two years ago—the State of Georgia fell under what at the time was widely exploited as a great reform movement. The people wanted or thought they wanted negro disfranchisement, prohibition, and above all a drastic regulation of all public utilities, especially railroads. In the mood of the hour prosperity was to be won for the people through a systematic "regulation" of everybody and everything upon the broad theory that the leading men in affairs—especially if they happened to be corporation men—were greedy and remorseless public enemies, and due to be treated as such.

As usual when public sentiment in any direction comes to a boil there arose a man of the hour. It was none other than Hoke Smith, a man who had acquired political experience and some distinction in Cleveland's second Cabinet, and who ever since his retirement from that job had been waiting a chance for a fresh venture in the field of politics. Smith took the stump and promised everything; and it is admitted that later on as governor he kept faith. Among other things, he persistently pursued the railroads as enemies of public welfare and mulcted them at every point where the powers of his office could be made effective. For a full year or something better, Governor Smith was the idol of his State; and there were those to hope that the might of his name and fame, backed by the force of the new movement in politics and affairs, might once more give to the South a President.

Within recent months—indeed until the primary election of two weeks back—the country has not heard much of Governor Smith; and now we have the astounding news that as a candidate for re-nomination he has been defeated by some forty and odd thousand votes. What is worse, his successful rival is a man all but unknown in politics, one Joseph M. Brown, who in the height of his anti-railroad, anti-property campaign, Governor Smith had contemptuously dismissed from the State Railroad Commission. More extraordinary still, Governor Smith, who is a very darling of a spell-binder, made a strenuous campaign, while Brown never once appeared upon the stump, limiting his campaign efforts, so it is said, to the writing of fifteen postal cards.

Ever since the primary election newspapers of Georgia, and of the whole South for that matter, have been busy explaining how Governor Smith's defeat came about and what it means. The *Augusta Chronicle* (Dem.) declares that while certain "little extra flourishes" have caused confusion in interpreting this notable event, the people of Georgia have "experienced a change of heart with regard to the policy of dealing with railroads and other corporations." The *Washington Post* (Ind.) points to Governor Smith's defeat as "a flaming beacon of warning to over-zealous politicians who try to make capital out of the persecution of corporations." According to the *Augusta Chronicle* (Dem.):

It means that Georgians have turned their backs on down-right demagoguery, and are disposed to listen to the voice of prudence and reason.

It means that Georgia has reopened her doors to enterprise and to capital; that she has proclaimed to all the world that her people favor free and equal rights for the resident and the non-resident engaged in her development.

It means that her people have had enough of "reform"—if under that name can masquerade all the extreme and spiteful public policies that past-masters in demagoguery can invent—and that they have resurrected and restored to its former place their proud old Commonwealth's time-honored motto, WISDOM, JUSTICE, MODERATION.

The Montgomery Advertiser remarks:

As did Georgia, so will other States that went off on the same wild tangent when the opportunity is given to the voters. Alabama can not throw off her shackles until two years or more have elapsed, but perhaps results elsewhere may have some effect here in the direction of a return to "sanity, justice, and conservatism."

The *Nashville American* (Dem.) declares that the "wave of fanaticism and hysteria sweeping with blighting influence over the country crested in Georgia." The Democratic party in that State, it says, "has at last woken up, disgusted and ashamed," and its awakening "marks the beginning of the end"; and it adds:

We will get rid of riders of hobby-horses, fads and fanatism, peace-disturbers and self-appointed directors of democracy, male and female, holy and unholy, and he once more a

united and dominant democracy. And this is the great significance of the Georgia election.

Viewing the situation broadly, the *New York Times* (Dem.) makes the following suggestive remark:

The news from Georgia reached the public just a trifle before Secretary Bonaparte's announcement that "owing to several accidental happenings" it would not be practicable for several months to press the suit for the \$68,000,000 fine against the Standard Oil Trust. "Other unforeseen happenings" will also prevent the trial of leading cases under the Sherman and Elkins laws. It is impossible to say whether the Georgia election returns are the accidental occurrences and unforeseen happenings which the Secretary had in mind, but they seem to fit the case.

Having quoted thus freely from many commentators nearer the seat of events and therefore in a sense better qualified to interpret the defeat of Governor Smith in Georgia, it is hardly necessary for the *Argonaut* to add any speculations of its own.

The President's Letter.

In the President's letter to Mr. Spreckels we have the reflection of a curiously vagarious mind. It is a mind quick to conceive but quite as likely to gain false impressions as sound ones. It is a mind predisposed to virtue, yet forgetful of the first precepts of virtue under the working of its own combative impulses. It is a mind prone to be carried beyond the sphere of self-control by an egregious development of self-esteem. It is a mind upon which reason, and even facts adverse to its own mood, make no impression other than to inflame and carry beyond all bounds the spirit of resistance. It is a mind essentially lacking in that fine integrity which takes care to be right before it ventures to declare itself. We have observed the activities of this mind in other relationships. Again and again we have seen it, like the King of France, first march up hill and then march down again; and yet we have not observed that it has gained restraint through these humiliations. It still works on the slap-dash, rip-snort, hell-bent principle, regardless of aught save the immediate impulse or the immediate passion.

Is there in the world one other man so self-sufficient as to venture to set himself up as the final determinator, at a distance of three thousand miles from the scene of events, without investigation of the facts, and on top of all, uninvited, of matters like those in question at San Francisco? Is there another man in the world whose conceit is so colossal as to justify him in his own mind in censuring the judgments of courts whose responsibilities are positive, whose examination of involved questions has been manifestly profound, and whose virtue is presumptively as good as his own? Is there another man so cock-sure of the wisdom of his own impulses—we do not say judgments—as to dare employ moral powers, given unto his hands as a sacred trust, in support of a group of conspirators concerning whose character and doings he manifestly knows nothing? Did absolutism ever before take a form so completely inspired by the spirit of egotism? Did moral audacity ever before go so far as to endow its own vagarious conceptions with the sanctity of religious verity? Did ever that poor offspring of weakness and fallibility, human opinion, a thing forever questioned and distrusted by the wiser among men, so vaunt and flatter itself?

The letter itself bears internal marks of the motives under which it was written. Some "personal friend," with more sentiment than judgment and with a school-teacherlike incapability of comprehending the meaning of facts, has informed the President that the "great movement" is in need of help—as most truly it is. And upon the basis of this appeal, without examination of the facts, with the wish not so much to be right as to aid certain persons to whom he had previously given support, the President has grasped his pen and had at it. This evidently is the history of this extraordinary performance. It is an unworthy effort to prop up with the aid of presidential prestige a cause which has lost itself through the moral and mental delinquencies of its agents. Of course this effort comes to nothing, practically, because the time is past when "influence" of any kind means anything. Our affairs have reached a stage when it is not passion, not personal opinion, not "atmosphere," but fact and law that count. It may, indeed, through inflaming his vanities, stimulate in Mr. Spreckels a new spirit of stubbornness; but a stage has been reached in this matter when neither Mr. Spreckels's temperament nor his money can sustain a movement whose moral powers have been lost in the face of the world.

The President's letter assumes a wholly false foundation. Mr. Spreckels and Mr. Heney are associated in

a great and good fight. They are the victims of slander and wicked falsehood. As the personal custodians of the principles of virtue and honor in San Francisco, Spreckels and Heney, in spite of the enmity of great financiers and the contempt of the better part of the press, must fight valiantly on. Furthermore they must be good-natured about it; Spreckels must keep on smiling, while Heney must proceed in his own amiable way "without becoming angered and irritated to a degree that will in any way cause us to lose our heads." This by way of compliment upon the record of the past two months, is a particularly happy remark.

Then upon the basis of assumptions so wide of the mark as to be ridiculous, the President goes on to preach the same old sermon he is forever preaching with respect to honesty, square dealing, labor unions, corporations, etc., etc. It is simply a new order cut off the same old piece, thrown in at the end of an ill-informed and foolish letter to give it the right sort of unction with that truly moral ring with which the President so loves to characterize his utterances.

If the President, before writing this letter, had taken the pains to inform himself; if he had hearkened to men who know the facts and whose judgment is a dependable quantity—in brief, if he had proceeded more like a sober-minded man under the weight of serious moral responsibilities than like a hot-headed boy, eager to sustain pre-conceived notions and to stand by certain persons for no better reason than that he had already commended them, he would have written a different sort of letter. Or he would have written no letter at all.

Home Rule in India.

We need not give too much credit to the report, widely circulated in New York, that English detectives and Pinkerton men are actively engaged in watching Hindu students in America who are supposed to have coalesced with the Clan Na Gael for the purpose of expelling the British from India. The total number of these students in the country is only 160, and even if they were all of them in the last stages of disaffection we can hardly suppose that they have very much influence over the three hundred millions of their countrymen on the other side of the world. No doubt the average educated Hindu has his good points, but if we may judge from the few representatives of his class who have traveled westward—usually by the aid of maiden ladies and eccentric religionists—we should hardly take him to be a born leader of men or a dangerous conspirator. The *babu* is usually fluent along two lines—his own virtues and the great philosophy of Mr. Herbert Spencer. It may be that among his wholly illiterate countrymen a knowledge of the binomial theorem is mistaken for a profound statecraft, and a glib and conceited materialism for an enlightened patriotism, but it is hard to imagine that these precocious young men constitute a serious threat to British rule in India.

None the less the domination of the white man in India is by no means so secure as it was ten years ago. There is no reason why it should be if we accept the very obvious truism that the world does move. There was a time when the withdrawal of the British garrison from India would have been the signal for the various races and faiths of that mysterious land to fly at each others' throats for the love of God. Perhaps that condition still continues, but the real leaders in India have every right to believe, as they profess to do, that an increase of toleration and the leaven of modern intelligence have so far broken down the prejudice of caste and creed that the lamb and the lion, the Hindu and the Musselman, the Buddhist and the Brahmin, can lie down in safety together or at least deliberate for the public good. Toleration and intelligence have worked miracles in America and in Europe during the last few years, and it is not unfair to suppose that even in Asia they have done something to invalidate the old claim of the British that they are in India for the good of the Indian and not at all for their own benefit. Nothing on earth can cover so much self-seeking as a moral claim, and there is no such happy and profitable combination as philanthropy and dividends. But there may be something in the assertion of many intelligent Indians that whatever their faults in the past, they have now reached a stage where they can govern themselves or at least help to do so, and that there can be no possible finality about an arrangement by which three hundred millions of people are ruled by an eminently respectable gentleman in London aided by a few white soldiers on the spot.

We can not yet say how general this feeling may be

in India, but it is very certain that a good deal of it exists and that it shows itself in ways very oriental and very disagreeable. The actual outrages, the seditious newspapers, the growing insolence of the natives, the incendiary speeches, are bad enough in their way, but every Indian official knows that these things are insignificant in comparison with the vague and mysterious unrest among the teeming millions of natives that make these things possible. There may be no formulated ambition for self-government, no definite aim or clear purpose, but the authorities know perfectly well that some great national movement is in progress, and they realize that unless diplomacy and prestige can check it at an early stage there is no physical force that can do so if it once comes to a head. The memory of the Indian mutiny is still fresh, and if instead of mutiny there should be a general national rising not all the king's horses and all the king's men could do much to stay it. It may be quite true that a large part of the Indian army would preserve its loyalty and that the Sikhs, the Gurkas, and the Mahrattas could be depended upon to the end. This may be true, but on the other hand it may not. Who shall prophesy where religious fanaticism points one way and military duty to an alien points the other? It may be true that no Indian soldier has ever been instructed in the use of artillery, but those who can derive any great consolation in this way must be among those who are grateful for small mercies.

There is no doubt that India has derived great benefits from British rule, but a sense of gratitude that is by no means too apparent in private life may safely be ignored where nations are concerned, and especially oriental nations. England has made the mistake of supposing that as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, in India. She should have kept steadily in mind the indisputable fact that the unrepresentative government of three hundred millions of people may have been a temporary necessity, but that as a permanent institution it is inconceivable. She should have worked and planned for the day when some beginning of democratic government could be attempted and she should have welcomed every opportunity to make a beginning. But she has not done so. She has assumed it to be the perpetual and unchanging will of Providence that India should be governed from Downing Street and from nowhere else, and every suggestion to the contrary has been a proof of political blasphemy and intellectual and moral degeneracy. The time may not yet have come for India to take a step forward, but if three hundred millions of people think that the time has come they have at least a very persuasive majority upon their side.

Senator Perkins.

The *Argonaut* is in no sense a special champion of Senator Perkins and does not wish to be so regarded; nevertheless it has no sympathy with those who are forever seeking to belittle the capacity and the achievements of that gentleman and to discredit his candidacy for reelection. Other things being equal, the "man on the job" is always to be preferred to an untried man. Mr. Perkins has now been in the Senate fifteen years. He was first appointed in 1893 to succeed Senator Stanford and was duly elected to fill the unexpired term by the next succeeding legislature. In 1897 he was elected as his own successor and in 1903 he was again reelected. By the 4th of March next he will have served, all told, sixteen years, standing in the Senate among the six or seven men of established priority of position due to long service. He has, too, the strength which comes from working familiarity with senatorial procedure, with intimate acquaintance and excellent social relations in the Senate itself and from close familiarity in the several departments and departmental bureaus where much of the work of a senator who represents a State like our own, remote from the seat of government, must be done.

On the personal side it is to be said for Mr. Perkins that he is a man of unremitting industry and with an infinite social tact. He makes friends and he has friends. This may not be the very highest praise, but those who understand the inside workings of the government know how much it means as related to the effectiveness of a senator. No small part of Senator Perkins's preëminent success at the point of doing things for California is to be accredited to the qualities here described.

It is not claimed for Senator Perkins that he is a born political genius or a profound political student. He is a man of intense activity rather than a man of heavy intellectuality. He makes no pretensions in the

sphere of profounder statecraft; and yet as a practical man and as a ready man, his opinions are constantly sought in the Senate, where they have a distinct and effective weight. His long practical acquaintance with affairs has made him a sound counselor; for he has a good knowledge of the working of the government and of its relationship to its general responsibilities. He is, it is pleasant to add, always and dependably to be found on the right side of every moral issue.

At the close of his term, on the 4th of next March, Mr. Perkins will be sixty-nine years old, an age when many men are on the down grade as to working efficiency. But a life of moderation, of broad interests, of universal good will, has left him a vitality practically unimpaired. He is today as active in body and mind, as competent in every way, as many a man of forty-five "or thereabout." No business concern employing Mr. Perkins would think of retiring him on the score of superannuation. Certainly with the advantages which acquaintance and prestige give him, he is likely to be quite as efficient during the next six years as any new man likely to be chosen.

We know there are those who never cease saying that California needs in the Senate a man of "larger mold." We grant that if there could be found a combination of Daniel Webster, our departed but well-remembered friend Glad-Hand McCormick, and a ten-thousand-horse-power dynamo, it might be worth while to turn out even old and valued public servants to make a place for him. But no such phenomenon is in sight. Certainly the feeble and feminine Pardee, who is confessedly the ideal of Senator Perkins's most persistent critics, does not fill the bill.

"Labor" at Chicago.

The only real contest at Chicago was with respect to the aggressive demands of Samuel Gompers, a foreign agitator who assumes not only to prescribe but to enforce the policies of organized labor in this country. Prior to the convention Gompers had succeeded in impressing Mr. Roosevelt with his potentialities, in other words in frightening him with respect to the attitude of organized labor towards Mr. Taft. Mr. Roosevelt had consented that the party platform should have in it a plank tending to conciliate labor; and as it was worked out in advance by the platform makers under presidential inspiration, the labor plank pledged the party to such modification of the injunction laws as would practically exempt labor from their provisions. In other words, assurance was to be given that the laws would be so changed that the Federal courts should not restrain organized labor from those aggressive acts—the open boycott, picketing, etc., etc.—by which it commonly seeks to enforce its mandates. To such an extent did the President go, and, it must be confessed, to such an extent did he drag Mr. Taft after him, as to consent to a serious departure from the simple principle of equity and common justice.

Emboldened by this concession, Mr. Gompers went to Chicago, and, Democrat though he is, undertook to instruct the Republicans how to write their platform. It is interesting to go over his demands, since they present in concrete form the theory of labor unionism with respect to its own status, and further with respect to the privileges which it seeks to enforce. Mr. Gompers's draft of a labor plank asserts that "labor is the superior of capital and deserves much more of consideration." It pledges the Republican party to the enactment of a law exempting labor organizations, etc., from those penalties established against combinations in restraint of trade. It further pledges the party to nullify the laws relative to injunctions in labor cases. Other and minor demands are for a general employers' liability act, for woman's suffrage, for a separate department of labor, for a Federal bureau of mines and mining, for the establishment of United States Government postal savings banks.

The chief points in this programme relate to the injunction law. As matters stand under existing law organized labor may by injunction be restrained from those violences which commonly accompany strikes and boycotts. Gompers's demand is for such change in the law as will render the courts powerless to step in upon an excited condition of affairs and hold the parties engaged in it to a reasonable restraint. The present law, not indeed so effectively as might be desired, still to some extent restrains and prevents crime. Gompers's idea is to give license to violent impulse and to deal with any given case after the mischief has happened. "As well," said this impudent agitator in his argument before the committee, "deny to labor the right to organize, as to interdict its normal activities." Or,

in other words, what is the use of allowing labor to organize unless it has also leave to intimidate, to maim, and to murder?

The convention found itself in a curious situation. It was a strictly programmed body and in an extraordinary sense amenable to orders; and yet the members could not bring themselves even under the executive whip to make so tremendous a concession. Speaker Cannon—who, strict party man though he is, has a keen eye for a moral issue when he sees it—came boldly to the front and gave to the cause of old-fashioned Americanism, with its principle of one law and one justice for all, a championship which it seriously needed. The proposed declaration, he said, was inequitable and revolutionary; and for his part he would resign his official position rather than sign his name to a law so abandoning every traditional principle and so potential for mischief. The convention, in spite of its general subservience, was in sympathy with Mr. Cannon. In the end the original draft of a labor plank as approved at Washington, along with the ridiculous substitute of Mr. Gompers, was thrown out, and in its stead there was adopted that curious jumble of phrases which may possibly mean something but which has not as yet been so interpreted as to enable anybody to precisely understand it. From the fact that it is entirely satisfactory to Mr. Cannon and that it is not in the least satisfactory to Mr. Gompers, we may fairly infer that at this point the forces of common sense and conservatism met and overcame all other convention influences, internal and external.

It would indeed have been a pity if the national Republican party had gotten off on the wrong foot with respect to this great issue. In the very nature of things the Republican party must sustain those essential principles under which the rights alike of property and of labor are guaranteed and upon which social order rests as upon its foundations. No matter where the vagaries of sentiment or the immediate policies of political timidity may lead, we must in the final settlement of this issue come down to bed-rock principles; and when we shall have reached that point the line of Republican duty will be plain. And when the time comes for the final contest, the party will be infinitely stronger for the fight which it must make, for having maintained a consistent and a morally and legally sound position. It could have been wished that instead of conceding the weak compromise involved in the labor plank as finally adopted, there had been strength enough to take the bull fairly and promptly by its horns and to have cast out the anti-injunction proposal without ceremony. Undoubtedly this would have been done but for the influence of Mr. Roosevelt upon the committee by which the platform was formulated. Nothing would have been lost by a radical policy, while in a moral sense much might have been gained by showing to the country that the Republican party stands for the plain principles of equity, for one law alike for all sorts and classes of men.

The next move in the game will, of course, be made at Denver. Gompers will be there with his demands for special privilege for organized labor. And probably he will get what he wants or something like it. He will promise the Democratic leaders the votes of organized labor and they in return will give him a "plank" that will put the Democratic party squarely on the side of aggressive unionism. Let it be so. If this fight is to be fought out now—and we believe the time is ripe for it—it is best that the issue should be sharply defined between the parties. The Democratic party is the natural custodian of demands for special privilege; it was as the champion of such a demand made by the slaveholders of the South that the most notable part of its career was made. It has been trained in special pleading and its temperament precisely adapts it to the exploitation of transient and morally defective causes. By all means let Democracy take up Mr. Gompers and his isms, stand sponsor to his theories, and give support to his demands. The Republican party may be depended upon fairly to meet the issue. The incident at Chicago shows that even under stress of whip and spur the party could not be forced to put itself on the wrong side of a great social and moral principle.

An important fact in this connection is this, namely, that those who are forever urging the demands of labor do not really represent labor either in its numerical or political character. General Otis of the *Los Angeles Times* is authority for the statement that not a fourth part of the skilled labor of the United States is in union.

ized, not to mention that great element of unskilled labor upon which unionism has made hardly any impression at all. And it may further be said that of union men, not one in fifty takes his politics from Mr. Gompers. The plain fact is that the American workingman, unionist though he may be, is first of all a citizen. He regards himself as entirely capable of determining how to cast his own vote and he gives little heed to the authority of those who assume to direct his political action. Your labor leader, in truth, is not so potent a figure as he appears to be. He is, unvaryingly, one who blusters and brags and threatens, but he never makes good. He does not lead or direct the legions which he claims as his own. He is commonly one whose gift of gab and whose taste for a vulgar politicalism have put him nominally at the head of a movement which, in truth, is controlled by calmer and sounder minds. Again and again in recent times your blatant labor leader has threatened to destroy this man or that in public life, but there is no striking record of achievement along this line of action. For a public man to be assaulted by some braggart "leader of labor" is commonly the signal for favor and support in ten thousand other quarters. It is only a little while back, as we recall it, that Speaker Cannon himself was singled out for the vengeance of organized labor; likewise it is only a little while ago that Mr. Littlefield of Maine, representing a district in which labor is a powerful element, came triumphantly through a campaign led by Mr. Gompers in furious resentment against him on the part of organized labor. Labor in America is no dumb, driven beast; it does not take voting orders from Mr. Gompers or from any of his kind.

Editorial Notes.

The record of the Chicago convention would seem little calculated to give comfort to sentimental purists like our good friend Rowell of Fresno, who would have us believe that the era of political organization is nearing its finish. We would gladly have the record otherwise; nevertheless candor compels the admission that never in the history of American politics or of any other politics resting upon a non-military basis has the principle of boss rule been more perfectly or irresistibly worked out than at Chicago. It would, of course, be ungracious not to believe that the most patriotic of motives, the most virtuous intentions, the soundest wisdom, and the truest conscience that mankind has ever known were back of it all. Sweetness and light were, of course, the animating and inspiring influences in the whole blooming business. But it was the steam-roller method and it was team work all the same. We have seen some pretty raw politics in these United States during the past twenty-five years, but nothing, East or West, North or South, which for aggressiveness of method, for disregard of the sentiments, traditions, and the common proprieties of politics has equaled the work done at Chicago during the convention and within the weeks preceding it. The herding of the Southern vote under the general mastery of the Postoffice Department, the official pressure exerted everywhere, the open dictation of every detail—these are tricks mostly new because nobody with the will to do them has ever before been possessed of the machinery by which alone they can be done. In the face of a domination like this the efforts of an ordinary labor or corporation "boss" look like a worn nickel out of the traditional thirty cents.

We have so little respect for political platforms, which are never anything better than treacle scented with cinnamon for the catching of flies, that it seems hardly worth while even to summarize that which was put forth last week at Chicago. The true platform of the Republican party is a compound of the principles upon which it was founded, the record of its doings, the name and character of its heroes and dignitaries living and dead, the spirit of its leaders, the mettle of its candidates, and that intangible quality which we may style its temperament. Whoever knows anything about the history of the country knows without being told what the Republican party stands for and in a broad way what may be expected from it. Nobody, on the other hand, by any possible study of the platform put forth at Chicago can have any real or vital sense of what Republicanism is or whither it leads. The only plan in the elaborate document (which is now to be pasted in scrap-books and nevermore referred to except in the hope of confounding political enemies) which seriously means anything is that which promises a revision of the tariff by a special session of the Congress immediately following the inauguration of the

next President." This is a definite promise and it will have to be fulfilled if the Republican party hopes to maintain the respect and confidence of the country. That other part of the same plank which presumes to prescribe the principle under which revision is to be made is a mere jumble of words and means nothing. It is like most platform gibberish, designed to please everybody and offend nobody, and like all verbal straddles it comes to nothing definite or worthy. But if the Republican party is successful this fall we are to have some sort of an attempt to revise the tariff next spring. It is high time for this work to be done; another extended period of that kind of injustice—injustice in this instance being a euphemistic substitute for robbery—would put the Republican party so deep in the hole of public disapproval and contempt that it would never be able to find its way out. The work of revision is not going to be easy; the great protected interests like the Steel Trust will not be driven away from the trough without protest and resistance. Nevertheless the Republican party must correct the gross and manifest abuses of the tariff as it now stands or confess itself mastered by its own sinister forces. Mr. Taft is profoundly enlisted in behalf of revision and he may be depended upon to give to the movement the full legitimate weight of the presidential office.

CAMPAIGN TOPICS.

In the stir of actual achievement it is only natural that mere oratory at the Chicago convention should remain almost unnoticed. The speech made by Senator Burrows of Michigan upon assuming the temporary chairmanship was a long one. We may assume that it was heard with the patient resignation with which we accept the inevitable and also perhaps with a pleasant anticipation of a possible sensation. But the merits of the speech were real and substantial. Those who intend to take part in the coming fray might do worse than read it from start to finish, not as an example of political eloquence, but as a plain and straightforward record of four years of history and of legislative and administrative achievement. Certainly the senator left very little untouched. His statistics of population, of wealth, and industrial development are good campaign material when delivered in small doses, while he can hardly be contradicted when he said that no previous sessions of Congress have given more assiduous care to the needs of the wage-earners and the interests of workmen. He was equally happy in his references to army efficiency, to the development of our insular possessions, and to the achievements of the navy. Confirming the statement of the Interstate Commerce Commission that the amended railway laws had been accepted in good faith and with a "sincere and earnest disposition" to conform to them, he predicted the day when all desired ends will be attained to the common benefit of carrier and shipper. A brief reference to the tariff introduced the subject of the money panic and the Emergency Currency bill, while in the section of the speech devoted to world politics we have an admirable summary of foreign affairs with special emphasis on the policy of Secretary Root toward the South American republics and to the large problems of Japan and China. As a survey of four years of American administration the speech was a careful and an inclusive one and worthy of preservation.

The New York *Evening Post* suggests that there is a story connected with the speech and especially with what may be called the personal clement in it. A special dispatch to the *Post* from Chicago on the eve of the convention says that the senator was invited to revise his contemplated oratory and to infuse into it a little more laudation of the President and his doings, so that it might be more available for popular consumption. It seems that when an advance copy of the speech was received in Washington it created a sensation because of its extraordinary mildness.

It was apparently confined to a general panegyric on the virtues and glories of the Republican party. It was decidedly along old lines, referred to ancient history, and scarcely reached the present time at all. There was a notable absence of laudation of President Roosevelt and his administration, and the principal achievements of that administration were mentioned in a perfunctory sort of fashion which occasioned the profoundest surprise.

The result was a gentle protest from President Roosevelt himself. He intimated that, in his opinion, the opening speech of the convention ought to be a little more exciting in its tone, and ought at least to point with pride to the achievements of the Republican administration.

The Burrows speech was submitted to some of the Taft people. They expressed little surprise over it, however, and said it was about what could be expected under the circumstances. It was understood that Senator Burrows has undertaken to write several new paragraphs so as to make his speech better fit for popular consumption.

Assuming that Senator Burrows was compliant, how interesting it would be to compare the original manuscript with its revised form, but it is to be feared that this is a pleasure forever unattainable. Perhaps we can detect the blue pencil and the interlineations here and there, as, for example, in a concluding paragraph, which says:

But the crowning act in this drama was that in which the President himself took the initiative, halted the armies of Russia and Japan, bringing about an honorable, and, it is to be hoped, enduring peace.

Yet nothing has added so much to his just fame as his persistent and irrevocable refusal to break the unwritten law of the republic by accepting a nomination for a third term. By this act of self-ahnegation he places his name and fame in the secure keeping of history by the side of that of the immortal Washington.

But this is only a suspicion. Certainties are forever beyond our reach.

While the soundest of common sense demanded the nomination of Mr. Taft, there was no lack of appreciation for Mr. Hughes. To quote once more from the *Post*, the Governor of New York would have been the instant resort of the party had their main plans miscarried or had any of the "allies" succeeded in pushing themselves too far to the front. There is, of course, no use in speculating about might-have-beens, but it is good to know that if a possible accident or stupidity had foiled the best possible man there would have been an instant fall back upon the next best.

The anti-Bryanites are whistling very industriously to keep up their courage. And it would really seem as though nearly all the Democrats who have voices are anti-Bryanites. If we may judge from the groans of apprehension with which Democratic newspapers are filled it might be supposed that some malign fate had imposed Bryan upon the party like a modern Sinbad struggling under the load of a modern old man of the sea. Colonel Watterson, it is true, has swallowed his medicine like a good boy, but it is easy to see the grimace under the fixed smile of complacency.

The Bryan men say that the two-thirds vote is already fully assured and they have the usual lists to prove it, and these may be left to the analysis of those who like that kind of thing. The asseverations have not convinced Judge Gray's friends, who stoutly assert the exact contrary from their headquarters at Washington:

Judge Gray's friends assert that no candidate at this time has obtained the two-thirds of the delegates necessary to a nomination, and that this condition will not be changed at the time the convention will be called to order. The issue will depend upon the votes of uninstructed delegates, and these men, they believe, will give fitting consideration to the great and growing demand by the party for the nomination of such a man as George Gray.

Commenting upon the figures of the Bryan men, but wisely abstaining from their analysis, the New York *World* says under the heading of "The Poor Old Democratic Party":

Announcement is made from Mr. Bryan's office at Lincoln that 697 delegates to the Democratic National Convention are now instructed or pledged to vote for his nomination at Denver. Only 672 votes are necessary to nominate under the two-thirds rule. If Mr. Bryan's estimate is correct the Democratic party is well on the way toward its fourth consecutive defeat for the presidency. The poor, old Democratic party!

One can almost hear the passing hell and the tears falling upon the coffin lid.

The New York *Sun* wants to know what will happen at Denver to the lukewarm Bryanites—and most of them are lukewarm—when they meet the stalwarts from New York and Illinois. The *Sun* seems to think that the conventions that have instructed for Bryan have done so, for the most part, because no one else happened to be in sight or at least because there were no leaders to point out the possible alternatives:

Bryan's weakness at Denver will reside in the indifference of his supporters. Outside of a few States like Arkansas and Colorado, perhaps, the Bryan followers are half-hearted at best and in most instances absolutely unconcerned. Take South Carolina for an example. We now know that the convention was not a Bryan body at all. A large majority of the members came from districts which had refused to instruct them. It was, in fact, no more committed to Bryan than was the convention which assembled in Louisiana a few weeks later and refused to endorse the Perpetual Claimant. Moreover, a curious and inexplicable thing occurred. The Hon. William E. Gonzales, editor of the *Columbia State*, who had been the most conspicuous, not to say vociferous and hysterical Bryan man in the whole State, was beaten as a delegate. Nobody understood it then. Nobody understands it now. An anti-Bryan crowd was transformed into a Bryan crowd, and the prime mover, the genius, and the inspiration of the transformation was forgotten, ignored, defeated out of hand. Evidently the convention went astray.

A good many conventions seem to have gone astray. There is Virginia, for instance, that only needed the word in season to save it from the morass of Bryanism. But the word was unspoken. The Richmond *News Letter* voices its chagrin when it says:

One strong leader known to have no axe to grind and with the nerve to stand against a preponderance of noise probably could have reversed results, but no such man developed. Senator Daniel would have been the logical man. He has the force, the strength with the people, the ability, and the oratorical power, and we believe could have carried the convention with him to any reasonable position if he had represented it aggressively and with determination. For reasons of his own he did not see fit to act in this direction. Therefore the convention was left to drift, except for such guidance as was given it by the advance arrangements and programmes prepared by local leaders.

The *Sun* goes on to say that what is true of Virginia is true also of Tennessee, Kentucky, and other States where Bryan had no opposition and the people were left to equally distracted politicians. Practically all over the South, and even in many Northern and Middle States, the Bryan strength is a mere projection from the befuddled past, a figment of the imagination, a parrot cry without substance:

What will the members of this forlorn and rudderless contingent do at Denver when they meet the Democrats of New York and Illinois—debatable ground enough under any leader other than Bryan—and some one spreads before their avid eyes the picture of the fair and opulent field of victory, the land flowing with milk and honey? For long years they have heard only of the martyr and his wounds. They have been educated to the idea of his fruitless leadership and inured to the process of rewarding his sufferings through the yawning throat of the *Commoner* and the hungry hox office of the lecture tour. But what will happen when they are persuaded of the possibility of triumph and see before them the alluring promise of a dividend? Thus far they have been conspirators and accessories of another's well-paid immolation. When, however, they perceive the opportunity of becoming beneficiaries, what will they do?

This, says the *Sun*, is the real Denver problem and we shall not have long to wait for its solution.

The Moscow Municipal Council has decided to celebrate Tolstoy's eightieth birthday by opening a public library and giving the count's name to the school he attended in his youth.

MONARCHY OR REPUBLIC.

A Correspondent Writes Interestingly of the Foundation of a Republic in Portugal.

In wandering at will through the sunny lands of the Lusitanian province of the old Roman Empire, I have found much to attract my attention, and as an old reader of the *Argonaut* I am tempted to give expression to the views I have formed on the peculiar political situation now existing in the country.

The past year has been an interesting period for the onlooker and visitor to the country who cared to keep his eyes and ears open and his mouth shut. There has been a spice of danger in opening the latter too wide, no matter in what language it expressed the thoughts of its owner, and attention to the mental order "Eyes Front" has saved many a man from the too close attentions of the soldiery or police.

The problem I have set myself to solve is this: "Am I witnessing the rebirth, the rehabilitation, of a tottering monarchy, or the foundation of a republic?" Let me describe the Portuguese—the masses of the nation—as I find them here in Lisbon, and as I have found them in all parts of the country I have visited. They are extremely poor; hard working according to their lights; honest to a degree; very devoted to their church, the Roman Catholic; and the most illiterate lot of Europeans probably on the face of the globe. Not more than 5 per cent of them can manage to spell out the news from a newspaper; but the other 95 per cent are intelligent enough to sit around and listen with keen attention to what a reader can manage to decipher for them. These people are like children—that is, they are adults with juvenile minds simply because their intellects have not been trained or cultivated. Do they take an interest in politics? Well, they know that Don Carlos was king; that he was shot; and that Don Manoel reigns in his stead; they know that at irregular intervals the *padre* will tell them that on such a Sunday they must attend the church and record their vote for Señor So-and-So as their representative in Parliament; and they complain in a self-resigned, shoulder-shrugging manner of the system of taxation, and the high price of food and the necessities of life; and five minutes afterwards they are dancing and singing to the strains of a guitar. They are creatures of impulse capable of being worked up to a pitch of enthusiasm on either side of any given question by a street orator, and of following his lead for a time.

A year ago the Queen of Portugal, accompanied by a lady-in-waiting and a huge mastiff, was a familiar figure to be seen walking about the city; the king, too, was about daily, but he had grown too stout for walking, and took his exercise in an open carriage. They went about much as the ordinary citizen went about. Three or four days before the riots of June 18 and 19 last, a big religious festival, the feast of St. Anthony, took place; all day and all night the streets were thronged by as merry and as light-hearted a crowd as the world ever saw; and there was not the slightest symptom of unrest or hint of impending trouble. Then the queen was hissed by the occupants of the boxes the next time she went to the bull-fight, and retired in indignation. Now the masses of the people do not occupy the boxes at either theatre or bull ring, consequently the first hostile act against the monarchy was not committed by them.

In my opinion the true *nidus* of this revolution, which is still smoldering, is the university city of Coimbra. The average young Portuguese who can read and write, and who is fortunate enough to be able to pass the period of adolescence at Coimbra, imagines himself a world power. Nothing is beyond him, or too high for his ambition, especially if he can make use of a proxy to command success. Now when a body of these young men is assembled and politics are discussed, a heaven-born, but self-appointed regenerator of his country soon arises. He sees evil in every action of the powers that be, and proposes a remedy forthwith.

These young men have the command of wealth; they have ambition to shine in the political councils of their country, and this they have tried to achieve by the power of their purses. They first tried a fall with the ex-premier, Señor Franco, but the latter proved too much for them. Then they engineered the street troubles of June last; of that there can be no doubt; and then to their astonishment unknown forces and unknown hands which they were unable either to control or to bind, came into the game, and they found themselves firmly in the grip of an unknown power. That power eventually revealed itself as the anarchistic element engineered from Barcelona in Spain, but not until the murders of Don Carlos and his first-born son had caused Coimbra City to shudder with horror.

This brings the position down to the spring of this year, when an altogether new force began to manifest itself. This took the shape of the informal formulation of the claims of a pretender to the throne of Portugal—Don Miguel, Duke of Braganza. This gentleman, in common with the Duc d'Orleans, who claims the sovereignty of republican France, has great ambitions. As he is today he has little to lose, but much to gain. Consequently he has entered the lists, quite in an unofficial way, and is doing his utmost to foment an agitation against the present incumbent of the throne, Don Manoel, hoping that in the confusion that may arise he may be able, by a *coup d'état*, to seize the prize.

The duke is playing the game according to human nature, but at any moment the forces he is employing may run beyond his control and another disaster even

worst than the last—I mean an outbreak of civil war—fall upon the country.

I believe that internecine war is practically inevitable, and that it will break out as soon as the present season's crops are harvested and the present season's vintage in the cellars. The hard blows will be given and taken by the masses of the people, whilst the classes will be directly responsible for all the trouble. Portugal promises again to become the cockpit of Europe, even as it was just a century ago during the Napoleonic wars, for it must not be forgotten that by solemn treaty Great Britain is pledged to maintain the integrity of the country and to uphold the present branch of the Portuguese royal family against all comers. Should the armed intervention of England become necessary, it is quite probable, highly probable in point of fact, that Germany may choose to consider herself aggrieved thereby, and, under the pretense of safeguarding German commercial interests, attempt to land forces on Portuguese soil. The outcome of such a situation no man can foresee, but there are present today in Lisbon, that is in Portugal, all the elements necessary to create as big a fire throughout the country as Europe has seen since the days of Napoleon. These matters are talked of in whispers in the political clubs and in the cafés where the classes assemble to sip their *café noir*; but they are not understood by the man in the street. Recent events have made him a little more suspicious than he was a year ago, but he is still the creature of impulses, and when the moment arrives he will follow the behests of his leaders.

Whatever may be the result of these troubles, it is certain that Portugal is not yet ripe for republican ideals to take root in her soil. Before that period can arrive education will have to exert itself and its powers in the land, and extend itself like a leaven throughout the ranks of the masses of the people, teaching them that there is a higher aim and end to life than any they have hitherto appreciated.

I therefore forecast that this period through which we are now passing is the rebirth of a monarchy, and I can only add the expression of the pious wish that the period of labor may not be long continued, or too violent.

LISBON, June 4, 1908.

OLD FAVORITES.

Tubal Cain.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and the spear,
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall yield them well,
For he shall be king and lord."

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave them gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free,
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind,
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forsook to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low,
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright, courageous eye,
And hared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high,
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made"—
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our praise shall be,
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword!" —Charles Mackay.

Some time ago the Springfield *Republican* advised hotel-keeper that it would be a good thing to have a supply of pajamas, night robes, and toilet articles in store to loan to luckless travelers who had been unexpectedly detained in town, or had forgotten to take these necessary things along. One of the great New York hotels announces that it will make the innovation, and this is met by a statement from Philadelphia that the leading hotel there has been accustomed to supply such needs for a long time past. The examples are worthy of general imitation.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Secretary Root's summer programme includes another course at Muldoon's, where he got so much help physically a year ago. Mr. Root is sure to remain in office, apparently, until the end of this administration.

Thomas W. Lawson's persistent predictions of a Roosevelt stampede at Chicago excited general ridicule in New York when they were first made. The hope is now expressed that Mr. Lawson will confine his future prophecies to the things of which he has some knowledge.

Congressman John T. Lenahan of Wilkes-Barre says that Bryan has already secured the nomination but that it does not alter the fact that he is undesirable and will probably prove fatal to the party for a third time. The congressman further remarks that Bryan is a "blight" and offers to prove it.

Colonel Henry Watterson has abandoned hope for the nomination of Governor Johnson for the Presidency and declares that Mr. Bryan will be named on the first ballot. "The introduction of the Minnesota Governor," he confesses, "into the presidential arena fell as flat as a stale buckwheat cake. Hardly a man jumped up and murmured 'Hurrah!'"

Representative L. E. Gage Platt of East Orange, N. J., a Democrat, who two years ago was elected by a plurality of 5874 in a district which in 1904 was carried by a Republican by 12,541, has announced that he will not be a candidate for reelection because he regards it as a foregone conclusion that William J. Bryan will be nominated at Denver next month. He absolutely declines to run on the same ticket with the Nebraskan.

Some recent sayings of Governor Johnson are being extensively and approvingly quoted. When he says that "the majority of men who boast of being self-made are usually the only ones proud of the architecture" he is not entirely original, but his further dictum that "a modern evil is the mistake made by public officials that they are elected to enforce public sentiment and not law" is being repeated as evidence of keen political insight.

In response to the report that Secretary Taft is opposed to the principle of local option, Mr. Taft quotes from his own address before the Pennsylvania Bar Association, in which he said: "In this class of laws affecting the sale of liquors legislators have devised a method of local referendum called local option, which has worked well because it is practical." And after further defining his views on the question Mr. Taft's local-option friends declare themselves thoroughly satisfied as to his position.

Secretary Taft's reply to the invitation to visit Toronto on the occasion of the American Golf Association tournament is specially interesting at this date. The Secretary wrote: "There are several reasons why I can't agree to go. In the first place, if I should go and all these fine prizes you tell about should be offered, it would be a shame for an invited guest of the association to carry 'em off. In the second place, if I'm able to negotiate certain arrangements at Chicago which I now expect to handle satisfactorily, I'll have no time to play golf this year. In the third place, if I don't make those little arrangements at Chicago you fellows won't want me at your tournament anyhow. I'll be just a common has-been."

President Roosevelt's announcement that he will spend most of next year hunting big game in Africa is regarded as an indication that he is not a candidate for Senator Platt's seat. This would leave the way open for former Governor Black, with an opportunity for Mr. Roosevelt on Senator Depew's retirement two years later. Mr. Roosevelt expects to sail early in April, 1909. He will not touch at any European port, but go direct to Cairo. The actual hunting plans have not been made, beyond the fact that British East Africa will be the scene. Mr. Roosevelt expects to make a study of African animals, besides killing a few of them. He will tell his experiences and observations in magazine articles and possibly in book form. The trip is expected to last about a year.

Mr. Taft's religious persuasions are no longer a matter of doubt. A correspondent of the Baltimore *Sin* recalls the fact that some years ago Mr. Taft, while serving on the bench in Ohio, handed down an opinion in connection with a division in the United Brethren Church as a result of its revision of creed. His judgment was sustained by the Appellate Court. Recently one of the higher officials of that church, who took part in the trial of the case, attended a Y. M. C. A. meeting at which Mr. Taft made an address in Cleveland, Ohio. During his address Mr. Taft made reference to the work of the Catholic Church in the Philippines. This created some doubt in the mind of the United Brethren official as to the religious belief of the big Secretary. After the address this gentleman went to Mr. Taft, asked for a private conversation with him, led him into a closed room, and then asked the blunt question: "Mr. Taft, to what church do you belong? Are you a Catholic?" "I see," responded Mr. Taft, "that I have an advantage which you do not possess over me. I was the presiding judge in the case in which you appeared in behalf of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ and therefore know just what your religious belief is. I am even farther removed from the 'Mother Church' in my belief than you are—I am a Unitarian."

KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD.

By Jerome A. Hart.

XIX.

When Alden's wounds permitted his removal, Helmont promptly brought him to the Hacienda. There he had the best of care, and the surgeon reported that with careful nursing the patient would soon be well. His injuries, although disabling and painful, were flesh-wounds, as Alden had been partly shielded from the buckshot by a rug across his knees.

With Mrs. Lyndon and Diana at hand, the surgeon soon became certain that his patient was properly attended, for his visits ceased. In truth, the sympathetic ladies overwhelmed the disabled youth with their kind offices, and under their gentle healing influence, his improvement was not slow.

In these modern days hard-headed medicos sneer at amateur nursing; their sneers have led us to believe that trained attendants—with no feeling for the invalid other than mercenary or professional interest—far excel nurses inspired by friendship or affection. Their theory probably is based on the belief that the merely mercenary nurse is unaffected by feeling, hence superior. So Diderot, in his "Paradoxe sur le Comedien," maintained that the passionate actor, who is affected by the emotion of his rôle, is an inferior artist—that the superlative histrion is he who, with head cool and even pulses, simulates the passion he does not feel.

These theories seem faultless, unassailable. But despite the medicos and encyclopedists, human nature will assert itself. Man can not live by theories alone. An affectionate or loving nurse, even though untrained, often works wonders in accelerating the recovery of a patient. Yet such a patient, in defiance of the medicos' theories, would often remain listless or peevish under the ministrations of a trained attendant.

So was it with Arthur Alden. He turned out to be an untheoretic patient. He improved rapidly under the care of his kindly if untrained nurses. Yet he was growing conscious of the fact that if his flesh-wounds were healing, a deeper wound had been inflicted, for which he feared there was no cure.

On his first meeting with Diana Wayne, Arthur had been deeply impressed—at first, impressed merely by her beauty. Later, on the trip up the river in her company, he had come under the sway of her personal charm. When they parted at Sacrosanto he had felt such a sudden pang that it alarmed him—for the first time he began to doubt whether he was his own man. The symptoms of falling in love—so serious to the victim, so amusing to the spectators—which he had observed in others, seemed to be developing in him. It was not an agreeable feeling—very much to the contrary. That his mind and heart should become so obsessed by a personable young woman that he could think of nothing else—this seriously disturbed him. He strove to crush the feeling. He tried to laugh it away. But it would not go. When parting at the *embocadero* he was forced to admit secretly that it was hard to restrain himself from following her to Plancha Grande.

And so it had been since he had seen her last. During the days since their parting, crowded with happenings as they were, he knew that he had thought of her incessantly. And now that he was with her again—now that he saw her daily and many times a day—he was forced to admit that he had come to love her—to love her so passionately, so overwhelmingly, that the thought of a life without her seemed a poor and paltry thing. When she left him, it was as if she took some part of his being away—he felt uneasy, restless, until she returned. And when she was with him again, a feeling of serenity pervaded him—not active, but passive only—not the animation caused by conversation or mutual adventure, but the contentment of looking at her merely, and reflecting that she was not away, but that she was with him. Yes, decidedly he could not live without her.

But what hope was there for him? With a sinking of the heart he had to confess that her demeanor toward him was frank and friendly, but nothing more. No, she did not love him—that was plain. Did she love any one else? The very thought made him start, and his wounds tingled. Yes, it was not unlikely; he could not help but note, from occasional words let fall by Mrs. Lyndon and Captain Helmont, that they knew Eugene Yarrow loved Diana. As for her, they believed she had a strong liking for Yarrow, even if she did not love him.

"What chance would I have against Yarrow?" thought Arthur bitterly. "And if she cares for him, what right would I have to interfere between them after the kindly way in which they both have treated me? He is an attractive fellow, has seen much of the world, and yet has the frank freedom of the West. As for me, I am only a prosaic clerk from a dry-as-dust law office in New York—one who has seen nothing save red tape and sealing wax, and knows nothing but Blackstone, and Coke upon Littleton. What chance would I have against Yarrow in Diana's affections? None. I will dismiss my unlucky passion from my mind—I will choke it out of my heart—I will strive to forget it. Yes, that's what I'll do. And then I'll demean myself toward her as she does toward me—simply as a frank and loyal friend."

Yet when, ten minutes later, Diana entered the *patio* where he lay in a long chair beside the fountain, and gave him a firm clasp of her strong white hand, his

immovable resolution vanished, the iron anchorite trembled in every fibre—trembled so that he was ashamed, fearing she might observe it. Yet Arthur was mistaken in supposing that his nervous trembling was entirely due to his passion for Diana—only a little part of it was love; a large part of it was nervous shock from his gunshot wounds. Men convalescing, particularly from such wounds, are always in a highly susceptible condition. Therefore, it is worthy of study whether the frequent marriages between patient and nurse spring more generally from pathological conditions or from love.

Arthur did not have Diana to himself for long. Although he liked Helmont he secretly repined when he saw the captain approaching them, a letter in his hand, saying:

"I have news for you from El Dorado."

"Indeed? What is it?"

"It seems that your exploit in driving six horses in your wounded condition has fired the imagination of the people of El Dorado."

"And it ought to," interrupted Diana impulsively. "It was splendid!"

"They have investigated your status," went on Helmont, looking at his letter. "Finding that you are a lawyer, and have 'the gift of the gab,' as they call it, and that you desire to represent El Dorado in the legislature, they have elected you unanimously."

"Bravo!" cried Diana. "Three cheers for the new legislator!"

"To such an extreme has their hero-worship been carried that they have determined to ignore all trivial technicalities, such as your lack of preliminary residence in El Dorado. In fact, one low-down El Doradan, who attempted to drag in these defects in your title, was threatened with violence, and had to leave the camp. It has since been discovered that he wanted to go to the legislature himself."

"I think they served him just right!" exclaimed Diana indignantly.

Arthur listened to the captain and Diana with mingled surprise and pleasure. "When does the legislature convene?" he inquired.

"Not for some weeks yet," replied Helmont. "You have plenty of time to get well in. I'm only sorry you're not going to be strong enough—or so the doctor tells me—to ride a horse in our *rodco*, which takes place soon."

"I wish I could," replied Arthur. "I can stick on a horse prettily well, but I'm no such rider as these cowboy centaurs you have here."

"You'd see some fine horsemen at the *rodco*, if you were able to go. But of them all, the most dashing equestrian is Doña Diana here."

"Oh, no, captain," protested Diana. "You know that no girl can ride like a *voquero* can. Now if I were only a boy I'm sure I could do anything they can do. Even as it is, I'd like to try. Oh, how I wish I were a boy!"

Diana's serious eyes and her dejected tone showed that she was quite sincere. Arthur decidedly dissented, thinking that he greatly preferred her as she was. But warned by previous discussions with his fiery idol, he kept his dissent to himself.

"How late it's getting to be!" went on Diana. "I promised to write some letters for Mrs. Lyndon before luncheon, so I shall leave you. Good-by until then. *Hosta cl olmuerso!*"

"*Hosta lucgo!*" replied the captain.

Arthur followed her with his eyes as she walked lightly down the long *patio* toward the women's quarter—for the imprint of the *zenona*, left on old Spain by the Moors, is still plainly visible in Spanish America today. He sighed involuntarily as she disappeared behind a portière opening on the *patio*.

"A very charming girl," said Helmont, sententially.

"She is one in a thousand," replied Arthur so earnestly that Helmont looked at him with surprise.

After a pause, Helmont said:

"She and Eugene Yarrow were together a great deal when he was here last. He is deeply in love with her, while she—well, she seems to be rather taken with him. It would make a very good match—don't you think so?"

Arthur mumbled something inarticulate in reply.

"Yes, it would make a good match," went on Helmont. "Diana is beautiful and charming, but she has no fortune; she is dependent on Judge Tower, who has no money either. Tower may be killed any time, he is so mixed up in politics and has so violent a temper. Yarrow is young, handsome, and rich; it would be an excellent match, wouldn't it?"

Arthur had a strong liking for Captain Helmont, but just at this moment he felt that if he did not actually dislike him he detested his cold-blooded European ideas—particularly on matrimony. But he sheltered himself behind some commonplace, and changed the conversation.

"Captain, did you hear anything from El Dorado about the search for the stage-robbers?"

"Nothing definite, except that the whole country is alive with man-hunters. All El Dorado has turned out. Large rewards are offered for them. The sheriff has posges guarding the mountain passes. The *Vigilantes* are also out after them."

"Is it known who the bandits are?"

"Your statement that the man with a shotgun was a Mexican, and the driver's assertion that the one firing the rifle lacked a trigger finger, makes the sheriff think it is the Basquez gang, and that Basquez himself is the murderer."

"Do you think this gang took to the road to revenge the lynching of the Mexican woman at Yubaville?"

"The story is probably only partly true. For years there have been similar gangs out on the road. They change from time to time—either their leaders are killed or they quarrel; then they may break up into two or three gangs, or they may come together again under a new leader."

"Then you don't think this is a new gang?"

"From what I can learn I think it is an old gang under two new leaders—probably Joaquin Basquez and Tiburcio Chaveta, the husband and brother of Dolores, the woman who was lynched."

"But where did the old gang come from?"

"Probably a remnant of Joaquin Murieta's gang. He was one of the most bloody bandits we ever had here; fortunately he was run down and killed a few years ago. He ranged all the way from Old Mexico on the south to the Cascade Mountains on the north. He moved around so rapidly that he was seemingly ubiquitous; when pursuit became too hot here in the north he would flee to Sonora or elsewhere in Old Mexico. He seemed to bear a charmed life. I haven't a doubt that many of the superstitious natives here believe he has come back to life in the person of this Joaquin Basquez."

"Or that he never was killed."

"Oh, they're all sure he was killed," corrected Helmont, "because they've seen his head, which is on exhibition in glass jars in half a hundred drinking places throughout the State."

"Was this veteran bandit, Murieta, old or young when he was killed?"

"Quite young—under thirty. He was not only young, but very handsome. He was a great lady-killer, which weakness led to his undoing. For he was continually involved in love affairs. The jealousies of his lady-loves, and his quarrels with those of his lieutenants whom he had deprived of their *bonobas*, led to betrayal and disaster."

"Did the women betray him?"

"No, not as a rule—only one did, that I know of—the last. Rosita Felix was the first of a long line of lady-loves—her he had inveigled from her father's home, and even long after he had discarded her, and lost his life through the treachery of one of her successors, poor Rosita, again in her father's home, mourned in widow's weeds for her faithless Joaquin."

"Then Joaquin deserted his Rosita?"

"Absolutely—turned her out of the band, and sent her back to a dull and virtuous life. This was when he fell in love with Maria, wife of Romolo Leive, one of his lieutenants. This caused trouble, and Joaquin had to shoot Romolo. But Maria was soon supplanted by Faustina Lorenzana, and she by Eufemia Soto, daughter of a Pico del Diablo rancher, one Juan Soto, who with his six sons pursued the fleeing pair so hotly that one of their bullets, intended for Joaquin, pierced the girl's heart and she fell dying from her horse, while the bandit continued his mad flight. Joaquin did not mourn her long. Another light of love soon succeeded her, until there came the last."

"And who was she?"

"Antonia Procopio, called 'Antonia la Molinera,' as her husband, Chico Procopio, was a miller. Dressed as a man she rode with the bandits, and followed Joaquin wherever he went. He remained faithful to her long—at least longer than any other."

"Was Joaquin Murieta, like the present Joaquin, merely a stage-robber?"

"No—he had quite a catholic taste in crime. His range was wide—from theft to murder. He had a number of specialists in his gang—for example, Pedro Gonzales was famous as a daring horse-thief—under him were apprentices or understudies—these were experts in rebranding stolen animals. Manuel Garcia was a plain murderer—he fairly luxuriated in killing men. Joaquin had difficulty at times in restraining him from needless and embarrassing murders. Claudio Valenzuela was a genius in torture—he had many clever ways of torturing householders to make them disclose their hidden treasures. Claudio did not believe in death as a means of terrifying—he said torture was much more terrible."

"By the way, did it ever occur to you," interrupted Arthur, "that the men of my race—the Anglo-Saxon—fear torture more than the Latins do? The English have always dreaded torture more than death."

"Yes, I believe it is true. But your race has never indulged in torture so much as the other races of men—the Spanish, particularly. They, like the Indians, often tortured, not to get information, but for the pleasure of it. In Murieta's band, for example, Vicente Gomez was famous for devising strange and horrible methods of killing spies, informers, and traitors to the band."

"Were the bandits under any kind of discipline?"

"In a way, yes. On raiding expeditions they kept strict guard. Clodomiro Chavez, an old *guerrillero* of the Mexican War for Independence, excelled in planning raids. Many of them were ordinary affairs, such as dashing with a large band of horsemen into a small town, terrorizing all the shop-keepers by killing a few, and then looting all the tills. Occasionally a raid would be made on a great rancho, like this, and a herd of horses stolen. The bandits once drove three hundred horses all the way from San Bernardino into Sonora."

"You mean in this State?"

"No—Sonora in Old Mexico. Clodomiro's most famous raid, and that for which Joaquin loudly praised his lieutenant, was in the neighborhood of Santa Josefa.

Many guests had been bidden to an elaborate *tertulia* on a large rancho. At nine in the evening the ball was at its height. Suddenly shots were heard, and two or three of the guests near the door fell dead. The other men, terror-stricken, submitted at once, and lay in the roadway face down, as commanded by the bandits. A heavy guard was placed over them, while others went through their pockets; the remaining bandits ordered the terrified musicians to continue with their instruments, danced a few times with the women, sampled the supper, took some wine to their companions on guard without, selected half a dozen of the prettiest women there, seated them behind their saddles, strapped them to the *anqueras*, and dashed away into the night.

"This is astounding!" exclaimed Arthur. "And were they never punished?"

"Not at once—not until long afterwards. And it all came about through Antonia la Molinera."

"How?"

"Antonia fell in love with one of the band, Pancho Gomez, and fled with him. Joaquin sent her word that he would kill them both. She believed him so implicitly that, in terror for her lover and herself, she betrayed the hiding places of the band to the officers of the law."

"And Joaquin was hanged?"

"No—shot," replied Helmont, "shot by the sheriff. He always swore that he would not be taken alive, and he kept his oath. When they were surprised by the officers in one of their hidden camps in the Sierra Azul, Joaquin succeeded in getting to his horse, but the officers opened fire on him, and he fell, pierced by three bullets."

"A strange and bloody story," said Arthur, musingly. "But what started this man on his career of crime? Was it simply a lust for murder?"

"The Mexicans always said he took to the road for the same reason as Basquez—that he was driven from the mines in the first year of the gold discovery merely because he was a Mexican. Some add to this the story that Rosita—who, I believe, was really his wife—had been outraged by some miners. Still others say that he was unjustly accused of stealing a horse, and was flogged by the Vigilantes. However that may be, he swore vengeance on the Americans. Soon the bodies of those concerned in the attacks on him or on Rosita began to be found in all sorts of out-of-the-way places—invariably mutilated with a knife, even when they had been shot to death. And such was the beginning of the career of Joaquin Murieta."

For a time the two men remained silent. At last Arthur spoke:

"Were these bloody crimes and desperate criminals so common under the previous régime?"

Helmont reflected for some moments. "No," he said at last, "not so common. There is always a tendency to brigandage among the Latin races. But under the Spanish rule there was nothing for bandits to prey upon. Outside the presidios and missions, guarded by Spanish soldiery, there were only Indian villages. Under the Mexican régime there were more towns, but they also were well protected by troops. These disorders seemed to increase since the cession of Mexico's title. But such things are to be expected in interim periods. Doubtless your government will soon police the country thoroughly, and order will follow."

"Did not the common people, under the Mexican régime, sympathize with the bandits?"

"They certainly gave them information, assisted them, and concealed them when necessary. Perhaps it was through sympathy, perhaps through fear."

"How is it at present then? Do you not think it probable that the Mexicans and Indians hereabout sympathize with Basquez?"

Helmont reflected for a moment. "It may be," he said musingly. "But I don't see how they could help him much so far as the Hacienda is concerned; it is too closely guarded."

"But the place is large and there are many people within your walls; could they not conceal a bandit here without your knowledge?"

"It is possible—but not probable. The same idea has occurred to others. A posse of Vigilantes rode up here the day after the hold-up, declaring stoutly that one of the bandits had taken refuge inside the Hacienda walls. But I convinced them that it was impossible for a stranger to pass the sentry, and they rode reluctantly away."

The majordomo approached, saluted, and announced that the *almuerzo* was served.

"Luncheon is ready, and here come the ladies," said Helmont. "No, my dear Alden, I don't think it at all probable that my people have any dealings with the Basquez gang. As for the Vigilantes' theory that a bandit was concealed here in the Hacienda, I think it preposterous."

"Good heavens! What were you saying about bandits being concealed here?" asked Mrs. Lyndon.

Alden told her.

"Well, I agree with the captain," she declared. "His people are so devoted to him that the Vigilantes' theory is nonsensical. It would be as reasonable to suspect one of us of hiding a bandit here—it seems absurd! Doesn't it, Diana?"

Diana apparently was not listening—she seemed preoccupied. "What did you say?" she asked. "Come—let's go to luncheon."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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About 45,000 marriages are solemnized every year in New York, or about one every eleven minutes.

MORE ABOUT QUEEN VICTORIA.

Frank Hird Writes a Biography Especially for American Readers.

We have still another book about Queen Victoria and this time it is one that has been prepared especially for American readers. Mr. Hird makes no claim to have written a life of the late queen nor even a complete study of her character. His only object is to present certain salient points of the influences that affected her early environment and some suggestion of the circumstances that molded her later years.

The result is an eminently readable book quite unencumbered with records of forgotten statecraft and with a welcome discrimination in favor of what is personal over what is simply political. With the exception of some few letters that have not before been published the book contains little that can not be found elsewhere, but it may be justly said that there is no other book that so well epitomizes just what the average reader wants to know or that shows so clear a perception of themes that are perpetually young and novel because they are perpetually human. A work of such condensation—it has only about four hundred pages—requires a peculiar gift of discernment and sympathy and in this the author is never lacking.

The coronation ceremony receives a chapter to itself and a concluding paragraph may well be quoted in illustration of the style that pervades the whole volume. The performance was certainly an exacting one for a young girl barely released from the school-room and wholly unused to ceremonial:

Seventeen dukes next performed homage, then twenty-one marquises, ninety-three earls, nineteen viscounts, and ninety-one barons, but only the royal princes kissed the queen; the peers kissed her hand. A touching instance of the queen's kindness of heart occurred during this ceremony. Lord Rolle, who was eighty years old and very feeble, fell down the steps of the throne as he was about to do his homage. The queen half rose from her seat, and when after a pause the aged peer had recovered and again came to the foot of the throne, she said, "May I not get up and meet him?" and descended two or three steps to save him the exertion which was clearly beyond his strength. The kindness and naturalness of the action created a profound impression. By the time the homage was over, the queen was suffering from a severe headache caused by the crown being "very unceremoniously knocked by most of the peers—one actually clutched hold of it," when they touched it before kissing her hand.

The incident in connection with Lady Flora Hastings is told at some length. Its effect upon the mind of the queen must certainly have been a marked one and the emphasis laid upon it by the author is justified:

Lady Flora Hastings, the daughter of the Marquis of Hastings, was one of the Duchess of Kent's ladies. In January, 1839, her appearance aroused a grave suspicion against her character in the minds of some of the members of the queen's suite. The queen and the Duchess of Kent were informed of these suspicions, but refused to believe them to be true. Lady Tavistock, however, one of the ladies of the queen's bedchamber, in the matter before Lord Melbourne, and he, fearing for the credit of the young queen and her court, suggested that Lady Flora should be examined by the queen's doctor, Sir James Clark. The queen, acting upon the urgent advice of Melbourne, agreed; the examination was made, and a formal certificate drawn up which gave the lie direct to all the cruel stories of the court against the unhappy lady.

Such a scandal could not remain secret, for Lady Flora's family were naturally outraged by the insult. Her mother wrote to the queen, imploring her to make reparation and to dismiss the doctor; her brother was given an interview by the queen, but the letters remained unanswered, and the interview brought no definite statement. Lord Melbourne wrote to Lady Hastings, saying "that the queen had seized the earliest opportunity of personally acknowledging to Lady Flora the unhappy error, and that it was not intended to take any other steps."

Lady Flora herself wrote to her uncle: "I am sure the queen does not understand what they betrayed her into. She has endeavored to show her regret by her civility to me and expressed it handsomely with tears in her eyes." The Hastings family, however, would accept no private expressions of regret; they considered that not only Lady Flora, but the whole house of Hastings, had been publicly insulted and that the only possible amend was a public apology.

Still the queen maintained silence and the Marchioness of Hastings, failing to obtain the reparation she demanded, published the whole of the correspondence between herself, her majesty, and Lord Melbourne in the public press. The writer is within the bounds of fact when he says that in the present-day no newspaper in the kingdom, with the exception of one or two ultra-Radical and Socialistic organs, would publish private letters dealing purely with a matter of the court. This respect was created by Queen Victoria; but in 1839 the tradition of disrespect for the throne, bred by the scandals of George III's family, was so strong that one London newspaper, in commenting upon the ease, described Lady Flora as the "victim of a depraved court." The doctor, Sir James Clark, was the principal object of Lady Hastings's attack. He defended himself by writing long explanations to the newspapers which only added fuel to the scandal. The Hastings family were Tories, and political capital was at once made of the distressing incident. Lady Flora, however, remained at court for seven months after the outburst, a circumstance which was in itself sufficient proof that she accepted the queen's expression of regret. Her family and the Tory party insisted on a public apology, and this the queen was advised would be against etiquette; the sovereign could not admit that she had made a mistake, nor could the sovereign make public apology. Public opinion was wholly against the queen, and when Lady Flora died in July of enlargement of the liver, she was openly accused of having hastened her death.

Lady Flora certainly had cause for complaint and although the onus of responsibility must be laid primarily upon Lord Melbourne this would seem to be one of the cases where etiquette might have been pushed on one side by a queen who was also a woman, but precedent was allowed to outweigh justice.

Another dramatic episode is that of the queen's ladies. The government of the day was naturally unwilling that the sovereign should be surrounded with attendants drawn from the families of their political opponents. The queen, on the other hand, felt that this was a matter pertaining to herself as woman rather than as monarch. The incident was productive of a reproof from Lord Melbourne which could hardly have

been unintentional and that was certainly not lacking in sinister significance:

For the moment the queen was exultant over her victory and the discomfiture of the Tories, not realizing that in the eyes of the nation her action had a dangerous significance. The general feeling was voiced by Charles Greville, who wrote on May 12, 1839: "The Cabinet met yesterday and resolved to take the Government again; they hope to interest the people in the queen's quarrel, and having made it up with the Radicals, they think they can stand. It is a high trial to our institutions when the wishes of a princess of nineteen can overturn a great ministerial combination, and when the most momentous matters of government and legislation are influenced by her pleasure about her ladies of the bedchamber. The Whigs resigned because they had no longer the parliamentary support for their measures which they deemed necessary, and they consent to hold the Government without the removal of any of the difficulties which compelled them to resign, for the purpose of enabling the queen to exercise her pleasure without any control or interference in the choice of the ladies of her household. This is making the private gratification of the queen paramount to the highest public considerations."

Such was, indeed, the situation; a situation fraught with no little peril at a time when party feeling ran so high. Grave constitutional crises have arisen from the independent action of English sovereigns, and Lord Melbourne, though he chivalrously stood by the queen, was clearly much perturbed, and perhaps a little alarmed, by this instance of her majesty's willfulness and obstinacy. A remark he made at dinner one evening, shortly after he and his party returned to power, was considered by the *entourage* and the other guests to be a direct warning to the queen. Parliament had been prorogued by the queen, and to Lady Lytton, one of her ladies who was in attendance for the first time, fell the duty of taking the crown off her head when her majesty was disrobing. One of the hairpins by which the crown was held caught in the queen's hair, and some difficulty was found in disentangling it, the queen suffering somewhat during the process. She described the incident at dinner to Lord Melbourne, saying: "To be sure, it was very nervous for poor Lady Lytton to do it before so many people, all looking at her, and never having done such a thing before." Melbourne immediately answered: "Your majesty might have said as Mary Queen of Scots did on the scaffold, 'I am not accustomed to be undressed before so many people, nor by such attendants.'"

A charming story of the little princess royal has been told often before, but it will bear telling again:

The princess royal had been from her childhood a delight to her parents. When she was quite a baby a lady of the court said that the queen "has her constantly with her, and thinks incessantly about her." She inherited her father's love of art, and from the beginning showed signs of a strong will and great mental power. As a child her high spirits often led her into trouble. When she was quite a little girl the princess took great delight in the outward observances of her position—a tendency which both the queen and Prince Albert used every endeavor to check. If she thought she was not receiving sufficient attention the little lady would resort to amusingly obvious tricks to obtain it. Once, when driving with the queen in an open carriage she gently slipped her hand over the side and dropped her handkerchief in the road, in the hope that the carriage would be stopped and that the equerry in attendance on horseback would dismount and restore it to her.

"Oh, mamma, I have dropped my handkerchief!" she cried. "Yes, my dear," replied the queen who had perceived the little maneuver, giving the order for the carriage to stop. "And now you will get out and pick it up," she said to the discomfited princess. There is an echo of the queen's retort to her music master when she locked the piano and said "You see, there is no must about it," in another story told of the princess royal and one of her brother's tutors. On one occasion she addressed the tutor by his surname only. The queen, who chanced to hear her, reproved her for her rudeness, and said that if she neglected again to address the gentleman as "Mr. So-and-So," she should be sent instantly to bed. The next morning the princess met the tutor. "Good morning, _____," she said, leaving out the Mr., "and it is good night, too, because now I must go to bed."

The author's brief references to the royal attitude toward Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield are not quite so felicitous as they might be. That the queen should show a marked preference for the personal friendship of Lord Beaconsfield and that her treatment of Mr. Gladstone should sometimes be marked by something like antipathy is among the less lovely features of her career. Beaconsfield himself tried to account for the fact by saying "Gladstone treats the queen like a public department; I treat her like a woman." It was said smartly, but in public affairs it must be conceded that the queen was a "public department" and one of the three estates of the realm. That she did not like to be argued with was feminine, charmingly feminine, but it was not royal. The author's remark that the charge against Beaconsfield of trying to please the queen by increasing her power was "merely the cry of ignorance," is gratuitous. From what we know of Beaconsfield it is presumably true, nor is it in any way a secret that the title of Empress of India was a gorgeous bid for royal favor on the part of the premier.

These, however, are small matters and they do not detract from a fine book, pleasingly written, well illustrated and well produced.

"Victoria, the Woman," by Frank Hird. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$2.50.

Justice Harlan at seventy-five has just run up against one of those rumors in the newspapers that he was about to resign. It makes him say somewhat tartly: "I can not imagine how it is that two or three times a year a report is printed that I am going to retire from the bench. The fact is that I have never contemplated, much less considered, such a thing. I will retain my position as long as I keep my present good health, and I do not propose for these reports of my retirement to go uncontradicted."

Jane Addams is said to have a larger constituency than any college president in the world. Nine thousand men, women, and children go to Hull House to attend clubs and classes, to learn how to cook, to sew, to make hats, to dance, to paint, to model in clay, to drink a social cup of tea, to witness and take part in dramatics, to study literature, philosophy, and political economy.

"ONE CITY AND MANY MEN."

London Society Delights in a Book of Reminiscences by Sir Algernon West.

Sir Algernon West's new book, "One City and Many Men" will of course find its way to America. It is too full of good things to be overlooked, and of reminiscences of those older days when all men were gallant and all women witty as well as beautiful. But first let me say something about the author himself in the way of guarantee that he knows what he writes about and that his experience of men and things is ample enough to justify a book of this kind.

The Right Hon. Sir Algernon West is a member of the Privy Council and a grand commander of the Bath. Having been born in 1832, he is seventy-six years of age. He was educated at Eton, became a clerk in the Admiralty, and secretary to the Duke of Somerset. Then he went to the India office and soon after he was appointed secretary to Mr. Gladstone. Later on he filled the position of secretary to the Board of Inland Revenue, he served on the Prison Commission, and was vice-chairman of the Licensing Commission. He has already written a book of "Recollections" and also a memoir of Sir Henry Kettle, so that his present venture is by no means a first offshoot.

"One City and Many Men" is practically a book of gossip and anecdote, and how can contemporary history be more pleasantly written or with a greater illumination upon the character of public men. Take for example his stories of Lord Randolph Churchill. They tell us more of the "true inwardness" of that wayward man than we could glean from many volumes of blue books or parliamentary reports. Lord Randolph, we learn, did not hear fools gladly, as is the part of a true statesmanship. Those who hored him were likely to be told so, by deeds if not by words. "On one occasion he went in to a formal luncheon, where the places were arranged. He looked to the right of him and he looked to the left of him—he gathered up his plate and napkin and knife and fork and sat himself down at the other end of the table. His cynicism was delightful. When the dreaded subject of bimetalism cropped up he turned to Sir A. Godley and said, 'I forget—was I himetallist when I was at the India office?'"

Another good story is of Browning, and it may be commended to the country debating societies of today. When the poet produced one of his earlier volumes he was naturally elated to receive a note from no less than J. S. Mill suggesting a notice of the verses in the *Westminster Review*. There could, of course, be no higher honor, but Browning was a little subdued by a later note from Mill to the effect that he could not write the article, as a notice of the book had already appeared in the *Westminster Review*. "With a palpitating heart Browning rushed to the club and searched the page of the *Westminster Review* to find, to his dismay, the article which had robbed him of J. S. Mill's notice. It was to this effect: 'A volume of poems by Browning—baldersash.'"

Speaking of poets, Sir Algernon West might perhaps have omitted an early impression of Swinburne, seeing that the veteran is still in the land of the living. But no doubt Swinburne is well used to that sort of thing. The poet "one night was brought in (to the club) as a visitor. 'Who is that man,' said a member, 'who looks like the Duke of Argyll possessed of a devil?'"

The author's recollections of early society are amusing. A formal etiquette interfered even with domestic relations and "to a younger generation, perhaps, it is almost unthinkable that not so very long ago it was considered highly improper for a wife to address her husband by his Christian name or for a son to address his parents without saying 'sir' or 'ma'am.' We may not be less courteous or reverent at heart, having dismissed these manners, but they have none the less a pleasant savor."

Sir Algernon never heard his mother call his father by his Christian name. Boys at Eton often wrote to each other as "My dear sir," and boys addressed their fathers as "sir." Even in the "One City" a rigid propriety was the rule. "There was no public place or club where a lady could dine, and I recollect a most respectable peer of the realm who, on expressing a wish to dine in the coffee-room of the hotel in which he was staying with his wife, was told by his landlord that he must get a third person to join their party!"

Society at that time was so restricted that even Lady Palmerston used to write with her own hand all the invitations to her parties, and Lord Anglesey used to keep a slate at his house in Burlington Gardens "where anybody who wished to dine might write down his name."

Stories of Gladstone are naturally numerous, and I may select one of them as a specimen. We are told that upon one occasion "two men of singularly unprepossessing presence sat opposite to him, and he put it to his colleagues on the bench beside him as to which was the uglier. They gave their opinion. 'No,' said he, 'you do not approach the question from the proper point. If you were to magnify your man, he would, on a colossal scale, become dignified and even imposing; but my man, the more you magnified him the meaner he would become.'"

Before the days of the Crimean War it was a social sin for a man to wear a beard or moustache. The Duke of Newcastle was the first to infringe upon a rigid custom and Lady Morley was responsible for a *bon mot*, unclearly, it is true, but illuminating. Her ladyship said that the great advantage of beard and moustache was that you could thereby tell all the courses that a man had eaten at dinner. This may well be paired with a recollection of Gladstone's, recorded by Sir Algernon. Upon one occasion when a host put to a bishop who was dining with him the usual formula, "Will your lordship have any more wine?" the bishop replied in a solemn voice: "Thank you, not till we have drunk what we have before us." Temperance, either in eating or in drinking, was not then among the accepted virtues of the day.

Sir Algernon West would of course disclaim any intention to write history, but we may well wonder what new and more accurate ideas we should have of the story of the world if such chroniclers as he had been more numerous. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, June 10, 1908.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

A Siamese girl, Miss Hilda Anoon Traa, has come to America in order to familiarize herself with educational methods for the ultimate benefit of her country. Miss Traa will start in one of the lowest of the classes in a school at Hartford, Conn., where she will take up kindergarten methods and music. She will spend three years in America, by which time she hopes to gain sufficiency of knowledge to return to her native country and open a school of her own.

Mrs. John Philip Sousa, wife of the famous bandmaster, excels him in at least one thing, and that an unusual one for a woman. Friends of the "march king" recently have expressed their sympathy for him because of a severe trouncing he received at the hands of his wife—at a game of billiards. Mrs. Sousa is an expert with the cue, and one of the women who has resisted the lure of bridge whist, preferring the older game. Mrs. Sousa wields the cue like a professional.

Illinois has the distinction of being the only State that has honored a daughter as well as a son by placing her statue in the National Hall of Fame. Frances E. Willard is the only woman whose statue is in Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington. It is said that no other object in the hall attracts so much notice from sightseers. Almost every day flowers are laid upon the pedestal at her feet, while during visiting hours there is generally a crowd standing before her statue.

Miss Edyth Walker has been a triumphant success at the Covent Garden opera in London, and the American colony have almost hurried her beneath their congratulations. Seven years ago Miss Walker sang at Covent Garden as a contralto. Her sudden development of a soprano voice is as great an accident as the from-haritone-to-tenor transformation of Jean de Reszke and Sims Reeves. The result is that Miss Walker's range is phenomenal and she takes high or low notes with equal ease. New York rejoiced to learn that she is a Hopewell girl and used to sing in the choir at the Hopewell Church.

Count Tolstoy is now eighty years of age and so greatly enfeebled that the management of all the family business and the supervision of the large farming interests at Yasnaia Poliana have fallen upon the shoulders of the countess, while at the same time she has acted as her husband's secretary, writing and re-writing his manuscript sometimes half a dozen times. All of this, added to the care of her husband—and it is said that he is not a patient invalid—is telling upon her own strength. She is many years younger than her husband, the daughter of a well-known Moscow physician, and was a handsome, plump, black-eyed schoolgirl when the count married her in 1861. He being then thirty-three years old and having ever since manhood lived a confessed life of debauchery and mad extravagance. He took her to Yasnaia Poliana, which had come to his family through Catherine the Great's infatuation for the General Tolstoy of that day, and set up his household in a little peasant's hut on the bankrupt estate. There she lived nearly twenty years without going back to Moscow; there she became the mother of seventeen children and educated them herself, while her husband spent his time in Moscow or St. Petersburg or wandered off on his long trips to study peasant life.

The woman politician has arrived in Canada. Miss Clara Brett Martin, who has already achieved the distinction of being the first woman admitted to the Canadian bar, is now desirous of becoming Canada's first female member of Parliament. Miss Martin has announced formally her candidacy as a member for the provincial legislature and will run for office in East Toronto against Dr. R. A. Pyne, who holds the portfolio of Minister of Education in the Provincial Cabinet. Miss Martin is said to combine beauty with high social position, an exceptional education and remarkable cleverness. Yet, in spite of these advantages, she was only admitted to practice after great difficulty. Miss Martin's diplomas and college degrees, and her preliminary ex-

amination, were favorable in the highest degree, but in Canada it is necessary that a would-be lawyer shall be approved by a body known as the Benchers, composed of old and conservative lawyers. The Benchers rejected the application. Miss Martin then appealed to the International Council of Women, comprising the leading women's clubs of the English-speaking world. The president at that time was Lady Aberdeen, wife of the governor-general of Canada. Her ladyship took an active interest in the case, and as a result a series of resolutions were sent in to the Benchers from all over the world. These were followed by articles in the press, most of them calling for the abolition of the Benchers themselves. This latter probability had more effect upon that body than the former, and their decision was reversed.

CURRENT VERSE.

Telling Her.

When the hedge blows,
Sparrow and linnet
Through the green cover
Warble: "Begin it!
Tell her (oh, haste to her!), tell her
you love her!
Tell her this minute!"

When the leaf glows
And the haws soften,
Robins call gaily:
"Tell it her often!
Tell her (oh, stand by her!), tell it her
daily,
Over and often!"

Then, when it snows,
Wrens, growing colder,
Urge it: "Caress her!
Hold her, man, hold her!
Tell her (oh, cling to her!), tell her—
God bless her!
Love grows no colder!"—*Everybody's.*

Next Door.

We saw the tapers burn
In the home so close to ours;
But however our hearts might yearn,
We dared not send our flowers.
"He will not understand," we said,
"Our loving thought of his loved dead."

O City! Thus you hide
The pity in every heart!
Those who are at our side
You sunder a world apart.
A little harrier built of stone—
And my neighbor grieves—alone, alone.
—*Smart Set.*

One Sided.

Is I bound to keep de Sabbath day
When de hawk goes free?
Is I bound to set in my yahd and pray
En let dem crows in de cawnpach stay
En grabble and take my cawn away?
Hit's funny to me!

If de varmints 'll knock off workin', too,
En set in de sun,
I'll rest an' pray de whole day thoo;
But if dey goes loose, en is gwine to do
Wut dey pleases, den 't aint shoo! shoo!
But it's harg! wid a gun.

It's mighty po' rest to be shet in a stall
Lak you got no sense;
It's mighty po' prayin' when de watch-crow call.
Fum de scare crow's head, and de chickens squall.
End it's mighty po' 'ligion when Sunday's all
Dis side av de fence!
—*John Charles McNeill, in "Lyrics from Cotton-land."*

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Writers of short stories, and their name is legion, must either amend their ways or fall into the class with the despised cheap novel. So at least says a writer in *Harper's Weekly* who implores the maker of magazine stories to be a little different and to try to see in life what others have not seen.

There appears and reappears, he says, the precocious-child story, the love complication, the domestic-service story, the slangy story, the dangerous-adventure story, and the stories of friendship. There is no change in the literary menu, and no novelty. Short-story writing has become hack work, and poor hack work at that. As a counsel of perfection we are reminded of what Flaubert said to Maupassant: "Look at a tree until it appears to you just as it appears to every one else. Then look at it till you see what no man has ever seen before." But this is exactly what our writers can not do, nor are they likely to do so while writers and learned editors alike are afflicted with the disease of the commonplace and alike unwilling to be healed.

Theodore Roosevelt, The Boy and the Man, by James Morgan. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

There is no reason why the hero-worshiper should not have his place in the work of biography. Indeed, a personal enthusiasm gives piquancy to narrative where otherwise it might be lacking. In this instance the hero-worship is entirely sincere, it does not interfere with accuracy nor encroach upon the domain of national policy. Mr. Morgan has given us a bright and readable life of President Roosevelt considered rather as a man of action than of policies and of statecraft.

The opening paragraph reminds us that Theodore Roosevelt, "unlike Abraham Lincoln," was not born in a log cabin. Then we are introduced to his boyhood battles, his introduction to politics, his career in the Wild West and as a ranchman, his organization of the Rough Riders and his share in the Spanish War. Politics are not, of course, entirely excluded, but the portions devoted to them are not among the most felicitous of the book. Far-reaching policies, such as the campaign against the corporations, can not be dismissed with such vague and comfortable generalities as the following:

"All these great transactions were done so soberly and in a spirit of such manifest fairness, that the very men whose practices were most affected by them found no chance to assail the motives of the President."

But such instances are rare and pardonable and hardly detract from the merits of a book that is eminently a story of action and a story that is thoroughly well told within its proper boundaries.

The Blue Lagoon, by H. de Vere Stackpoole. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

At a first glance this book seems to be a new "Robinson Crusoe," but it speedily develops into something more. As the result of a wreck two children, a boy and a girl, in charge of an old sailor, are cast away on a South Pacific coral island. The sailor dies and the children are left to take care of themselves and to be educated by nature. The evident object of the story is to show the awakening of the sex instinct under purely unconventional environment. Of course, it does awaken after several years of island life, and when the young couple are eventually rescued they have given a hostage to fortune in the shape of a baby.

The idea is cleverly, and no doubt accurately, worked out, but we do not know that we are any the better for it, or that it helps us with practical and pressing problems in which desert islands play no part. It is not useful to know, or rather to guess at, what nature will do in such unusual circumstances, for even nature supposes some kind of parental guidance and the tutelage of human companionship. As a story of adventure "The Blue Lagoon" takes a high place, so high indeed that it is likely to attract the attention of young people, for whom its language is much too plain.

Aspects of George Meredith, by Richard H. P. Curle. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$2.

The cult of George Meredith has been enriched by this scholarly volume. The author writes not only as a lover of Meredith—we are all lovers of Meredith—but as a cultured critic of literature who knows how to demand from the novelist the utmost that he has to give and to appraise his work at its real and permanent value to humanity. His appreciation of Meredith, an appreciation attained after some three hundred pages of fine analysis, is that the words applied by Meredith to Shakespeare may fittingly be applied to the novelist himself:

Thy greatest knew thee, Mother Earth; unsoured He knew thy sons. He probed from hell to hell Of human passions, but of love deflowered His wisdom was not, for he knew thee well.

But the demerits of Meredith are not overlooked, although their insignificance properly relegates them to a final chapter. His occa-

sional obscurity, his cryptic qualities, his overloading of his female characters with virtues are touched upon, but, as the author well says, all these things are the faults of his strength, and force will survive while personality fades. Certainly there is no better volume of modern literary appreciation than this, nor one more thoughtful and suggestive.

Passing Protestantism and Coming Catholicism, by Newman Smythe, D. D. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.

It may be said that neither is Protestantism passing nor Catholicism coming unless we are to attach such new meanings to these words as to rob them of their historic essentials. So long as religion, to its own discredit and futility, is in any way identified with dogma so long will there be some who are willing to rely for their beliefs upon authority and others who reject all authority except that of an unencumbered conscience. The only unity that the churches are ever likely to know is a unity of good deeds, and this is the last point upon which they seem to place any emphasis.

The author believes that a progressive Protestantism and a progressive and modernized Catholicism can in some way be made to meet by a process of give and take in matters of religious observance and creed. His optimism must indeed be great if he believes that the Papacy will ever be less tenacious of the *jus divinum* than it was in the days of Melancthon. The Papacy without the *jus divinum* would be no longer the Papacy. The surrender of papal absolutism would be the surrender of the whole position of historic Catholicism, while the acceptance of such a principle by intelligent Protestants is unthinkable.

The author writes with strong conviction, and with great suavity and persuasion. But he will convince only those who want to be convinced, and he will appeal not at all to that growing army of religious people who by an utter weariness of creeds have been driven back to the only religious essential of fraternity and comradeship.

The Last Duchess of Belgarde, by Molly Elliot Seawell. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.25.

It would be hard to speak too highly of this artistic and pathetic story of the French Revolution. Little Trimousette, convent bred and as simple as a flower, is betrothed to the Duke of Belgarde, courtier and roué. But the duke's honeymoon is passed in the Temple Prison, for the social storm breaks over Paris almost before the wedding is over. Trimousette, to whom her husband is always the perfect knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, aids him to escape, but he is arrested again, and then she appeals to Robespierre to be allowed to share his confinement. The dictator gives her the sinister promise that when he leaves the prison she also shall leave it, and he keeps his word. The story of those terrible and splendid days has been often told, but never with more charm and pathos than in this exquisite little story.

Messages to Mothers, by Herman Partsch, M. D. Published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco; \$1.50.

The author at once wins our sympathy when he says:

"I recognize a subconscious intelligence, otherwise referred to as nature or instinct, the promptings of which are called intuitions. These intuitions I have sought to understand and have learned to trust unreservedly, and in all matters of food selection and rejection I do so trust them and am by the results fully justified in so doing."

What children need nowadays is less "science" and more of the judicious neglect that means simply a non-interference with nature. Dr. Partsch's mission is to protest against preventable sickness in mothers and infants, and it is a sickness caused more by oversolicitude and by an artificial rearing than by apathy or indifference. It is a book that ought to be read by those who expect and by those who have received.

French Novelists of Today, by Winifred Stephens. Published by John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

There can be no more useful book for those who wish an introduction to the fiction of modern France without an excess of biography or criticism. Within the space of some three hundred pages the author chats pleasantly about Anatole France, Marcel Prévost, Pierre de Coulevain, Paul Bourget, Maurice Barrès, René Bazin, Edouard Rod, and Pierre Loti. The list is a short one, but the handling and the style produce in the reader that variety of gratitude that has been defined as a lively sense of other favors to come.

Poland, the Knight Among Nations, by Louis E. Van Norman. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago; \$1.50.

Such a book as this comes opportunely at a time when the nations of Europe seem likely once more to be thrown into the crucible, and when strange changes are being wrought by the law that ordains the survival of the fittest. That a work such as this and with such a scope should be undertaken by an American

is peculiarly appropriate. If we miss some of the intimate knowledge that only nationality can give we have on the other hand a truer perspective and a more unobstructed vision. No one can read Mr. Van Norman's book without an admiration for his felicitous skill in telling a story that contains only essentials and in giving rotundity and completeness to his picture of a nation. Madame Modjeska, who writes a preface to the volume, says that it is the best she knows "about modern Poland by an outsider." That is authoritative praise, and that it is well merited will not be in doubt by the delighted reader.

It is strange that we know so little of Poland and of a race that has been so fertile

in literary and artistic genius. The author modestly disclaims any attempt to write a history of Poland or to present a comprehensive study of national psychology. Nevertheless he has written just such a history as will best illuminate the international problems of which Poland is the centre, and he certainly shows a better understanding of the national mind than any other writer of today. The time can not be far off when in the eternal fitness of things Poland will come into her own if there be any emancipating power in moral and intellectual greatness. How real are Poland's deserts, how substantial the debt owed to her by the world have never been better set forth or in garb more attractive.



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Mrs. Fiske will come to the Alcazar Theatre, Monday, June 29. In Rebecca West Mrs. Fiske has a rôle upon which she has been at work for several years, and the results of this study are shown in her mastery of the personation of one of the greatest, most difficult, and most fascinating women in her contemporary drama. Rebecca West has been likened by most critics to Lady Macbeth. She has some of that character's attributes, as well as some similarity to that other Rebecca, whom Mrs. Fiske played so admirably—Becky Sharp. At all events, she is the dominant and moving figure in a drama of love and expiation that is the crowning work of Henrik Ibsen. The story of the love of Rebecca West for John Rosmer has an interest that holds the auditor throughout its narration and thrills him in the confession scene in the third act and in the dénouement to which the story progresses. It is in these later scenes that Mrs. Fiske rises to her greatest height, but throughout, her portrayal is characterized by fine intelligence, introspective analysis and technique. In this production, the collective acting of the Manhattan company has come in for the highest sort of praise. The company this season includes Arthur Fuller, George Arliss, Fuller Mellich, Albery Brunning, and Mary Maddern. As usual, with the production under the management of Harrison Grey Fiske, the staging is artistic and complete.

The programme at the Orpheum for the week beginning this Sunday matinee will be exceptionally attractive and will contain several of the best acts of the vaudeville stage. Marcel's Bas Reliefs, beautiful reproductions in life of the world's greatest classic marble and bronze masterpieces, will be the headline novelty. Jean Marcel is a Parisian artist who has painted several famous pictures and has lived much of his life in the Quartier Latin—in fact it was there he selected his chief models. Mr. Fred Bond, Miss Fremont Benton, and their company of farceurs will present "Handkerchief No. 15," one of the most amusing one-act comedies on the stage. With wide experience and natural humor, Mr. Bond has made his vaudeville offering distinctly worth while, and he is fortunate in having Miss Benton for his colleague. Alf Grant and Ethel Hoag will renew their acquaintances with us in a complete novelty, a singing and comedy mélange which they style "A Merry-Go-Round." Leipzig, the famous European conjurer, will make his first appearance in this city. Next week will be the last of Grais's remarkable bahooin comedians, Midgley and Carlisle, and Clifford and Burke. The Fadettes of Boston will conclude their engagement with this programme. During the week they will present several complete changes of programme. A series of new and interesting motion pictures will terminate the performance.

Lew Fields's great musical extravaganza success, "It Happened in Nordland," will be presented for the first time in this city next Monday night at the Princess Theatre. Quite a number of new people will be added to the company for this production and a cast will be presented that will do it justice. Julius Steger, whose triumph in "The Fifth Commandment" at the Orpheum is fresh in the public memory, has been engaged for the rôle of Dr. Otto Blotz. May Boley, a comedienne of exceptional ability, is cast for the character of Katherine Peepfogel, American ambassador to the court of Nordland, and Virginia Foltz, daughter of the eminent lady lawyer, Mrs. Clara Foltz, and a young actress of uncommon talent, has been secured for Parthonia Schmitt. Zoe Barnett will make her reappearance in the character of Mayme Perkins, private secretary to the American ambassador. William Burriss has been retained for this production and will personate Hubert, the long-lost brother of Katherine Peepfogel. Frank Farrington will make his acquaintance with us as Prince George of Nebula. A feature of the performance will be the appearance of John Romano, the famous harpist, who will have the appropriate rôle of Giovanni, harp player to Queen Elsa. The remaining characters will be distributed as follows: Baron Sparta, Minister of War and Police, Arthur Cunningham; Princess Aline, Sarah Edwards; Duke of Toxen, Reginald Travers; Captain Slivowitz, assistant to the Chief of Police, George B. Field; Hugo von Arnim, lieutenant in the Royal Body Guard, Charles E. Couture; Dr. Popoff, proprietor of Popoff's Sanitarium, Oscar C. Apfel; Captain Gatling of the U. S. Navy, Robert Boston; Marquise Franziska, Mistress of the Royal Robes, Christina Nielsen; Rudolph, a peasant, and Prince Karl, Robert Z. Leonard; Miss Hicks, Secretary of the American Embassy, Maybelle Baker.

Henry Miller in "The Great Divide" will appear at the Van Ness Theatre commencing Monday, July 6. The actor-manager has three companies on tour with this play, but the one to visit this city is his own organization, lately at Daly's Theatre, New York, and headed by himself. The cast includes Mary Hall, Laura Hope Crews, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Charles Wyngate, Charles Gotthold, and others. All the clever people in the Van Ness production with but one exception were

with Mr. Miller during his splendid run of five hundred nights with "The Great Divide" at Daly's and the Princess Theatre. The advance sale of seats begins Thursday.

Every expectation has been realized by Charles Frohman's production of Henri Bernstein's "The Thief" at the Van Ness Theatre, where this drama has been presented to large audiences during the past week. "The Thief" is one of the few plays that have dealt with the marital relations with reverence and insight. The acting of Margaret Illington in the rôle of Mrs. Voysin is unquestionably fine, the actress creating a big a furor here as she did in New York. Matinées are given Saturdays only.

Some exceptionally well-known players are included in the organization known as the Henry Miller Associated Players now appearing in "The Servant in the House" at the Savoy Theatre, New York. The play is termed by *Harper's Weekly* "the greatest play of the generation." The cast includes Edith Wynne Mathison, Tyrone Power, Charles Dalton, Arthur Lewis, Galwey Herbert, Gladys Wynne, Walter Hampden.

Henry Miller and the members of his splendid company appearing in "The Great Divide" will arrive here in a day or two to fulfill the coming engagement at the Van Ness Theatre. The actor-manager is preparing to stage a new play called "Mater" during his stay in San Francisco. Mary Hall, the well-known actress, is playing the leading feminine rôle in the Western drama.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Among their fall fiction the Houghton-Mifflin Company expect to publish new books by the following well-known authors: Miss Mary Johnston, Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham, Miss Alice Brown, Charles Egbert Craddock, Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, and C. Hanford Henderson. They also will publish the first novel by Harry James Smith, whose recent short stories in the leading magazines have been notable for their delicate literary art and popular interest.

The Macmillans have just published a book by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie that promises to be useful as well as entertaining. Under the title "Stories New and Old," Mr. Mabie has brought together ten typical English and American short stories, with introductions setting forth the place of each in literature. These stories range chronologically from William Austin's "Peter Rug" to Owen Wister's "The Game and the Nation," and represent very fairly the main steps in the development of the modern short story.

"Mr. Crewe's Career," which is easily the best selling book in America at the present time, is also reported as among the leaders in England. Mr. Churchill has always been a favorite with the English critics, and even *The Spectator*, usually none too tolerant of American literary methods, declares him "one of the most salutary influences in modern fiction."

New Publications.

Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, have published "The Common Sense of Socialism: A Series of Letters Addressed to Jonathan Edwards of Pittsburg."

Bird lovers should on no account miss "The Bird Our Brother," by Olive Thorne Miller of Los Angeles. It is a work of tender enthusiasm, wholly untechnical and shining with good stories all the way through. It is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. Price, \$1.25.

"The Russian Bastille," by Simon O. Pollock, published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, is an account of the Schlüsselburg Political Prison of St. Petersburg. This little volume should be read by those who wish to know something of the slowly germinating seed of the Russian revolution.

"Wild Flower Families," by Clarence M. Weed, is an attempt to "bring into easily available form a discussion of a large proportion of the more widely distributed herbaceous wild flowers." The book, which is intended for class use, is clearly written and well illustrated. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.50.

It is not easy to understand why any one should wish for long life nowadays, but those who have such ambitions should read "Long Life and How to Attain It," by Dr. Pearce Kintzing. The author has no fads, he is not over materialistic and his style is pleasant and kindly. The book is published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. Price, \$1.

"The Five Knots," by Fred M. White, is a story of revenge taken by natives of North Borneo upon Samuel Flower, a ship-owner who had once inflicted a ruinous injury upon their tribe. The love incident is supplied by Samuel Flower's daughter and a young doctor who was aware of the dubious ways in which Flower had made his money. The book is published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.

At the Greek Theatre.

Professor William Dallam Armes of the musical and dramatic committee of the University of California has evidently struck upon the correct theory in the conduct of the affairs of the Greek Theatre in Berkeley. He has ventured off into ground that had not been touched before by those in charge and he has offered to the public for its approval the proposition of giving to them what they really care most for—band concerts in the open air. In securing the services of the Third United States Artillery Band for the summer to play a two-hour concert in the Greek Theatre on Saturday nights, he has hit upon the very scheme that will most certainly tend to do just what he has long wanted to do in the line of popularizing the big auditorium out there in the eucalyptus grove so that people may come and develop a love for music and for art.

From an artistic standpoint Professor Armes's plan has worked back and away from what might appear at a casual glance of the aesthetic eye to be a step toward the cheapening of the Greek Theatre. It has really done just what the people wanted. It has given the theatre over to the whole public upon a basis that makes it possible to enjoy a big attraction at a nominal admission fee of 25 cents. Professor Armes, never made a mistake and he has always given the people the best that the people could have.

Miss Helen Colburn Heath, the sweet-voiced concert soprano of San Francisco, will sing the solo number that has been specially arranged for the opening night. She has consented to render the song in which she made her first big success, the Michaela song from "Carmen." Miss Heath sang once before in the Greek Theatre a couple of months ago, and there were about six thousand people in the auditorium. The ovation she received caused her to express a wish on that occasion that she might sing again some time before leaving for the East and Europe. Accordingly, Professor Armes extended the invitation and Miss Heath cancelled an engagement for June 27 in order that she might appear.

Here is the programme for the band concert. It is prettily arranged and it has met with the approval of the committee:

Marche et cortège, "La Reine de Saba," Gounod; overture, "William Tell," Rossini; flower song, "Hearts and Flowers," Tobani; euphonium solo, performed by Sergeant Giambruno; selection, "Il Trovatore," Verdi; Michaela song, "Carmen," sung by Miss Helen Colburn Heath soprano, Miss Edna Wilcox accompanist; medley, "Popular Songs," Remick; grand fantasia, "My Old Kentucky Home" (variations for all instruments), Dalby; waltz, "Invitation to the Dance," Weber; American sketch, "Down South," Myddleton; selection, "El Capitan," Sousa; finale, "Star-Spangled Banner."

The second of the six dates falls on the Fourth of July. Professor Armes is arranging a programme that will most likely be the best thing given about the bay on that day or night. Besides a band concert programme such as only Bandmaster Armand Putz can arrange for such an occasion there will be an electrical effect that will be worth seeing.

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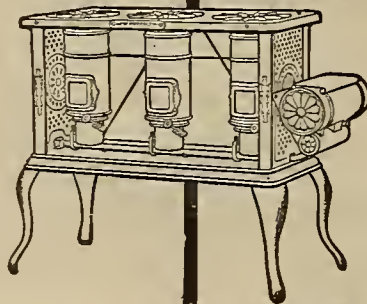
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"THE THIEF" AT THE VAN NESS.

By Josephine Hart Phelps

History is again repeating itself this week. The stores are thronged with woman shoppers. The streets—or, at least, Van Ness Avenue, Fillmore, and the intersecting thoroughfares—contain files of pretty, "tuh-suited" femininity. True, the summer resorts are nearly empty. True, the suburbanite can not, as of yore, let out his pretty, comfortable home to some full-pursed metropolitan eager for a change from city life, while yet retaining all the comforts of a home. For now every one hangs on distrustfully to his or her coin. We eat plainer fare, cut off the fancy courses when we give a dinner, dispense with a summer outing, send Mary Jane away, if that fore-handed damsel has not previously dismissed her employer, cease to cultivate our sweet tooth—the candy shops are nearly empty these times—but the women still make a good appearance in the matter of dress, and every one who feels too poor for a summer outing offers himself continual theatre treats as a compensation.

On Monday night the Van Ness Theatre was full. Again the beautiful, broad thoroughfare that we shall, in the future, sigh to relinquish to uptown, was crowded with motor-cars. Again the women were beautifully, sumptuously gowned. The boxes were full of fashionables. Prominent people had turned out by the dozen. One would never have dreamed that this was the season for the summer flitting, or that our mercurial city, after a spectacular series of ups and downs, the like of which the world has never seen, was down, emphatically down, in the financial dumps.

The adroit press agent has for some time been very busy stimulating people's curiosity about "The Thief." The press has been fairly sown with articles containing apparently carelessly dropped information as to the play, the author, the characters, and the players who interpret them.

Margaret Illington's name has been brought well to the fore. This young actress's rise has been rapid since we saw her with Sothorn in "A King for a Day." She showed then, in spite of a lack of artistic restraint, an exuberance of dramatic energy which is almost inevitably bound to win success for its owner. Add to this her mighty pull, and the name Illington spells victory.

The actress, however, is badly handicapped by a light, non-carrying voice. She makes valiant efforts to master the difficulty, articulates with the greatest care, assists her meaning with attitude and gesture, as far as she may, but in the great scenes in which the erring wife pours forth a stream of exculpatory words, I found that I caught just about half of them, and complaints from the people about me showed that the vocal weakness caused inconvenience to many.

In other respects, however, Miss Illington is fitted for the rôle of the pretty young wife whose conception of happiness is to be perfectly gowned. Henri Bernstein, the French author, has striven to appeal to our sympathy by making Marie-Louise worship her husband. But I find myself impervious to the appeal. To my mind, the thief-heroine is a thoroughly low-down, objectionable person. I don't like her. I don't sympathize with her. It is easy to sympathize with Leah Kleschna, who was brought up on a diet of thieving, but Marie-Louise Voysin has not one rag of justification. She stole from her bosom friend, she incriminated her hoy-admirer, she wounded the father-heart of her husband's best friend, she aimed a deadly blow at her husband's happiness. And all for what? To secure more admiration from her husband, who was to her—this is Monsieur Bernstein's strong card—the one and only man in the universe. "A compliment," she says, "to a woman in love, is wine, is intoxicating. You complimented me"—this was in her first stolen fling—"and I was lost."

But while this reputedly noble constancy may appeal to French sentimentality, the more matter-of-fact American is not so compassionately touched by it, finding it no great merit for a petted, beloved wife to be enamored of a straight-shouldered young husband whose attractions are quite up to the average. If Mme. Voysin had stolen for unselfish reasons, one might have made allowances, recognizing that the "poor little fool," as her husband so truly called her, might have had in her composition that hopeless lack of logic, that deficiency of the true relation of things, which often characterizes women who are otherwise sweet and lovable.

But Mme. Voysin is purely selfish, a shallow, rapacious, sensual, callous little animal. She does not love with her soul, and when her husband, affronted by the frightful discovery of her guilt, turns from her, she seeks to win him back by ensnaring his senses by voluptuous caresses.

As for the claim of the nimble press agent, and M. Bernstein's admirers, that the play offers a lesson for husbands who do not furnish enough finery for their wives, I do not find it so. It is merely a dramatic incident, the heroine of which is abnormally selfish and abnormally dishonest. It can not fail to be interesting, when an honorable man finds himself wedded to a woman of his own class who is yet a thief, and whom he must continue to love. The shame of the woman, her defense, her humiliation when exposure before friends follows, the sufferings of her husband, all these furnish highly dramatic material.

And yet I do not believe that the audience found itself deeply moved. And why not? Simply, I am convinced, because there was no real nobility of motive in any quarter. The husband rightly sticks to his wife, but, it is quite evident, principally because her charms of person continue to render her irresistible. The young calf lover—I believe he is nineteen—unhesitatingly sacrifices himself—which I find idiotic, under the circumstances—and inflicts a blow on the family name and honor, and on his father's pride and affection—which, to use a mild term, is reprehensible.

The company surrounding Miss Illington may be summed up in that colorless adjective, adequate. Everybody is quite adequate, but nobody, except the heroine, is really interesting, not even Bruce McKee. Evidently the part of the husband is not suited to him, or else he feels himself out of sympathy with it. At any rate, this actor, who was such a delightful companion to Ethel Barrymore in "Cousin Kate," as Monsieur Voysin, the suffering husband of the thief, seemed to be merely a series of mechanical explosions. I can only say of the Lagardes, father and son, that they were conscientious, but both of them failed to get out of the atmosphere of polite artifice. Mr. Sidney Herbert's Monsieur Zambault was rather better, and all Isahel Richards had to do was to contribute an occasional lady-like remark, run an active rivalry to the pilfered finery of her friend, and look very pretty.

Margaret Illington, while not what would be called a beauty, is an effective stage figure. With her somewhat artificial intonation, her fashionably-simple coiffure, her prettily rounded features, and her full, yet daintily-contoured figure, set off by a statusquely clinging gown, she made a very ornate centre to the exceedingly handsome and sumptuous salon of the Lagardes.

In the opening scene the author very wisely makes clear the felicity of the Voysins by displaying the married lovers in several scenes of matrimonial "lallygagging." But I must say that I found the uxorious Monsieur Voysin and his ardent partner just a wee bit tiresome in this respect. This fault, it may be added, is due to the indiscretion of the author, instead of the actors.

French theatre-goers are always shocked at any exaggerated interchange of caresses on the stage between the sexes, so perhaps the translator—who modestly suppresses his name—took liberties with the text. The translated version, it may be added, is not felicitously worded, the diction being commonplace in the extreme.

To return to Miss Illington, who made an effective, although slightly artificial presentation of the character and sufferings of Marie-Louise Voysin, it is probable, if we may judge from her work in "The Thief," that the actress's specialty will lie in the line of these neurotic women of the drawing-room who unite to a deification of their own selves an insensibility to the sufferings of others. Although not of Olga Nethersole's type, there are things about Margaret Illington that suggest her: more particularly, a cultivation of the voluptuous suggestion in the display of her attractions, as evidenced by the cut of her gown, and her undulatory gait. She is rather inclined to attitudinize, for her attitudes, while undoubtedly effective, seem too premeditated.

The apparent insensibility of Mme. Voysin to the growing gravity of her position was rather surprising, before the bomb hurst, and I could not make out at first whether this apparent phlegm was intentional—and meant to suggest the art that conceals evidence of guilt—or due to a lack of ability to act by silent suggestion. I should imagine, however, that it was a mixture of both.

When the crucial scenes of the play came Miss Illington was dramatic and striking in look and pose. Still, she did not inspire pity, did not stir up much emotion in the spectator; a deficiency which was due, partly, to the lack of sufficiently exculpatory motive already mentioned, and also to a slight, restraining artificiality of which as yet she has not rid herself.

Monster Benefit for the Actors' Fund.

Daniel Frohman, president of the Actors' Fund of America, who is now in this city, will assist the committee of managers in organizing a monster benefit for this fund. It is to take place at the Van Ness Theatre on Wednesday afternoon, July 8, and will be a

continuous performance between the hours of 1 and 5:30. The fund has done so much in behalf of the actors of America and especially has afforded such liberal and constant relief to professionals on the Coast that no doubt all branches of the playhouse will combine to make the benefit a monster success. The greatest array of stars, one-act plays, vaudeville turns, and specially prepared farces will make up a lengthy and attractive programme. Orders for seats may be sent to the box office of the Van Ness Theatre and they will be filled in the order received. Among the stars to appear are Henry Miller, May Rohson, Margaret Illington, Isabel Irving.

The engagement of "The Thief" will close at the Van Ness next Saturday.

DIVIDEND NOTICES

FRENCH SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 108 Sutter Street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1908. CHARLES CARPY, President.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1908. GEORGE TOURNAY, Secretary.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 785 MARKET Street, near Fourth.—For the half year ending June 30th, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1908. W. E. PALMER, Secretary.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 705 Market Street, opposite Third.—For the half year ending June 30, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1908. Money deposited on or before July 10th will draw interest from July 1, 1908. GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter Street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of 4 per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1908. WM. A. BOSTON, Cashier.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA, 42 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter.—For half year ending June 30, 1908, a dividend has been declared on all deposits in the savings department of this bank at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908; dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1908. B. G. TOGNAZZI, Manager.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, N. W. corner California and Montgomery Streets.—For the half year ending June 30th, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and one-quarter (4 1/4) per cent on term deposits and four (4) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908. Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from July 1. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 MONTGOMERY Street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1908, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1908. FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

The Continental Building and Loan Association

Market and Church Streets

will on July 1, 1908, pay the usual interest of 6 per cent per annum on time deposits or Class C stock, 4 per cent per annum on ordinary or Class D stock. The interest on ordinary deposits, if not withdrawn, will be added to the principal and thereafter draw interest at the same rate.

WASHINGTON DODGE, President. WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

BANK OF ITALY, 632 MONTGOMERY Street, Montgomery Block (on or about July 20, 1908, will remove to our own building, S. E. corner Montgomery and Clay Streets).—For the half year ending June 30, 1908, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1908. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1908. L. SCATENA, President. A. PEDRINI, Cashier.

ITALIAN-AMERICAN BANK, S. E. CORNER Montgomery and Sacramento Streets.—A dividend at the rate of 4 per cent per annum net, free of taxes, has been declared for the half year ending June 30, 1908, on all savings deposits, payable on and after July 1, 1908. Dividends not called for will be added to the principal and bear the same rate of interest. A. E. SBARBORO, Cashier.

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"To talk of many things;
Of shoes and ships and sealing-wax
And cabbages and kings."

Which is particularly pat on the part of the walrus in view of the fact that although cabbages and sealing wax are causing no unusual flurry, the doings of various kings are looming large on the world's horizon; or, to avoid calling a spade a trowel, the way in which several kings are being "done." For instance, the warlike William of Germany is getting a thorough-going "call-down" by the bold Berlin press for what is deemed by the burgomeister standard unnecessary expenditures in maintaining his royal dignity. This malcontent press has been up and scolding the emperor for his love of pomp and display, pointing out to him the joys of the simple life and making caustic comparisons between his way of doing things and that of his brother sovereigns. It is thrown in the emperor's face, a dispatch to the *World* says, that when he went to Corfu he took with him twenty-four cooks, twenty coachmen and grooms, ten chauffeurs, and eleven huge baggage cars, and that when King Edward went to Biarritz a suite of six persons was deemed sufficient. The Czar, although the richest ruler in Europe, William is also reminded, goes far out of his way to avoid the white light that beats upon the monarch's throne, preferring when possible to travel unattended. Upon the Czar's recent visit to Copenhagen and Denmark it was the lack, instead of the presence, of display that created the impression of quiet and impressive dignity. The blare of color suggesting a brass foundry with the doors thrown wide was left to the bandmaster and performing bear and his kingly dignity supported by its own royal state. The King of Italy and the Emperor of Austria-Hungary too have records for avoiding the limelight, and King Alfonso is never happier than when in corduroys flat on his back in some dusty road tinkering with the running-gear of his machine. No one in the world feels more ridicule for the pomp and ceremony surrounding a ruler than the democratic King Leopold, who infinitely prefers the comforts of a good hotel to all the splendor of the most splendid palace. And not only are these incidents cited in comparison with William's grandiose style, but a further nasty fling is added by mentioning the fact that the only other rulers given to barbaric display of trappings and suite are the Sultan of Turkey and the Shah of Persia, but they have to do it because they are otherwise insignificant. It is not so easy to imagine Emperor William with his warlike mien submitting meekly to the dictum of these garrulous grumblings of the press, but if the ghost of the doughty Frederick the Great stands quietly by and sees the emperor on the German throne reprimanded in public by the press we shall cease to believe in the immortality of, at least, the German soul.

This protest on the part of the press arises from the fact that the emperor, not satisfied with the display he has heretofore indulged, has admitted to being "hard up" and wants an advance of salary. Although he receives from the State as German Emperor \$650,000 and nearly \$4,000,000 as King of Prussia, this is not enough, for the lines have been drawn closer and closer upon the German monarchs until as both king and emperor today William is not receiving the income of the old Prussian kings. An income exceeding four and a half millions a year looks at first glance as if it ought to keep even an emperorking housed in comparative comfort and afford a little pocket money besides, but those who have endeavored to calculate the enormous expenses the emperor has to meet have given out half way through the debit column and never reached the end. The one item of several hundred uniforms complete in all the Prussian equipments—horse, foot, and artillery—beside the regiments of the lesser States and those in which he holds honorary rank in foreign States, show one large drain on his income. But it is the maintenance of his fifty-two castles, palaces, country homes, innumerable farms and forests that keep him poor and force him to ask for a rise.

The King of Italy has \$3,200,000 a year, while the King of Greece has only \$200,000 a year. This sum is so wholly inadequate to the position that Great Britain, Russia, and France, on account of family ties and pride, each contribute \$20,000 to help eke out his allowance.

Apropos of King Edward's simple six retainers on his visit to Biarritz a bit of gossip from England suggests the possibility of their having been not wholly a matter of preference. Parliament is frequently reminded of the fact that the civil list, which compares very meanly with the revenue of almost every other important ruler, is wholly inadequate to the position of the King of England. King Edward, although he receives only \$2,350,000 annually for his own use, has not the responsibility of the support of his family, for each member of the British royal household receives various grants which exceed a total of \$200,000 a year, and besides his of-

ficial salary King Edward has a large individual income. Still everybody knows, who understands the English language, that the king is often short of funds for his own private needs, notwithstanding which Parliament offers no increase in his allowance, and a positive demand for more would doubtless elicit no less positive calling-down from the press than that received by the emperor.

Discussion of the inadequacy of the monarchs' income suggests, naturally, the expenditures of their wives. The big shops in Paris count their best customers the royalties of Europe, for there is not a queen who does not go to Paris to shop. Every spring and fall the majority of the women of the reigning houses go to Paris to look over the new modes, unless by special courier the new modes are sent to them. Queen Alexandra is in the habit of making a two weeks' stay, during which time she is hard at work selecting dinner, court, and hall creations. But for tailored gowns she gives her preference to London tailors. The queen is said to be reckless in her glove hills, paying never less than \$3.75 a pair and wearing from two to five fresh pairs a day, and yet her average outlay yearly is said not to exceed \$30,000. The Czarina until a few years ago was also always to be counted on for at least one annual visit to the Paris shops, but during the past few turbulent years she deems it better policy to prove her patriotism to Russia and patronize home industry. Next to Queen Alexandra, however, the Queen of Portugal was counted the best-dressed royalty and the most lavish spender, until her present period of mourning. Her besetting fad appears to be corsets. She is said to have them made in Paris by the dozen at prices ranging from \$40 to \$60 apiece. Even Queen Wilhelmina, with all her intense loyalty to Holland, can not resist the call of the French shops when it is a matter of state costumes. Her wedding shopping was her first experience in foreign shops and since then she has never missed her annual pilgrimage to the Paris shrine of fashion. White is her preference, the shop people say, and though she may be persuaded occasionally to venture something mildly green, she piously eschews anything frivolous or youthful, as pinks, reds, or blues. Italy's queen, the beautiful Helena, on the other hand, revels in brilliant colors and is indefatigable in looking for effects she considers bizarre yet within the bounds of good taste, for her love of color never leads her into inartistic temptations. She is also said to be a good business woman and drives a harder bargain than any other royalty in Europe.

While we are following with such fervor the customs and manners of European countries it would be well for us to consider the one thing needful that we have overlooked. The American girl may float gracefully and airily on a high tide of prosperity, but often sinks beneath the first wave of adversity because she has not been trained to meet the emergencies of life. In Europe, on the contrary, the women of the nobility and many of the royal families have for a long time past given serious thought to the matter of self-support, and many young duchesses, princesses, and countesses could earn their livings handsomely if put to the test. Every one of the five daughters of the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg could be independent wage-earners tomorrow if the necessity arose. One of them, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, is a graduate of the Berlin Royal School of Cookery. Another is a talented painter of miniatures, and her work stands on its own merits among many well-known critics. Not merely to fill in leisure hours, but with the enthusiasm of a poor art student, she works with indefatigable determination to succeed in this most exquisite art. The third daughter is a trained nurse, who took her training in one of the best hospitals in Berlin and is ready at a moment's notice to join the Red Cross nurses in service to her country or take private cases in the hospital's free ward. The fourth daughter, although still in her teens, is taking a kindergarten course and is also possessed of a voice of rare quality, and the youngest sister, a girl of fourteen, is already a fairly good stenographer and typist. She is a charming little girl, we are told, and exceedingly proud, not because she is a princess, but because she is such a good typist.

While other nations are mourning the cost of the rat and meditating methods for its extermination, their more ingenious neighbors of Paris have already found a way of turning that rodent to a profitable use. In Paris there is a rat pound. It is a deep-walled pit in which some thousands of rats are kept and fed regularly. Once a month there is a general slaying of rats. This is done by means of gas in a scientific manner. The rats by this time are sleek and plump and their hides in excellent condition. Their skins are removed and treated and eventually are made into "kid" gloves, while another colony of rats is introduced to the pound.

She—Have you ever made love to any one before? He—No, never, dearest—on my honor, don't you know! She—Well, run away, there's a good fellow, and get some practice, as you don't shape at all well at present.—*Stray Stories.*

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Lv. San Francisco		Lv. Muir Woods		Lv. Tamalpais	
WEEK DAY	SUN. DAY	WEEK DAY	SUN. DAY	WEEK DAY	SUN. DAY
9:45 A.	7:15 A.	1:40 P.	10:40 A.	7:25 A.	9:28 A.
9:45 A.	8:15 A.	2:40 P.	12:16 P.	1:40 P.	11:10 A.
1:45 P.	9:15 A.	4:45 P.	1:40 P.	4:14 P.	12:16 P.
9:45 A.	11:15 A.	2:45 P.	4:40 P.	4:40 P.	1:40 P.
11:15 A.	12:43 A.	5:45 E.	5:45 E.	ONLY	4:40 P.
Tamalpais	1:45 P.	Tamalpais only	3:45 P.	Muir Woods	6:40 P.
pais	3:45 P.	only	only	only	8:15 P.
14:45 P.	14:45 P.				

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"Cheerfulness is sometimes painfully acquired," remarked Miss Maude Felton now in vaudeville. "It's frequently like the man at the photographer's. This man, sitting for his portrait, said impatiently to the artist: 'Well, have I got now the pleasant expression you desire?' 'Yes, thank you,' said the photographer. 'That will do nicely.' 'Then, hurry up,' growled the man, 'it hurts my face.'"

A minister accepted a call to a new church in a town where many of the members bred horses and sometimes raced them. A few weeks later he was asked to invite the prayers of the congregation for Lucy Grey. Willingly and gladly he did so for three Sundays. On the fourth, one of the deacons told the minister he need not do it any more. "Why?" asked the good man, with an anxious look, "is she dead?" "Oh, no," said the deacon, "she's won the steeplechase."

The Bishop of London, at a dinner in Washington, told a story as the cigars came on about one of his predecessors. "When Dr. Creighton was Bishop of London," he said, "he rode in a train one day with a small, meek curate. Dr. Creighton, an ardent lover of tobacco, soon took out his cigar case, and with a smile he said: 'You don't mind my smoking, I suppose?' The meek, pale little curate hunched and answered humbly: 'Not if your lordship doesn't mind my heing sick.'"

It was a lady, prim, not young, manifestly unmarried, who applied at the Alaska steamship office at San Francisco inquiring about accommodations for the June trip. "How long will it take?" was the inquiry. "Well," said the dapper young clerk, "there's one day to get to Portland, another to get to Seattle, seven days to Skagway. Then there is a day for sight-seeing—and the return trip, all told say three weeks." "I think," remarked the lady stiffly, "it would be better to say twenty-one days."

The busy man stopped before an office building and leaped from his carriage. At the same moment an ambitious urchin ran forward and piped: "Hey, mister, kin I hold yer horse?" "No, you can't!" snapped the busy man. "Won't charge y' much," insisted the urchin. "I don't care about the charge," impatiently responded the man, throwing a blanket over his bony steed. "My horse will not run away!" "No?" "No," "I thought he might fall down!"

A barber in South Bend, having been out late the night before, had a shaky hand the next morning and cut a patron's cheek four times. After each accident the barber said, as he sponged away the blood: "Oh, dear me, how careless!" The patron took all these gashes in grave silence. But when the shave was over he filled a glass at the water-cooler, took a mouthful of water, and, with compressed lips, proceeded to shake his head from side to side. "What is the matter?" the barber asked. "You aint got the toothache, have you?" "No," said the customer; "I only wanted to see if my mouth would still hold water without leaking."

Senator Elkins was congratulated at a Washington dinner on his fine new yacht, the *Marietta*. From yachts to yachting clothes the transition was easy, and Senator Elkins told a story. "An old fellow," he said, "sat in a seaside café. He had finished luncheon; he was now drinking champagne. The sun shone on the white sand, the sea sparkled, and every little while the old fellow ordered another cold half-bottle. With the third order he said uneasily to the waiter: 'Waiter, is my nose getting red?' 'Yes, sir,' the waiter answered, 'it is, sir, I'm sorry to say, sir.' 'That won't do,' said the old fellow. 'That won't do at all. Waiter, send out and get me a yachting cap.'"

A negro pastor was warming up to the climax of his sermon and his auditors were waxing more and more excited. "I wahns yer, O my congregashun," exclaimed the exhorter. "I wahns yer against de sin uv fightin'; I wahns yer against de sin uv whiskey drinkin' an' de sin uv chicken robbin'; an' I wahns yer, my breddren, against the sin uv melon stealin'." A devout worshiper in the back of the church jumped to his feet and snapped his fingers excitedly. "Whuffo! does yer, my brudder, r'ar up an' snap yo' fingers w'en I speak of melon stealin'?" asked the preacher. "Kaze yo' jes' minds me whar I lef' mah overcoat," replied the devout worshiper, as he hurried off.

"Senator," said his private secretary, "here's a letter from the editor of the *Ske-dunk Bugle*, who wants to know how you stand on the question of repealing the infamous tariff on wood pulp." "Tell him," said Senator Ptrimmer, "that—" "But

here's one from a paper manufacturer who writes to ask you if you are going to allow the senseless clamor of irresponsible newspaper men to influence you against the great principle of protection to home industries and cause you to vote for the repeal of that most righteous and necessary tariff on wood pulp." "H'm!" mused the eminent statesman. "William, send the editor's letter to the paper manufacturer and the paper manufacturer's letter to the editor, and explain to each, in strict confidence, that a public man who is trying to serve his country has to stand this sort of rot from ignorant or prejudiced constituents, who seek to dissuade him from the faithful performance of his sworn duty."

In New York's Mexican colony they were praising at a recent dinner Pedro Alvarado of Parral, who had just given \$2,000,000 to the poor. "He was poor himself," said a broker. "That is why he is now kind to the poor. A splendid fellow. Whenever I go back to Mexico I look him up. Alvarado likes to tell the quaint experiences of his days of poverty. In Mexico City he once pointed to a bakery and said to me: 'You see that bakery? Well, as I looked for work one morning early, I saw a tramp on hands and knees at the grating above the ovens. A policeman appeared. He tapped with his stick the seat of the tramp's trousers. 'Here, you move on,' he said sternly. 'That's inhuman, mister,' whined the tramp. 'I'm just inhalin' my breakfast.'"

"Down in Alabama," said John D. Fearhake, "there's a deputy marshal who doesn't let any such trifles as extradition laws stop him. Term of court was about to begin at one time, and a gentleman who was out on bail was reported to be enjoying himself over in Georgia. Deputy Jim went after him. Next day he telegraphed the judge: 'I have persuaded him to come.' A few days later he rode into town on a mule, leading his prisoner, tied up snugly with a clothes-line. The prisoner looked as if he had seen hard service. 'Why, for heaven's sake, Jim,' said the judge, 'you didn't make him walk all the way from Georgia, did you?' 'No, sir,' said Jim. 'I hoped not,' said the judge. 'No,' said Jim, 'part of the way I drug him, and when we came to the Tallapoosa River, he swum.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

The School-Child Up to Date.

Make haste to school, my little child,
Or else you will be late;
Your books are all aseptic now,
And here's your sterile slate.
Your pencil has been boiled an hour—
'Tis germless, now, I hope;
And don't forget to wash your desk
With this carbolic soap.
And lest about the schoolroom floor
Some unseen microbes lurk,
Just sprinkle formaline around
Before you set to work.
You'd better put, for safety's sake,
Bichloride in the ink;
And water that has not been boiled
You must not dare to drink.
Of course, when recess comes around,
Some food you'll want to munch;
So in this disinfected box
Is predigested lunch.
And since 'tis said that in a kiss
Bacteria may dwell,
I may not give you, as I'd like,
A mother's fond farewell.—Puck.

A Fair Question.

If you should die and, later, waken
Somewhere across the gulfs of space,
To find, when your first glimpse was taken,
Maude, Alice, Geradine, and Grace,
And all the rest you nearly died for,
The short, the tall, the plump, the lean,
The ones whose favor you have sighed for
Since you were, say, about thirteen—
If you should find them all there waiting
When you arrived upon that shore,
And all of them rushed forward stating
That they were yours forevermore,
And if you found you had to take them
All just as they had been in life,
And never, never might forsake them—
If each at once became your wife,
Would you conclude—now please be candid—
If such a circumstance befell,
Would you conclude that you had landed
In heaven, or had gone to hell?—Life.

It was his first Sunday-school and he sat in the infants' department eagerly watching the superintendent illustrate the lesson on the board. The superintendent drew the path to Heaven, one straight line, and started the figure of a man on it. Gradually the man became larger and larger and finally when arrived at the gate of Heaven he could not get in. The superintendent turned to his small audience and, in a tragical and sorrowful tone, said: "You see he is so puffed up with sin that he can not enter in." "Try him sideways, mister, try him sideways," came the small shrill voice from the infants' department.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

The chronicle of events during the past week again centres around the army and navy, inasmuch as many of the most interesting entertainments have been given in honor of the returning navy and departing army. There have been a number of engagement dinners, however, and several more interesting announcements are looked for before the end of this month of brides and roses.

The engagement is announced of Miss Betsy Burton Angus, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Stuart Angus, to Mr. St. George Holden. The wedding will not be until next autumn.

The engagement is announced of Miss Grace Wood, sister of Mrs. Charles F. Martin, to Lieutenant William C. Christy, Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A., stationed at Fort Apache, Arizona.

Last Saturday evening in the Hotel St. Francis Mrs. Idylwyde Marshall Reynolds was married to Mr. Morris Brooke of Sacramento. A very few intimate friends were present.

The dinner of the George Almer Newhalls, given last week at their Burlingame home, was one of the most elaborate of the season. The occasion was the fifth anniversary of their marriage and fifty guests participated in celebrating it with them. A vaudeville entertainment and dance completed the evening.

The dinner given on board the U. S. S. *Dakota* by the younger officers was one of the most unique and delightful features of the "fleet season." Among the officers' guests were Miss Pierson and Miss Susanne Pierson of Mare Island, Miss Lolita Burling, Miss Angela Coyle, Miss Maisie Coyle, Miss Marie Churchill, Paymaster and Mrs. Poore.

Mrs. Nugent, the wife of Captain Nugent, gave an afternoon at cards last week at her home at the Presidio in honor of the ladies of the Twenty-Second Infantry before their departure for Alaska.

A pretty dinner dance was given last week in honor of Miss Doris Fredericks at Fort McDowell. Miss Fredericks is the daughter of Major Fredericks of the Twenty-Second Infantry, ordered to Alaska. After the dinner, to which thirty guests had been invited, as many more were entertained when the dancing began.

Mr. Robert Hays Smith was host at a dinner given last week at the Fairmont in honor of Miss Sue Nicol, his fiancée. Covers were laid for twenty-two guests and the decorations were varying tones of crimson.

The chaplain of the *Connecticut*, Father Gleason, was entertained at dinner in the St. Francis last Friday. Mr. John Mahony was the host.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found in brief the movements and whereabouts of well-known people in society circles around the bay:

Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Charles M. Thomas and Miss Ruth Thomas, who have been staying for several weeks at Del Monte, will leave this week for Long Beach, where they have secured a suite at the Virginia. After a fortnight there they will go to Coronado for a month's visit, eventually spending a couple of weeks in the Yosemite Valley on their way to their home in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Eugene Freeman, accompanied by Miss Maud Payne and Mr. S. R. Bogue, motored to Del Monte last week and spent the week-end.

General A. C. Taylor, U. S. A., and Mrs. Taylor are guest at the Fairmont, awaiting the sailing of the transport *Thomas* for Honolulu.

Miss Marie de Guigne was recently registered at Del Monte.

Mrs. Isaac L. Requa has taken a cottage at Etna Springs for the summer months.

Miss Alice Boggs is the guest of Mrs. Arthur Holden, formerly Miss Frances Coleman, at Bennington, Vermont.

Miss Lily O'Connor is one of the recent arrivals at San Rafael.

Mrs. W. H. Mills and the Misses Ardella and Elizabeth Mills will leave shortly for Tahoe.

Mr. Athol McBean is spending the summer months at the Burlingame Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney M. Van Wyck, Jr., are spending the summer at their Haywards home across the bay.

The Misses Nina and Hester Pringle are spending the season in Mendocino County.

Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Thomas R. Jewell are guests at the Fairmont during the stay of their son, Lieutenant Jewell, who is attached to the *Nebraska*.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney are settled at Del Monte for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury are among this week's guests at Del Monte.

Mr. Ridley McLean is a guest at the Fairmont.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Arthur J. Davis are expected to arrive in San Francisco this week from the Philippines.

Mrs. H. E. Bothin and Miss Genevieve Bothin are guests at Etna Springs.

Miss Marjorie Sheppard has returned from a visit to her sister, Mrs. Edwin T. Long, wife of Lieutenant Long, U. S. A., and gone to join friends at Del Monte for the coming week.

Mrs. B. A. Worthington and the Misses Worthington of Pittsburg are guests at the St. Francis before starting on a tour of the seaside resorts along the Pacific Coast.

Mr. Charles H. Bentley and family have closed their home on Pacific Avenue and moved to their bungalow in Berkeley for the summer.

Flag Lieutenant and Mrs. Wurzbaugh are guests of Mrs. P. H. Russell pending the sailing of the U. S. S. *Connecticut*.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller have opened their country home at Ross, where they will remain during the summer.

Mrs. Richard Payne has gone to Yosemite for a few weeks' stay.

Lieutenant T. W. Hammond and Mrs. Hammond of the Twenty-Eighth Infantry are spending a few weeks with Mrs. Hammond's sister, Mrs. Webster Jones, at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Marco Hellman of Los Angeles were guests at Del Monte last week.

Captain K. Niles and Mrs. Niles are guests at the Fairmont while Captain Niles is waiting for the sailing of the U. S. S. *Louisiana*.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew P. Welch, accompanied by Mrs. A. J. Le Breton, Miss Marguerite Le

Breton, Ensign D. McD. Le Breton, and Lieutenant W. L. Cronan, U. S. N., motored to Del Monte on Friday for a couple of days' stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Houghton have taken a cottage at Etna Springs for the season. Miss Edith Bull has returned to town, after a visit to her sister, Mrs. Covington Pringle, at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Upham spent last week at The Peninsula, San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore have opened their country home near St. Helena, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Danforth Boardman has been visiting friends in San Anselmo.

Lieutenant and Mrs. K. G. Castleman are staying at the Ardleigh Apartments during their stay in town before their departure for the Orient.

Mrs. Robert McMillan, wife of Captain McMillan, U. S. A., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman.

Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle are spending the summer months at San Mateo.

Mrs. George H. Howard of San Mateo spent last week at Del Monte, the guest of her mother, Mrs. Henry Schmiedell.

Mrs. Mountford Wilson is among the recent arrivals at Etna Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Colby Ford Dodge, U. S. N., are at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Edward H. Durell and daughter Doris left Boston July 5 to join Lieutenant-Commander Durell of the U. S. S. *West Virginia*.

Miss Linda Cadwalader has been the guest of Mrs. William Mayo Newhall the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tubbs and family are, as usual, at their Burlingame home for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Redington have taken a house in San Mateo, where they expect to remain permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas are planning their annual visit to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Bush Fennell are at Etna Springs for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Hammond are at the Hotel Rafael for the week-end.

The Misses Genevieve and Hazel King have been the guests of Mrs. Harry Babcock at Millbrae.

Mr. E. W. Hopkins, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, and Miss Florence Hopkins motored from Menlo Park to Del Monte last week for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher F. Ryer and Miss Doris Ryer have gone to Del Monte to spend the summer.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Newell of the navy were guests of Admiral and Mrs. Sperry at The Peninsula, San Mateo, Sunday.

Lieutenant and Mrs. A. E. Cook are at The Peninsula, San Mateo, for a visit of several weeks.

Mr. Morgan Ross, manager of the Coronado Hotel, is visiting at the St. Francis with Mrs. Ross.

Captain and Mrs. O. P. Jackson have returned to The Peninsula, San Mateo, after a week's visit to the Yosemite. Captain Jackson has returned to his ship, the *Minnesota*, for several days.

Commander L. C. Farley, U. S. N., was registered at The Peninsula, San Mateo, during the week.

Mr. Milton S. Florsheim has been a guest at the St. Francis for the past week.

Colonel J. B. Bellinger, U. S. A., was a guest at The Peninsula, San Mateo, over the week-end.

Dr. and Mrs. M. E. Grossman are among the late arrivals from Honolulu who are at the St. Francis.

Miss Elsie P. Clarke of San Francisco was the week-end guest of Mrs. A. P. Redding at The Peninsula, San Mateo.

Mr. H. V. Raymond of New York is at the St. Francis.

Baron von Schroeder was at The Peninsula, San Mateo, Tuesday.

Among the latest to register at the St. Francis are Mr. Charles E. Dodd, Mr. J. R. Mason, of Los Angeles, and Mr. E. C. Tuhs, of Tacoma.

Miss Genevieve Harvey is among the guests at Del Monte.

The Will Chapins of Sacramento have been at the St. Francis for the past week.

Ex-Postmaster Samuel W. Backus, Mrs. Backus, and Mrs. Henry Jacobs were registered at San Mateo's big hotel, The Peninsula, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark L. McDonald are up from Santa Rosa for a few days and are living at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Frohman will be at the Hotel St. Francis during the current engagement of Mrs. Frohman, better known to the public as Margaret Illington.

Mr. and Mrs. John Landers entertained Mrs. R. B. Sanchez and Mrs. Chauncey Boardman over the week-end at The Peninsula in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sloane of New York are at the St. Francis for a visit to this city.

Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Sneyd-Kymersley of San Rafael enjoyed several days' visit at The Peninsula last week, returning to San Rafael Sunday.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Normandie are: Mr. W. H. Normand, U. S. N.; Mr. M. Nicol, Sonora; Mr. and Mrs. D. Oliver, Chicago; Baroness von Polenz, Los Angeles; Mr. L. H. Schwerin, New York; Mr. and Mrs. William Schwartz, Mr. Sidney L. Schwartz, Mr. and Mrs. Sol. Gump, Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Stein, Stockton; Mr. W. E. Pasmore, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Dickinson, Denver.

Concerning the alleged growth of anarchy in this country, Miss Jane Addams of Hull House in Chicago tells the readers of *Charities and the Commons* that, according to the observation of settlement workers, "anarchy as a philosophy is dying down, not only in Chicago but everywhere; that their leading organs have discontinued publication and that their most eminent men in America have deserted them; that even those groups which have continued to meet are dividing."

There has developed such a big demand for the newest success, "Paid in Full," that the management will send five companies presenting the play on tour next season. The drama is still running to packed houses at the Savoy Theatre and will continue to throughout the year. Seats at the present time are selling three months in advance.

The Late Mrs. Godley.

To those who cherish the memories of that "old San Francisco" which is no more, the death of Mrs. Montgomery Godley comes as a grievous loss. In every community there is a limited number of men and women of deeply pious and responsible nature who in a special sense sustain its moral burdens. In "old San Francisco" Mrs. Godley was one of these. Her powers were not those which seek or win distinction; rather those which command and sustain respect. Known and accepted in every circle, she was known best and was most often found where womanly work was to be done. She was an organizer and the first president of the Protestant Episcopal Old Ladies' Home, later endowed by Mrs. Charles Crocker and now known as the "Crocker Home." She was the founder and first president of the Working Girls' Home. She was a devoted member of Trinity Church and a veritable mother in Israel in sustaining its beneficent responsibilities. More recently, while living at her country home, she was the founder and chief support of the little Episcopal Church at Inverness.

In these as in the ten thousand other relationships which come to a good woman of wide domestic and social connections, Mrs. Godley was ever a persistent worker and a wise counsellor. Her preëminent gift was that of sympathy endowed with a profound moral force, supported by unwearied industry and regulated always by discretion and judgment. She had the pure gold of common sense and she had in her heart and in her soul that unwearied devotion to duty which made her whole life a benediction.

Mrs. Godley came as a girl of fifteen to California by immigrant train across the plains in 1850, losing her mother in a cholera plague on the way. She was born in Columbus, Ohio, the daughter of Chief Justice Minor of that State. She was married to the late Montgomery Godley in the original Episcopal Church of San Francisco, made of iron plates imported from England, the officiating clergyman being Bishop Kip, then in the early days of his life in California. Her husband passed away several years ago. One daughter and three sons remain residents of San Francisco, grown to womanhood and manhood and an honor to her memory.

If there has lived in San Francisco one to whom the special blessing vouchsafed to the Pure in Heart is preëminently due, it was to Mrs. Godley.

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Suits, Knitted Coats, Dependable
Hosiery, Summer Underwear. We can
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device for comfort of guests.
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Coronado Beach, Cal.
Or see H. F. NORCROSS, Agent,
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles.
Tel. A 6789; Main 3917.
22d Street and Broadway

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army
and navy people who are or have been sta-
tioned at Pacific Coast points:

Rear-Admiral Sperry has returned to the *Con-
necticut* after his sojourn at San Mateo.

Lieutenant-Commander P. N. Olmstead, upon
the closing of the Naval Recruiting Station at Des
Moines, is ordered to the charge of the Naval Re-
cruiting Station at Los Angeles.

Colonel Albert S. Cummins, Coast Artillery, Pre-
sidio of San Francisco, upon his own application,
is retired from active service, to take effect after
July 10, after over thirty-eight years of active
service.

Major Daniel A. Frederick, battalion quar-
termaster, Twenty-Second Infantry, with Companies
K and L, is relieved from duty at the Monterey
Presidio and ordered to report at Fort Liscum,
Alaska.

Major Jacob F. Kreps, battalion adjutant,
Twenty-Second Infantry, is relieved from duty at
the Monterey Presidio and ordered to report at
Fort Davis, Alaska.

Commander W. A. Gill has been selected by
the department to the command of the new
"Eleventh Fleet" of the Pacific Coast.

Captain Giles B. Harbor, in command of the
special service squadron, is now en route to Hamp-
ton Roads.

Captain J. W. Moore, First Cavalry, left June
5 for Manila.

Captain Kobbe, U. S. A., arrived in Monterey
last week to join his regiment before his departure
for Alaska.

First Lieutenant Lawrence W. McIntosh, Sixth
Cavalry, was a passenger on the *Buford*, sailing
for Manila.

First Lieutenant J. R. McAndrews, First Cav-
alry, sailed last week to join his regiment in
Manila.

First Lieutenant Philip W. Corbusier, Four-
teenth Cavalry, San Francisco Presidio, is trans-
ferred from Troop H and unassigned.

First Lieutenant Thomas W. Cunningham,
Fourteenth Cavalry, San Francisco Presidio, is
granted two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant O. P. M. Hazzard is temporary quar-
termaster at the Presidio Barracks during the ab-
sence of Colonel John M. Clem.

First Lieutenant Peter J. Hennessey, Fifteenth
Cavalry, is ordered to proceed July 1 from Fort
Leavenworth and report to the San Francisco Pre-
sidio.

First Lieutenant E. Alexis Jeunet, Thirteenth
U. S. Infantry, is en route from Seattle for
Alaska to establish wireless telegraph stations at
Nome, Fort Egbert, and Fort Gibbon, Alaska.

Assistant Surgeon Walter F. Schaller, U. S. N.,
who has resigned from the service, was appointed
from California in March, 1906, and has been on
duty on the hospital ship *Relief*.

Lieutenant H. H. Slaughter was a passenger on
the out-going transport *Buford* for Manila.

Lieutenant Charles E. Smith is ordered to com-
mand the *Stewart* (destroyer), Mare Island.

Lieutenant Ernest Friedrich, U. S. N., trans-
ferred from the *Lawrence*, is ordered to the *Hop-
kins* (destroyer), Mare Island.

Lieutenant G. W. S. Castle, now on duty at
Mare Island, will soon go to Manila to place in
commission the *Shark* and the *Porpoise*, sub-
marines now en route there.

Ensign N. H. Goss is detached from the *Perry*
and ordered to report for instruction in connec-
tion with the *Grampus* and *Pike*, preparatory to
commanding the *Porpoise*, sailing from San Fran-
cisco for Cavite July 5.

Paymaster J. Irwin, Jr., is ordered to report for
duty as commissary officer on the *Independence*,
Mare Island.

Assistant Paymaster P. T. M. Lathrop is to be
detached from duty on the *Independence*, Mare
Island Navy Yard, June 30, and ordered to re-
port to the commander-in-chief of the Atlantic
Squadron for such duty as he may assign.

Pay Inspector Samuel McGowan, U. S. N., re-
cently detailed for duty as fleet paymaster of the
Atlantic Fleet, left Washington this week to join
the U. S. S. *Connecticut* at San Francisco.

Midshipman A. C. Meyers, discharged from the
hospital at Mare Island, is ordered home.

The Twenty-Second Infantry (except Company
A) sailed June 20 on the transport *Crook* for
various posts in Alaska.

The annual meeting of Corral No. 3 was held
at the Officers' Club, San Francisco Presidio, last
week, when an election of officers for the ensuing
year was held.

The annual meeting of the California Com-
mandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Le-
gion was held May 20. The California Com-
mandery ranks No. 6 in membership of the order.

At Out-of-Town Hotels.

Among the week's arrivals from San Francisco
at the Peninsula, San Mateo, were Mr. and Mrs.
W. R. Hoag, Miss Hoag and maid, Mrs. A. Hoch-
beimer, Mr. James R. Jordine, Jr., Mr. and Mrs.
Charles Cumbers, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Hayden, Mr.
and Mrs. S. W. Backus, Mrs. Henry Jacobs, Miss
Elsie P. Clarke, Mrs. E. H. Prentice, Miss Stella
Prentice, Mr. Philip L. Bush, Mr. and Mrs. S. R.
Newbauer, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Hancock, Mr. and
Mrs. N. J. Sartori, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Zecht,
Miss Francis Stewart.

Among the recent arrivals at the Tavern of
Tamalpais were: Miss Emelie Sanders, from San
Rafael; Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Thompson, from Mill
Valley; Mr. H. N. Beecher, Mr. H. R. Sanders,
Miss L. V. Pierce, Mr. E. H. Pierce, Mr. R. L.
Pike, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Holmes, Mrs. Francis
Place, Miss M. E. Pierce, from Berkeley; Mrs. L.
B. Page, Mrs. Francis Cobb, Mr. Charles Veisley,
Mrs. Dunn, Mr. A. G. Bates, Dr. Orella, Mr. W.
W. Allen, Mr. A. L. Johnston, Mr. W. H. Jessen,
Mr. J. M. Hoyt, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Dean, from

San Francisco; Mr. Aston Lee, from Boston; Mr.
and Mrs. Alfred Knight, from Cincinnati; Mr. F.
Marcus, from New Orleans; Mr. August J. Luck,
from Los Angeles; Miss Fay Hillingsworth, from
Portland, Oregon.

The following are among recent registrations
from San Francisco at Hotel del Coronado: Mrs.
W. H. Smith, Miss C. Canto, Mr. and Mrs. J. S.
Oyster, Miss Elizabeth Oyster, Mr. S. A. Chapin,
Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Categori, Miss J. H. Smith,
Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Haderle, Miss Kathryn
Haderle, Mr. A. Mueller, Mr. and Mrs. Louis
Herman, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Slocum, Mr. and
Mrs. Harvey Seagrev, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H.
Buck, Mr. Frank H. Buck, Jr., Mr. Leonard W.
Buck, Mr. B. Hall, Mr. H. T. Walsh, Mr. George
W. Harrison, Mr. W. F. Huyguard.

Arrivals at Hotel Del Monte for the past week
include Mr. E. E. Wade, Mr. Will Sparks, Dr.
and Mrs. W. S. Johnson, Mrs. N. P. Harper, Mr.
L. H. Watson, Mrs. F. A. Houseworth, Mr. Ralph
Carlisle, Mr. A. D. Shepard, Mr. and Mrs.
Fletcher F. Ryer, Miss Doris Ryer, Mr. R. M.
Comis, Mr. and Mrs. William Kaufmann, Mr. Joel
Kaufmann, Miss Elsie Darnham, Mr. and Mrs. E.
A. Nickerson, Mrs. E. W. Rexford, Mrs. J. F.
Clark, Dr. and Mrs. E. D. Shortlidge, Mr. and
Mrs. Louis Herman, Mrs. M. Honig, Miss D.
Honig, Mrs. J. Ash, Mrs. Le Breton, Miss Le
Breton, Mr. F. E. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew
P. Welch, Miss Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. James Ed-
wards, Mr. D. W. Beckhard, Mrs. H. Saxe, Mr.
and Mrs. Charles Suter, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Free-
man, Miss Maud Payne, Mr. S. R. Bogue, Mr.
and Mrs. W. I. Denison, and Mr. and Mrs. New-
ton Lenox, of San Francisco.

Mrs. Amar D. Saunderson of County Can-
van, Ireland, has reached New York on a visit,
bringing with her three sets of elephant
tusks, a lion pelt, and two lion cubs. Mrs.
Saunderson recounted with pride how she
slew her elephant and lion while she and
her husband were roughing it in East Africa.
"Two of the elephants were killed by my hus-
band; but I shot the third one—and the lion,
too," said Mrs. Saunderson today. "We stood
the charge of the elephants before they came
close enough for us to fire. Yes, it was rather
—very exciting," she added with a laugh. "I
sent three shots into my elephant before he
dropped. Two of them went through his
armor-plate skin, but the third struck his
heart. I shot my lion at a sort of reunion of
a lion family in the jungle. After I had killed
the father, when the mother and two of the
cubs escaped, we captured the other two cubs,
and we will present them to the Bronx Zoo."

The Princess Tsunenomya Masako, eldest
daughter of the Emperor of Japan, has been
married to Prince Tsuneschia Tsakada before
the imperial sanctuary in Tokio. Both wore
the ancient court costume. Prince Tsakada is
a captain in the army and son of the late
Prince Kitashirakawa, whose house was cre-
ated from a branch of the imperial family in
1870. He is twenty years old and the princess
is nineteen.

The Indiana man who lived a double life
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ities worthy of study.

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devote ourselves to making these especially attractive
to those who seek comfort and careful service.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Stella—Can you dress within your income?
Bella—Yes; but it is like dressing within a berth in a sleeping-car.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

Mr. Valgarheim (after the ball)—See, Josephine, a spoon; one of our guests must have had a hole in his pocket.—*Meggendarfer Blätter*.

"Now, don't deny it, Rose. You wore my shoes?" "Only once—my feet hurt me so, and I wanted something comfortable."—*Meggendarfer Blätter*.

Knicker—I was sitting up with a very sick friend last night. I tell you. *Mrs. Knicker*—Yes; I sat up with his sick wife all this afternoon.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

Barber—Try a bottle of this preparation, sir. Splendid thing for baldness. *Customer*—Don't doubt it, but I've got all the baldness I want, thank you.—*Times*.

"What do you expect to be when you come of age, my little man?" asked the visitor. "Twenty-one," was the little man's reply.—*The Herald and Presbyter*.

Molly—When you spoke to father, did you tell him you had \$500 in the bank? *George*—Yes. *Molly*—And what did he say? *George*—He horrified it.—*Sketchy Bits*.

Miss Lingerlong—You have been a widow for ten years, haven't you, Mr. Flint? *Mr. Flint*—Yes, and I am just as persistent in it as I ever was, thank you!—*Smart Set*.

"I wouldn't cry like that if I were you," said a lady to little Alice. "Well," said Alice, between her sohs, "you can cry any way you like, but this is my way."—*The United Presbyterian*.

Mrs. Newlywed—I want to buy a steak. *Lumberman*—Hickory, oak, or ash? *Mrs. Newlywed*—Porterhouse. *Lumberman*—You'll find that in the butcher shop. This is a lumber yard.—*Judge*.

She—Taxes wouldn't be so high if we women were in charge of the city's affairs. *He*—I'll warrant the poll tax wouldn't. You'd have it marked down from \$2 to \$1.98.—*New York Evening Post*.

"Have you decided, Miss Ethel, where you are going for the summer?" "It's between two places, Mr. Johnson." "Which two?" "Ma says it's to Switzerland and pa says it's to the poorhouse."—*Tattler*.

In June, 1898, a poor man called at the humble dwelling of a washerwoman on the west side. He said he was starving, and she gave him half a dollar. Nothing was heard of him until one day last week, when he called again and got another half dollar.—*Smart Set*.

"Pa," said little Bobby, who had been allowed to sit up a little while after supper, with the understanding that he was to ask no foolish questions, "can God do everything?" "Yes." "Can he make a two-foot rule with only one end to it?" "One more question like that," said his father, "and you will be packed off to bed." Bobby was silent

for a few moments and then asked: "Pa, can a camel go ten days without water?" "Yes, my son." "Well, how many days could he go if he had water?" The next thing Bobby knew he was in bed.—*Sun*.

Katie—They say Lizzie Whelan met and became engaged to her husband at the masked ball last month. *Maggie*—Then it must have occurred before either of them unmasked.—*Gunter's Magazine*.

Knicker—There are plenty of hooks telling how to save life while waiting for the doctor. *Bocker*—Yes. What we need is one telling the young doctor how to save life while waiting for the patient.—*Transcript*.

"What! going to leave us so soon, Thomas?" "Sorry, sir; but I must tell you as 'ow I can't put up with the missus any longer." "But, Thomas (appealingly), think how long I've put up with her!"—*Judge*.

"Nature makes nothing in vain," said the philosopher. "Perhaps," answered Colonel Stillwell. "Though I can't quite explain the presence of a great big beautiful mint bed in a local option county."—*Washington Star*.

"What do you think of local option now?" asked the visitor. "It's a good thing," said Colonel Stillwell, "but it's depressing. I tell you, sir, it's an awful thing for a man of my years and experience to be compelled to take ice-cream soda water seriously."—*Washington Star*.

"Mrs. Jenks, if you were a kind lady with five cents she didn't need, an' I was a little hoy that didn't know any better an' asked her for it, do you think she could maybe afford to lend it to him if I promised her faithfully that he'd pay you back?"—*Exchange*.

"The haseball spirit is a wonderful and impressive thing," said a New Haven harher. "New manifestations of it continually crop up. 'Tad' Jones, the great Yale catcher, flopped into that red plush chair there the other day. 'Shave, sir?' said I. 'No,' said he. 'Throat cut. Yale lost.'"—*Times*.

The passionate rhythms of "The Merry Widow" waltz floated through the office, and the boss looked up from his desk impatiently. "Frederic," he said, "I wish you wouldn't whistle at your work." "I aint workin', sir," the office boy replied calmly. "I'm only just whistlin'."—*New York Press*.

Two farmers, Silas and Gladden, met, and this is what was said: "Mornin', Si." "Mornin', Glad. What did you give your hoss for hots?" "Turpentine." (The next morning.) "Mornin', Si." "Mornin', Glad. Did you say you gave your hoss turpentine for hots?" "Yes." "Killed mine." "Mine, too." "Mornin'." "Mornin'."—*Ex*.

During the dinner hour on board a steamer the other day a passenger was much disturbed by the vulgar way in which the man who sat next to him ate his meat. At last, after watching him pick a bone in a very primitive fashion, he could control his feelings no longer, and, turning to the offending party, he said: "Don't you think you would be more comfortable if you took that out on the mat!"—*Tit-Bits*.

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